

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
12, NO. 332, SEPTEMBER
20, 1828

Various
The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction.
Volume 12, No. 332,
September 20, 1828

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=35504491

*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 12, No. 332,
September 20, 1828:*

Содержание

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE	5
THE NOVELIST	9
ANTONELLI;	9
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	20

Various
The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction /
Volume 12, No. 332,
September 20, 1828

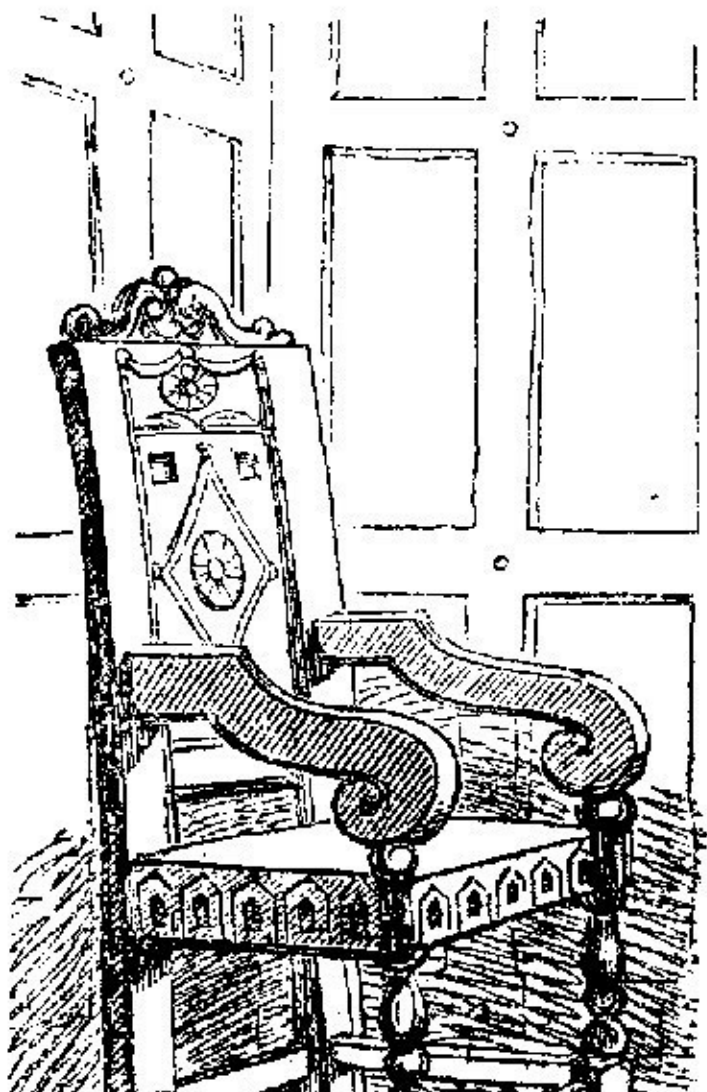
ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE



This is another of Mr. Rider's beautiful "Views to Illustrate the Life of SHAKSPEARE,"¹—it being the exterior of the cottage in which the poet's wife (whose maiden name was *Hathaway*) is said to have resided with her parents, in the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford-upon-Avon.

Neither the exterior nor interior of this humble abode, says Mr. Rider, appears to have been subjected to any renovating process; and as there exists no reasonable ground for distrusting the fact of its having been the abode of *Anne Hathaway*, previous to her marriage with Shakspeare, it must ever be regarded as one of the most interesting relics connected with his history. The occupier of the cottage in July, 1827, was an old woman, the widow of John Hathaway Taylor, whose mother was a Hathaway, and the last of the family of that name.

¹ Merridew and Rider, Warwick and Leamington, and Goodhugh, Oxford-street, London.



The widow Taylor showed Mr. Rider the old carved bedstead, mentioned by "Ireland," and assured him she perfectly recollected his purchasing of her mother-in-law the piece of furniture which had always been known by the designation of *Shakspeare's Courting-Chair*. From the wood-cut of this chair, given by Ireland in his "Views on the Avon," Mr. Rider has been enabled to introduce it in his representation of the interior of the cottage.

We have accordingly detached it for a vignette, and as the throne where

The lover,
Sighing like furnace, with woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow—

it will probably be acceptable to the most enthusiastic of Shakspeare's admirers; not doubting that scores of our lady-friends will provide themselves with a chair of the same construction, if they would insure the fervour and sincerity of the poet's love, or by association become more susceptible of his inspirations of the master-passion of humanity.

THE NOVELIST

ANTONELLI;

(A Tale, from the German of Goethe.)

When I was in Italy, Antonelli, an opera-singer, was the favourite of the Neapolitan public. Her youth, beauty, and talents insured her applause on the stage; nor was she deficient in any quality that could render her agreeable to a small circle of friends. She was not indifferent either to love or praise; but her discretion was such as to enable her to enjoy both with becoming dignity. Every young man of rank or fortune in Naples, was eager to be numbered among her suitors; few however, met with a favourable reception; and though she was, in the choice of her lovers, directed chiefly by her eyes and her heart, she displayed on all occasions a firmness, and stability of character, that never failed to engage even such as were indifferent to her favours. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her, being on terms of the closest intimacy with one of her favoured admirers.

Several years were now elapsed, and she had become acquainted with a number of gentlemen, many of whom

had rendered themselves disgusting by the extreme levity and fickleness of their manners. She had repeatedly observed young gentlemen, whose professions of constancy and attachment would persuade their mistress of the impossibility of their ever deserting her, withhold their protection in those very cases where it was most needed; or, what is still worse, incited by the temptation of ridding themselves of a troublesome connexion, she had known them give advice which has entailed misery and ruin.

Her acquaintance hitherto had been of such a nature as to leave her mind inactive. She now began to feel a desire, to which she had before been a stranger. She wished to possess a friend, to whom she might communicate her most secret thoughts, and happily, just at that time, she found one among those who surrounded her, possessed of every requisite quality, and who seemed, in every respect, worthy of her confidence.

This gentleman was by birth a Genoese, and resided at Naples, for the purpose of transacting some commercial business of great importance, for the house with which he was connected. In possession of good parts, he had, in addition received a very finished education. His knowledge was extensive; and no less care had been bestowed on his body, than on his mind. He was inspired with the commercial spirit natural to his countrymen, and considered mercantile affairs on a grand scale. His situation was, however, not the most enviable; his house had unfortunately been drawn into hazardous speculations, which were afterwards

attended with expensive law-suits. The state of his affairs grew daily more intricate, and the uneasiness thereby produced gave him an air of seriousness, which in the present case was not to his disadvantage; for it encouraged our young heroine to seek his friendship, rightly judging, that he himself stood in need of a friend.

Hitherto, he had seen her only occasionally, and at places of public resort; she now, on his first request, granted him access to her house; she even invited him very pressingly, and he was not remiss in obeying the invitation.

She lost no time in making him acquainted with her wishes, and the confidence she reposed in him. He was surprised, and rejoiced at the proposal. She was urgent in the request that he might always remain her friend, and never shade that sacred name with the ambiguous claims of a lover. She made him acquainted with some difficulties which then perplexed her, and on which his experience would enable him to give the best advice, and propose the most speedy means for her relief. In return for this confidence, he did not hesitate to disclose to her his own situation; and her endeavours to soothe and console him were, in reality, not without a beneficial consequence, as they served to put him in that state of mind, so necessary for acting with deliberation and effect. Thus a friendship was in a short time cemented, founded on the most exalted esteem, and on the consciousness that each was necessary to the well-being of the other.

It happens but too often, that we make agreements without considering whether it is in our power to fulfil their conditions. He had promised to be only her friend, and not to think of her as a mistress; and yet he could not deny that he was mortified and disgusted with the sight of any other visiter. His ill-humour was particularly excited by hearing her, in a jesting manner, enumerate the good or bad qualities of some favourite, and after having shown much good sense in pointing out his blemishes, neglect her friend, and prefer his company that very evening.

It happened soon after that the heart of the fair was disengaged. Her friend was rejoiced at the discovery, and represented to her, that he was entitled to her affection before all others. She gave ear to his petition, when she found resistance was vain. "I fear," said she, "that I am parting with the most valuable possession on earth—a friend, and that I shall get nothing in return but a lover." Her suspicions were well founded: he had not enjoyed his double capacity long, when he showed a degree of peevishness, of which he had before thought himself incapable; as a friend he demanded her esteem; as a lover he claimed her undivided affection; and as a man of sense and education, he expected rational and pleasing conversation. These complicated claims, however, ill accorded with the sprightly disposition of Antonelli; she could consent to no sacrifices, and was unwilling to grant exclusive rights. She therefore endeavoured in a delicate manner to shorten his visits, to see him less frequently, and intimated that she would upon no

consideration whatever give up her freedom.

As soon as he remarked this new treatment, his misery was beyond endurance, and unfortunately, this was not the only mischance that befel him; his mercantile affairs assumed a very doubtful appearance; besides this, a view of his past life called forth many mortifying reflections; he had from his earliest youth looked upon his fortune as inexhaustible, his business often lay neglected, while engaged in long and expensive travels, endeavouring to make a figure in the fashionable world, far above his birth and fortune. The lawsuits, which were now his only hope, proceeded slowly, and were connected with a vast expense. These required his presence in Palermo several times; and while absent on his last journey, Antonelli made arrangements calculated, by degrees, to banish him entirely from her house. On his return, he found she had taken another house at a considerable distance from his own; the Marquess de S., who, at that time, had great influence on plays and public diversions, visited her daily, and to all appearance, with great familiarity. This mortified him severely, and a serious illness was the consequence. When the news of his sickness reached his friend, she hastened to him, was anxious to see him comfortable, and discovering that he was in great pecuniary difficulties, on going away she left him a sum of money sufficient to relieve his wants.

Her friend had once presumed to encroach on her freedom; this attempt was with her an unpardonable offence, and the discovery of his having acted so indiscreetly in his own

affairs, had not given her the most favourable opinion of his understanding and his character; notwithstanding the decrease of her affection, her assiduity for him had redoubled. He did not, however, remark the great change which had really taken place; her anxiety for his recovery, her watching for hours at his bedside, appeared to him rather proofs of friendship and love, than the effects of compassion, and he hoped, on his recovery, to be re-instated in all his former rights.

But how greatly was he mistaken! In proportion as his health and strength returned, all tenderness and affection for him vanished; nay, her aversion for him now was equal to the pleasure with which she formerly regarded him. He had also, in consequence of these multiplied reverses, contracted a habit of ill-humour, of which he was himself not aware, and which greatly contributed to alienate Antonelli. His own bad management in business he attributed to others; so that, in his opinion, he was perfectly justified. He looked upon himself as an unfortunate man, persecuted by the world, and hoped for an equivalent to all his sufferings and misfortunes in the undivided affection of his mistress.

This concession he insisted on, the first day he was able to leave his chamber, and visit her. He demanded nothing less than that she should resign herself up to him entirely, dismiss her other friends and acquaintances, leave the stage, and live solely with him, and for him. She showed him the impossibility of granting his demands, at first mildly, but was at last obliged to confess the

melancholy truth, that their former relation existed no more. He left her, and never saw her again.

He lived some years longer, seeing but few acquaintances, and chiefly in the company of a pious old lady, with whom he occupied the same dwelling, and who lived on the rent of an adjoining house, her only income. During this interval, he gained one of his law-suits, and soon after the other; but his health was destroyed, and his future prospects blasted. A slight cause brought on a relapse of his former illness; the physician acquainted him with his approaching end. He was resigned to his fate, and his only remaining wish was, once more to see his lovely friend. He sent the servant to her, who, in more happy days, had often been the bearer of tender messages. He prayed her to grant his request: she refused. He sent a second time, entreating most ardently she might not be deaf to his prayers, with no better success. She persisted in her first answer. The night was already far advanced, when he sent a third time; she showed great agitation, and confided to me the cause of her embarrassment, (for I had just happened to be at supper, at her house, with the Marquess, and some other friends.) I advised her—I entreated her, to show her friend this last act of kindness. She seemed undecided, and in great emotion; but after a few moments she became more collected. She sent away the servant with a refusal, and he returned no more.

When supper was over, we sat together in familiar conversation, while cheerfulness and good humour reigned

among us. It was near midnight, when suddenly a hollow, doleful sound was heard, like the groaning of a human being; gradually it grew weaker, and at last died away entirely. A momentary trembling seized us all; we stared at each other, and then around us, unable to explain the mystery.

The Marquess ran to the window, while the rest of us were endeavouring to restore the lady, who lay senseless on the floor. It was some time before she recovered. The jealous Italian would scarcely give her time to open her eyes, when he began to load her with reproaches. If you agree on signs with your friends, said the Marquess, I pray you let them be less open and terrifying. She replied, with her usual presence of mind, that, having the right to see any person, at any time, in her house, she could hardly be supposed to choose such appalling sounds as the forerunners of happy moments.

And really there was something uncommonly terrifying in the sound; its slowly lengthened vibrations were still fresh in our ears. Antonelli was pale, confused, and every moment in danger of falling into a swoon. We were obliged to remain with her half the night. Nothing more was heard. On the following evening the same company was assembled; and although the cheerfulness of the preceding day was wanting, we were not dejected. Precisely at the same hour we heard the same hollow groan as the night before.

We had in the meantime formed many conjectures on the origin of this strange sound, which were as contradictory as they

were extravagant. It is unnecessary to relate every particular: in short, whenever Antonelli supped at home, the alarming noise was heard at the same hour, sometimes stronger, at others weaker. This occurrence was spoken of all over Naples. Every inmate of the house, every friend and acquaintance, took the most lively interest; even the police was summoned to attend. Spies were placed at proper distances around the house. To such as stood in the street the sound seemed to arise in the open air, while those in the room heard it close by them. As often as she supped out all was silent, but whenever she remained at home, she was sure to be visited by her uncivil guest; but leaving her house was not always a means of escaping him. Her talent and character gained her admittance into the first houses; the elegance of her manners and her lively conversation, made her everywhere welcome; and, in order to avoid her unpleasant visiter, she used to pass her evenings in company out of the house.

A gentleman, whose age and rank made him respectable, accompanied her home one evening in his coach. On taking leave of him at her door, the well known voice issued from the steps beneath them; and the old gentleman, who was perfectly well acquainted with the story, was helped into his coach more dead than alive.

She was one evening accompanied by a young singer, in her coach, on a visit to a friend's. He had heard of this mysterious affair, and being of a lively disposition, expressed some doubts

on the subject. I most ardently wish, continued he, to hear the voice of your invisible companion; do call him, there are two of us, we shall not be frightened. Without reflecting, she had the courage to summon the spirit, and presently, from the floor of the coach arose the appalling sound; it was repeated three times, in rapid succession, and died away in a hollow moan. When the door of the carriage was opened, both were found in a swoon, and it was some time before they were restored and could inform those present of their unhappy adventure.

This frequent repetition at length affected her health; and the spirit, who seemed to have compassion on her, for some weeks gave no signs of his presence. She even began to cherish a hope that she was now entirely rid of him—but in this she was mistaken.

When the Carnival was over, she went into the country on a visit, in the company of a lady, and attended only by one waiting maid. Night overtook them before they could reach their journey's end; and suffering an interruption, from the breaking of a chain, they were compelled to stop for the night at an obscure inn by the road side. Fatigue made Antonelli seek for repose immediately on their arrival; and she had just lain down, when the waiting-maid, who was arranging a night-lamp, in a jesting tone, observed, "We are here, in a manner, at the end of the earth, and the weather is horrible; will he be able to find us here?" That moment the voice was heard, louder and more terrible than ever. The lady imagined the room filled with demons, and, leaping out

of bed, ran down stairs, alarming the whole house. Nobody slept a wink that night. This was the last time the voice was heard. But this unwelcome visiter had soon another and more disagreeable method of notifying his presence.

She had been left in peace some time, when one evening, at the usual hour, while she was sitting at table with her friends, she was startled at the discharge of a gun or a well-charged pistol; it seemed to have passed through the window. All present heard the report and saw the flash, but on examination the pane was found uninjured. The company was nevertheless greatly concerned, and it was generally believed that some one's life had been attempted. Some present ran to the police, while the rest searched the adjoining houses;—but in vain; nothing was discovered that could excite the least suspicion. The next evening sentinels were stationed at all the neighbouring windows; the house itself, where Antonelli lived, was closely searched, and spies were placed in the street.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.