

not only pilfered to his heart's content, from poor Schneider, but imitated and twisted him so after his fashion, that his oratorio seemed a horrible caricature of all Schneider's oratorios. When Schneider employed one bass trumpet, master H——r would have *three* ! Satan tunes up—the flageolets, screeching in, and the Tutti of the infernal chorus—follows with frightful clamour. In 1833, the composer brought his astonishing work to Leipsig to be represented, to the great delight of the assembled auditory !”

“No more,” said Johanna ; no more of the man and his pitiful efforts ! let us turn to nobler, more exalted objects ! How much I regret that I could not be present at the representation of the “Paulus” of Mendelsohn Bartholdy ! I am assured by a connoisseur, that Felix has here followed the path by which Handel reached the crown of immortality ; nor could he praise sufficiently the wise moderation with which the youthful master, spite of his enthusiasm, has shunned all exaggeration in his work. “Mendelsohn Bartholdy,” concluded he, “is able and sound to the core ; so that we have ground to hope that a true man shall arise in him, to show us the path by which we may return, through the ancient simplicity, to the ancient glory !”

“Heaven grant it !” cried Alexander, fervently ; “it cannot well be worse with us ! Yet a life-impulse, too fresh and glad, is stirring in Art, for us to fear her death. She will not die ! and let it only happen that the young aftergrowth may find a model not too far removed from them ; for youth ever joins himself most willingly to the nearest.

“Will Felix become this model ? I know not ; but I hope so, as I wish it ; and wish, also, that no young artist may ever forget—*That he who would become a great artist, must first be a pure and true man.*”

Alexander shook his friend cordially by the hand, and they parted.

MENTELLI.

“CAPTAIN O——, of the Royal Navy, an old friend, had taken lodgings in the Rue Pigarre, at the house of a teacher of mathematics, of whom he was receiving lessons. One day, dining together, he said if I would come to his new berth, he would introduce one of the most singular characters I ever met with. I went, and found, in a garden of moderate size, a summer-house, slightly built of wood, with glass windows on each side, some of the panes of which admitted the air. A glass door in front closed it, but not so nicely as to exclude the cold of winter. Here resided, in a

space of eight feet square, a noble looking Hungarian, in the prime of life. It was the celebrated Mentelli, well known to the French Institute, and greatly respected.—Across the summer-house a box extended nearly the whole width. On that, athwart-ways, lay a plank, which served for a seat, upon which this extraordinary personage was sitting, his back being against the side of the house, and his feet and legs in the box, in which was deposited some blanketing. This he used at night to keep himself warm, and it was now wrapped round his knees and legs. He had before him, and on one side, a table formed of tilted boards, covered with books of several languages, together with a slate and pencil, which he used to work mathematical problems. Various holes in the summer-house were stopped with paper pasted over them, covered with Greek and Arabic characters. On the floor were several huge folios and quartos. From the roof, suspended by a piece of strong wire, there hung an iron lamp, with a wick projecting from a bent angle of the metal. This he lit up at night. There was also a can and pitcher, the last filled with water, standing in a corner, and a coarse brown loaf of bread lay over them. There was an old arm-chair in the opposite corner of these, so that a visitor had only just standing room within the door.—A ragged cloak hung over the chair.

The inhabitant was a fine-looking man, with a handsome, long brown beard that reached a foot below his chin. He was clad in a coarse brown jacket and waistcoat, that did not look too clean, and he had trowsers of a stuff somewhat similar. His eyes were large and fine, and, as I recollect, of a deep brown colour. I was introduced without ceremony in English, and he replied like a native of England, to my great surprise, and with singular softness of enunciation. He could converse equally well, I was told, in French, Italian, German, Latin, and Slavonic. He understood both the ancient Greek and the Romaic, and was then endeavouring to master the Chinese, of which he had already acquired 2,000 characters. His reading was extensive. He was the cleverest sophist I ever heard argue. He subsisted by giving one lesson a week in mathematics, for which he was paid three francs, or half a crown, and upon this he actually supported himself. His only luxury was two or three potatoes boiled over his lamp at night, and sometimes a dinner with the good Frenchman who owned the garden, but whom he seldom troubled, on account of the time he lost by it. He bought at once enough of coarse ammunition bread to last him a week,