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MAGAZINE, *Vol. 13*

FOR JANUARY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

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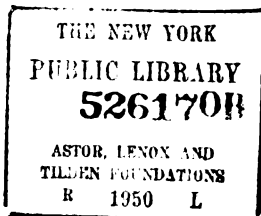
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FEBRUARY 1, 1816.





Miss O'Sullivan

OF WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For JANUARY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eightieth Number.

MISS O'NEILL.

MISS O'NEILL may be said to have been educated not only for, but on the stage, having come out at the age of twelve years, at the Drogheda theatre, of which her father was manager. Though so young she exhibited great capability, and was very soon in possession of the most important parts, both in comedy and tragedy. The more northern theatres were at that time under separate management, being directed by Mr. Talbot, who, we believe, performed some nights, a few years since, on the London boards. Belfast, long considered as the Athens of Ireland, being at that time his head-quarters, he was prompted to engage Miss O'Neill at a first rate salary. He was amply remunerated for this liberality by her exertions in Belfast, Newry, Derry, &c. Her rising fame soon spread to the Irish metropolis, where the theatre, as well as the manager's purse, was at a very low ebb, for at one house Henry Johnson had been obliged, in 1810, to lower the prices, whilst at Crow-street the receipts had so completely failed that the manager was forced to look for new

recruits, and to find out novelty at least, if he could not procure excellence. Even the exertions of Mrs. Bartley, then Miss Smith, failed to fill the house; and in August, 1811, Incedon's benefit was unproductive, facts which can only be accounted for by the distresses of the time.

It was at this period that Miss O'Neill entered into an engagement with Mr. Jones, and appeared, strange as it may seem, in the character of *Widow Cheerly*. The applause that accompanied this *debut* was universal, and followed by crowded houses, who considered her fame as established in the first walk of comic characters. The Dublin public were, however, even more astonished when, a short time afterwards, the illness or inattention of another actress brought her out as *Juliet*. The best testimony of public opinion may perhaps be drawn from her overflowing benefit on the 27th of May, 1812, when she performed *Lady Townley* to Conway's *Lord Townley*, with *Maria*, in the farce of the *Citizen*. To those who have only seen Miss O'Neill in tragic characters, it may

seem strange that she should have depended upon her comic powers for a full house; but it may appear stranger when we enumerate a few of her characters during that season, such as the *Unknown Female*, in the *Foundling of the Forest*, *Catherine*, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, for Mrs Cooke's benefit, to Conway's *Petruchio*, together with *Desdemona*, for Conway's benefit, when he first appeared as *Othello*, in Dublin, soon after which she undertook the arduous task of *Lady Macbeth*, in all of which she met with unrivalled success.

It is not our intention to pursue this delightful actress through all her cast of early parts, but we cannot refrain from noticing the criticisms of that day, in which it was acknowledged that, with the exception of Miss Smith, she threw every female performer, who for a long time had been seen on the Dublin stage, to an immeasurable distance, so that whilst the absence of the one was lamented, ample consolation was felt from the presence of the other. "In Miss Smith," said the Hibernian critic, "we perceive the studied effects of art—in Miss O'Neill we feel the genuine effects of nature. Where terror is to be raised the first is pre-eminent; where pity should be excited the latter is more impressive."—After some further due praise to the excellencies of Mrs Bartley, it was added that Miss O'Neill resembled the sun shining through April clouds, when that luminary bursts forth with wondrous splendour, after the atmosphere is cooled and refreshed by a fructifying shower, and also that "her representations excited the idea of Iris, extending her radiant bow in the heavens, a certain presage of approaching fineness."

After three years of constant applause, Miss O'Neill directed her steps towards the summit of histrionic exertion, being engaged for the season of 1814 at Covent Garden, where she made her first *entrée* as *Juliet*, on the 6th of October, being at once recognized as the first Hibernian actress, who had joined transcendent beauty with rare histrionic talent, since the time of Mrs. Woffington.

We know not if it is true that the dramatic taste of the city of Cork is so low, that, only a month before, Miss O'Neill had been playing there to empty benches, as

was then asserted; but our readers may all remember that her first appearance on the Covent Garden boards was hailed with repeated shouts and peals of applause, vindicating the taste and judgment of a London audience, whilst she did honour to herself in a most remarkable and commendable diffidence, evidently the result of modest merit, instead of that kind of stage effect which has so often exhibited to us some *good acting* on the part of the apparently timid *debutante*.

London audiences had for some time been accustomed to see *Juliet* performed without that engaging softness which forms a most prominent feature of the character; it is not surprizing, therefore, that their feelings were awakened to find this young and lovely actress performing with a softness of look and manner most inimitable, avoiding not only the excess of emotion, but also the vehemence of declamation, too often substituted for virgin fears and all the delicacy of the chastest affection. But it is needless for us to expatiate on her powers of expression in her indignation at the reproaches cast on *Romeo*, in her despair at his banishment, in her calm contempt of the treachery of the nurse, or in the fortitude of mind displayed whilst preparing to encounter temporary death, with all its attendant horrors. We all remember that she performed that arduous character for six nights to overflowing houses, when the pit and gallery were always crowded before the curtain rose, and the boxes filled before the end of the first act; and when her entrance each night was marked by three distinct rounds of applause, five rounds of which actually hailed her when, on the 15th of the same month, she came out in *Belvidera*.

On that occasion she scorned to adopt that whining which too often marks the character; nor did she adopt ranting even in her madness—but to describe is impossible; and in that part, as well as in all others, she must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated.

That gratification was indeed afforded to the public at large, by a summer trip after the close of the London season, in which she seems to have made a rapid histrionic

progress; for, not to mention her performances in the north, we find her performing *Jane Shore* for her own benefit, on the 19th of September, 1815, at Plymouth, and on the 26th of the same month making her first appearance at Brighton, in *Mrs. Huller*, when the public curiosity was so great that the manager was even tempted to raise his prices of the boxes from five to seven shillings, and the pit from half-a-crown to the London prices also, and that to crowded houses every night of her appearance, all other public amusements being totally deserted, and Pam and the evening concerts entirely forgotten.

On the first of October Miss O'Neill concluded her country excursion at Brighton, after netting, as we have been told, near eight thousand pounds; and on the ensuing night she made her first appearance this season in the metropolis, as before, in the character of *Juliet*, when considerable improvement was discovered in her by those who before had thought her all perfection. Her voice was found to have acquired more depth and melody, and in short there was an universal acknowledgment of her powers by an audience who received her, on coming forward, with the most ardent tribute of applause, which she met with such graceful thanks, that several minutes elapsed amidst the loudest peals before the performance could proceed.

Even in her acting, in some passages, there was evident improvement, and it was well observed that she had discovered the true secret of bestowing superior interest on that character, by rendering it less declamatory, less exaggerated, and therefore more natural. Her awaking from the tomb was—but we will not hazard a description of that which beggared all delineation!

Who that saw her *Jane Shore* a few evenings afterwards, can forget the skill with which she rose in every scene? or who can forget the impression made by

seeing her and Kemble together, for the first time, in the *Stranger*, towards the end of the month. It was indeed a subject of regret, that the cast of the play brought them not together until the close; but it has been more a subject of regret that the illness of that admired actor immediately put a stop to the pleasure anticipated in future representations.

Can it be necessary for us to close this biography with a criticism either dramatic or personal? need we expatiate on her youth, beauty, or elegance of form and manners? on her harmony of voice, her justness of comprehension, on the expression of her countenance, or the exquisite feeling with which she vivifies every scene? need we point out the general effect resulting from the heightening of the illusion by that cast of pensiveness which shines through the transparent fairness of her complexion—a pensiveness that gives effect not only to all the softer feelings of love, but also to the sterner passions which she has sometimes to express, without forbidding us to hope the presence of the most cheerful smiles when circumstances may induce her to treat a London audience with a display of her comic powers?

This we may say, that Miss O'Neill is no copyist; she never yet has seen Mrs. Siddons; and yet if we were to indulge in a parallel with that great actress, though there might be a difference of powers, we trust there would be no inequality.

Miss O'Neill's greatest charms certainly arise from nature, but much also evidently depends upon good sense, since we often find her striking out new beauties; and one observation we will hazard, in comparison with all other actresses, that during her performance we most particularly lose the consciousness of personal existence—it is not Miss O'Neill we see, but the character that she is unfolding—our judgment even yields to our feelings, and criticism drops the pen!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BERMUDAS.

In the year 1593, one Capt. Laucaster, upon a voyage of discovery to the East Indies, had occasion to call at the Island of Cuba by a far different route from that at present pursued by East Iadiamen. It is well known, that for many years after the Portuguese discovered Cape Bajadoz, distant navigation was merely confined to the western shore of Africa, until the famous Vasco de Gama, under the auspices of King Henry IV. of Portugal, struck at once into the unbeaten paths of the Pacific Ocean, and doubled the great southern promontory of Africa, by them called the Cape of Storms, but by us the Cape of Good Hope.

It was, indeed, unavoidable that in all coasting voyages vessels should at times be driven off by the violence of storms and tempests, to such natural accidents we are chiefly indebted for the discovery of the Maderias, Azores, and many of the West India Islands. It appears that nearly by the same concurrence of circumstances we owe the discovery of the Bermudas; for the above mentioned Captain Laucaster finding it necessary to write home, dispatched one Henry May, from Hispaniola, on board a French ship commanded by M. de Barbortier; which ship having been driven out of her course by tempests, was wrecked upon her passage home upon the reefs of Bermuda. Mr. May, with a few of his fellow sufferers, was so fortunate as to gain the shore, and first landed upon one of the principal islands, now called St. Georges. He found it at that time, as he describes, a terrestrial paradise! abounding with orange, lemon, and citron trees, of which, at the present period, scarce a wreck remain! Here was seen the towering palm, whose straight and naked stem shoots up to an immense height, crowned with a cupola of foliage resembling the feathers of the ostrich, overtopping all his fellows of the forest; a

tree which, from the variety of its species, its numberless uses in trade and agriculture, may well be styled the lord of southern vegetation. Contrasted to the deep rough green of the cedar was seen the tall papa, with its bright grey stem and leaves of emerald green, bearing a fruit in shape and colour resembling a lemon, but unpalatable to the taste of an European. Groves of mangoes, bananas, and plantains, together with labyrinths of unknown aromatic underwood, crowned numerous little islands, a stone's throw from each other, forming in miniature small bays and harbours, whose rocky inlets, fringed with tints of various hues, reflected from the transparent waves, underneath whose surface glided fish of unknown shapes and colour; a scene so novel, so romantic, and unknown, that for a time it rivetted the attention of the wanderer, and they lost sight of their own calamities in contemplation of the wonders around them. No vestige of human habitation was to be seen, all was silence and solitude, interrupted only occasionally by the murmurs of the distant breakers, the carol of the feathered tribe, and the spicy hum of the southern breeze as it swept the lofty cedars. Birds of beautiful plumage were seen feeding upon the berries of odoriferous shrubs; wild hogs grazing in the vallies, and great whales gambolling in the deep. Scenes like these the poets in all ages have delighted to dwell upon, and we have reason to believe that this island once, in reality, equalled that of the famed Calypso in imagination:—

“ But times are alter'd, trade's unfeeling train,
“ Unurp the laud and disposes the swain.”

Our immortal Shakspeare has with justice made it the scene of his shipwreck, making *Ariel* to warble forth his wild notes amidst rocks still more wild than those. He seems to allude to the heavy dews that

fall here, and the continued turbulence of the breakers, when *Ariel* says,

"Where once thou call'dst me up at dun mid-
night,
To fetch Heaven's dew from the still vex'd
Bermoothes."

Although the islands bore no mark of habitation at the time Mr. May visited them, yet he had sufficient room for conjecture, that others had been in the same predicament as himself, though perhaps were less fortunate in their escape. The wrecks of vessels of different nations were easily discerned by this judicious mariner wedged amongst the rocks and scattered along the coast, exhibiting awful memorials of the unskillfulness of navigation in those days, or hardy confidence in disregarding the reports or cautions of former navigators, who had laid down, though somewhat erroneously, the situation of the northernmost shoals, and named them the Bermudas, from *John Bermudas*, a Spaniard, who first discovered them, though no mention is made in history of his ever landing upon them.

It appears a matter of some surprize, that Mr. May did not form a temporary settlement, especially when it is considered in what state he found the island, together with what he saved from the vessel and cargo. With these advantages he might at least have enjoyed a state of peaceful tranquillity for a few months, and might have employed the time in endeavouring to attract (by signals displayed from the most conspicuous parts of the island) the notice of some ship, either outward or homeward bound. But with the true spirit of an English sailor, bold, restless, and enterprising, May and his comrades prepared and contrived to build a vessel out of the remains of the wreck and cedar of the island, sufficient to convey them in safety to Europe, where, after enduring numerous hardships, incidental to such adventures, they at length providentially arrived.

May's adventures and arrival in England creating some interest, rumour became busily afloat, and our sanguine countrymen in the heat of fervid imagination, and as fancy pictured, lavished several names upon them, such as the Fortunate Islands,

Fairy Isles, &c. But they were mentioned and were forgotten, until in the reign of James the Second, in the year 1609, Sir George Somers was wrecked there, upon his passage from England to Virginia, whither he was bound, with an addition of five hundred men, for the support of that infant colony. Instead of "Fortunate," had these rocks, as far as respects shipping, been denominated "unfortunate," the epithet would have been more applicable, for it appears that our first knowledge of them is derived solely from a series of disasters, and time in this respect has not altered their character.

As an instance, intelligence has just been received of a large American ship having struck upon the westernmost reefs, and foundered, and so common are occurrences of this nature, that scarce a week passes in the winter season that some unfortunate mariner does not get entangled amongst rocks and breakers. They, indeed, surround these islands, as with an adamantine chain, extending many leagues in circumference, and at a considerable distance from the shore. It is customary with the Bermudians, after a heavy blow, to ascend the heights, and look out (but for purposes of humanity not spoil) for what they call a *turtle in the net*.

Happily, considering the numerous wrecks that yearly occur, very few lives comparatively are lost. This must be imputed to the praiseworthy exertions of the natives, who for skill, dexterity, and courage in the management of their boats amidst angry breakers and deadly shoals, cannot be excelled, and perhaps not equalled, in the known world. Instances have frequently been known of their venturing out, when blowing almost hurricanes, in boats from twenty to twenty-four feet keel, when the perilous situation of the ground has compelled them to luff up and bear away every five minutes, at the imminent risk of their lives, and which the admirable rig and construction of their boats will allow them to do in perfect security. When compared with those of other countries these boats answer their helm almost instantaneously, and will form an acute angle in a few seconds. They will further run under a

press of sail for the space of an hour dead to leeward, and beat back the same ground in an hour and a half.

The Moosolah boats of India, sewn together with fibres of the cocoa nut tree, remarkable for their breadth, depth, and buoyancy, the ease and safety with which they transport the astonished traveller through tremendous surfs on the far famed shores of Asia, have long attracted the attention of the curious. The canoes of the Sandwich Islands, of no less curious construction, it is affirmed, will go thirteen knots an hour upon a wind when in smooth water, but lose this advantage when in a sea. The boats of Deal, and along the Kentish coast, are much praised for their build and the heavy sea in which they will live, when piloted by their brave and skillful conductors. But as they are generally without ballast, and carry lug (*i. e.* square) sails, two insurmountable obstacles to beating to windward, they can never be relied on when deprived of the help of oars.

After having seen the *beancoods* of Portugal, the Dutch cuths, and Maltese gallies, I can venture to affirm, speaking of a certain length of a boat, as managed only by two hands, that those of Bermuda excel all others in the world for swiftness in all weathers, combining the advantages of simplicity, durability, and safety, and the greatest of all marine qualities, facility of getting to windward. These boats, it is asserted, will live in a sea with a British frigate, and make weather with her: they will form a square when beating to windward, and when well taken care of will last for fifty years. And here let me observe to the inhabitants of a great town or obscure village, if my poor endeavour should amuse a vacant hour by the bright blazing hearth, that whatever is connected with the sea should never be indifferent to an Englishman. It is the girdle of our liberty, on whose surface, like Adamantine studs, our glorious navy may be seen to wave their triumphant flags in every clime. It is by such aids,

seconded by the more powerful one of Providence, that your corn fields wave in plenty, that peace is in your dwellings, and that British freedom, founded on British courage, stands secure.

But to return to our history. About a mile from the town of St. George's, the capital of the Bermudas (which stands upon the island of that name), a little to the north-east, and a pleasant walk from the town along the northern shore, lies a small nook, called by the inhabitants Building Bay; it is remarkable for nothing but its being the inlet whence Sir George Sommers launched his cedar vessel, upon the bosom of the Atlantic, perhaps the first of that timber ever raised by British hands, and certainly of a construction never before seen in those seas.

Sir George, like his predecessor, May, did not, it seems, save much from the wreck, as he appears to have been hard pushed even for iron, indispensable one would think to his project. But his strong mind and fertile genius surmounted every obstacle, and with only one iron bolt, which probably fastened the stern post to the keel, this intrepid mariner managed to erect a vessel capable of conveying himself and companions to Virginia, which lies about 200 leagues to the south-west of Bermuda. It is the province of a reflecting mind to mark the rise and progress of every thing that is great or good in nature, useful or beneficial in arts and sciences. The first will raise our thoughts to Him that made us, and those that travel have many ways of seeing the wonders of His works; it will store our minds with knowledge, giving us a peaceful tranquillity, which will set us above the petty vexations of the world in the day of trouble; the latter may make us more useful to our fellow-creatures, and by adding to our comforts in the hour of trial, ward us from the murmurs of despair.

H***

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

SOPHIA OF RUSSIA.

POSSESSED of a superior mind, improved by literature, this Princess, whose manners were engaging as her person was agreeable, was, nevertheless, famous for her ambitious projects; she governed with vigour, and not without a considerable share of prudence, yet conspiring circumstances soon terminated her authority.

When condemned to the solitude of a convent she was concerned in all the insurrections which disturbed the reign of Peter I. Tortures and rewards were alternately held out to her, but no positive proof of her guilt could be adduced.

Russia was at this time sunk in the most barbarous ignorance; Princess Sophia, who shone like a brilliant star amidst the dark clouds of blindness and superstition of the age she lived in, was the zealous encourager of learning and learned men: she gave examples herself of composition, and translated Moliere's *Medicin Malgré lui*. The first tragedy ever written in the Russian language was penned by her. She died July 3, 1764, in the forty-seventh year of her age.

CATHARINE I. WIFE TO PETER THE GREAT.

THE history of this female, who was exalted from a low station to the imperial throne of Russia, is known to many; it has afforded a fruitful theme to the writer of romance, and every eye wanders over the pages of a life so full of vicissitude, with extraordinary interest. When wedded to Peter, it was not either from the solidity of her judgment or the sprightliness of her fancy, that she gained so firm an ascendancy over the mind and affections of her royal husband; it was from the sweetness, pliability, and equanimity of her temper. His companion in all his wars and expeditions, she alone knew how to assuage the natural ferocity of a temper which at times approached to madness; at her approach, at the sound of her voice, every stormy passion was hushed to repose. Far from abusing this influence, she employed it only for the purposes of mercy and benefi-

cence, and many miserable wretches owed their lives to her intercession.

But once she had nearly fallen a victim to Peter's resentment; she was suspected of an improper intimacy with one of her Chamberlains, a very fine young man, of the name of Mons. Peter, in order to satisfy himself of the truth, pretended to leave Petersburg, in order to spend a few days at one of his villas, and while he secretly returned to his winter palace in town, he sent a page with a complimentary message to his wife, as if from the country. By this method he surprized Catharine in an arbor with Mons, his sister, Madame Balke, a lady of the bed-chamber, being stationed without on the watch: the Czar struck Catharine a blow with his cane, and without speaking a word, repaired to the apartment of Prince Repnin, assuring him that he would make a public example of the Empress. Dissuaded against this, after sentencing Mons to lose his head, and sending his sister into Siberia, after she had received the punishment of the knout, he conveyed Catharine, after the execution of her Chamberlain, in an open carriage, under the gibbet to which his head was nailed. Without any change of countenance she said, "Pity so much corruption should be found amongst courtiers."

When Catharine succeeded to the empire after the death of the Czar, she enjoyed the good will of her people by her mild and condescending behaviour. She reduced the capitation tax, removed the gibbets from public places, and interred criminals who remained unburied. She recalled the exiles from Siberia, and paid all the arrears due to the troops; but averse to business, she abandoned herself to pleasure: she drank immoderately of Tokay wine, of which she was extremely fond, which aggravated a cancer and dropsy, with which she was afflicted, and took her off in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

Without the smallest pretension to beauty her person was, nevertheless, engaging; her light hair she dyed black; her form in youth was finely turned and peculiarly delicate, but she grew extremely corpulent

as she advanced in years. She was unable to read or write, and her daughter was always obliged to sign her name to all dispatches, &c.

Sensible, good tempered, and ever willing to oblige, Catharine never forgot a benefit. She had been before her marriage protected in the family of Gluck, and when Wurmb, who had been tutor to Gluck's children, presented himself before her, after her exaltation, she said, "What, thou good man, art thou still alive? I will provide for thee;" and she gave him a handsome pension. Gluck, the pastor, had died a prisoner at Moscow: Catharine did all she could for his distressed family; she pensioned his widow, made his son a page, portioned his two eldest daughters, and appointed the youngest to be her maid of honour.

ANNE, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THOUGH the Empress Anne, recovered the authority she derived from her predecessors, it was only to resign it into the hands of her favourite Biren, by whom she was totally governed: the condition to which he reduced his imperial mistress is

astonishing. She kept no table of her own, but dined with his family. During the sitting of the council she often repaired into an adjoining apartment to receive his orders; and one day, while she was giving audience to the Duke de Bevern, Biren burst into her presence, and complaining that he was tormented by her servants, declared his intentions of departing for Courland; so saying, he banged the door after him with violence. The Empress clasping her hands together, lifted up her eyes to Heaven, and almost fainting, opened the window for air. At this interim the wife of Biren, accompanied by her children, entered the room, and falling on her knees before the Empress, supplicated for her husband's pardon: Anne relented, as usual.

Active, open-hearted, and compassionate, the reign of Anne would have done honour to her sex, had she not suffered herself to be controlled entirely by Biren, who committed unheard of cruelties and oppressions under the sanction of her authority: as a proof of this no less than twenty thousand persons were banished to Siberia, during her reign of only ten years and a few months.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME DE NAVAILLES.

NOT long after the marriage of Louis the Fourteenth this lady was appointed *Dame d'honneur* to the young Queen; and her province was particularly to superintend and watch over that bevy of youthful and sprightly beauties which composed the attendants, called maids of honour. In this post her vigilance had incessantly to combat against the artifices of the young noblemen, who united with the famous Countess de Soissons to mortify, as much as possible, Madame de Navailles, who was also much alarmed at some rash steps the gallant Louis himself had taken to violate the sanctuary she had so scrupulously guarded.

She spoke to him on the subject with that fearless energy with which the virtue of her character and principles inspired her, but yet her native politeness furnished her with such terms that she seemed to

have nothing to fear from the monarch's resentment. But that kind of anger naturally kindled in the mind of man, but more particularly in that of a sovereign, in finding any opposition to his will, made him feel violently piqued at this remonstrance: he hinted to the Duchess de Navailles that she ran the risk of incurring his displeasure, and he sent her word by Le Tellier, that she was not to interfere with the conduct of the Queen's young ladies. It was even proposed to this virtuous woman to accommodate herself to the will of the King, though she might keep up an exterior of decorum amongst her young charge. She answered the minister, that she would never cease to perform her duty, and that while it pleased his Majesty to continue her in the post she held she would fill it in a manner becoming those principles she had always cherished.

The King then became seriously angry,

and told her that she now might dread the effects of his wrath, while he again exhorted her to be more complaisant, if she had any regard to her own interest. Her answer sufficiently proves the stability and excellence of her character. "Sire," said she, "I have well weighed all those difficulties which the loss of your favour may cause me to experience. I know that both my husband and myself are indebted to your Majesty for all our easy fortune, and all the high consideration and respect we enjoy. To you, Sire, he owes his promotion in the Light Horse, and on him you have also bestowed the government of Havre, while I have been named the *Dame d'honneur* to your virtuous consort. It is in your Majesty's power in one moment to deprive us of all these advantages; but the dread of such privation can never make me alter the resolution I have taken to fulfil my duty according to the dictates of my conscience. I conjure you, Sire," added she, falling on her knees before the King, "seek to satisfy your roving inclinations elsewhere, and desist from pursuing your pleasures amongst those who belong to your Queen and ours."—The King was much chagrined at this speech, and spoke very sharply to Madame de Navailles, but the next day, being in the apartment of the Queen-mother, he went up to her, and held out his hand to her with that sweet and conciliating air as if he was asking her pardon.

This penitent conduct on the part of the King was, however, of short duration; Madame de Navailles gained the nicknames of *prude* and a very *dragon of virtue*. These proceedings spurred on the vanity and self-love of Louis, and the perplexity of Madame de Navailles increased. Fearful of trusting entirely to her own opinion, she consulted a pious friend, who highly approved her conduct, and told her it was

her duty sooner to give up every advantageous establishment, than to stain her character by any complaisance that was not accordant to the strict principles of virtue. This determined her almost fainting resolutions, and she caused every window in the apartments of the maids of honour to be strongly fortified with bars of iron. The King contented himself with the slight revenge of depriving her of the post of *Dame d'honneur*.

MADAME DE FONTEVRAUD.

AFTER entering a cloister for life, Madame de Fontevraud was universally styled the Queen of Abbesses. She was sister to the celebrated Madame de Montespan, and even surpassed her in beauty; to this beauty, and an equal share of wit and vivacity, she united the most rare and extensive knowledge, and this knowledge was rational as it was refined. Naturally religious without her profession, she sought for amusements conformable to the state of life she had embraced; she studied the Holy Scriptures, theology, the writings of the Fathers, and the learned languages, in which she was a wonderful proficient; and whenever these subjects were treated of she was most distinguished for her knowledge in them all, but when she relaxed from these serious occupations, no one would believe she was at all superior to any of her sex. She was adored by her community, wherein she established the greatest order and regularity, of which she was the finest example when in her Abbey. In her excursions to the court, she was seen at every entertainment, but never without her sisters, and never giving the least tarnish to her character and reputation, except by the strange singularity of indulging in liberties of such a nature.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA
AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN the course of the year 1802 the Emperor of Russia paid a visit to the King of Prussia, which interview, though it was

supposed to relate to affairs of great moment, was merely complimentary, and the time that the sovereigns stayed at Memel was devoted to gaiety and amusement. One day the Emperor and King walking

together on the quay of Memel, they fell into conversation with the master of an English vessel, and after some time the King said to him, "This is the Emperor of Russia."—The mariner, very much surprized, assumed a more respectful tone; but when Alexander added, "and this is the King of Prussia," he immediately turned on his heel, saying, "Oh, your servant, gentlemen, don't you think that you can dupe me in that way. Mr. Emperor and Mr. King, I wish you a very good morning."

COUNT BRUHL'S MINISTERIAL PATRONAGE.

IN the middle of the last century this celebrated nobleman was minister of state to Augustus Elector of Saxony. A young student of Leipsic, named Heyne, had written a Latin elegy, the beautiful paper and print of which seemed more admirable in the eyes of Bruhl than the literature, of this, however, he was very tenacious of being deemed an excellent judge: he expressed an earnest desire to see the author, and to retain him in his service; letters were accordingly dispatched to Heyne, desiring him to repair immediately to Dresden, and wait upon the Count. He was, on his obeying the summons, most graciously received by the minister, and dismissed with assurances of his patronage. Poor Heyne attended at court with the most painful anxiety, until he was reduced to such a state of indigence, that he was obliged to collect together empty peashells, and boil them, to support nature, while he slept on the bare boards of an apartment totally unfurnished. After remaining at Dresden for three years, ashamed to return to Leipsic, this accomplished scholar and man of genius, whose memory is still held in veneration all over Germany, obtained, with the utmost difficulty, the situation of copyist to Count Bruhl's

library, with the miserable salary of one hundred dollars, little more than twenty pounds per annum!

ANECDOTE OF THE ABBE BIRONT.

THE Abbé was one of the principal medallic historians of Holland: having met with a medal (struck when Philip II. sent forth his invincible armada), on which was represented the King of Spain, the Emperor, the Pope, Electors, Cardinals, &c. with their eyes covered with a bandage, and bearing for inscription this fine verse of Lucretius:—

"*O Cæcus hominum mentes! O pectora Cæca!*"

Prepossessed with the prejudice that a nation persecuted by the Pope and his adherents, could not represent them without insult, he did not examine with sufficient care the ends of the bandages which covered the eyes, and waved above the heads of the personages represented on this medal; he rashly took them for *asses ears*, and as such they are engraved.

ACHILLES DE HARLAI.

IN the time of this great man it was the fashion in France for every one to be habited according to his profession: two young counsellors, while Harlai was at his country-house, came to pay him a visit; the President remarking to himself that they were dressed in a manner very unsuitable, as he thought, to the gravity of their profession, looked immediately on a valet who was clothed in a suit of grey, with his cravat foppishly twisted through the button-hole of his coat, exactly like those worn by the two young counsellors; Harlai called to a man, who acted something in the capacity of a steward to him, and said, "Turn that scoundrel out of doors instantly; he has the impudence to dress himself like these two gentlemen!"

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

JUSTLY esteemed one of the most celebrated painters of the age he lived in; he was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in the

year 1727. And his father, whose decent competency was too soon lessened by a large family and a truly liberal heart, was a clothier. Few countries have produced

more native geniuses of extraordinary merit than those of Norfolk and Suffolk; the latter may be found to rank this admirable painter amongst the most celebrated of her inspired sons; for the woods of Suffolk were young Gainsborough's academy, and indulgent Nature alone was his preceptress. His mornings were passed amidst sylvan scenery, sketching the venerable beauty of the aged oak, the meandering rivulet, groups of cattle, cottages, and other rural landscapes which struck his fancy. These were at first only outlines; but from delineating he next took to colouring; and after painting several charming landscapes, his father resolved to increase the powers of his extraordinary genius by every assistance that instruction in the divine art could afford, and in his thirteenth year he left Sudbury for London; where the skill of his pencil, his modest demeanour, and the elegance and beauty of his personal endowments obtained him many friends, and his constant attendance at a drawing academy considerably improved his natural talents.

He married at the early age of nineteen, and removed to Ipswich, where he resided in a house of only six pounds rent per annum. His wonderful powers were at this time neither known to himself nor to others. The first who discovered his great abilities was Mr. Thicknesse, then Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort.—Gainsborough, one day, seeing a country fellow with a slouched hat looking wistfully over his garden wall at some windfall pears, caught up a piece of board, and painted him so admirably well, that the board was shaped out, and the figure set upon a wall in the garden of the late Mr. Craighton, then printer of the *Ipswich Jour-*

nal. Here the figure attracted the notice of Mr. Thicknesse, and many had actually spoken to it as a reality. Soon after Mr. Thicknesse employed Mr. Gainsborough to paint him a perspective view of the Fort with the royal yachts passing it, at the time the late King was making one of his visits to Hanover. This work was finished in the most masterly style, and highly to the satisfaction of Mr. Thicknesse: he asked the artist the price; and true genius, which never overrates itself but is generally accompanied by that modest diffidence which renders it yet more estimable, though it had shone conspicuously in this unrivalled performance, yet evinced its delicacy, which prompted this excellent artist to say, he hoped fifteen Guineas would not be thought too much for so large a landscape! O ye R. A.'s of the present day, say what would ye have asked? Mr. Thicknesse assured him he found it worth double that sum; and soon after he persuaded his *protégé* to try his talents for portrait painting at Bath, and which was the residence of Mr. Thicknesse during the winter. Here business came on so rapidly, at the rate of five Guineas the head, that though it was impossible for him to mend either his style or colouring, he was obliged to charge forty Guineas for a full length. In 1774 he removed to London, and took a house in Pall-Mall, at the rent of three hundred pounds per annum; where his uncommon merit gained him the attention and patronage of his Majesty. His death was attended by the melancholy circumstance of having the passage of his throat obstructed by means of a wen growing internally in his neck. He was buried at Kew, according to his own particular request.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS IN THE LIFE OF THE CID.

(Concluded from Vol. XII. page 248.)

THE Knights made the forest echo with the names of Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, beseeching them if they were concealed to come forth. But Fellez Muñoz and the ladies, who heard their voices, were fearful that the Infantes had sent them to complete the tragedy which they had

began, and they carefully concealed themselves. One of the Knights then said:—“ My friends, the guilt of these monsters is too plain; let us then hasten to pursue and make them expiate with their lives the wrong they have done to the Cid, for we shall be unworthy to appear before the

noble Rodrigo, if we return without taking vengeance; but if perchance these traitors should escape us, let us hasten to lay the matter before King Alfonso, who doubtless will avenge upon those base caitiffs the murder of our noble ladies."

This counsel pleased the Knights, who immediately pursued the flying assassins, but in vain, they could not overtake them. Finding their pursuit vain, they hastened to lay their complaint before the King, who was then at Valencia. Alfonso's indignation knew no bounds; as he had promoted the marriage he considered himself personally insulted, and assured the Knights that as soon as the Cid should lay before him a formal complaint, he would execute strict justice upon the offenders.

In the mean time Fellez Munoz, as soon as he thought all danger of pursuit over, hastened to a village which was fortunately near the fountain. The first person to whom he told his dismal tale, was a husbandman, who in former times had tasted of the bounty of the Cid. The good man wept when he heard the state to which those noble dames were reduced, but he blessed Heaven for putting it in his power to pay a little of the debt of gratitude he owed their illustrious father; he hastened back with Fellez, and prostrating himself before the lovely victims of the Infantes' diabolical cruelty, he besought them to suffer themselves to be conveyed to his house, where they could rest in peace and safety till they had informed the Cid of what had happened. This offer the ladies thankfully accepted, and dispatched Fellez Munoz immediately with a letter to their father, briefly informing him of what happened. Who can paint the sorrow which this news spread in the palace of the Cid, or the distraction of the tender Donna Ximena, when she found her daughters had been thus abused. The Cid sent instantly a proper retinue to conduct his children, as soon as they should be able to travel, to Valencia, and he awaited their arrival with impatience, that he might then hasten to obtain justice from his sovereign. At length the ladies arrived within two leagues of Valencia, and the Cid went out to meet them. But how different were they from the lovely blooming creatures he had parted with a short time before. He embraced

them, dissembling his grief at the change, and with words of the tenderest consolation, he conducted them to the Alcazar. Bitter were the lamentations of Donna Ximena and her household on beholding them so changed. Let us leave them awhile and see what steps the Cid took to procure redress.

He hastened to present himself before the King; who sent immediately letters to all his nobles that at the end of seven weeks he would hold a Cortes in Toledo, that those who did not appear there must instantly quit his kingdom, and be no longer accounted his vassals. The Infantes of Carrion heard this news with heavy hearts, for they dreaded appearing at the Cortes before the Cid, and they prayed his Majesty would excuse them. But this the King refused to grant; and accordingly they collected as many of their kindred as they could, and arrived at Toledo before their father-in-law.

King Alfonso, desirous to do the greatest honours to the Cid, said to him on his arrival:—"Cid, take thy place by me, for thou hast conquered Kings, and with them shouldst thou sit."

"It is then at your feet, my sovereign lord," replied Rodrigo; "that place suits your faithful vassal best." The King would not suffer this, but ordered the Cid to sit in his ivory chair, which he had gained by conquest, and that from henceforward none but the blood royal or the Bishops should sit with him. This dismayed the Infantes of Carrion, who now gave their cause up for lost.

The Cid began by desiring that the two good swords, Colado and Tizona, which he had presented to the Infantes on their marriage with his daughters, might be restored to him. To this, after some demur, they consented. And then he desired that all the treasures which he had given with his daughters might be likewise returned. This demand they resisted for some time, but finding the King supported it they were obliged to comply. And now they flattered themselves that they should escape free from any other punishment; but their hopes were vain. Three loyal Knights of the Cid's retinue, besought his permission to avenge on these dastards the injury they had done to his lovely daughters. The

Cid, well pleased, granted their request, and armed those who were to fight the Infantes with the two famous swords which they had been obliged to return.

The Infantes and their perfidious uncle, who had been the instigator of their vile conduct, were compelled to enter the lists. Ferrando Gonzalez was killed, and Diego would have met with the same fate had he not saved his life by a shameful flight. Suero Gonzalez was desperately wounded, but his life was spared as he acknowledged himself vanquished.

Thus was the dishonour done to the blood of the illustrious Rodrigo of Bevar washed out, and his family was still farther ennobled by a proposal which was made to him from the Infantes Don Ramiro of Navarre, and Don Sancho of Arragon, for his fair daughters. The eldest, Elvira, he gave to Don Ramiro, and Donna Sol to Don Sancho. Thus the daughters of the Cid became the daughters-in-law of Kings, by marriages which turned out as happy as they were illustrious.

CLEOMIR AND DALIA.—A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

GAUL for a time was inhabited by different nations, each of which were governed by different sovereigns. The salic law did not yet exist in those days; but the haughty Gauls supplied its deficiency; seldom would they confer the crown on a female. In order to operate such a phenomenon a power above that of royalty itself, a power which neither the kings nor the nations could resist; in short, the will of the Druids was indispensable.

A Druid was a priest; but in those times so remote from ours, that the character did not extinguish in them all manner of foreign ambition. They would approach the sovereign, dispense dignities, and sometimes even the crown, in case the Prince who wore it had the misfortune to offend or displease them.

Ambigat, King of Celtic Gaul, possessed the very uncommon advantage of giving satisfaction in every respect to the Druids, to his subjects, and even to his neighbours. They regretted that so deserving and meritorious a monarch had no male heir. His only children were two daughters, born on the same day, both extremely beautiful, and that seemed to have been cast in one mould: so striking was the resemblance between them, so perfect the likeness that it extended even to the voice; so that the eyes and ears were equally liable to be deceived. The chief of the Druids, who, under Ambigat, was more than prime minister, was in hopes of being more than King under the reign of the Princess that was to succeed him. All that he apprehended was, that

the extreme likeness between the two sisters should occasion some disturbances in the state. He therefore fixed upon a resolution that he deemed legitimate, because it appeared to him to be necessary; namely to remove for ever from court the one of the two Princesses who was not intended to occupy the throne. He well foresaw that such a sacrifice would cause great chagrin to Ambigat, who was as doating a father as he was a good King. But Segovese, the high priest, had recourse to the privilege he enjoyed of introducing the Gods. He supposed an oracle entirely conformable to his views. A similar expedient in those days could not fail of being attended with success; neither could Ambigat contradict or bring the oracle into question.

The two Princesses therefore were separated. The Druid proclaimed, in the name of Tantates, that the second born of the two twins was unquestionably the youngest; and in consequence she was sent amongst the priestesses of Isis. What Segovese proposed to himself was, if circumstances required, to oppose one sister to the other; that is to say, to dethrone the Queen, send her into exile, and call the exiled Princess to the throne.

Two years elapsed, and Dalia (so was the reclude Princess called) was very near fifteen. Ambigat reigned still, and vigorously opposed the King of Aquitaine, his neighbour, with whom he was at war. He, however, at last was completely beaten. Cleomir, a Prince of the blood of Aquitaine,

commanded the enemy's army. He knew how to profit by his victory; he penetrated into the Celtic provinces, rendered himself master of several fortresses, and, moreover, of the temple of Isis, the very same in which the young Princess Dalia happened to be confined. The Aquitans had not the least conception of the worship of Isis. They had promised themselves to spare neither her temple nor her treasures, nor especially her priestesses. Cleomir, however, counteracted their determination. He had over his troops that ascendancy which is the result of high birth, heroic courage, and especially numberless victories, at an age when ordinary men know hardly how to obey. Cleomir was only four-and-twenty years of age, and a Prince who at that time of life has won several battles, may prescribe almost impossibilities to his army. What the Prince of Aquitaine required from his troops, upon this occasion, was something more than to attack a superior force. Indeed it cost the Goddess a mighty sum of gold, former offerings of the credulity of the people, but which from that very reason, were soon to be replaced by larger sums still.

Cleomir, who claimed no share in the prize money, wished at least to review the virgins whose chastity he had thus protected. There was a considerable number of them, and the sight accordingly proved the more interesting. They each of them wore a veil, but placed in such a manner that the Prince's inspection was not much obstructed. One of the youngest priestesses appeared to be veiled with greater care than the rest; which, however, did not prevent her elegant shape and noble deportment from being conspicuous: her beauty remained concealed, but her graces could not be disguised. The Prince was unable to resist the impression that agitated his soul; he advanced, not as a conqueror, but as a captive.—“Please,” said he to the youthful virgin, “please to withdraw that treacherous, sacrilegious veil; permit me to behold that which I must adore.”—These words seemed to give rise to extraordinary emotion in the breast of her to whom they were addressed; yet she remained silent, and did not offer to touch her veil. Cleomir, by repeating his solicitation, only in-

creased her trouble, but obtained nothing more. One of the companions of the scrupulous priestess, thinking it would be dangerous to exasperate a conqueror four-and-twenty years old, removed the troublesome veil, and perhaps, by so doing, proved obliging at once to both parties. It is certain, at least, that Cleomir was dazzled and transported.—“Ah! what do I see?” exclaimed he. “No, you cannot be merely a priestess, you are the deity of this temple; if, however, Isis was ever endowed with equal charms to those you are possessed of. Only deign to shew yourself to the Aquitans, and your worship will soon be established among them; it is already and everlastingly so in my heart.”

The high priestess, who stood within hearing, could not help shuddering at this discourse; but it has been ascertained that she who was the object of it did not shudder. A conqueror, young and well made, who speaks on his knees, and who speaks of love, is generally listened to. This was the case with Cleomir, although he spoke to a Princess; for it was to the daughter of Ambigat that he was paying that homage. Deceived by outward appearances, he mistook the Celtic Princess for a priestess of Isis.

He already had formed a design of deceiving her from the service of the Goddess. I have stated already that Isis was held in no credit among the Aquitans, and besides, the God of Love will often inroach on the demesnes of the other Gods. Cleomir imparted his intentions to the supposed priestess. As he spoke in the most respectful tone, she appeared no more terrified than decency required. The Prince easily found out that the proposed offence was not to be sanctioned till it was effected.

The manners of the times dispensed him, it is true, from too strict a reserve; yet he thought it became him to consult at once his magnanimity and his love. The one prompted him to carry off the young Princess, the other to treat her as if he had been informed of her rank. He obeyed both summons. Dalia, released from her captivity, had no occasion to think she had only changed one place of confinement for another. From the Temple of Isis she was conducted to a town of which Cleomir was

the sovereign, and there served and attended as if she had been at the court of Ambigat, her own father.

Cleomir would frequently visit her asylum, but always behaved as a most respectful lover. Dalia still kept her birth a secret; she reserved that avowal to check in time certain pursuits which, she was aware, the Prince might venture at some period or other. Meanwhile, no danger as yet had threatened her peace, when it was proposed to put an end to all hostilities between the rival powers. Cleomir was not a little surprised to find that the Celtic Prince insisted more peremptorily on the liberty of the young priestess even than on the restitution of a province. "King Ambigat," would he say, "has similar pretensions to mine on that young beauty; but undoubtedly I may be allowed to adjudge the preference to myself." The King of Aquitaine, however, was of a contrary opinion: he sent orders to Cleomir to return all the priestesses he had carried off to the Celtic monarch, and to retain all the towns that had surrendered to him. These orders occasioned the deepest sorrow to Cleomir. He at first conceived he would not obey them, but the arrival of the King of Aquitaine rendered obedience almost indispensable. This Prince, who was no warrior, came during the armistice to place himself at the head of his army, and repeated his intentions to Cleomir. "Sire," said the latter to him, "command me to subdue in your name the whole of Celtic Gaul, I am ready for the enterprize, and will answer, with my head, for the success; but I beg you will allow me to keep my captive; she is mine pursuant to all the rules of war, and I prefer possessing her to the empire of Gaul itself."—"She must be an incomparable beauty," replied the monarch. "That I shall leave you to judge of," answered Cleomir, with great imprudence. He had not reflected that upon similar occasions inspections of the kind are always pregnant with dangerous consequences, and especially when a subject is exposed, and will run the risk of having his sovereign for his rival.

Dalia, though reluctantly, was brought before the King. He was dazzled at the sight of her charms; and the more he viewed them the more the resistance of

Cleomir appeared to him excusable. He fixed upon another determination which the uncommon beauty of the young prisoner suggested; that was, to take upon himself the care of restoring her to the Celtic King, but to postpone the surrender of her to a late period.—"Ambigat," thought he within himself, "is old, this whim of his will not last long; or at least I shall have time to please my own." Thus reasoned Tutor, the Aquitaine monarch; it was his maxim to gratify his every desire, when he could do so without endangering his person. He was at once voluptuous and timid, weak and cruel. The better to deceive Cleomir, he affected to designate him in public as his son-in-law. He renewed the proposition to the Prince, who perhaps could not believe it to be sincere, or perhaps yielded to the impulse of his own heart. Certain it is, however, that Tutor having declared that he pretended to keep the young priestess at his own disposal, Cleomir no longer consulted but his anger and his grief, and resolved to lose every thing sooner than to renounce Dalia.

She was still at liberty; at least Cleomir was allowed to speak to her in private. He availed himself of the indulgence to apprise her of Tutor's views, which he had guessed at with all the penetration of a rival.

Dalia was alarmed at the danger that threatened her. Cleomir, who perceived her anxiety, derived from it some uneasiness, yet he wished to be better acquainted with the true cause of her perturbation of mind. Was it the result of grief and regret for leaving him, or her apprehension of falling into the hands of the King? A distinction of this sort is by no means trivial in the eyes of a lover; Cleomir was sensible of the importance of it; but nothing that the Gaul Princess expressed was competent to clear his doubts. At last he acquainted Dalia with the King's design of having him marry his daughter. At this discourse the confusion of the Princess increased conspicuously; and after a moment's silence, she inquired, with a blush, whether the beauty of the Princess of Aquitaine was equal to her birth and grandeur.

Cleomir, delighted at this question, and chiefly at the manner in which it had been

asked, answered in the style of a lover who knows how to avail himself of his advantages.—“The Princess of Aquitaine,” said he to Dalia, “next to you is the most beautiful person in the world. They alone who have seen you can withstand loving her.”—This answer did not quiet the supposed priestess, neither was it what Cleomir intended. The Prince was beloved, but did not know it, and wished to ascertain whether he was or not. Dalia was afraid of concealing it from him any longer. “Perhaps,” thought she within herself, the Princess of Aquitaine’s beauty is equal to mine; but what advantage over me will not the idea of her birth give her? Ah! let me prove that in that respect the advantage also is equal.”

The Aquitan Prince aspired at, and longed for one declaration or avowal, namely, that of a reciprocal affection. The proof he required rendered even every other avowal superfluous; as he wanted her to make her escape with him, and to seek a refuge in a foreign country. The proposal was rather of an alarming nature, but yet it implied sincerity, and must on that account convey persuasion. Cleomir was setting to Dalia an example of making sacrifices of great magnitude: he renounced the advantages of his rank, the reward of his exploits, the hand of a Princess young and beautiful. Very few rivals could have resisted similar instances of affection. Yet Dalia, who loved Cleomir prior to his giving her so many proofs of his love, had fortitude enough to oppose his design. She represented to him what he voluntarily was going to give up, what he might perhaps regret at a future period, and regret in vain. She urged the laws of decorum, which in those early days did not permit a female to follow her lover.—“But that lover wants to become your husband,” interrupted Cleomir, with great vehemence; “I swear by Tantates, by Mercury, and by Mars; I swear by yourself, who are all powerful over me; by honour, which no Gaul can betray. Let us go to Iberia, there to enjoy a repose that we can never expect to relish either in your country or in mine.” Dalia would not yet yield consent, although at bottom she felt convinced. The danger was pressing, flight necessary, and her guide engaging.—“I consent,” said

she to Cleomir; “I consent Prince: be you the arbiter of my destiny, I am ready to follow you. Let us fly from this inauspicious land; and be you informed at last, that it is the Princess of Celtic Gaul who condescends to accompany you.”

“O heavens!” exclaimed Cleomir, “I am struck with amazement! You the daughter of Ambigat! That title can add neither to my affection or my respect. Meanwhile, on account of what event—But what do I say?—Ah! let us think first of removing you from impending danger, from which your rank even would not prove a safeguard.”

Towards the close of the following day every preparation was ready for the evasion of the two lovers. Cleomir, who still discharged the functions of General, could easily go out of the camp at any time, and with what escort he pleased; that which accompanied him was far from considerable, but composed of men whom he could rely on, equally brave and sincerely devoted to him. Dalia, disguised in male attire, rode among the soldiers, the same as did two of her female slaves in a similar disguise. They proceeded at full speed; but they had many perils to surmount before they could reach the foot of the Pyrenees, and especially penetrate into Iberia, or Spain, as it is otherwise called. Cleomir carried with him immense riches, the produce of his victories. Those treasures were of great service to him; one part he gave as a bribe to the priests of a temple adjacent to the spot where he settled; he could only be safe under their auspices. The Iberians were a nation of barbarians, without morals, without laws; the will of their priests alone could check their ferocity; and those priests, far from restraining, sometimes knew how to make it subservient to their purposes.

Cleomir had chosen for the place of his residence an insulated valley, of difficult access, but in itself very pleasant; the landscape was one of the most delightful that nature had ever framed. There Cleomir regretted nothing, especially when he beheld Dalia; who, on her side, returned many thanks to Isis for having so ill protected her temple. Dalia had acquainted Cleomir with every particular relative to her birth and to her metamorphosis into "

priestess. He assured her there was a possibility of annulling the judgment that deprived her of the throne, by procuring some other God to interfere, and supporting a new oracle by successful feats of arms. Till such time as that was to be executed, he was employed chiefly in evincing his ardent love, which daily became more pressing.—“Yes, Prince,” said Dalia to him, “I give credit to your professions and oaths; but it is at the altar that I wish to receive them and to deposit my own.”—This was what Cleomir most wished for. The ceremony exhibited not the pomp and magnificence which generally take place at the marriage of a Princess, but there was seen a witness that is almost always excluded—Love.

Their mutual affection seemed to be enhanced by that happiness which too frequently produces a contrary effect; it was not in their power to love each other less; neither could they have loved each other more: their whole soul seemed to be wrapped up in love. Cleomir, nevertheless, could not entirely renounce the active mode of life to which he had been accustomed. Dalia still engrossed his utmost attention, but his warlike disposition could not bend to a mode of living merely pastoral. His amusements were suited to the manly education he had received; and as he now had neither armies to command or enemies to encounter, he pursued the stags through the forest, he attacked and overpowered the wild boars and other ferocious animals.

A whole twelvemonth had elapsed since he had inhabited that remote solitary part of Iberia. He was unacquainted with what happened to pass all over the globe; no communications were established at the time between the nations that surrounded his retreat; but for that same reason it was more safe and unknown. Neither Tutor nor Ambigat as yet had been able to find it out; however, that which was next to impossibility at length would take place. Cleomir, although his love remained unabated, felt the ideas of his former grandeur to revive; the life which he lived appeared to him equally unworthy of himself and of Dalia. “She was born to fill the throne,” said he; “it is incumbent on me to restore her to her right, and to reign with her if Ambigat is no more: to tarry in this retreat would be a disgrace.”

He dispatched a few emissaries to reconnoitre what was going on in Gaul; he even sent some to Italy. The former reported that Ambigat was still alive; the latter informed him that Brennus, at the head of an army of Gauls, marched to subdue Tuscany and the neighbouring countries. Cleomir, upon hearing this intelligence, could not overcome his ardour. Brennus and he were brothers at arms: he determined to go and share in the toils and glory that awaited him. He would say, “I am proscribed in my country, and unknown in the one I inhabit: here I live in obscurity, unprotected; my love to me is every thing, but that love perhaps is a weakness.” He mistrusted his heart, but his mind was convinced. In vain did Dalia oppose her solicitations and tears to his resolution; Cleomir left her, with tears in his eyes, and determined to be avenged on the Italians for the struggles he had to endure.

Brennus received him in that distinguished manner he was entitled to in every respect, put part of his forces under Cleomir's command, and promised to share with him all the conquests they were going to undertake. They were as brilliant as they were rapid. The Romans attempted to stop their progress, but the storm they pretended to conjure poured over their own heads; they opposed but vain resistance. Rome was taken and burnt to ashes: the Capitol was near experiencing a similar fate, the Roman name being extinct for ever, the world being secured against degrading servitude—the cackling of a few geese ordained it otherwise.

During the course of this expedition one of the Gauls whom Cleomir had left behind in Iberia came to inform him that the Princess had been carried off by a numerous party of Celts.—“Heavens!” exclaimed the Prince, “Heavens! it is I who have occasioned this shocking accident; it is I who have been the cause of the loss of Dalia. I should have contented myself with protecting so valuable a treasure, instead of attacking nations that I knew nothing of, and to which I was equally unknown.” He doubted not but it was pursuant to Ambigat's orders that the rape had been effected: he represented to himself Dalia in closer confinement than ever, deprived of all consolation, of every hope.

"Alas!" continued he, "what might not happen if Ambigat was no more? If a sister, sitting on her throne, was to deem the death of Dalia necessary to secure her own usurpation. If a Druid—alas! numberless ideas assail me at once and tear my poor heart! I must go and save Dalia, or die with her."

Brennus, to whom he imparted his intentions, could not succeed in persuading him to relinquish his project. He pressed him at least to accept of some troops, but Cleomir was conscious that he must take with him either a powerful army or only a few select men: he fixed the number himself to twelve, to, whom, notwithstanding, he mentioned not a word of what he intended

them for. He departed, leaving Brennus engaged in negotiating a treaty with the Romaus, who only proposed to impose upon him, and who succeeded, because Brennus, although a brave and skillful commander, understood not politics: as to Cleomir, he proceeded with great rapidity. On his arrival he found that a great change had taken place; Segovese, the Druid, had been dead six months; Ambigat also had died lately; and a Princess, his daughter, had just been appointed to succeed him. This intelligence only heightened the agitation of the Prince; he dreaded every thing for her he was come to assist, and was even afraid he was come too late.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

WE now proceed to close our present class of parasitical plants with a species well known to all our fair readers, whose good taste, we trust, has often led them to admire the effect produced by the

IVY,

so common, and yet so picturesque upon the time-worn tower, where, nodding to the blast, it tells of days of old, and seems to shade the visionary forms of departed ages. To the trunks of aged trees it also adds a most graceful ornament; nor is it seldom found creeping on the ground, where it forms an evergreen carpet, under the tremulous canopy of dark brown woods, or of the thorny brake.

It is a plant, indeed, rendered almost sacred by classical antiquity, and the Poet's Ivy is described by modern botanists as still existing in many of the islands of ancient Greece, now the Archipelago, that particular species of which the ancients are said to have made crowns for adorning the heads of their most celebrated bards. With us the Ivy is equally plentiful, but whether it is as much wanted for crowns we will not be invidious enough to determine: perhaps in modern times a silver crown, or a good Bank dollar, would be considered by a poet as a more acceptable present. But its use amongst the Greeks was not confined to the poets alone, for the

Gods seem also to have been considered as receiving gratification from it, particularly from its adoption in public rejoicings in honour of the wet, though not watery God, Bacchus. In these processions its effect must have been pleasing from the contrast between its ripe golden berries and the deep verdure of its leaves, yet we are told that Bacchus was crowned with it to prevent inebriety, which, if true, must have been in allusion to its own bibulous and absorbent qualities, for it is so soft and porous as to transmit liquids when formed into bowls and turned very thin.

Homer describes his heroes as drinking their wine out of an Ivy bowl; and Horace alludes to its double application, in honour both of Gods and mortals, in his very first ode:—

"Me doctarum edere præmia frontium
"Dis miscent superis."

Or, in plain English, "the Ivy, the ornamental reward of learned brows, has put me on a par with the Gods themselves."

Though the ancients, from the colour of its berries, called it the Golden Ivy, yet the species with white flowers seems to have been early known in Italy, since Virgil, in more than one place, speaks of the *Hedera alba*, the white Ivy, and the *Hedera pal-lentes*, whose qualities must have been

similar; but why need we refer to the classics for illustrations, when our own immortal Avonian bard, without tricking himself out in the buckram of learned lore, as many great men have done, speaks of it agreeable to its various qualities with an originality of observation all his own?

Who, that reads this lecture, does not recollect the impressive story of *Prospero's* wrongs, when in the second scene of the *Tempest*, speaking of his usurping brother to *Miranda*, he tells her—

—“that now he was
“The Ivy, which had hid my princes by trunk,
“And suck'd my verdure out on't—”

evidently alluding to the vulgar idea of that day, that this parasitical climber actually absorbed the vital juices of the parent tree.

From the closeness of its elegant embraces to its supporter, Shakspeare also, with much point, considers it as a female. *Titania* says—

—“The female Ivy so
“Euring the barky fingers of the elm—”

and Milton, poetically following up the same idea, applies the same phrase to another climber, when he says that our first parents in their primeval state of innocence—

—“led the vine to wed her elm;
“She, spous'd, about her husband twines
“Her marriageable arms—”

In thus claiming originality for our own inimitable national poets, we must not however forget that nearly the same idea is to be met with not only in Horace—*Platanusque celsis evincet ulmas*,—alluding to the fact that the vines will not support themselves round the plantane tree, though they do so round the elm, and therefore it is called the Bachelor Plantane; but also in Catullus, who speaks of the vine as married to the elm:—*Ulmo conjuncta marito*; but it is time that we should apologize to our fashionable patronesses for thus overwhelming them with the dust of learned libraries, and we shall therefore proceed to a delineation of this interesting plant, which may, even now, be justly said to be in season, as it is the latest of all our flowering specimens, blossoming not until October and November,

and ripening its berries in the early spring. In general it raises itself to a considerable height, by the support of walls, towers, and trees, as it insinuates its fibres into their various crevices, not so much for nurture as for establishment and security; but where it meets with no upright support its stems trail upon the surface of the ground, which they closely cover, so as to be eradicated with considerable difficulty, for wherever the smallest portion of the stem is left it soon spreads and multiplies itself, a fact that may encourage our fair pupils to cultivate it upon ornamental principles. They will always find it best to give it vertical support, for when its branches trail on the ground they are always small and weak, and its leaves assume a new form, being more divided in their lobes, so that former botanists have actually considered the common Ivy as of two distinct species. Another reason for upright cultivation is, that in its trailing state it does not produce flowers; besides, its leaves then become more variegated, so as in some instances to be nearly white. It is found wild all over Europe, so that it requires but little care, yet it is not very common in Sweden, or the more northern countries; and in North America it is not to be met with except where it has been brought from the European continent.

The ancient classic name of *Hedera* has been accounted for by several fanciful derivations; some suppose it so called from *Hædus*, a kid, because it was given to goats in order to make them produce more milk for the nourishment of their young; but this seems unlikely, for though horses and sheep will eat, yet goats and cows now refuse it. Some again suppose the name derived from its flourishing in lofty situations, in consequence of a fanciful affinity with another Latin word, or from its devouring whatever it attaches itself to; but its Greek name is certain, for by them it was called *Kissos*, from *Cissus*, a favourite of Bacchus, sung by the poets, as transformed into the Ivy plant, which thence became sacred to that deity.

As a general term, *Hedera* comprehends all plants of the shrubby, climbing, evergreen, or deciduous kinds: and Linnæus places it in the order of *MONOGYNIA* and class of *PENTANDRIA*. The species are

only six in number, and in generic character the calyx has a very small, many toothed, involucre of a single umbel; the perianth, which is very small, is five toothed, and surrounds the germ; the corolla has five oblong petals, the spreading lips of which are bent inwards; the stamen has five subulate filaments, as long as the corolla, and upright in situation, with incumbent anthers, which are trifid at the base; the pistil has a turbinate germ, whilst the style is simple and very short; and the pericarp contains five seeds in a globular berry.

The essential character is distinguished by its five oblong petals, and by the five-seeded berry surrounded by the calyx. We need scarcely repeat to our fair pupils that the stem and branches of the Ivy are long and flexible, that its upper branches are spreading, or that its leaves are evergreen, and dark, with white veins: this is what they must have often observed, but perhaps they are not equally aware that the upper leaves are always ovate, whilst the lower ones are five lobed, and that the flowers are green, of many umbels, so as to form a corymbus.

As an ornamental plant, Ivy may be made of great use in various situations, both in gardens and in pleasure grounds; nay, in London itself, as it receives but little injury from smoke or confined air, and therefore applicable to the covering of dead walls, particularly as its growth is rapid, frequently shooting twenty feet in the course of a year. Perhaps one reason of its being at present but little used in gardening, is that its leaves fall off in the autumn, and are late of appearing in the spring, particularly that species called *Quinquefolia*, or Virginian Creeper; but it is still worthy of notice that even in the flower garden it possesses great beauty if permitted to run up a stake, and ultimately to form itself into a standard; at least the singular complication of its branches, and the vivid green of its leaves certainly entitle it to one of the first places amongst the evergreens in a modern shrubbery. In old gardens, indeed, it was very much in vogue, for cutting into globes and cones, and other fantastic shapes; but to those who wish to invite the little shivering songsters in a hard winter to haunt their

garden walks in search of food, it must be a point of high interest to cultivate it in ornamental thickets, and suffer it to cover the trees, as well as on ornamental buildings, in order that they may feast upon its berries.

These berries furnish a grateful food for wild pigeons, as well as for thrushes and blackbirds, whilst the latter, besides other birds, often form their little nurseries in its stump.

As the whole plant possesses a peculiar aromatic flavour, so from the old stems, when bruised, there exudes a very fragrant resin, which has long been considered as a most excellent ingredient in the plaisters of many a Lady Bountiful. Even the leaves, though nauseous in their taste, are given to children in Germany, in cases of atrophy; and in England, the country folks apply them to issues, burns, &c. considering them as specifics.

The berries are found to possess a slight acidity, and were considered as good against the plague, if administered when ripe. It is also known that apricots and peach trees, if covered in a frosty spring with the leaves, will produce finer fruit than usual, whilst the roots are not without their application, being used by leatherscutters for whetting their knives upon.

It is pleasing to reflect that a plant of such general use and ornament may be easily cultivated by the trailing branches which throw out numerous shoots, or by cuttings from the young branches in autumn, which, if placed in beds, may be finally removed in the ensuing season, or even if merely planted in a shady border. When once planted where proposed, it is only necessary to direct a few of the principal branches to the points where they are to grow, when they require no further culture.

We have mentioned the *Quinquefolia*, or Virginian Creeper, which has been for some years cultivated in British gardens; one very fine specimen of this may be seen from the Green Park, where it covers the back of a Gothic mansion in Arlington-street; and another may be seen near the north-east corner of Russell-square. There are also some elegant varieties, which the writer of this treatise has often contemplated with delight in Alpine situations,

both in oriental climes and in the islands of the West Indies, but the East Indian specimen has not yet been introduced into Europe, though some of the others have been brought to flower in our hot-houses. These are highly deserving of delineation,

but our limits preclude it, we shall therefore close, and proceed in a subsequent lecture to a slight notice of rocky and forest plants, previous to a popular and philosophical investigation of botany as connected with general nature.

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

GOOD SIR,—I recollect very well that when you first set out in quality of a listener you promised your advice and friendly assistance in a peculiar manner to our sex: I have waited with great impatience, but I see nothing you yet have done for us; perhaps you will say that you expected we should first address you, and let you know the troubles which afflict us; in this idea, and without farther preamble, I wish you, in your great wisdom, to inform us, if you can, where a real good husband is to be found.

At the age of sixteen I had a very womanly appearance, my countenance was reckoned pleasing, and my figure good, while my understanding had received a pretty good cultivation; in short, my parents would often whisper, not thinking I overheard them, that I was now old enough to be married, but there was one great obstacle against the attainment of their wishes. I had an elder sister, at any rate as pretty as myself, who was not yet provided for: this sister was just upon four-and-twenty, and she was not of a temper to be pleased to see me preferred before her. Fortunately, as luck would have it, in less than two months no less than three suitors presented themselves: one was a merchant, a widower, rather disagreeable in his person, but very rich; the second was a dashing officer, but he had nothing except his commission and his sword; the third was a counsellor, a man of superior worth and talent, enjoying a comfortable revenue, but rather pedantic, and what was worse rather parsimonious. Out of these three persons my sister endeavoured to make the most prudent choice, but that not being an easy matter, she decided in favour of the officer. In vain her friends told her what she might have to fear from a very young and thoughtless

husband, fond of expence, and having very little money for that purpose. Two beautiful horses and a curriole turned her brain; she married him in the month of April, and at the end of June a bullet made her a widow. The lawyer now began to entertain some hopes; he transacted all her business with the creditors of the defunct, and finished by replacing him; and setting aside his jealousy, his avarice, and his pedantry, he could not be said to possess any very serious fault, and he might have rendered my sister happy enough, if a fatal event had not put an end to their union. As he was speaking with great vehemence on a very interesting cause, my brother-in-law had the lie given him by his opponent; being naturally of a violent temper, he flew in such a passion that he broke a blood vessel, and died in a few hours.

Out of the three that had aspired to my sister's hand there was now only the merchant left; and it was in pleading a case for him that my poor brother-in-law met with a premature death. He offered to recompence the widow by marriage, and by settling on her all his fortune: the proposal was accepted; but, alas! my sister, although formed to render every one happy who came near her, was yet like the sacred ark, which no one could touch without certain destruction. Scarce had she beheld the bright morning of the smiling future when new afflictions overwhelmed her. All the sums placed in commerce were swallowed up by reiterated bankruptcies. Her husband could not support this unforeseen shock, and the total subversion of his reason soon followed that of his fortune.

I was then twenty-two years of age; all these events had made me very thoughtful: I saw not only how difficult it was to get a husband, but that, when obtained, his situation in life might be a great obstacle to his wife's happiness. On that account I

resolved to marry a man that had neither calling, business, or profession. If my husband is without employment, thought I, he will have more time to evince his love towards me: as, however, we must live, he shall possess a comfortable income, not too much or too little; and as respect is shewn only to talent or riches, if he is wanting in one he ought to possess the other. I should like my husband to be an amateur; by that means we should soon become independent; and occupied alone with our mutual happiness, our affection will be as lively as it is lasting.

Soon after this thought had taken me in the head, chance brought me acquainted with a being exactly like what my fancy had formed. Young, handsome, in middling circumstances, and endowed with a superior understanding, he seemed formed to make me happy. Perhaps he guessed my sentiments in his favour, for he was not long before he paid his addresses to me, and we were soon united in the bands of Hymen.

How delightfully were my hopes realized the first three months after our marriage! How I applauded myself for having taken such different measures from my sister! Certainly, I sometimes received some mortification among my old school-fellows, who had married wealthy or titled men; but their husbands were either old or ugly, or quarrelsome; mine was mild, polite, and so handsome! I braved all their sneers, their haughty affectation, and their protecting civility: I even forgave them for possessing superb carriages, and for being always elegantly and fashionably dressed. I could have braved all the sarcasms of the whole universe if my husband

had not changed: but, alas! is any thing in this world to be depended upon?

My dear Alfred composed most delightful words to fashionable music; nay, he could compose music well enough for some little modern stanzas; but he took it into his head to compose an opera; by good luck, or bad, the piece was not suffered to go through to the end; both the words and music were pronounced detestable, and it was hissed to death, most cruelly, before the first act was concluded. From that moment he gave up writing for the theatre, and had recourse to his pencil and his pallet; he worked diligently, hoping to get his piece exhibited in the Historic Gallery, but the time was drawing on rapidly for its opening, and it was impossible it could be finished in time to be exhibited that year. He was vexed, irritated, and he abjured the fine arts for ever!

Whether from ill example or from idleness, my husband gave himself up to gaming. I now very seldom saw him in the day, and he was frequently absent all night. Alfred plunged, at length, into every excess of dissipation; in vain I told him that his health was impaired, and that his visage was altered as well as his character: he told me that I had married him from choice, and that I ought to find his person always agreeable. I argued, he grew wrath, and since took an utter aversion to me. I am now the most miserable of women: my sister tells me that I merit my fate for making so ill a choice; but has she been happy? and do I not see hundreds that are as wretched as ourselves? Where, then, is a good husband to be found?

GEORGIANA.

ELEONORE; OR, GALLANTRIES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND MURAT.

THE following account, in the history of these two personages, who have formerly cut so conspicuous a figure on the grand theatre of human life, is chiefly gleaned from the attestations of Mr. Goldsmith, the verity of whose statements, relative to the Napoleon family and connections, we have as hitherto had little reason to doubt; and though our pages are never

dedicated to aught that can bear the shadow of scandal on any individual, yet the depravity of manners exemplified in the most conspicuous female characters in the following history, ought, we think, to be set up as a distinguished mark for the disgust and deprecation of every virtuous female in a land where a vitiation of moral sentiment has not yet, we thank Heaven,

amongst all our innovations, been put in practice, or, we hope, even imagined.

The following piece of "Secret History" comprises Murat, Bonaparte, Madame Campan, and Messrs. Le Bon and Masson, Advocates. What will appear extraordinary, M. Lally Tollendal, one of Louis the Eighteenth's principal favourites, in order to invalidate the charge against Madame Campan, brought by the offended party, of her being an infamous deluder of young females to their ruin, thought proper lately to insert a letter in the French papers, praising her for her virtues and for her excellent manner of educating her pupils, though it is notorious that this disgrace to the title of matron introduced them to Napoleon and Murat for several years.

Madame Campan was formerly *femme de chambre* to Marie Antoinette, and, no doubt the old court was as much indebted to her kind offices as that of Napoleon. Sometime about the year 1805, an officer of Dragoons, of the name of Revel, paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Eleonore La Plaigne, a native of Paris, and then only sixteen years of age. Revel first saw her at the play, was introduced to her family by means of a friend; and soon obtaining the permission of her parents to solicit her hand, in some time after she accepted his addresses, and they were married at St. Germain. When Revel first saw his future spouse, she was then at home for the vacation from Madame Campan's boarding-school, to which she returned before her marriage. On account of some difference between Madame La Plaigne and a very wicked woman, the marriage took place at St. Germain, in the neighbourhood of Madame Campan's residence, and with her knowledge. About two months after, the unfortunate Revel was thrown into a dungeon, falsely accused of having forged a bill of exchange, and after enduring many barbarous acts of oppression, his consent to a divorce was extorted from him, as a condition of dropping the prosecution against him: his wife, about the time that he was cast into prison, became an inmate in the family of Murat, under the specious denomination of *Lectrice et dame d'annonce* to the Princess Caroline, the wife of Murat, but in reality as his mistress, and subsequently she became

the mistress of Bonaparte. The divorce was, as the husband declares, extorted by violence; but not content with that, his persecutors kept him under a state of *surveillance* eight years, distant from his home and separated from his two children, which he had by a former marriage, and who, during all that time, were deprived of every support and assistance, for when first arrested he was robbed of all his money, amounting to one hundred thousand livres, and his household furniture. His allowance in prison was only eighteen sous per diem. To give due weight and interest, however, to this event, it is requisite to narrate it in the words of Revel himself, who speaks in the following affecting manner, on the course of life adopted by his wife:—

"Who could have imagined that the modest Eleonore, the very model of purity and attention to her duties, that interesting virgin whose face was covered with innocent blushes when she first heard me mention the word love, who, I repeat, could have imagined that in two months after her marriage she would sacrifice her husband, and afterwards her parents, for the purpose of throwing herself headlong into a course of infamy? Who would have thought that the daughter of a La Plaigne would have crowned heads bowing at her feet; that she would be able to enchain the monster which had devoured so many living beings, and which had covered Europe with the cloth of mourning, and filled it with funeral urns! Such, nevertheless, is the part which Eleonore La Plaigne has played, and who even pushes her effrontery to that length, as to be willing to shew at this day the deformity of her soul at the same tribunal where she dared to appear under the character of an insulted woman, in order to disannul her first marriage, by means of a judgment as much to be condemned as her own life.

"The history of her wickedness would fill volumes, but then it would be requisite to follow her through all the wanderings of a courtesan;* to me only belongs, in

* We have found ourselves under the necessity of mutilating a part of this speech; the expressions in some places of an injured husband being too strong for the generality of our fair readers.

pleading against her, for the purpose of recovering my right, to publish nothing but the facts connected with my cause. After my arrest Eleonore presented herself to Madame Murat as the victim of a criminal and degraded husband. Madame Campan recommended the interesting, afflicted lady, this beloved child, this angel of prudence, reared by her hauds.

"This *angust* lady could not see the unfortunate companion of her school days at her feet, without feeling the tenderest sympathy in her distress. She pressed Eleonore to her bosom, and granted her, together with her powerful protection, an asylum in her palace.

"Madame Murat, who is as avaricious as she is jealous, would have refused the smallest assistance, had not recourse been had to stratagem, and would have rather sought to remove at a distance than to have brought nigh to her person a young woman distinguished for attractions, which must have alarmed her coquetish disposition. But Madame Campan enjoyed not only every degree of power over the Princesses of the imperial dynasty, as she herself told me at St. Germain. Her former pupil, Madame Murat, who was indebted to her for the formal part of her education, for the elegance of her toilettes, and, above all, for the perfection of her curtesias, could refuse her instructress nothing; she who had enabled her to play ostensibly the character of a theatrical Princess on the stage of the world. When the first side of an affair pleases the others seduce. Madame Murat saw, that in affording protection to Eleonore she would enjoy a mighty reputation with the public for sensibility of soul, for generosity, and for virtue. She made no hesitation; Eleonore became her companion, her *confidante*, and received the title of her *Lectrice dame d'annonce*.

"The introduction of Eleonore into the palace of Murat, with the approbation of his wife, was the chief end of the contrivance—the very knot of the intrigue; and she paid by her dishonour the *heroic* Prince for that hospitality which his better half had permitted him to indulge.

"This commerce continued some time, and I never well knew why Eleonore was sent to a boarding-school at Chantilly: doubtless it was to edify the morals of the

establishment, that this vestal was there introduced. In their processions she carried the banner. Colonel Fiteau, who was in garrison with his regiment at Chantilly, recognized her in a ceremony, carrying the standard of salvation, which her hands profaned; he could not help laughing at the choice of the *innocent* lady who had been the object of their selection. The Colonel knew me, he was acquainted with my history and that of my wife, but being a prudent man he divulged nothing, and the *Lectrice dame d'annonce*, now become a boarder, was not known in the interior of the establishment.

"The return of Eleonore to the house of Madame Murat, proves that her commerce with the husband was not known to the wife. Madame Campan alone can explain the mystery of the seminary where Eleonore resided at Chantilly. Her commerce with the Prince being resumed, Madame Murat began to perceive the treachery of her fair companion: ferocious at having furnished herself with a rival, she ran to Bonaparte, denounced the pair of criminals, and demanded vengeance.

"The *great man* promised his sister to go to Neuilly, to inquire into the business. He announced his intention a short time after, and a *fête* was prepared for him: the sentence was to be pronounced at table. The guilty lady, intimidated, and with eyes bent on the ground, awaited her condemnation: the Judge had examined her a long time in silence; he drew near, and either from accident, absence of mind, or trick, let fall upon her gown a cup of coffee, which he held in his hand.

"Eleonore, who was well instructed by Madame Campan in the art of feigning emotion, possessed, in a very high degree, the talent of shedding tears. Under the present circumstances, agitated with fears for the future, and piqued, on account of the accident which exposed her to ridicule, she wept, in the midst of laughs and sarcasms, with a degree of grace and modesty which was enchanting. Bonaparte felt, for the first time, that he had a heart; he declared his flame in the language of a lover, in the ear of Eleonore, and signified his choice in the manner of a sovereign, by a look towards his favourite.

"The courtiers, who had been amusing

themselves with the critical situation in which Eleonore was placed in the *fiets*, in which she figured as the accused party, trembled the moment they beheld her elevation. She became the person through whom they must pay their homage to him. Bonaparte's avowing a mistress was hitherto to them a thing without example. The event astonished them, and opinions were divided; each formed his projects of making himself agreeable to her who was thus proclaimed Sultana: Madame Murat herself dissembled her resentment. Had Eleonore possessed the talents of Madame Dubarri, she might have dispensed favours as she did; but a mere statue, without soul, she limited her ambition to carriages, to gowns, to gold, and diamonds. Transported beyond her sphere, she knew not how to profit by her good fortune—Madame Campan made more of it.

“Madame Plaigne seeing her daughter exalted to such a degree of elevation, repented her of the scene at St. Germain, which Eleonore did not forget, and she asked pardon—necessity obtained it for her.

“Bonaparte enjoyed repose from the cares of government in the visits that he paid his mistress; but as he really loved her, he required a letter from her every day: Eleonore, who was devoid of natural talents, was still more deficient in that spirit of intrigue and levity which suited such a correspondence. Madame Campan might become her secretary; but fortune makes people proud, and Madame Campan was not a person disposed to glean after the harvest was over. Madame Plaigne, with less erudition and rectitude, possessed as much ingenuity, and more activity: Eleonore nominated her her secretary, and constituted herself transcriber.

“This epistolary correspondence had charms for Bonaparte. The letters of Eleonore recompensed him for the anxieties which Europe gave him; but these letters, full of gaiety, became all at once cold and languid: the *hero* was astonished, and wished to know the reason of the change;—a quarrel between Eleonore and her mother was the cause.

“Eleonore had a little sister, of whose education and fortune she had taken

charge: means were not wanting to her accomplishing the promises she had made her mother in favour of the little Zulma; but entirely engrossed by the most sordid avarice, she refused to supply her with the essential and even moderate articles. Madame La Plaigne frequently reproached her with this negligence, and Eleonore, indolent and selfish, did not correct it. The petulance of Madame La Plaigne could not be confined by equivocal expressions; she spoke in the tone of a mother, and Eleonore in that of an angry Princess, and she turned her mother and sister out of doors, and thus awkwardly deprived herself of the pen which till then had prolonged the enchantment.

“Bonaparte ordered his mistress to St. Cloud, and wished her to explain the enigma of her style; she had recourse to tears, but these tears no longer resembled those of Neuilly; possession had destroyed the illusion, and Eleonore took her departure almost in disgrace.

“She alighted in Paris at Madame Campan's, and recounted her misadventure. This celebrated instructress measured the depth of the abyss, on the brink of which Eleonore was then placed, and told her of what she herself was ignorant, that she was in a way to be soon a mother. Eleonore wrote a letter under the direction of this *celebrated lady*, in which, after deploring her misfortune, in losing the affections of her lover, she announced herself a mother!

“Bonaparte on hearing this news forgot his displeasure; he saw himself the father of a child whose manners would not make it in some degree necessary for him to conceal the origin. It is easy to conceive to what a height the credit of the mother of the imperial scion had risen. Gold was lavished in abundance; Regnault de St. Jean Angely supplied the *ronleaus*; and Regnault has never forgotten the maxim, that charity begins at home;—the greatest share of the cash did not fall to Eleonore.

“Though this pregnancy was an invention of Madame Campan's, chance made it real, Eleonore did actually become a mother, and was delivered of a son on the 13th of December, 1806, which was christened by the name of Leon, the diminutive

tive of Napoleon.* From that moment the credit of Eleonore knew no bounds; Bonaparte granted her every thing she asked. The excellent pupil of Madame Campan required that her mother should

* Extract from the registry of births for the year 1806:—"Monday, the 15th of December, 1806, registry of the birth of Leon, a male, born on the 13th of the said month, at two o'clock in the morning, in the Rue de la Victoire, the son of Mademoiselle Eleonore Denuel, aged twenty years, born in Paris, and of a father who is absent. The witnesses have been M. M. Jaequis Rene, Marie Ayme, an officer and treasurer of the Legion of Honour, dwelling in Rue St. George, No. 24, and Guillaume Andral, Doctor of Medicine, and physician to the Hospital of the Invalids, dwelling there, upon the requisition of M. Pierre Marchais, *accoucheur*, dwelling in the Rue des Fosses of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, No. 21, who, and the above-mentioned witnesses, have signed with us, Louis Picard, the Mayor's Adjunct, who have drawn up the present registry of birth. Signed, after reading it,
MARCHAIS, AYME, ANDRAL, and PICARD."

be arrested, it was done at once; Madame La Plaigne was conveyed to the Madelettes. She afterwards desired she might be transported, and the minister of police gave orders to that effect."

We have the authority of the injured husband, to declare the above tale to be no fiction; it requires but little comment; it serves to shew to what a pitch of depravity the female, who wilfully departs from rectitude of conduct and purity of principle, may arrive; and though her imperial lover provided his Eleonore with a husband, a M. Angier de la Saussaye, who was destined to cast a veil over the disrepute of her former life, yet no cloak, however ample its folds, or impenetrable its texture, can conceal the deformity of her mind, or any colour of reputation varnish over her neglect and cruelty to the author of her being, and her contempt of the most sacred duties.

HISTORY OF LADY P.—

(Continued from Page 271, Vol. XII.)

THE preceding pages were written three years ago, and I may draw important lessons from this direct evidence of my own levity and petulance. Now exalted, how fervent should be my gratitude to the Supreme Ruler for the amelioration in my sentiments, convictions, and feelings. My removal to this place was at first a wild hope of flying from myself, a frantic despair of finding happiness in the world; but oh! how unfit was I for solitude; and how long indisposed to render myself less incapable.

The worthy Mallet followed me when she had settled with Palmer the means for drawing my little pension, which I once imagined inadequate for my personal charges, and now can apply as a fund for charity. Various causes united in bringing me to a better frame of mind. My waiting-maid, having access at all hours, became my most effectual monitor; she too thoroughly knew my disposition to venture in offering advice, but by degrees, almost imperceptible, she led me to counsel myself. My host and hostess treated me

with great tenderness and delicacy: they neither terrified me by denunciations, nor wearied me with pious exercises, but shewed me by their own conduct how lovely is the character of sincere Christians. Amelia alone admonished me; but months passed ere my heart opened to instruction, and I gave up all my thoughts to novel reading and sketching landscapes to adorn a little chamber, which I called a *boudoir*. The first permanent impression was conveyed by the copy of a letter from Lord K—— to his uncle, who sent it to Amelia, to prove, beyond all doubt, that even in reference to temporal happiness, she had acted wisely in withstanding his Lordship's importunities. I could not be insensible to the irrefragable evidence, and for the first time, since seized with the mania of romance reading and perspective drawing, I recollected the duplicates I had so eagerly demanded, and my own adventures so diligently penned soon after my arrival. In again perusing them my cheeks glowed and tingled with shame, in comparing my own with the production of Amelia's I

manifestly regretted my fall, only as it deprived my pride and vanity of aliment. May she who is conscious that such motives form the only out-guards of her virtue, tremble at her own danger, and anxiously settle her principles on the only firm basis, a sense of responsibility to the all-holy Omniscience. Amelia bemoans her offences against the laws of God and of honour; and how limited were her means for acquiring just notions. Perverted by her nurse and by an elder sister, neglected by her mother, trained only to shew attainments, when she ought to have been inured to industry, and in her fifteenth year placed in circumstances where only a miracle could have saved her from ruin; under all these disadvantages she was so susceptible of better sentiments, that she had been true to her destroyer, through gratitude for his attention to the culture of her fine understanding. She has been a self-devoted mother, and supported a decorum of manners that gained respect from Sir Jasper Melrose, after he ceased to love, and facilitated the views of Lord K— from the hope of gaining the miserable Caroline. How many excuses might Amelia advance, when not one would be sustained for me. My rank placed me above temptation, and Lord P— was to me all indulgence. I have blamed Wilkins, but I am far more culpable, in permitting the most distant hints of subjects on which she talked with impunity. Had my mind been imbued with the religious truths at which I madly scoffed in the days of prosperity, infamy and anguish had not overtaken me; instead of making my Lord's faults a plea for my own, I should have employed each gentle persuasive to wean him from intemperance; and I should have doubled my maternal assiduities to preserve my children from the baleful example of their father's excesses. Such is the system of the lady who fills my forfeited place: my equal in beauty and elegant accomplishments, she infinitely surpasses me in goodness and prudence. It must be so. Her conduct has ever been regulated by heartfelt piety. Lord K— is happily married, and his amiable wife has influenced him to become a Christian renewed in spirit: even I, the outcast Lady P—, have found serenity and

resignation in submission to the Saviour who came to seek and to save that which was lost; and oh, how lost!

Many months did I impose a spurious offspring on Lord P—, and I was almost entangled in a new pollution. It would not have been the crime of love, but o. vanity—the vanity of dress, the pride o. luxury, which would have given Sir Jasper Melrose the odious Caroline: that I escaped this horrible stain I have to bless Amelia; Amelia to whom may be also ascribed the conversion of Lord K—. How many females are there, weary and heavy laden with a sense of misery, whom right instruction might lead to a sense of guilt and to reformation, and perhaps to become, like Amelia, the instruments of saving others. There are hospitals for the Magdalen, driven by poverty, disease, and wretchedness, to such compassion: would that there were also appropriate books to indicate a cure for the secretly corroding pangs that prey upon the *chere amies* who, environed by splendour and voluptuousness, pine in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Who shall guide them out of their direful state? Not their libertine protectors, not their own sex, in the same abandoned predicament; yet each of these cast-aways has a soul to be saved. These few words contain volumes of argument. Amelia tells me she is to publish her own adventures, and the history of her sisters. These little pamphlets may hold out a reprieve to partakers in calamity who have no associates able to instil one good thought, who never hear a sermon, and who cannot be supposed to have recourse to books ostensibly serious. My own narrative may be of some service; I shall finish it by giving extracts from the letters that first roused my dormant feelings. May they prove as beneficial to wretches equally necessitous.

After alluding to his appearance before Amelia as Lord Kingsley, with the insignia of nobility, and in the uniform of the Guards, his Lordship adds, "Lest you may think me too vain, I shall not expatiate upon the obvious inferences I draw with extatic delight, while developing the sensations in Amelia's bosom that discovered my identity through each disguise. I know you to be exalted infinitely above

mercenary views, my fairest; but we should perfectly understand each other. Sir Jasper Melrose has executed a deed to a large amount in favour of you and your children, and has consented to place them under our auspices, in the blissful region of domestic tranquillity, where Amelia, as a benignant tutelary Goddess, receives my heart's homage; and to render her independent of the adoring Kingsley, who hangs upon her approbation for all that sweetens existence, he will place in her hands an irrevocable settlement, more ample than the sum secured by Melrose. Surrounded by your children, idolized by your Kingsley, how will your generous affections expand, glow, and triumph, in the excitation and in the exercise of the finest sensibilities! and how blest your enanoured friend in commerce with a mind where rectitude, benevolence, genius, and taste sit enthroned with every grace attendant. You have been loved as a Venus, Amelia; Kingsley worships you as Minerva, superior to the wiles of fascination, but all powerful by the soul-dissolving charms of mental perfection.

"In our conversation this evening you mentioned my matrimonial treaty. The wealthy heiress accepts Kingsley because he is a right honourable, and a little the fashion; he submits to the yoke for prudent reasons, if reasons can be prudent where happiness has no share in the estimate. The Countess shall preside over the ceremonial of my station, but my home shall be with the sole depository of my heart's enjoyments, the incomparable Amelia. Adored Amelia! you will not dash to the dust this fabric of refined felicity. If you would preserve the life and rationality of him who would die to shield you from any evil, you would vouchsafe some encouragement to a lover, ever yours in the fondest and truest acceptance of the words.

"KINGSLEY."

AMELIA'S REPLY.

"It would ill become a fallen female to take offence at the proposal for another criminal engagement, but, my Lord, I may confidently refer to Sir Jasper Melrose for his testimony, that even when a stranger to every pious or moral motive, I did not voluntarily submit to infamy. I now peremptorily decline all further communi-

cation with the Earl of Kingsley, and since I am actuated by principles which I would rather die than violate, I hope and intreat to be spared the pain of repelling unavailing importunity. A virtuous consort will confer upon your Lordship a happiness the most successful libertine can never know. A daughter, fourteen years under the tuition of the exemplary Mrs. Cecil, must possess numerous, though yet latent qualifications for conjugal endearment; and Miss Cecil's residence with the gay Lady T— accounts for the frequency of her appearance in public, without implicating her capability for more retired satisfactions. If she finds your Lordship decidedly prefers domestic scenes, her sweetness of disposition, her impassioned tenderness will readily assimilate with the tastes of a beloved husband, and delight in resuming early habits. It rests with your Lordship affectionately to evince an uniform desire for associating with Lady Kingsley, as your best friend and chosen companion. Confidence must begin and receive encouragement in every connection, on the part of the superior, and thus encouraged, the universally respected partner of your dignities, the mother of your legal representatives, fondly cited to unfold her conjugal virtues, must create and establish a deeper and more blissful interest in your Lordship's feeling heart than the degraded object of illicit passion. Trust me, my Lord, it is not love, but self-indulgence, unworthy of a great soul, which seeks a gratification destructive to the unhappy partaker. Youth is a fleeting season, and I may ask the Earl of K— if there lives a superannuated *chère amie* exempted from positive misery? Repentance, a timely abjuration of criminal licence, and future years of rigid self-abasement, can alone reconcile her to herself. In all humility to seek that recoulement, shall henceforward be the sole aim of

"AMELIA."

Should the affecting letter of a lover move to pity and compliance the inexperienced female, let her read Lord Kingsley's comments upon his own passionate solicitation, and regain the fortitude that must save her from perdition.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WATERING-PLACES IN IRELAND.

KINSALE is a small town, about fourteen miles from Cork; situated at the bottom of the harbour of Kinsale; formerly of some repute, and commanded by a strong fort, called Charles' Fort. Upon the right, as you enter the harbour, you leave on the left the Old Head of Kinsale. Upon this is a well constructed light-house, the happy beacon hailed by many a worn out mariner, after a long and tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic. It is, in fact, a very prominent cape, and is generally the first land made of Ireland by ships from distant voyages bound to Cork. It has a most curious and well constructed light; and upon a fine summer's evening, it throws a soft and beautiful shadow many furlongs upon the waves. It is also mostly visited by all strangers and parties of pleasure on the water, during the summer months, from Kinsale, who generally rendezvous there, to the confusion of cold whiskey punch, cold ham, and tongue.

Kinsale is famous for boating, and the fishermen have well constructed boats, which they manage very skilfully. They are safe and sail very fast, and near the wind, and are of a beautiful model, inferior to none but the Bermudian; but like all things in Ireland, there is room for improvement even in them. Here are boat races once a-year, and generally two or three prizes are liberally bestowed by the nobility and surrounding gentry. Most gentlemen have a cutter for the season.—The Kinsale boat differs from the English cutter, in the swell and rise of the bow, the clear falling off abaft, mast short, and raking forward, the fore stay very tight, the gaff topped up so far as nearly to form a line with the foresail, which is the real cause of their lying so near the wind, and which, with the judicious construction of the floor and hull, render one of them, for swiftness and safety, worth a dozen of English boats, either on the Thames, Deal, or at Portsmouth. Near Charles' Fort, by the sea, is a mineral Spa, of great efficacy for bilious complaints, and for those whose systems have become relaxed by long residence in warm climates, or dissipation. About half an hour's walk from the town,

either by the upper military road, or else along the side of a sweet hill, is a narrow winding path, which rises almost perpendicular from the sea, so narrow that two cannot walk a-breast, so safe that any one would go, and so sweet, that the lover would for a season forsake the side of his mistress to contemplate on her shade,—perhaps to address her in the beautiful semblance of Johnson's Indian Prince, "O damsel! beautiful as the sun shining on the water, and to say, here alone would I separate from you." This path leads to the sweet little villa of Summer's Cove, at the bottom of a small bay, formed by projecting rocks, one hundred yards asunder, where, in most winds, the sea gently undulates under the windows of the inhabitants, being broke off by the projection of the point upon which Charles' Fort is built. This village is chiefly occupied by the excise, and a few poor honest inhabitants, who endeavour to procure a living by the sale of butter, eggs, and poultry to the garrison. There is, however, one or two families of respectability. Dean Graves, the Dean of Kinsale, lives here in a most enchanting spot. It is a rural house, situated in a garden formed of rocks, and terraces, rising one above the other, beautifully adorned with vegetation, and not less with the cheerful and hospitable smile of its good old owner, whose wisdom, piety, charity, and example have contributed to exalt virtue, since his residence has decorated this place. He is an eminent proof of the good effects of men of influence and confirmed good habits residing amongst the lower class of the poor Irish.

Summer's Cove is at the bottom of a little valley. Behind it, and on both sides, the land gradually rises, partitioned out in little fields, in the highest state of cultivation. The rich and mottled clover, the dark green of the potatoe, and the light green of wheat and barley, form a delightful and varied picture. The fences, as in England, are not composed of quickset so green and gay, yet the numerous wild flowers and thick vegetation that covers them, amply compensate for the loss. Having a southern aspect towards the sea, the general tran-

quillity of the climate, the simplicity of the inhabitants, its remoteness from the busy haunts of men, instil into the mind a delicious resignation, a calm contentment. One looks back from such a scene with little regret, and anticipates almost with indifference, except (if I had such or such an object how happy should I be,) one who would relish its charms,—one who would see God through all his works. Yet there is certainly even here a deficiency. No wood: an Irishman will cut down a tree, but will be shot before he will plant one. The ground, however, is so beautifully variegated, by rivulets, small hills and dales, without assistance of art, that the deficiency is not perceived. From the village you ascend a small hill, and proceed a few hundred yards to Charles' Fort, on a rock by the sea side, having a beautiful lawn in the rear of it, and on both sides a green slope, gradually descending to the water's edge, which is fringed with rocks of various shades and colours. On this slope I have often laid, and watched the sail, as it has passed the Old Head of Kinsale, either outward or homeward bound, and not unfrequently anticipated the hopes and fears of the Captain, his passengers, and crew. None but those who have served in distant climates, experienced the vicissitudes of fortune and war, and have only half heard of the causes and events of the late mighty struggles in Europe, can conceive the sensations that arise from the first sight, after a long absence, of one's native land. In a fine day, on a smooth sea, how delightful! or on a still eve, when twilight grey in her sober livery all things clad, the lights as they break from the trees, or as we double some rocky point; the old church, the windmill, the dashing of the pilot's oars, or the cluing up of his sails, all have their delightful associations, whilst if made in a storm or tempest, what a delightful sensation of transition arises to the mind by contrast. To quit the filthy vessel, dungeons of confined air, putridity, and bilge water, the boisterous sailor, and too often blasphemous Captain, and then leave the sea-sickness for the

Nicely sanded floor,
And varnish'd clock that clicks behind the
door.

Even where there are no friends to receive one, no smile, but those produced from the bar-maid, by the interesting and silver sounds of the chinkling dollars, the officious waiter, and the uxorious landlord. Kinsale is the Bath of Ireland; the gentry resort there during the summer season from all parts, and every thing is very cheap. A turkey can be bought for 1s. 8d. a duck, for 10d. and meat, 4d a pound; lodgings, when well selected, are plentiful and cheap, with every accommodation for hot and cold bathing.

It is observed that every one improves here, and that married ladies are observed to thrive astonishingly. There is an abundance of fine shell and other fish, and one wants nothing here but honest servants, honest tradesmen, and a moderate income, to be as happy as the heart could wish. The upper class of inhabitants are highly polished, hospitable, benevolent, and attentive to strangers; they have a fascinating ease in their manners, void of brogue, that instantly captivates an Englishman; and though they themselves enjoy many blessings and advantages, they readily allow our superiority in the refinements of life, and glory in their loyalty to the sister kingdom; many of them are of English extraction. Lord Kinsale, a worthy nobleman, resides here, and, as one of our old writers style them, the far-famed family of the Decourceys.

In the centre of the town, upon an eminence, overlooking the forts, villages, and harbour, is a fine green, surrounded with trees, kept in the best order, with gravel walks and seats; at one end is the reading or club-room, at the other the assembly, billiard table, and place for refreshments. Every thing is in miniature, for from this green you may see your lodgings, the harbour, and adjacent country, with ruined forts and castles, by the side of the river leading up the country, towards a domain of the Duke of Devonshire's, along whose banks parties are weekly made to Shaannon Bridge, and the neighbourhood, which by some is believed to excel Kinsale for beauty and picturesque views. Having the advantage of hanging woods, ruined castles, and mills, to adorn its borders, it affords an agreeable change for those who delight in water parties. In no country

have I ever seen a sweeter green than that of Kinsale; and certainly during the summer season no promenade can afford a more lovely display of charming *belles*.

The Irish women (the genteel women) are beautiful and virtuous to a proverb, and the ladies of Kinsale appear to have as much taste in dress as those of Cheltenham and Bath; in some respects better, for they never unbecomingly run into the extremes of fashion. One is astonished here at the number of females (nearly twenty to one) whom you may count upon this green on a fine summer's evening; these in fours, fives, sixes, and even sevens, walking together without a single gentleman, who too generally (except of the army or navy) prefer their horses and their claret to the society of the most charming and lovely women in the universe.

There are barracks for two regiments, or

more, in Kinsale, but of late the garrison has only consisted of a weak militia regiment, whose commander has always the politeness to suffer their bands to play in the centre of this fairy green several evenings during the week, perform sacred music at the church, and commendably assist at all balls and institutions for charity. Nor are the ladies of Kinsale deficient in the laudable virtue of chastity (there being so few men, and the ladies, of course, forming such a vast majority, I say ladies). They have a School of Industry for Protestants, and I believe Catholic, children. Balls are given for their benefit, sermons preached, and even listened to for their advantage, and little private theatricals to complete the whole.

H***

(To be continued.)

FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE BROKEN HARP.

TO MISS S. C—, OF KINSALE.

O HARP that once so sweet did sound,
When touch'd by that soft hand;
That made the listener's bosom bound—
Almost a statue stand.

When at thy mistress' beauteous feet,
So soft, so gently prest;
Thy notes would breathe a strain so sweet—
As broke the gazer's rest.

Imprison'd by an arm so fair,
Thy strings would trembling crowd,
As if they envied others there,
And told their joy aloud.

When thou didst near her bosom lean,
And almost touch'd her heart,
She seem'd some lovely *Fairy Queen*,
With all her magic art.

How dangerous one melodious strain,
Soft floating on the air,
How oft they cause long lasting pain,
When from a form so fair.

So then, dear Harp! for pity's sake,
Still in these fragments lie;
And do not let this fairy rake
Make all her captives die.

H***

MODERN UN-DRESS.

In days of modesty and sense,
Fair Ladies veil'd their charms;
Abash'd they shrunk from gaze intense,
Nor bar'd their necks and arms.

No. 80.—Vol. XVI.

In Fancy's glass, fond lovers view'd
These beauties hid from sight;
Which now to clowns, and menials rude,
Expos'd are shown each night.

In days of old, fair ladies wore
Neat pockets nicely bound;
In which, 'mongst other useful store,
Their handkerchiefs were found.

Fair ladies now, devoid of care,
On Fashion's voice rely;
And keenest air, or vulgar stare,
Regardless they defy.

Their petticoats, now cut so short,
Their backs and bosoms bare;
Perhaps they mean, by way of sport,
No dress at all to wear.

But fly, O fly! ye lovely fair,
Those foreign fashions fly;
In native modesty appear,
The boast of Britain's isle.

THE TRIUMPHS OF DEATH.

"*Mithridates and Marius sat on the ruins, and mourned over the fate of Carthage.*"

SAY if you can, and designate the spot,
The favor'd spot where Death has never been;
To whom a stranger; or, by whom exiled!
What magic circle, or what potent spell,
Did e'er restrain him? Alas! bright Phœbus
Visits not the clime, nor springs the grass-blade
Where his rude footsteps are not known or felt.
Earth, and her countless progeny—her works
Of art—yea, all that float the fickle air,

E

Or cut the briny deep, verge to their end.
 Life teems indeed with Death—and human life
 Presents his ravages to every mind,
 That marks the progress pain and sickness make
 As his dread harbingers : how often these
 Arrest the notice, and excite the throb
 Of heart-felt sympathy ! but oft'ner far
 Pass by us in the social masquerade
 Quite unperceiv'd, till the loose visor drops,
 And feeble Nature halts. Then, then the look
 Of living bones that stalk along the earth,
 How striking ! meagre and wan, they seem
 To ask significant a tomb, worn out,
 And waiting only for a passport. Whilst
 Some, 'midst lingering grief, or fearful pangs
 Of tortur'd sense, regard the conflict lost ;
 Others are swept away in wanton health,
 Whose brawny limbs, firm strung, and florid
 looks,

Promis'd longevity. How keen the scythe ;
 And how resistless too, the stroke of Death !

Where'er the eye, the wand'ring eye, is turn'd,
 The trophies of his conquests are display'd.

The grassy turf heaves high with human mould,
 Which, decompos'd, augments the stores of life ;
 Supplies our tables, and adorns our fields.
 Sad, changing state ! we buzz about awhile,
 Bask in the sun-beams, or to covert fly ;
 And, like ephemera, our exit make.

How vain are all expedients to elude
 The fatal destiny that waits on man.
 The choice resources of the healing art
 Afford no hope ; nor can distinguish'd rank,
 Or the vast power which potentates command,
 Reverse the law that subjects him to Death.

The tongue of flowing eloquence—the voice,
 Soft and persuasive as the sylvan reed,
 That gently steals into the list'ning soul,
 Disguis'd, euphonical—the pleasur of youth,
 Of ardent, vig'rous youth, enamour'd by
 The specious scenes around—and those of age,
 Poor hoary suppliants ! whose love of life
 Grows with the lapse of time—are disregarded :
 Beauty distress'd, and drooping as the rose
 That dies at noon—the faithful lover's tears,
 With the fond mother's supplication join'd,
 Tho' on the yielding margin of despair,
 No respite can obtain. Affecting thought !
 How light and useless these ! Light as the breath
 Of vulgar praise, that floats its little hour ;
 And useless as the titles kings bestow ;
 Nay, light and useless as the glittering gem,
 The gifts of India, and Potosi's mines ;
 For, in the scale of Death, a grain of time
 Outweighs the whole with an insolvent world.

In Death's dark vale contending nations meet ;
 Feuds are forgot ; and foes implacable,
 Rang'd side by side, mingle their sleeping dust,
 And dwell in peace together. In silence hush'd,
 The din of war is lost ; and those who triumph'd
 Erst, are triumph'd o'er Victorious chieftains,
 Who alarm'd the world, and, from the furious car
 Of Desolation, bade the reeking sword
 Increase the countless number of the slain ;

And, on the carnage of their fellow-men,
 Set up the bloody standard of renown,
 Are met with here. Illustrious butchers,
 Less firm than other men, their fate survey ;
 With shame retire into the hated grave,
 And as they moulder, so their laurels fade.

Where are the heroes known to distant song,
 Who won the palm from every nation round,
 And gather'd glory on the ensanguin'd plain,
 Nor found an equal—till they met with Death !

The vet'ran legions of imperial states,
 Which smile at danger on the field of Mars,
 And poise the shield against insulting hosts,
 In close-wedg'd phalanx and unmov'd array,
 Cannot uphold their masters when he calls,
 Nor shelter them from his vindictive ire.
 Vain, then, are all the castles of the great ;
 And vain those frowning battlements which own
 Some tyrant lord ; vain the rude Gothic pile,
 And noblest structure, rear'd, the shocks of time,
 And bold assaults of puissant foes to stand.

The sons of slaughter, and the foes of peace,
 Tho' arm'd with weapons form'd for self-defence,
 And clad in mail, fall here a sacrifice.
 Death is resistless—to entreaty deaf ;
 Not to be brib'd by all that earth contains,
 And does not parley when he means to strike.
 This made the Ethnics disregard his shrine ;
 Nor e'er by sacrificial gifts attempt
 His love to woo, or move obduracy.

The dark dominions where he holds his reign,
 And triumphs unmolested o'er the dead,
 How dreadful ! 'Tis here, amidst the sullen gloom,
 Where Melancholy draws her fearful train,
 That grisly phantoms—creatures of the night !
 Pass and repass in visionary brains.
 An awful silence, no where to be found,
 Pervades the dormitory dwelling now.
 What house so much the gen'ral rendezvous
 As this ? What place so quiet, where together
 Meet mortals of ev'ry colour, tongue, and clime ?
 All, all are on one common level here ;
 Civil distinctions, and the rod of power,
 Are but the baubles of a transient state.

The rich and great—those dazzling comets,
 With trains diminish'd, whose lofty sepulchres
 Support a grandeur most right reverend,
 E'en among the dead, which fill each visitor
 With solemn awe—must shortly be forgot.
 The marble columns weep ! and the wrought
 stone,

With sculptor'd ornaments, and crusted brass
 Deeply engraven to exalt the dead,
 So custom rous—gnaw'd by the tooth of time,
 Forget their charge, and will no master own.

By piecemeals fall each venerable dome ;
 And worn-out icons, that around them swarm'd,
 With every gust of wind dejected nod :
 While yielding pillars, and the bending arch,
 Beneath incumbent weight, distorted groan,
 And prophecy from facts, which all may read,
 The certain overthrow of human works.

The pyramidal tombs of Coptic Princes,
 Their polity, thrice told, has far outliv'd,

And brav'd the lashes of indignant storms ;
 With Ecbatana's proud and specious vaults,
 The seat of royal relics ; and whate'er
 Beside that's known to weeping elegy,
 Or antique greatness, must ere long come down ;
 With all the mausoleums art has rear'd.
 Nor these alone, for what can hope to stand
 The pelting shock of warring elements,
 Which in their course destructive havoc spread ?
 Ask, if you will, where tow'ring Babel stood ?
 Where pop'ulous Nineveh ? Where Rome's dread
 rival, [hosts ?

The mighty Carthage—with their numerous
 Or, what remains of those great monarchies,
 Where Fame and Victory for ages dwelt ?
 The splendid ruins of Palmyra view !
 Ruins magnificent ! which fill the mind
 With pleasing horror and solicitude.
 Balbec and Thebes, serve us as comments too,
 And, 'midst the downfall, preach a moral tale.
 Weep ye who rule ! whose artificial wants
 Know no fix'd bounds, but those which Death has
 made :

And weep ye bigots blind, invol'd in self,
 Bewilder'd in Ambition's low-bred schemes,
 Who hope, who sigh for living honours here :
 Gain what you may, his pow'r will blast the
 whole,

And sweep whate'er obstructs its rapid way
 Into the yawning gulf of sordid time.
 Time, subtle miner ! foe to lasting fame ;
 Defeats your labour'd projects, and pursues
 His work incessantly :—now, even now,
 Whatever adulation may aver,
 He aids the triumphs of all-conquering Death,
 And scatters his oblivions poppies round.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

DEDICATED TO THE WATERLOO SUBSCRIBERS.

I've wander'd far—no house is near ;
 The cold, cold night is dark and dreary ;
 I'll sit me down and rest me here,
 For Oh ! my limbs are weak and weary.

Then hush ! sweet babe, lie still and sleep,
 Thy tears but serve to feed my sorrow ;
 My eyes are dim, they cannot weep,
 Nor will they see thee weep to-morrow.

Twice have the night-dews bath'd my head ;
 The sun has thrice beheld me languish ;
 And thrice the grass has been my bed
 Since I have tasted aught but anguish.

Lur'd by a youthful soldier's flame,
 Whose tender looks were soul-compelling,
 To hostile shores with him I came,
 And left my kindred and my dwelling.

But ah ! sad heart, thou know'st too well
 Our joys have been but few in number ;
 But three days since my Thomas fell,
 And now in dust his ashes slumber.

Now I must linger here alone,
 Without a friend's kind look to cheer me,

And pour on night's dull ear my moan,
 With none to help and none to hear me.

But soon my sorrows will be past,
 Though now with bitter pangs they wound
 me ;

The shades of death are gathering fast,
 I feel their chill cold damps surround me.

But ah ! my child, when I am dead,
 Who then thy tender life will cherish ?

This fluttering soul, when it has fled,
 Will leave thee, like myself, to perish.

No, no, sweet babe, thy little cries
 Will haply guide some passing stranger
 To where thy lifeless mother lies,
 And snatch thee from impending danger.

LINES

*Written after seeing the corpse of Miss Helen
 Rodgers when taken out of Bromley Creek,
 where she was accidentally drowned.*

Oh ! beauteous maid ! whose sad untimely
 doom,
 Shall shade this aching breast with mournful
 gloom,
 When fond remembrance runs o'er scenes long
 past,

And weeping Fancy paints this awful last ;—
 Accept this tribute of a falling tear,
 This sigh, the suff'ring of a friend sincere.
 Oh ! had but fate decreed this bud to blow,
 And full expand to view her brightest glow,
 What had her charms, what had her virtues
 been ?

When yet so young—yet so accomplished seen ;
 Where softest manners, temper, passions, mind,
 Were all in sweetest harmony combin'd,
 Now lost to those who lov'd, ador'd, caress'd,
 Cease grief—her spirit mingles with the blest.

J. N.

YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

It happen'd once that a young Yorkshire clown,
 But newly come to far-fam'd London town,
 Was gaping round at many a wond'rous sight,
 Grinning at all he saw with vast delight,
 Attended by his terrior, Tyke,
 Who was as sharp as sharp may be ;
 And thus the master and the dog, d'ye see,
 Were very much alike.

After wand'ring far and wide,
 And seeing all the streets and squares,
 And Temple-bar, and Pidcock's bears,
 The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
 And all in which your Cocknies place their pride ;
 After being quizz'd by many a city spark,
 For coat of country cut, and red-hair'd pate,
 He came, at length to noisy Billingsgate ;
 He sav' the busy scene with mute surprise,
 Opening his ears and eyes

At the loud clamour and the monstrous fish,
 Hereafter doom'd to grace full many a dish.

E 2

Close by him was a turbot on a stall,
 Who, with stretch'd mouth, as if to gasp for
 breath,
 Seem'd in the agonies of death:
 Said Andrew, "Pray what name d'ye that fish
 call?"
 "A turbot, 'tis (said the sarcastic elf)
 "A *fat*, you see—so something like yourself."
 "D'ye think," said Andrew, "that he'll bite?"
 "Why," said the fellow, with a roguish grin,
 "His mouth is open; put your finger in,
 "And then you'll know."—"Why," replied the
 wight,
 "I should'nt like to try; but here's my Tyke
 "Shall put his tail there, an' you like."
 "Agreed," rejoin'd the man, and laugh'd delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was plac'd the tail,
 Who bit it too, with all his might;
 The dog no sooner felt the bite
 Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight; }
 And though old Ling began to swear and rail,
 After a number of escapes and dodgings,
 Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodgings;
 Who, when the fisherman in a passion flew,
 Said, "Master, Lunnon tricks on we wont
 do:
 "I've come from York to queer such *fat*s as
 you;
 "And Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire too!"
 Then laughing at the man he went away,
 And had the fish for dinner that same day.

F A S H I O N S

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—PARISIAN CONCERT DRESS.

Frock of pink crape, over a slip of white satin, with *builloné* flounce, and quilting of white crape round the border: full sleeves of white patent net, confined by a band of white satin ribband; the dress made extremely low in the back, and the waist very short, ornamented round the breast by a full double tucker of fine lace. The hair dressed in the Chinese style, with a few ringlets next the face, the hind hair brought in rows of plaited braids on the summit of the crown, finished by bunches of dove-coloured ribband, *à-la-Montespan*. Sandals of pink kid, with rosettes of the same colour. A blue shawl of the new Parisian manufacture, with a rich border of different colours, is thrown over this dress on quitting a theatre or crowded apartment.

No. 2.—ORIENTAL BALL DRESS.

Dress of white crape or patent net, over a blush-coloured sarinet or satin slip, elegantly ornamented round the bottom with a broad trimming of the same material as the dress, interspersed with white satin ribband *builloné*, and finished at the points in

a rich and novel style. Body with short full sleeves of intermingled crape and satin. Head-dress composed of the hair alone, arranged in light curls. Necklace consisting of one row of large Ceylon pearls; ivory carved fan, white slippers of French silk, and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

WHEN Fashion, deprived of the treasures of Flora, binds the wintry wreath round the brow of Beauty, she then may be said to display the most magnificent splendours of her versatile empire. The ostrich lends her stately plumes, the finest wool of the Merino flocks are woven in beautiful texture, stained with colours of the richest dye, and diversified with patterns of the most elegant kind; while velvet, gold, and costly furs are brought forward to deck the fair forms of Britain's unrivalled daughters.

Merino cloth pelisses with pelerine capes, bound with a broad satin ribbon, are the



BALL DRESS.

Engraved for *La Belle Époque*, 1890. Published by S. S. 1916.



PARISIAN DINNER DRESS.
Engraved for N. 30. La Belle Assemblée Feb^r 1816. Digitized by Google

most prevalent out-door costume for the fair pedestrians. To Mrs. Bell's Repository of Fashion, which stands unrivalled for taste and elegance, we must resort for a description of the carriage costume. For the open barouche or landaulette, ranks foremost the Hussar pelisse of French grey Merino cloth, trimmed down the front *à-la-militaire*; the back is made peculiarly easy, graceful, and elegant. For the close carriage, the cardinal cloak is more in favour, which is generally of a tea colour, or some other chaste and unobtruding hue, finely contrasted with a rich embroidery trimming of *cheville*, in orange colour of different shades. Nor can we forbear, on this occasion, calling on the attention of our readers to Mrs. Bell's peculiar taste in the article of trimmings; all of which are not only of her own fabrication, but invention.

The above lady has received an order from India, from a most distinguished family now in the East, and we have been favoured with a view of the different articles. The Oriental chemisette is a light and elegant dinner costume, for climates where repose after dinner is deemed requisite, before the ladies of the East are enabled to attire themselves for an evening ball: these chemisettes are of the finest India muslin, with a profusion of lace let in about the bust; for the more indolent fair one, the Indostan wrapper presents itself, made of plain muslin, of the finest texture, and bordered by an embroidery of colours intermixed with gold. The ball dresses which accompany these elegant dishabilles are of white crape, with festoon flounces, finished with white ribband, and on every festoon are introduced rosebuds of the most lively and natural colours. Hats of pink moss silk, turned up in front, and ornamented with white satin ribband, with a sprig of wheat ears, of real French manufacture, accompany these articles of taste and classical elegance to the shores of Indostan.

In our colder climate, we find a rich assemblage of variety in the comfortable and richly trimmed cloth pelisse. The French curricule coat, the tasteful spenser and mantle, and the warm fur cap and velvet hat, ornamented with gold tassels or plumes of feathers: the effect of these is chastely elegant, and is striking, without

giving an idea of glaring finery, too much predominant last winter, in an overstrained imitation of the whimsical dresses of our Gallic neighbours.

At the Theatres *grande costume* has long been exploded, and a plain attire, with the simple and lovely ornament of a fine head of hair, is the most prevalent. Invention is, however, on the wing, and we cannot forbear mentioning again a dress invented by Mrs. Bell, styled the Opera robe: it is made something in the form of a pelisse, with a pelerine cape, trimmed round, as well as down the sides, with a rich brocaded broad ribband, terminated by a white silk gossamer fringe, which, though superbly rich, is light as the name it bears.

Round muslin dresses, flounced with lace, are much worn for half dress, with the Ilchester braces; these elegant appendages cross behind, and form a coloured body without sleeves; according to the style of dress a lady would wish to adopt, they may be made either plain or costly; of satin trimmed with an embroidery of chenille, or of coloured jean, with a simple chain of tambour-work in different colours. For dinner parties the Armenian robe and cap is the first in favour; it is made low, with long sleeves, and superbly trimmed with folds of satin ribband about the bust: the sides depend like the castan of the Grand Signor, and which are ornamented the same as the bust: with this dress the cap is of pink velvet or moss silk; the cap is between the form of the new Regency and that worn by the females of Russia; it differs, however, by a point hanging over the left shoulder, to which depends a tassel.

To these dresses, which all owe their invention to the same arbitress of taste, we must add the elegant morning visit costume. It is an high dress of white French figured silk; with a light and simple trimming of crape: a cornette of fine lace, surmounted by a rich sprig of damask roses, completes this dress.

The Princess Charlotte cap is amongst the newest head-dresses of this month; it is made of velvet of a fine Modena red, and edged with a light gold trimming; it is very much in form like the Armenian cap, except that a small point hangs gracefully over the forehead.

The hair is dressed rather fuller in curls on the forehead than last month, and shorter at the ears; this gives a breadth and shortness to the face which is not pleasing; the hind hair is gathered round in a Roman plait, and brought to the summit of the head.

In the article of jewellery a new necklace for full dress has made its appearance, composed of pearls and amethysts; the latter, which are very large, are placed between festoons of pearl of fine net-work; but the festoons instead of being round are pointed *à-la-Vandyck*, and have a beautiful and novel effect. The rings expressing REGARD are yet in favour, composed of a ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, diamond—which initials form the word.

Half boots of drake's neck coloured silk, laced and fringed with dark blue and yellow kid, spotted and ornamented with purple, are most in favour; but the material most in requisition for the promenade is the Denmark satin, which is at once durable and adapted to set off a well shaped foot and ankle. Endeavours have been made by some ladies of eccentric taste, to introduce half boots at evening parties; they are of white satin or French silk, embroidered in gold, or colours. They are certainly extremely elegant, but we fancy the etiquette of silk stockings, with satin and silk French slippers will never be banished from evening dress.

The favourite colours are drake's neck, Spanish brown, amber, fawn colour, pink, Modena red, and wild poppy.

The above observations relate to what ranks highest in fashionable costume; to follow the whimsical votaries of the motley deity styled Fashion, amidst all her intricate labyrinths, would be too diffuse a task; we shall merely state some general remarks on the peculiar style adopted by the leaders of the mode.

The waists are very short, but the bust is more correctly shaded than of late, without, however, disguising the contour. Caps for undress are mostly of the mob kind, and formed of fine lace; these are sometimes worn at home parties, and are then surmounted by an aigrette of pearls. Flowers are of the dark and wintry hue, and are often fixed at the base of an Argus plume.

Feathers are universal, and mostly worn in groups. Turbans of silver crape, with an end depending from the fold over the left ear, are becoming to matronly females; and a new French cap, of silver lama in net-work, with coloured satin bandeau, has been sported by a lady of quality at a private concert at her splendid mansion last week, and promises to become in general favour.

Painted Merino stuffs have succeeded chintz for common wear; while velvet, poplin, and twilled sarsnet, are the most prevailing materials for dinner dresses. Moss silk muffs have a most elegant effect; the lightness of this charming material renders it a real acquisition for many appendages to the toilette.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

I CERTAINLY agree with you, that brevity is the soul of wit; and as no great quantity is required to describe the paraphernalia of the toilette, I am also of opinion that the *multum in parvo* is the best style to be adopted on that subject; but how then shall I follow the Gallic nymph through her versatile path of invention? True, it has extended chiefly to caps and bounets this month, yet, nevertheless, it has been most pregnant. I will send you only the chief favourites in every article of attire.

For walking costume the carricks, or long cloaks have been again introduced, and with which the Parisian dame draws a silk handkerchief almost over her chin, like a cravat; with this cloak, some fashionable fair ones wear gaiters of the same colour as the cloak; but black gaiters are more general. Pelisses of white Merino cloth are the most prevailing costume for the carriage, or for the fashionable morning lounge; they are generally trimmed with ribband or velvet, either blue, green, or rose colour, and are still made with the pelerine cape.

The hats now instead of having bands of velvet or ribband, have a band of

the same material as the hat; grey velvet spotted with rose colour, is much in favour for hats or bonnets; the trimming at the edge is laid in very large plaits, and is in two distinct rows. Two sorts of hats seem to predominate; a small dress hat, which, when the veil is thrown off, serves as a cap, and is generally ornamented with feathers; the other is a round hat, shaped like a man's, the brim not very large, and some of these hats are fastened up on one side with a button and loop. The youthful lady sports a dark coloured auricula on this side of her hat, which is generally of a dark blue velvet; the more matronly adopts a cockade, often very unappropriately, of a bright rose colour, thus appearing more conspicuous than her young cotemporary. Green hats are generally ornamented with a small bunch of tuberose; velvet hats are chiefly of this colour, or of royal blue: next in favour are those of silk shag, and are either rose colour, white, grey, or bright jonquil; black velvet hats are all lined with jonquil sarsnet, or a fine scarf silk of black striped with yellow, and are terminated at the edge by a fancy gauze of white and yellow, in full quillings. The crowns of all hats are now of a moderate size, and the brims rather small; and blond is worn in trimmings in preference to patent net.

The make of the gowns has experienced no alteration since my last accounts; they are of white Merino crape for half dress, and white satin for evening costume; each of these dresses are trimmed round the border with a triple row of velvet, about four inches in breadth, of different colours, but pale ruby is the most prevalent, with a shawl of the same colour.

The black velvet cap, buckled on one side has resumed the favoured station it held last winter; no head dress can be more becoming; the only alteration is the addition of a tassel of jet or polished steel depending from the left side: turbans of white crape are also much worn, and caps of dark green velvet, ornamented with auriculas of the pistachio-nut colour. A turban *toque* of black velvet is much in requisition; it has two or three folds in front, of black satin, which form a bandeau, and which is surmounted by a velvet diadem. Some ladies have taken it into their heads

to patronize cotton velvet, because not of home manufacture; opposed to heavy head dresses made of this material, is a light kind of cap of celestial blue satin.

The becoming fashion of dressing the hair in curls *à-la-Ninon*, was but of short duration; it is now again formally parted from the forehead, and separated in the middle, so as to discover that unpleasant sight, the skin of the head: over the ear hangs a cork-screw ringlet, and which is always false. In full dress, flowers on the hair thus plainly arranged are the only ornaments, if we except a large tuft of hair, in a Sappho like kind of guise, brought very forward on the summit of the crown, and which is formed from the ends of two large braids, which are brought from the hind hair round the head.

Artificial bouquets are an universal appendage to full dress, they consist of a bunch of moss roses, or one very large damask rose.

In the article of jewellery, coral yet holds its pre-eminence, and contrasted with the white dresses now so prevalent, has a very pleasing effect by candlelight.

After white, which is most in favour, the prevailing colours are dark green, royal blue, bright jonquil, and rose colour.

I cannot dismiss this statement without informing you, that never was the rage for making presents, even in the reign of Louis XIV. equal to what it is now. The gentlemen vie with each other in purchasing for the ladies every thing tasteful, costly, and elegant. Painted velvet articles of furniture, portable bookcases of the most rare wood, gilt and finished in a manner truly superb; the choicest confectionary, in boxes of expensive fabrication, toys and trinkets, enclosed in little tasteful boxes of English manufacture, and perfumery in baskets of the most ingenious texture and exquisite embroidery; these baskets appear of a diminutive size, but are nevertheless made to contain gloves, perfumery, and essences sufficient to last a *petit maitresse* the whole year.

COSTUME OF LOWER RUSSIA.

Over a white robe, made in the chemise form, with long loose sleeves, is worn a petticoat of various colours, chequered

something in the plaid style, but the checquers are more diamonded. A coloured silk handkerchief is tied round the throat like a cravat, and three rows of beads hang over the bosom, from the upper one of which depends a picture of St. Nicholas. A little black cap, extremely becoming, and something like the Regency cap, conceals the hair, and is bound round with a gold band, but not next the face; it leaves a rim of the black, and seems to form on the top, by being bound very tight, a crown like what is called in England the yeoman's crown: a bunch of ribband is placed over the left ear, and in the summer, a sprig of flowers is added. This dress is extremely becoming to a pretty woman, but is chiefly confined to the peasantry.

COSTUME OF THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME;

WITH REMARKS ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

Head-dress of the Roman Ladies.

FAUSTINA, WIFE OF THE EMPEROR ANTONINUS.—She knew how to arrange her hair in the most elegant manner, without any high toupet, and without even the ornament of an aigrette. A very narrow bandeau divided her hair in front from that behind, where it was tied underneath, the bow negligently appearing towards the uncovered ear; and two little bows of ribband fell on the nape of the neck behind. The front hair waved seemingly without art, and four braids of very long hair was wound in a kind of serpentine wreath all over her head, all equally divided, without touching each other; neither the roots or ends could be discovered, and seems plainly to shew that she was indebted to art for this ornament. If the reports of Claudien may be credited, it was customary to shave the heads of every prisoner taken in battle, who was of distinguished birth, as a symbol of his loss of liberty; and Sidonius asserts, that this hair was sent to Rome, to be fabricated into head-dresses for women of quality.

THE YOUNGER FAUSTINA.—From the forehead of this Faustina there is half a foot in height of curls built up, consisting of

five or six rows, dressed very forward, and forming a most curious contrast to the head-dress described above: the locks behind are woven together with much art, and consist of so great a number of plaits that it confirms the preceding idea, of the quantity of false hair which must be requisite to form this head-dress; for it is not possible that such an edifice, and formed of such innumerable braids, could be of the hair belonging to this Princess: a long needle or bodkin, of the kind we have before described, fastens this tissue of tresses, and prevents their being discomposed.

JULIA, DAUGHTER OF AUGUSTUS.—She was said to be the most beautiful lady in the Roman empire; and if, as it is said, that she delighted in being negligent in her attire, she could not but be sensible that a well studied dress was of infinite advantage to her attractions. We find her represented with a veil gathered up, the careless folds of which cover the top of her head. A large curl of hair is seen bordering this veil horizontally, and surrounding her head; a row of hair turned up, quite plain, is in the place of the toupet, and the hair on the temples seem only to be abandoned to their natural wave. The ear is bare, and the ends of the hair form a curl in the nape of the neck, which makes half a circle from one ear to the other; a narrow ribband, or perhaps the embroidered border, crosses the veil in the middle: at the extremity of this veil, which is at the very back part of the head, a large tuft of hair, which seems to have caused much care and pains in the dressing, rises proudly in numerous large curls, and can be compared to nothing but the tail of an ostrich, or a very large powder puff; but all the ends of the hair are concealed in four rows of curls. The two ends of the toupet are not elevated, but are flattened as much as possible, with pomatum on each side, from whence they are carefully directed towards the middle, where the ends are collected under a tuft of hair, which is raised without being artificially bent backward from the forehead, and which seems to take its course towards the veil.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—It is not often that we have to call the attention of our fair readers to such a *chef d'œuvre* of acting as was exhibited at Drury-lane by Mr. Kean, on Friday night, January 19. The impression which it made upon our minds still remains nearly as vivid in the mere recollection as in the actual beholding it: this is one of the feats both of a good poet and a good player; the feelings and passions are moved, so that the effect remains after the cause is absent.

Massinger, the author of this play, was one of the writers of the best days of the drama; a writer who, both in his plots and in his style of pointing his characters, had a distinctive manner of his own. He had a strong and vivid imagination, but was more conversant with passions and humours than with the images of nature; his plots are therefore all of one colour and of one style; the exhibition of a passion or humour, good or bad, in a tone of epic or heroic strength, and therefore sublime, because terrible; great, because ferocious; and exciting our own strong feelings, because by the just art of the dramatist, painted with all the energy and accuracy of nature. Thus, though the fable is in common life, and the passion itself of ordinary occurrence, it is rendered poetical and picturesque by the art of the writer; and, what is the very perfection of this art, it is so rendered without destroying its nature. *Sir Giles Overreach* is still a natural character, and his habiliments are still natural, though they are selected and arranged by the poet.

The acting of Mr. Kean deserves almost as much praise as the very writing of the poet: he fully entered into the conceptions of Massinger, and exhibited his masterly portraiture of a bold bad man in the same form in which it existed in the mind of the poet. The cruelty, the ferocity, and the malignity of the character, sometimes boldly triumphing in his successful wickedness, sometimes subtly and calmly contriving, wearing a sword to vindicate his oppressions—at once a daring tyrant and a tricking knave; all these are features in *Sir Giles Overreach*, and Mr. Kean presented them in all their terrific form and hue. The acting of Mr. Kean was such as to throw all the other performers at a great distance; but it is justice to mention Mr. Munden and Mrs. Glover. Munden afforded a faithful exhibition of the cunning, crawling, sluggish instrument to the bolder villainy of his master. The poet evidently intended the one as a direct contrast to the other, the one having every quality of vil-

lainy in the same material, but in the lowest degree.

Munden is an actor of the first comic talent on the stage, but he very frequently destroys its effect by caricature and extravagant gesture, faults which degrade comedy into farce, and substitute a foolish transitory laugh instead of the solid pleasurable sensation, which results from the perception of the spectator, that the picture on the stage corresponds with the original in nature as it exists in his own mind.

One rule of just acting and just criticism should never be absent from the memory, both of those who act and those who criticise. It is this: every passion or humour, every feeling or affection of the mind, is as it were painted, in its full form and figure, in the imagination of all of us, and when a picture of such passion or humour is presented to us on a stage or in a room, we make an instant and instinctive comparison of the picture before our eyes, and that which exists in our mind: if they correspond two effects immediately follow; in the first place we find the likeness; and secondly, the representation produces throughout the same feelings and the same sympathy, which the reality would produce in nature.

Mrs. Glover, as we have said before, is worthy of the best days of comedy; she never overacts her part, and is always equal to it.

Mr. Holland pleased us much. We do not know the name of the actor who performed *Greedy*, but he was not inferior to it.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—*Outline of the new piece entitled Isaurina and Walbourg, a melo-drama, in three acts.*—In order to escape an unjust and ignominious death, the Duke of Walbourg has for fifty years lived an exile from his country and children, *Isaurina* and *Oscar*, whom he leaves in Sweden. *Isaurina* is on the brink of marriage with Count *Rosalba*, the friend of *Oscar*, and *Oscar* is about to become the husband of *Emerancia*, the daughter of the late Duke of Walbeck, the persecuter of his father. This double union has been determined on by the Queen, *Margaret of Waldemar*.

The Duke of Walbourg arrives secretly to his daughter; the parent and child immediately recognize each other; and as it is requisite that it should yet be believed that he is in a distant country, he passes for the steward of *Isaurina*: the perfidious *Emerancia*, and an Almoner, who is as wicked as herself, perceive that *Isaurina* seems to evince a very tender interest for her steward, and they persuade *Oscar* that he is a

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seducer. *Rosalba* himself, the sensible *Rosalba*, who refuses to lend an ear to such slander, is witness, however, to one of those interviews where the conversation may be perverted in a double sense, and he becomes convinced of the perfidy of *Isaurina*. The noble steward might have made a *confidante* of his son *Oscar*, but this son is so infatuated with *Emerancia*, that he might cause the sword of justice to fall on his father, therefore *Walbourg* finds himself compelled to silence.

Oscar is desirous of dismissing this steward, but *Isaurina*, as is natural, strongly opposes it, which causes much contention between the brother and sister, which terminates in a resolution, on the part of the brother, to marry his sister to the father, and at midnight preparations for the wedding are to take place in the chapel belonging to the castle: this causes a warm dispute between the father and his son, the former reproaching him for having attacked the spotless reputation of his sister. *Oscar*, in a rage, draws his sword, and learns that he is about to attack the life of a parent: then follow acknowledgments, fear, and repentance, and *Oscar* desires only to repair his fault.

During these incidents a revolt breaks out amongst the miners of *Coperberg*, which revolt is prepared by means of *Emerancia* and the chaplain. The *Duke of Walbourg*, whose return is now known, is accused, as well as *Oscar*, of having excited this disorder. The family of *Walbourg*, traduced in presence of the Queen's council, is on the point of falling a sacrifice to this new calumny, but as this family is as interesting as it is virtuous, Heaven protects it, and the truth is brought to light. The *Duke* obtains his pardon of the Queen, *Isaurina* weds *Rosalba*, and *Emerancia* and the chaplain receive the punishment they merit.

This piece was performed without one single mark of disapprobation. The music is by *Alexander Piccini*, and is at once sweet, mournful, and terrific. The decorations and scenery are admirable: a most charming ballet is introduced. The dresses are all new and superb, and every character was exquisitely sustained.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*Sketch of the new vaudeville, entitled Funeral Pomp.*—An adventure, laughable enough in itself, and told in a truly original way by the *Baron de Bezenval*, has furnished the subject for the vaudeville of *Funeral Pomp*; it would have been more appropriate if it had been christened *The Gascons*: the anecdote is so extraordinary that none but a Gascon would relate it, yet we must be more credulous than Parisians to believe it. The outline, however, of the vaudeville is as follows:—

A young man, taking advantage of the death of his fellow traveller, comes, furnished with his papers, to claim in his name the hand of a young maiden who was promised to the defunct. The most prominent character is that of the father, an hardened liar, but superstitious in the extreme;

he believes in ghosts, and when *Versenil* seeks to enrich himself by his gasconades, and announces to him jestingly that he is dead, and that he is going to be present at his own funeral, the imagination of the father becomes heated, and he seriously believes he is speaking to a dead person: the pleasantry of this over-acted terror is destroyed by the improbability and exaggeration of such a character.

About a dozen of intrepid applauses kept the piece from being condemned, the rest of the audience yawned and were silent; no doubt but it will go through its run of three nights, after which it is probable its own funeral will take place.

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.—*Sketch of the new melo drama of Abenhamet, or the Two Heroes of Grenada.*—The scene of this piece lies at Grenada, where *Boabdil* is King. *Abenhamet*, Chief of the *Abencerages*, is about to espouse *Almaida*, but a traitor, named *Sahab*, jealous of this warrior's renown, taking advantage of the love which the King nourishes in secret for this Princess, is determined to interrupt the ceremony of the marriage, under pretence that the truce with the Spaniards is at an end, and that *Gonsalva*, at the head of his troops, has just attacked Grenada. *Abenhamet* is not the dupe of this subterfuge; in the mean time he yields to the solicitations of *Almaida* and *Almanzar* (the King's son, his friend and fellow soldier); he receives the holy standard, and departs, having been promised he shall obtain the hand of *Almaida*, if he returns a conqueror.

Scarce are *Abenhamet* and *Almanzar* gone, when the King seizes *Almaida* as his captive, and endeavours to compel her to marry him; while on his side the perfidious *Sahab* gives orders to the *Zegris*, of which he is the chief, to abandon *Abenhamet*, and to let the standard fall into the hands of the Spaniards, the loss of which will be the destruction of *Abenhamet*, who receives a letter from *Almaida*, informing him of the violence which has been offered her. He then listens only to the voice of despair, and quits the army to go and deliver his mistress.

This was certainly behaving more like a lover than a General, but *Almanzar* was there to save his honour, by dressing himself in his friend's clothes, and fighting in his place. The standard, however, falls into the hands of the Spaniards, and the King sentences *Abenhamet* to death. Nevertheless, vanquished by the prayers of *Almanzar*, he commutes the sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and this faithful friend is resolved to share the fortune of *Abenhamet*. *Almaida*, having escaped from her confinement, the three meet in a forest: the King, who has set off to pursue the fugitive, is discovered by the Spaniards, and is on the point of being taken prisoner, when *Abenhamet*, sacrificing his resentment to the saving of his King and country, preserves the life of *Boabdil*, to whom he brings back the holy standard. The sovereign repairs

his injustice by uniting the lovers, and in punishing the wretched parasite who caused him to forget his duty. Such are the exploits of the *Two Heroes of Grenada*.

This melo-drama obtained the most unbounded applause, and promises the most brilliant success. It is replete with noble sentiments, well sustained interest, the most natural denouement, connected with the main subject, and the language is correct and energetic.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE TALISMAN OF FRANCE; OR THE GARLAND OF MARIA THERESA.

Dedicated to her Royal Highness Madame la Duchesse d'Angouleme. By J. Bocous. Paris.

SUCH is the title of a pamphlet which has just made its appearance, and of which Madame has graciously permitted its dedication to herself. The work is a little Poem in prose, if we may be allowed the term: it contains a hasty and animated sketch, describing in an interesting manner the French revolution, and the excesses it drew after it. The author has, however, joined to this true picture some fictitious passages which might have been dispensed with, for the dreadful truths of those times were sufficient in themselves to interest the reader. Yet the fiction resorted to by M. Bocous are no detriment to his recitals; they only render his work a kind of epic poem, which is pleasing to those who are possessed of a lively imagination, and to such as admire a descriptive style.

The afflictions of the Bourbons are described by M. Bocous in a manner capable of exciting the highest interest, and which misfortune is sure of inspiring. For example, when he speaks of the Duchess of Angouleme, at the time when she was imprisoned with her august parents in the tower of the Temple.

"The royal maid was arrived at that interesting age when all the charms of grace and beauty begin to unfold themselves. But, alas! the age of innocent delight was to her only that of tears and lamentation. The virtues of Peace presided at her birth; and her premature understanding was adorned with all the lessons of Wisdom; they were constrained to give place to virtues the most sublime—Resignation and Fortitude. Born in the bosom of pomp and grandeur, poverty was her lot: educated in the palaces of Kings, she was destined to languish in the asylum allotted to guilt: the tender object of a father's care, and adored by a fond mother, she found herself torn for ever from their protecting arms. Alone, wretched, forsaken, the illustrious descendant of Henry IV. had neither friend nor comforter, and she who was destined to adorn a throne could not obtain a cottage to shelter her."

M. Bocous does not forget the heroic conduct of Madame at Bourdeaux, at the time of the usurper's invasion, and when the moment arrived

(that the heiress of Louis XVI. shewed herself the possessor of all his virtues in quitting that situation to avoid the effusion of French blood, he exclaims with sorrow—"The cruel but requisite separation is determined on; every heart mourns, every where lamentations are heard, and every eye is suffused in tears. This city, wherein peace and happiness went hand in hand, resembles now a mournful sepulchre, inhabited only by wandering and complaining ghosts. Alas! Maria Theresa is no longer there!"

The return of Madame into France is no less interestingly described in the following passage:

"As the son, amongst the ruins of a dreadful conflagration, finds the mother he has lost without hope of being ever restored to him, as the shipwrecked wretch, who gains the shore after struggling long against a threatening death, so those who wept over the loss of their Princess, again receive her to lose her no more. And as in a sea which has been disturbed by storms, the billows yet murmur while the southern breezes retire into their caverns, so amidst a general calm, some faint sounds of discontent are distinguished, and the last breathings of blasphemy, despotism, and anarchy die on the ear."

Heaven grant that M. Bocous may have spoken truth in this last sentence! The wounds inflicted on France are deep; but it is to be hoped they will soon be healed."

A Practical Work on the *Management of the Dairy* is upon the point of publication, the object of which is to make known the best practices observed in manufacturing Butter and Cheese in the most approved dairy districts.

The friends of English Botany will learn with satisfaction that a continuation of the *Flora Londinensis* of Mr. Curtis is now in course of publication.

Mr. Sumner's *Treatise on the Being and Attributes of God*, to which the premium of £400 was lately adjudged at Aberdeen, will appear in the course of this month, in two octavo volumes.

J. E. James, Esq. student of Christ Church, Oxford, has in the press a *Journal of a Tour on the Continent* in 1813-14, in a quarto volume, with plates.

Colonel Keatinge has in the press *Travels in Europe and Africa*, in a quarto volume, with thirty-four engravings from drawings made by the author.

Mr. Field, barrister, has in the press, in a small volume, *Shakspeare his own Biographer*, containing particulars of the life of the poet derived from an examination of his beautiful sonnets.

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

THOUGH we have given the priority of delineation to Westminster School, yet St. Paul's is generally supposed to have been the most au-

clent, being founded at least as early as A. D. 1176, in consequence of the well known Lateran decree, that every cathedral church, under the Pope, should have a schoolmaster to teach poor scholars and others. It is further proved by a charter of the Bishop of London, in the reign of Henry I. granting the office of schoolmaster to a person of the name of Hugh, together with the habitation of Durandus, at the corner of the turret, or bell tower, and also the office of librarian to the cathedral.

Up to the Reformation, however, this school seems to have been on a very indifferent footing; indeed the common mode of education during that period for the sons of the nobility and gentry, was to send them into some religious convent, where they were not occupied more than three months in learning grammar, after which they were set to work (for so it may literally be said), upon sophistry, logic, suppositions, &c. including all the mysterious quibbles of the divinity of that period; whilst, as to any real knowledge of Greek or Latin, it was a thing unknown, for even their masters themselves were seldom fit to instruct them on those points. Nay, such was the general ignorance of Greek at that period, that it was scarcely thought of even at the Universities; nor could better be expected, when the very term *Græculus*, which implied a knowledge of that language, was considered as synonymous with heretic!

More liberal opinions, however, were then beginning to spread, and by none were they taken up more strongly than by the learned Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, under whose judicious foundation the well known Lilly was the first Englishman who in any school taught the Greek as well as Latin; the former language being only about that time acquired even by Colet himself. Indeed it is said, that even the learned Erasmus first acquired a knowledge of Greek in England, being educated by the famous Linacre, so well known to elegant scholars.

The object of Colet in founding a new school at St. Paul's, which took place about 1509, was to encourage the study of the classic languages, in order not only to improve philology, but also to facilitate a just understanding of the Sacred Scriptures, so as to restore the Christian religion to the primitive simplicity of the ancient church, and at the same time to lay a proper foundation for academical studies. He also chose London as his native city, his father having been of the Mercer's Company, and Lord Mayor; and it is even said that he was so much of a true cockney as actually to imagine that the sons of his fellow citizens were naturally more capable of learning than those who had a rustic birth and breeding.

Early biographers state, that for these purposes Colet founded a magnificent school in the east part of St. Paul's Church-yard, and appointed two masters for it, of whom the first principal was the well known Lilly, and the other John Ryghthuyse, who was to attend the lower boys;

and both of them men of learning, good manners, and great diligence. He also built two dwelling houses for the masters, and gave the care and guardianship, both of the school and of the funds, to the Mercer's Company.

The salaries were at that time considered ample, being for the head master about 35*l.*, to the usher 18*l.*, and to the chaplain 8*l.*, whilst the Mercer's Company had an endowment of about 120*l.* to meet all expences, including a sum of nearly 40*l.* for annual repairs. The property has, however, increased so much of late, that even fifty years ago the salaries were doubled, and the whole school much improved.

The original building was, however, burnt down at the great fire of London, but is now rebuilt upon a plan combining elegance with utility.

The ancient number of scholars upon the foundation, who were to be poor men's children, was one hundred and fifty-three, and the school itself was then divided into four apartments, consisting first of the porch and entrance, which was for the catechumens, or children who were to be instructed in the principles of religion; but none were to be admitted who had not learned to read and write. The second apartment, or division, was for the lower class, under the care of the second master, and it was separated only by a curtain from the third division, where sat the head master with the upper classes, the last division being appropriated to divine service as a chapel.

Great care was then taken, as at the present day, to preserve order; there were no corners, as Erasmus described it, nor hiding places, but the boys had their distinct forms or benches one above another, the head or captain of each class having a desk, to distinguish him from the others; and so very exact was the founder, that the guardians were directed not to admit all boys of course, but to choose them according to their parts and capacities.

Yet in the original instructions it was stated that children of all nations and countries should be admissible, whilst the number of one hundred and fifty-three, is supposed, agreeable to the superstition of the time, to have been in allusion to the number of fish caught by St. Peter, as described in the 21st chapter of John's Gospel.

On first admission each child was to pay fourpence on writing down his name, which was a fee to the poor scholar whose duty was to sweep out the school every Saturday.

Some other regulations were curious: every form was to have one principal child placed in the chair as president of that form. The school hours were the same both winter and summer, from seven in the morning until eleven; then from one to five; and prayers were to be said three times a day.

They were forbidden to use tallow candles, and their friends were to supply them with wax-lights; at the same time they were forbid to

bring any kind of meat or drink into the school; nor were they to practice cock-fighting, "nor rydinge aboutt of victorie, nor disputinge at St. Bartelemewe, which is but foolish bablinge and losse of time."

Acting of plays was also forbid, and perhaps with great propriety not only then, but even according to our present customs. Indeed, so determined was Dean Colet to prevent that species of amusement, that he ordered the master permitting it to forfeit forty shillings, or more than one-twentieth of his annual salary, unless the King, or an Archbishop, or Bishop, should be present in his own person, and desire it. So tenacious also was the Dean of the character of his foundation, that if a boy, once admitted, should go to any other school for a short time, then the doors were to be for ever shut to his return to St. Paul's.

The original plan of education, though much improved of late years by Dr. Thicknesse, and other masters, was a very liberal one, consisting of Latin and Greek, in which languages such authors only were to be read, as had the best eloquence joined with wisdom, especially Christian authors whose Latinity is chaste and good, both in prose and verse.

The classic authors then recommended were Cicero, Sallust, Terence, and Virgil, whilst the Christian writers were St. Jerome and St. Ambrose, Lactantius, Prudentius, Proba, Sedulius, Jarencus, Baptista Mantuana, and others, particularly Erasmus, who wrote his *Christian Institutes* on purpose for this very school, at Colet's request, as well as his *Copia*. *Lilly's Grammar* was also used; but although that useful book goes by his name, it is said that Colet and some others assisted in preparing it.

The discipline of this school, always strict, was at that period extremely rigid, for Colet and his masters even carried their severity to the scholars to an undue length; in fact, it was his opinion that there was a necessity for harsh discipline to humble the spirit of the boys, to inure them to hardships, and to prepare them for the mortifications of the world. In this he was strongly opposed by Erasmus, and we feel happy to say that at this moment St. Paul's School is maintained in the most rigid discipline by the gentlest means, alike honourable to the masters and beneficial to the scholar.

The course of education is liberal, and fitted to the exigencies of the present day, as far as is compatible with the course of preparation necessary for college, for which there are no less than six exhibitions of 100*l.* per annum each, principally to Cambridge, partly arising from the improved state of the foundation lands, and partly from the liberal conduct of the Mercer's Company.

The expences of education, to a boy placed on the foundation, are trifling, not amounting to ten guineas per annum, if the scholar resides with his relations; but if not, then there is a

system of boarding connected with the school, upon a liberal and economical plan.

The number of learned men educated at this school is very great. We may enumerate the ancestors of the Paget and North families; Leland; Camden; Burton; Milton; Pepys; Calamy; Bishop Camberland; the first Duke of Manchester; the great Duke of Marlborough; Hooper, &c. &c.

We may add to this school of St. Paul's, that there are eight classes, or forms, in which the scholars proceed by seniority and proficiency, so as to make them good grammarians, with a sufficient knowledge of oratory and of classic poetry; also of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and sometimes of the oriental languages, so as to fit them for the Universities, with a certain number of seven years exhibitions, formerly of 10*l.* per annum each, but since much increased by the good management and munificence of the Mercer's Company, the sole trustees, thus fully verifying the saying of Dean Colet himself, "that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs; but for his part he found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind."

Of the library little need be said, and we shall close with an anecdote of the famous Sir Thomas More, who said to the Dean, that his school resembled the Trojan horse, "out of which the Grecians came to surprize the city!" Indeed they often, in ancient days, did surprize the city, not with their Greek, but with their quarrels with the boys of St. Anthony's School, "fighting in Greek and Latin, for they knocked each other down with their satchels, and reciprocally calling out, 'St. Anthony's pigs' and 'St. Paul's pidgeons,' from the great number that then built their nests in the cathedral."

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

PROTECTORS.

M. DE COURMANOIR is partly of a noble, partly of a mean descent, and is consequently more haughty than one really noble. He is, however, much respected in the four or five villages of the province where he is known. Before the Revolution there was, belonging to his family, a lieutenant of the criminal court, a baillie, and a president of election: since that period his relations carefully avoided filling any post, either in a civil or military line; one alone deviated from the principles of honour, and set up a grocer's shop in Paris: happily for them it was only an uncle by marriage, and that was on the female side. In the month of May last, M. de Courmanoir came to Paris for the first time in his life, with the project of obtaining for his father the office he formerly held, and to get the appointment for himself of head clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, or at least that of a sous-prefet, to begin with. He was provided with a letter of credit for his future use, and according to the

custom of other provincials, he had filled a portefeuille with letters of recommendation; he had some to the ministers, some to the noblemen, and others to the ladies belonging to the court; to the lady pensioners, and to the presidents of seminaries, for the clerks also, and those who belonged to the offices under the crown.

He then waited on the deputy of his department; it was not to interest him in his favour, because he felt sure of his journey being attended with success, besides he had rather trust to his own proceedings, and to a Duchess, to whom he took a letter from a great lady, one of her intimate friends; but he recollected, in this case, a lesson he had often received from his father, which was, that we never ought to have those against us whom we may despise, and that there is often more skill required in avoiding the making ourselves enemies, than in knowing how to gain friends. The deputy in vain expressed the very ardent desire he had of being useful to him and his family, and added, that he flattered himself with having the means. M. de Courmanoir defended himself, as may be said, against these professions, and tried to avoid his protection; he politely declined it, and discovered the motive of his refusal, by confessing that he feared he might, by accepting his offers, excite the jealousy of the Duchess.

It is needless to say, that when he quitted the deputy he hastened to the house of the Duchess, mighty well satisfied with himself. He was not admitted. At the end of ten days persecution and perseverance, he, at length, obtained an audience, and he presented his letter of recommendation. After having read it, my Lady Duchess asked him if the inhabitants of every province were going to come upon Paris in a body? Did he think that there were places in the Board of Green Cloth, and in the Prefecture, for every body? Did not he know that the favour of the court was, of necessity, become very limited? She then politely dismissed M. de Courmanoir, advising him, by all means, to return to his province.

He went away, not very well pleased, but he had other resources; and since the Duchess did not chuse to be the first to serve him, he knew very well, he thought, how to find other protectors as good as her. He had to deliver to one of the King's ministers, from one of his dearest friends, a letter, wherein he believed himself to be warmly recommended, and he doubted not of ultimate success.

He repaired to the minister's. There he found about two hundred persons assembled together in the anti-chambers; he is astonished at the profound silence which reigns in such a crowded assembly; for every one seemed taken up with the object which brings him thither. M. de Courmanoir went into the anti-chamber where the clerks and persons in waiting belonging to the minister were assembled. He met a man there who seemed also desirous of shielding him-

self from observation; but this was for another reason; and he had an opportunity of finding out since, that he was one of those courtiers of favour and protection who affect to be always in the vestibules and on the staircases of the great, that he might be able to inspire the confidence of others in the chimerical promises which he made it his business to sell. M. de Courmanoir was now called to be introduced into the minister's closet.

After having given a cursory glance over the letter of his friend, his Excellency carelessly laid it down on the mantle-piece. He then asked M. de Courmanoir if he had made the law his study? He answered in the negative; had he ever been employed by the ministry? No, again. Had he now any employment? Always no.—“In that case,” resumed the minister, “I see nothing that would suit you except the place of an auditor. But there are so many there is no end to them; nor will he, I believe, for an hundred years to come. If any unlooked for change should take place, I will certainly think of you.”

While he spoke the last sentence, a nobleman of high rank was announced, and while the minister advanced to receive him, M. de Courmanoir drew near the fire-place out of politeness, and his eye fell upon the letter of recommendation, which he had brought. It was couched in the following terms:—“I have been so teized that I was obliged to yield; and therefore address a word or two to you by the bearer of this note. God help the young man, 'tis a poor creature! But I could not possibly withstand his importunities; you can act as you please; for, be assured, I have no interest in this.”

Confused and astonished, M. de Courmanoir only sought to make good his retreat, and the minister had no wish to detain him. M. de Grossac, the person who waited in the anti-chamber, watched the moment of his going out, that he might know what part to take, according to what might have happened to him: after having learned what had befallen him, he undertook to mend matters, and gave him comfort and advice. He requested him to call on him the next day, and promised faithfully to recommend him.

No resource was now left him but to follow the advice of M. de Grossac, and he waited on him the next day. He found an old lady whose face was enamelled with artificial white and red, and to whom he was introduced as to a person who had the first interest at court. Without Madame d'Assiles no undertaking ever succeeded: she was connected with almost every one of the best families in town: she could wind round her finger every member of the council, and indeed the whole of the ministry; and her principal talent consisted in doing more with a thousand crowns than another could do with thirty thousand franks. In order to profit by this hint, M. de Courmanoir flies to his banker, and gets the thousand crowns, places them in the hands of Madame des Assiles, well persuaded that neither

she or M. de Grossac will ever touch a farthing of them.

He accepts with much gratitude the offer of conducting Madame des Assiles, to the house of a nobleman whom she wishes to employ immediately in the interest of her new friend and client. They actually arrive at the door of a splendid mansion, where the lady enters with as much familiarity as if it belonged to herself; and this gives M. de Courmanoir an high opinion of her credit. He agrees to wait for her in the carriage; but being weary of waiting for her a full hour, at least, he gets out, and approaching the Swiss at the hall door, he asks him if he thinks the lady whom he had the honour of accompanying would be long before she came out? or if the audience of my Lord was not at an end? The Swiss tells him that the house does not belong to any Lord, but to his steward, who is nephew to the lady, who he supposes is staying to breakfast.

M. de Courmanoir regains the carriage, and waits with impatience only to reproach Madame des Assiles. On her return she placed herself beside him, with an air of triumph painted on her countenance, on the happy effects of the audience she had obtained. The questions to which she was obliged to submit, did not in the least disconcert her; she confessed that the house belonged to the steward, and his interest, according to her account, was the highest that could be procured: many in her place would have began with the nephew of his clerk, or with the cousin of the Swiss porter; but she avoided all those delays, and that was the way that she knew how to make a thousand crowns go farther than another could thirty thousand franks.

She spoke with so much confidence that her client placed implicit trust in all she said: and two months were employed in the same manner, only with an additional present from M. de Courmanoir, to forward his suit, of an hundred Louis d'ors; so that his letter of credit was no longer of any use to him. After having given his signature to two or three bills, he recollected the grocer's shop of his uncle-in-law: he found there a very pretty cousin, at whose feet he thought proper to lay his provincial pride, fully convinced, after all the observations he had made at Paris, that there was much more solid advantage in being the nephew of an opulent tradesman, than in priding himself on being the son of a poor president of election.

A FREE SPEAKER.

ORIGINAL LETTER.

THE following is a literal and authentic copy of a letter written by a soldier to his mother and sister:—

“Paris in France, 5th Sept. 1815.

“Dear mother and Sister,—I have taken the opportunity of writing these lines to you hoping it will find you in good health as it now leaves me at this present thank be to God for it, I am very sorry I did not answer your Letters as I had

not opportunity for we was very busy fighting the french a long time every day in the Mountains in Spain and I always had good luck til one day I received two balls one hitt me right ou my brest plate and knocked me downe and as soon as I got my wind agen I fired about ten rounds more and then another hitt me through my hip which was bad a long time and one came through my Haversack and another throw my trowsers and shirt and that same night was very wet and no fires could be lighted and it was very cold on the Mountains but the Dockter was very good to me, and after that we drove the french into their own Country and made them beg for peace and then we went into Ammerica into upper Kanady where we had all the fighting with the Yankeys til we got a piece of them seven hundred miles up the Contrey aigh to the falls of Naggaray which you know is 1 of the 7 wonders of the world, and there my Captain was so kind to give me a pass without date and I worked for a large farmer all winter, and had plenty of vittles and a good bed fit for any Gentleman and the Ridgment was then ling in Barns and when the men had to get up their bare was froze to their heads and they could not pull the Blankets from the floore and I thote myseff well off and this farmer bid 100 Dollars for my discharge and we returned to Spithead and was 6 weeks on the Water which is 4 thousand 5 hundred miles and is cold a good passage and we could not get ashore after all this for we was ordered to french flanders and at last we have got to Paris and is in the Buss de hilling, near to it which is a very fine place like a grove for a gateway and the french is very civil funny fellows to us now cause they know we can defend ourselves and they do not seem to care for nothing but to get our Monney which theare is plenty way to spend and theare is shows and Montybanks every night and sundays and all and theare is no Justesses or Methodys to stop them and there is all sorts of sights and Bartlemy fair is nothing to it and we are now agen commanded by brave Duke Wellington that always conqurs—and there is soldiers of all sorts here past all telling Rushons, Prushons and Austruous and Jnrmans of all kind, and the Rusbons are very good naturd cretures and will do any thing for an Englishman and says their prayrs evry Morning and night and will fight their enemys for ever for the Emperor and the Virgin Marey the same as we do for king George and old England, and the Prushons is very quiet men and smokes all day long and the Austrions is fine tall fellows and the foot is drest as handsome as our Horse Officers, and all our Officers is very good Gentlemen and we think to stay in France two years, and I am very contented—dear mother I wish it was not so far or you and Bet could come for I have savd some Monney and I larnt a littel french in Kanaday but it is not the same sort that is here, give my kind love to all inquiring friends and pray God bless you all from your loving son til death—&c. &c.

MARRIED.

At Llandderfel, near Bala, John Radley, Esq. of Highfield-house, Middlesex, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Williams, of Tenybont, Merionethshire.

DIED.

At Auchterblair, near Grantown, Strathspey, William Grant, Esq. of Forigen, at a very advanced age; the precise number of years cannot be ascertained, but he distinctly recollected that on a new year's day, old style, in the year 1740, his father put a reaping hook in the hands of each child in his large family, desiring them to cut a little corn, that they might not forget the calamitous harvest, when heavy falls of snow overtook the unripened grain on the ground. Mr. Grant enjoyed perfect health, vigour, and unimpaired faculties till within eight days of his death, which was apparently hastened by excessive fatigue in hunting over hills and tracts of heath covered with snow. Few men in the prime of life could support the frequent and violent exercise he delighted to take in pursuit of game. Last autumn, after passing three days successively in the moors of Corrybrough, to which he walked ten miles over steep mountains; a distinguished officer, Sir M. G——, who accompanied him, said he was not insensible to the effects of the three days labour, and asked the old gentleman how he felt. "I will let you see," replied Mr. Grant, laying his hand on the chair he was placing at the tea-table, and vaulting over it. "Your wounds, Sir M——, may well account for the degree of weariness you feel; but after a cup of tea I shall be quite fresh for travelling as far as our ramble to-day." He had a company in the Strathspey Volunteers, of which his son, a retired field officer from the regulars, was Major; and when the battalion offered to extend their services to the Continent, the Captain of fourscore years was resolved to head his soldiers, and to fight in the cause of his country. He was strictly temperate, but of a sociable and cheerful disposition.

At Sunderland, in the county of Durham, aged sixty-three, Mrs. Mary Brown, widow of the late Mr. George Brown, an eminent boat-builder of that place. Reading in early life, reflection in its maturer hours, and intercourse with many well informed and sensible friends, rendered her conversation entertaining, instructive, and interesting. The infirmities and disappointments of her fellow creatures were not the subject of ridicule or cruel reproach; and she shared in the joys of the virtuous and successful; she was a zealous, unshaken, and disinterested friend. A long and most painful bodily affliction excited in her friends a more than usual sympathy; and

her maternal care was rewarded by the exemplary attendance and affection of filial love from her children, an only son and daughter.

At Bramham, in the 69th year of her age, Elizabeth Burley. To enumerate all her eccentricities would be to give a history of her life; she had been a widow nearly thirty years, and during that period had lived alone, not permitting any one to sleep in the house with her, even when she was sick. Her pecuniary means were extremely small, arising chiefly from the profits of her spinning wheel, and selling a few articles, such as thread, tape, candles, &c. yet she proved that "who lives to nature never can be poor." A boiled turnip and herb tea were amongst her luxuries; so far was she from considering herself an object of charity, that when she has been offered a portion of any thing given to relieve the wants of the distressed, her general reply was to this effect—"I am much obliged to you for thinking of me," or, "for your good will, but there are so many poor people in Bramham, it would be a shame for me to take ought from them." As long as she was able, she always was a constant attendant at church and sacrament, and without the appearance of strong religious impressions, death was perfectly familiar to her, and she used to speak of it with the greatest composure. Though gradually sinking under the pressure of old age, she had no previous illness till the day before her death, and even in the afternoon of that day was in a neighbour's house; her eyesight remained good almost to the last, and her faculties were as clear, and recollection as strong as ever. To avoid giving trouble, she had prepared every thing for her funeral, her coffin she had had eight years, and frequently expressed a wish to die in it; this, however, her sudden dissolution prevented: not long before her death, she made with her own hands her shroud, winding sheets, &c. &c. leaving as she said, "nought to be done but to put her into them, and nought to pay but her funeral dues."

In Baker-street, after a short illness, most deeply lamented by his family and friends, and in the 49th year of his age, Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Bart. Colonel of the 16th regiment of foot, and late Governor in Chief and Commander of the Forces in the British Colonies in North America. This officer, who has thus fallen a sacrifice to his King and country, from ill health contracted upon the public service and in the most severe climates, has left a widow, two daughters and a son (who succeeds to the title) to deplore his loss.

At Camborne, Cornwall, William Harris, Esq. supposed to have been worth above £300,000; he has left only one child, a daughter, unmarried.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

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MARCH 1, 1816.



Her Royal Highness's Princess Charlotte of Wales.

Engraved by H. Meyer from an original miniature picture.

Published by A. Bell, Strand, 1796.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

For FEBRUARY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-first Number.

LEOPOLD GEORGE CHRISTIAN, PRINCE OF SAXE COBOURG.

HOWEVER much we sympathised with the public in their disappointment respecting a matrimonial connection between the illustrious house of Brunswick and the royal family of the Netherlands, we are happy to present our readers with a demi-official announcement of a proposed alliance, which, it is said, will be instantly submitted for the approval of Parliament. It is confidently stated that a matrimonial arrangement has actually taken place, in behalf of the presumptive heiress of the British throne, on the one part,—and a Prince of the house of Saxe-Cobourg, on the other. The probability of the event has been so long whispered, that its final settlement will excite less general surprise. It is the third son of the reigning Duke who is to receive, some time during the ensuing spring, the hand of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The bridegroom elect, (we suppose we may call him) is the same Prince who drew considerable attention in London, about a year and a half ago, by the grace of his person, and the dignity of his address: we believe we may also add, in plain English phraseology, that his Highness is in other respects, a very excellent and worthy man. He is at present a Captain only in the Austrian service, about twenty-six years of age.

The house of Saxe Saalfeld Coburg is one of the most ancient and illustrious in Germany, claiming its origin from Charles,

Duke of Lorraine, sixth in descent from Charlemagne, and last claimant of the Carolingian race to the throne of France, from which he was ousted by Hugh Capet, ancestor of the Bourbons. His eldest son was Count of Thuringia, whose descendants were allied to the first families in Europe, until about the thirteenth century, when Frederic the brave, then Margrave of Misnia, and Landgrave of Thuringia, first became connected with the house of Brunswick, by a marriage with Catharine, daughter of Henry, the sovereign Duke. Their son Frederic, the second Margrave, formed an alliance with the house of Austria, having married, about the year 1464, Margaret, daughter of Ernest Ironside, the Archduke, leaving a son, Ernest, who became Elector of Saxony, and had to wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Albert, third Duke of Bavaria. John Constans, their son, was Elector of Saxony in 1552, and by his wife, Sophia, daughter of Magnus, Duke of Mecklenburg, left a son, John Frederic, the Magnanimous, who had several children by his wife Sibylla, daughter of John, Duke of Cleves, one of whom, John William, was Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and married Dorothy Susannah, daughter of Frederic the third, the Elector Palatine; their son John inheriting the Duchy of Weimar, and marrying Dorothy Mary, daughter of Joathim Ernest, Prince of

Anhalt, left a son, Ernest Pius, who was the first Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and took to wife Elizabeth, daughter of John Philip, Duke of Altenburgh. A large family proceeded from this union, and one of the younger sons, John Ernest, was Duke of Saxe Saalfeld Coburg, as heir of an elder brother, the first Duke, and left a son, Francis Josias, by his second wife, Charlotte Joanna, daughter of Josias, Count of Waldeck; that son became the third Duke of Cobourg, marrying Anna Sophia, daughter of Lewis Frederic, Prince of Schwartzbourg Roudelstadt, about the year 1722. Their son, Ernest Frederic, born in 1724, married Sophia Antonietta, daughter of Frederic Albert, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, ancestor of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and had a son, Francis Frederic Anthony, born in 1750, who, during his father's life-time, was well known to the world as Prince of Cobourg, field-marshal, and commander-in-chief of the Austrian armies, in the early part of the French revolutionary war. It was to him that Dumourier fled for protection, and his manifesto, in 1793, is well remembered, as offering peace to France on condition of adhering to that constitution which Louis the XVI. had accepted. To detail the events of that period, is not our object; it is sufficient to say, that he married Augusta Caroline Sophia, daughter of Henry, the

twenty-fourth Count of Reuss d'Aberdorf, and by her has nine children; Ernest Frederic Anthony, born in 1784; Ferdinand George Augustus, in 1785; Leopold George Christian, third son, born in 1790; Maximilian, and five daughters.

The principality of Cobourg is in the very centre of Germany, and on the river Saal, in Franconia. It came to the house of Saxony by marriage, from the ancient Counts of Henneberg. The capital was famous in the early period of the reformation, as the residence of Martin Luther, who was protected there by the Duke, during the diet of Augsburg, in 1530, that he might always be at the call of the party of Protestant Princes, at the head of which was the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg. Many of Luther's epistles are dated from Gruboc, the reverse of *Coburg*; and the protestant cause has still met with staunch supporters in that illustrious house.—In the present proposed connection, territorial arrangements can have no weight; but in every other respect, we trust it will be found a most eligible union, conducive to the happiness of the parties themselves, and though not extending our continental connections, yet free from the objection of, linking our interests with states whose interests might not always be precisely the same as our own.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WATERING-PLACES IN IRELAND.

(Continued from Page 33.)

OVER against Kinsale, about a hundred yards across, is the small village of Scilly, peculiar for the neatness of its cottages, gardens, and inhabitants. It forms a part of the harbour, and slopes down too along the water's edge. Strangers generally prefer lodging here to Kinsale, as it is more open and healthy, has a southern aspect, with excellent hot and cold baths, and is in the vicinity of a number of charming walks.

Lodgings may be had very reasonable. Fish, vegetables, and poultry somewhat cheaper than in the town, to which you can be ferried in a few minutes, or else proceed round by the quay, a walk of about a quarter of an hour. Almost all the inhabitants of Scilly live by fishing. It is very populous, and the inhabitants are remarkably above all other Irish for cleanliness, neatness, and majesty of stature. The women, as is generally the custom in

Ireland, wrap themselves up in a blue cloak, with a little hood, lined with coloured silk, falling gracefully back over the shoulders. The cap always clean, small, and neat, shading features which, for brilliancy of complexion, modest sweetness, candour, and simplicity, may be sometimes equalled but seldom surpassed.

Scilly was originally an English settlement; and certainly in many instances it has the character of an English village. It has too, a delightful green, both above and on one side, where

“In the sun his nets the fisher dries.”

These lawns, tradition says, were once covered with trees; and I was told by an old and respectable residenter that many hundred years ago the oak that now forms the roof of Westminster Abbey was cut from Scilly green, being at that time esteemed the most durable in the world. It reminds me of a singular fact; a gentleman, about sixty years ago, whilst walking upon the roof of Westminster Abbey, in one of the channels where moss and dirt had collected observed a small plant growing; upon inspection he found it to be a walnut: he had the curiosity carefully to transplant it, and it is now a fine full blown tree, growing in the garden belonging to the proprietor of this work. It is indeed lamentable to perceive the general dearth of all timber in Ireland; every one sees it, but an Irishman, who generally will not allow it, or if he does, says,—“Why, if we plant, our tenants cut the young trees down before they can possibly come to a state of maturity; and we have all our pains, trouble, and expence for nothing.”—Such is the state of the lower class in Ireland, they cannot be relied on, they have no public virtue, no public security or trust. An Irish boor is all meanness, servility, and hypocrisy; bloody and ferocious in his resentment, mad equally in his friendship as in his anger; and never to be trusted where whisky is attainable: apparently every thing one would wish him—in reality nothing but a syllabub frothed up by the passion of the moment. I have been in many countries,—seen various men and manners, Jew, Pagan, Turk, and Heathen, and never met with so bad a class in any country as the lower Irish. There are ex-

ceptions, but very few; the male are confessedly the worst: the women, when young, are generally chaste; but this is their only virtue. An Irish woman, if she can clear herself in the eyes of the priest, and say I am no —, thinks she stands absolved and acquitted; but I must expressly be understood now to be speaking only of the lower class. It is common for them, and I have often seen them, go down on their knees in the streets and curse any one that may have offended them, using such dreadful imprecations, that they alone (should they reach the throne of mercy) may account for the perpetual troubles that agitate this country. The priests have wonderful influence over them, and those of classical habits and liberal turn have opportunities enough, if they would but exercise them, of improving their habits and their manners. The character of a parish as naturally takes its shade from the priest, as the habits of a child from the tuition of its mother. It is but justice here to mention Dr. Hurley, of Kinsale, whose enlightened mind, active benevolence, and polished manners makes him equally beloved by his Catholic parishoners as venerated and esteemed by every one that has the pleasure of his acquaintance. Such men, acting with judicious discrimination, shake off the trammels of superstition without forfeiting the religion they have practised in meekness, general charity, and Christian-like urbanity. They stand as bulwarks not to be shaken by popular opinion, or terrified by the predominant doctrines of the day.

In no country are the poor in a more wretched condition than in Ireland; perhaps chiefly arising from the overstocked population, want of trade and manufactures, general oppression of the landlords, the ruinous practice of middle men, and letting out the farms to principals, who again let them to small farmers, who in their turn parcel them out to others at the highest possible rent. Thus the poor man exhausts his strength in cultivating two or three small fields; the sweat of his brow fails not to procure the comforts of life, but bare potatoes, and not always with salt, for his wife and children. There, in a wretched hovel built of mud, without shoes or stockings, congregated indiscriminately with

their pigs, grunt out the night with equal indifference and equal oblivion of care. Yet Paddy and Shelah have their hours of relaxation, and sometimes enjoy rural and pleasing scenes in their early days, the remembrance of which often illumines their rugged paths as they tread the downhill of life.

In the vicinity of most towns in Ireland are (according to the Catholic custom) licensed houses for dancing and innocent amusement; where, upon a Sunday after mass, the young villagers repair—

“ To simply seek renown

“ By holding out to tire each other down.”

Whilst the old people, on simple benches, sit refreshing themselves either with porter or whiskey, making their remarks upon the youthful performers, whose rustic graces and cheerful looks contribute to the general festivity. Could the Irish be merry and wise, like other nations, such scenes would indeed be pleasing to the speculative mind; but this harmony is too often interrupted by the intrusion of some savage, who seeks a quarrel upon the most trivial pretence, is joined by his fellow savages, when the clattering of the women's tongues, fermenting the fumes of love and whiskey, both generally produce a fight, which seldom ends without the interference of the civil or military power, leaving sad remembrances of broken heads, unconquerable aversion, and lasting hate. Too often the seeds of those feuds are the troubles that so shamefully agitate this portion of Great Britain.

Miss Owenson, in her beautiful novel of *The Wild Irish Girl*, whilst she has so faithfully and charmingly depicted the real character of an Irish lady in *Gloriana*, the honour and character of the true Irish gentleman in *The Prince of Inismore*, and the enlightened priest in the character of the *Friar*, has entirely wandered into error, yielding to her national enthusiasm in the character of her peasantry. They are all (good souls) happy Arcadians, nature's own children, as lavish of their milk and whiskey as an Irish beggar is of “ Long life to your honour—God spare your honour—what a handsome man your honour is,” when, in fact, these miscreants the very next moment will curse you in their own language for a benefit conferred, pro-

vided they imagine you do not understand them. However, it is but justice to say of Miss Owenson, that next to *Self Control*, her *Wild Irish Girl* is unquestionably the best novel of the day. Her *Ida of Athens* only proves her ideas on that subject a little confused. The Irishman is so caricatured upon the English stage, that our fair countrywomen often say, “ What is an Irishman like in his own country?” I should answer he is an animal, varying according to the different counties he partakes of. In Cork or Dublin, somewhat civilized; in the mountains of Wexford, having a rug round his middle, fastened with a scewer, and an upper garment of blanketing thrown over his shoulders, fastened with the same graceful ornament, a white eye, red face, large teeth, wide mouth, spreading ears, low forehead, with long black hair, scattered like bullrushes when agitated by a storm. In Kinsale the same as in England, only of better make, long blue coat, long corduroy waistcoat, with breeches of the same, seldom, however, buttoned at the knee, blue worsted stockings, an erect and not ungraceful demeanour, and a questionable temper.

Although Kinsale is but twelve or thirteen miles from Cork, the method of travelling in Ireland is so barbarous, that it will take you four or five hours to go this distance in a post-chaise, notwithstanding, much to the honour of government, the roads in the vicinity of great towns have been lately remade, and may vie with our best in England for safety and convenience. The reason of this delay in travelling is their wretched vehicles, misnamed post-chaises, worse animals, called horses, and still worse, called drivers, arising from the master being indifferent to every thing but extortion, the horses but to food, and the driver to honesty.

One is poorly recompensed for travelling in the country by change of scene; one mountain leads to an uninteresting valley, and that valley ends in a swamp: no gardens, groves, vine, fig, or olive, to adorn the otherwise beautiful rise and level of this country, which, if adorned by art, as well as it is cultivated and garnished by nature, would far surpass England or Wales—Scotland is too like itself. Nor is there generally any taste displayed in the

Irish gentleman's seat—a large square house of stone and discoloured plaister, small windows, unshorn lawn, with a gate swinging upon one hinge, the cracking refuge of some squalid wretch,—

“Where the gaunt watch dog, howling at the gate,

“Assaults the beggar, whom he longs to eat.”

Yet it must be allowed in such a mansion the spirit of hospitality resides: a gentleman and a stranger, once mentioned and known, is always liberally entertained, and in such a style of refinement as very few of our country squires can boast. The board affords plenty, and even abundance: good wines and claret are pressed upon you, and given with such a cheerful heart that it refreshes beyond any of our English cheer. In such houses one generally meets several beautiful females, whose sweet, unaffected, unsuspecting manners rivet the attention of the stranger; and he is surprised often in the wilds of Ireland to hear

strains more melodious, wild, and enchanting, than in either Italy, France, or England. The Irish music, in simplicity, pathos, and expression, excelling them all; and no ladies know better how to give their native wild notes to more effect than the Irish. An Irish lady plays to the heart, an English lady to the ear; one surprises us either with a total want of feeling, or a rapidity of execution, the other with the concord of sweet sounds, and a fascination of execution which shakes one's frame, reminds us of those days

“When Erin's harp did not neglected lie.”

Mr. T. Moore has done more for Irish music than perhaps any one man ever did for any nation: his refined taste, classical knowledge, and able selection, has crowned him the father of Irish music; and his merit I have ever found gratefully acknowledged and universally allowed throughout Ireland.

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ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF RODRIGO OF BIVAR.

The following curious account of the death of Rodrigo of Bivar is taken from the historian Mariana:—

Thirty days before his death, Rodrigo assembled all his friends and kinsmen, and after having thanked them for their zeal and fidelity to him, he announced that his dissolution would take place in thirty days from that time. Seeing them look astonished and incredulous, he assured them that he was certain of the fact which he told them, that for the last seven nights he had seen his father, Diego Jaynez, and his son, Diego Rodriguez, who had warned him of his approaching end. “But,” continued he, “it was only last night that St. Peter himself appeared to me, and announced to me that at the end of thirty days I must die. Be not dismayed my friends, although we know for certain that King Bucar is coming against us with an immense force, and thirty-six Kings in his train; yet by God's blessing we shall conquer them, and your Cid, the ambassador, will achieve after his death a greater vic-

tory than any which he gained during his life.”

Some time after this, he being then greatly reduced, caused himself to be conveyed to the church of St. Peter, which on that occasion was crowded with all the people of distinction in Valencia, who came to take a last look at their beloved Cid. He addressed a pathetic farewell speech to the assembly, and then made a general confession of his sins to the Bishop, Don Hieronimo, who gave him absolution: he then returned to the Alcazar, and calling for some caskets of gold, in which were balsam and myrrh, presented to him by the Soldan of Persia, he swallowed a little of these mingled, and from that time until he died, which was in seven days afterwards, he took no other nourishment than a little balsam and myrrh mingled with water.

On the day before he died, he called for Donna Ximena, his wife, the Bishop Don Hieronimo, and three of his trusty friends, and gave them the following directions

how to act after his death:—First, that his body might, after it had been washed, be anointed with the precious balsam and myrrh which the Soldan of Persia had presented to him; and that his wife and her women would forbear all wailings and lamentations which might discover his death, as he meant it to be kept secret. On the arrival of King Bucar they were to prepare secretly to evacuate the city, taking with them all their valuables, and as soon as they were ready to set out, they were to apparel the body of the Cid as if for combat, to fasten the famed sword Tizona, with which he had so often conquered, in his hand, and to place him on a horse in such a manner as to secure him from falling off. The Bishop was to go on one side of him, and Gil Diaz, one of his most attached and faithful vassals, on the other side, was to lead his horse. The conduct of the battle was to devolve on his other friends, and he exhorted them to fight with their accustomed valour, in the full persuasion that they should conquer. Soon after these directions were given, he became faint, and after receiving the sacrament, he yielded up tranquilly to his Creator that pure and noble soul which is still the admiration of posterity.

Three days afterwards the Moorish King, Bucar, entered the port of Valencia, and landed with an immense force. We may form some idea of what it must be, from his having in his train thirty-six kings. Bucar ordered his tents to be pitched round Valencia, and they amounted to fifteen thousand. Amongst his forces was a negro Queen, an Amazon of extraordinary courage, who brought with her two hundred female negroes. The King ordered the Amazon and her force to take their station near the walls, in order to annoy the Cid's forces with their arrows.

During nine days the Moors attacked the city with the greatest fury, but were always repulsed with considerable loss. This they little regarded, as they began to think that the Cid, of whose death they were quite ignorant, durst not venture to come out and oppose them: but they were not long suffered to indulge this idea. All being prepared for their departure, and the body of the Cid properly apparelled, and placed in such a manner upon his horse

that no one could discover that he was not alive, his faithful followers sallied forth, and falling furiously upon the Moors, threw them into the greatest disorder. The negro Amazon, however, did some mischief to the company of the Cid, by the well-aimed arrows of herself and her female archers, but the Christians soon rallied, and slew her. The Moors by this time totally discomfited, flew rapidly towards the sea, and were pursued by their opponents with so great a slaughter that out of the thirty-six Moorish kings twenty-two were slain. The victors then loaded their horses with the spoil of the conquered, which was so great that they could not carry it all away; selecting therefore what was most precious, they assembled in regular order, and took the road towards Castille. The city of Valencia had been won by the valour of the Cid from the Moors, and the suburbs of it was still inhabited by them. Great was their amazement when they saw the Christians, with the Cid at their head, take the road to Castille: all that day they remained in doubt whether or not to enter the city; but the next morning, finding that the Christians did not return, they took courage to explore it. They found it stripped of all the property of the Christians, and deserted by every living being; but the enigma was explained by some lines traced on the wall of the Alcazar, by Gil Diaz, in which he related the death of the Cid, and the stratagem he adopted to have his body carried away from the town in a manner which would afford him after death so great a triumph over his enemies.

The Moors, who rejoiced exceedingly at the death of one who had been a scourge to them, took immediate possession of the city, which they retained for a hundred and seventy years, until it was wrested from them by King Don Jayme of Arragon, who was called the Conqueror. The historian adds, that the body of the Cid, which had been embalmed, was kept for ten years before it was committed to the tomb. His wife, Donna Ximena, finished her days in the monastery of St. Pedro de Cardena. She survived her husband four years, and was interred in a vault before the altar, where, after the body of the Cid had been kept ten years, it was deposited also.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

ELIZABETH OF FARNESE, SECOND WIFE
TO PHILIP V. OF SPAIN.

AFTER the death of Philip's first wife the Princess of Ursins held the most uncontrollable sway over the mind of the imbecile monarch, so much so that the Princess began to entertain hopes of being made Queen of Spain: Philip, however, by the advice of his counsellors, contracted a second marriage with the object of our present anecdote, who, no doubt, piqued at the high ascendancy of this favourite, who was sent out to meet her on her journey to the court of Spain, resolved by one bold effort for ever to get rid of her. The Princess of Ursins exultingly presented herself before the new Queen, and began to address her in a lively and cheerful manner. Scarce had she uttered a sentence when Elizabeth, cutting her short, told her she was not dressed in a decent manner, and that she had failed in respect towards her. In vain Mademoiselle des Ursins assured her that her dress was according to court etiquette; but without listening to her, the Queen cried out that she insulted her, and ordered her instantly to quit her presence, telling the lords in waiting to turn her out. Finding them hesitate, Elizabeth cried out in a commanding tone, "Take away that mad woman, as I order you;" and at length pushed her herself out of the room, calling the officer who commanded the King's guard to arrest her, and send her out of the kingdom: she then dispatched an officer to the King, acquainting him with the step she had taken.

Elizabeth was a woman of masculine understanding, and governed Philip as she pleased; yet she had but a slight smattering of the principles of government, so that the King often found himself much inconvenienced by her want of prudence. One day, when the most urgent wants were felt by the state on account of a long war, she seized the King to give her money to continue the buildings at St. Ildefonse: the King's answer seemed instigated by the spirit of prophecy. "I believe," said he, "you have an earnest desire to be only

Countess of Ildefonse."—Too true a prediction, for Philip V. ceded his crown to the Prince of Asturias: he however took it again after that Prince's death.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, QUEEN TO
EDWARD IV.

THE anecdote recorded of this illustrious female, which, evincing her virtuous principles, raised her to the throne of England, is known to almost the whole of Britain's fair and modest daughters. She knew how to withstand the solicitations of the most beautiful Prince in the world, and fearless of losing those possessions she came petitioning to retain, she preferred poverty to the accusations of a conscience stained with dishonour. "Sire," said she, "I know I am not worthy to be your Queen, but I think myself too good to be your concubine."

When the royal widow found herself compelled to seek a sanctuary, with her little son, the Duke of York, in Westminster Abbey, from the cruel wiles of his ambitious uncle, afterwards Richard III. the Cardinal of York was sent to her, to induce her to deliver up the child. The account of this interview is extremely affecting: the Queen urged the tenderness of his constitution, and made use of every plea which maternal fondness could suggest to keep her little darling with her. The Primate told her it was inexpedient the child should be always with its mother. "Is it then sore," said the afflicted Queen, "against my child's honour that he should abide in such a place as this? as to other of my friends," added she, "would to God they were rather here in surety with me than I in jeopardy with them."

The Cardinal then assured her of the safety in which her royal person should remain. "Ah, my Lord," said she, "they hate my friends for my sake; and therefore, as for me, I desire not to depart hence, for this gentleman, my son, I mind he shall be where I am until I see further."—In vain the Primate assured her of the Protector's tenderness.—"Ah, Sir," said she,

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"the tenderness of the Protector feareth least any thing should escape him. In what place can I reckon my child sure, if not in this sanctuary, whereof there was never tyrant yet so devilish that durst presume to break. You all know that this is not the first time I have taken sanctuary; for when my Lord and husband was banished, and thrust out of his kingdom, I fled hither, being pregnant, and here I bare this Prince; and when my King returned joyful from victory, I brought my babe unto his father, who, taking him in his arms, said, 'I pray God that my son's palace may be as great a safeguard to him now reigning, as this place was some time to the King's enemy.' Wherefore I intend here to keep him; the law of nature allows the mother to keep her child. God's law privileges the sanctuary, and the sanctuary my son, since I fear to put him in the Protector's hands, who hath his brother already, and were, if both failed, inheritor to the crown. The cause of my fear hath no man to do to examine."

This speech of the Queen's, which we have considerably abridged, marks how early her suspicions were awakened of Gloucester's unnatural and cruel usurpation; the Cardinal perceiving it, and willing to put a stop as speedily as possible to this conference, he assured her, in the presence of her lords in waiting, that if she would deliver to him the child he durst lay down his body and soul as pledges for his safety. On the arrival of the Protector being announced, the Queen, either believing the Cardinal, or imagining that all future resistance would be needless, delivered him up with many tears, saying, "Farewell, my own sweet son; God send you good keeping; let me kiss you once yet ere you go, for God knoweth when I shall embrace you again."

The child's tears flowed in yet greater abundance than those of his afflicted mother, who had but too well predicted the cruel conduct and usurpation of his uncle, to whom she was compelled to deliver him.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME DE THIANGES.

MADAME DE THIANGES was professedly a woman of gaiety and intrigue: pleasure was the goddess at whose shrine she was ever seen sacrificing as her most zealous priestess. Louis XIV. used to say that in his youth he has often stole from home to sup with other young men at her house, for she was a most excellent table companion. She gave rise to that proverb in France, that *no one grows old at a good table*. She maintained two favourite points, which she supported with great drollery, warmth, persuasion, and eloquence; one was on her nobility, the other on her person: as for the first she acknowledged only two houses in France, her own and that of Rochefoucault, in favour of the alliances that family had made with her's; and though she did not deny that the King's birth was illustrious, she often disputed the ancients of his house when speaking of her own. Her second argument was in pointing out herself as the master-piece of nature; not so much by her extraordinary

beauty as by the delicacy of those organs which composed her whole fabric; and in uniting the two main objects of this folly, she fancied that the perfection of her outward form was owing to her superior birth: these ideas rendered her wit sharp and satirical, but never seemed to influence either her mind or heart, and appeared rather to be used to display that original manner and fund of winning eloquence for which her whole family were so famed.

MADAME LA MARECHALE DE VILLEROY.

The qualities of this lady's mind amply compensated for the defects of her person, the deformity of which was conspicuous, and her natural make was short and thick. She was possessed of that discriminating politeness so difficult to be found, which is flattering without being overstrained, and when she chose to display her wit she charmed every one by the pleasantry of her sallies, while at the same time a certain air of dignity was yet visible in all her *repar-*

ties. She could find but a very select few in whose society she could be at home; and although she passed her chief time at the court of Versailles, she seemed to hold there a court of her own as quite independent of that of the King and Madame de Maintenon, who both esteemed and feared her.

Never was her husband invested with a command without the utmost dread on the part of Madame de Villeroi of his being defeated, and her presentiments seemed but too often to be fatally verified, particularly in the affair of Ranilly. She had already commenced the life of a *devotée*, and this augmented her religious enthusiasm: her director was a rigid priest, and he commanded her to keep perpetual silence whenever Chamillart was mentioned, or any one who had in any way contributed to the misfortunes of her husband. The fortitude of Madame de Villeroi

caused her implicitly to obey this order; and so faithful was she to this promise, that if any one in her presence took the freedom of conversing on this matter he immediately changed the subject; if it was taken up again she shewed with politeness, but yet with firmness, that such discourse was displeasing to her. The weakness of her sight hindered her from employing her hours at her needle; and play, of which she was once extremely fond, she had now given up from scruples of conscience, so that in her latter years she found herself reduced to pass whole days in her elbow chair in listening to books of devotion, which she employed her attendants in reading to her. A life so contrary to that she had been accustomed to lead, so solitary and taciturn, brought on a languid disorder, which carried her off in about three years after the battle of Ranilly.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF A MAGISTRATE OF AVON, IN FRANCE.

WHEN Madame de Maintenon was at the height of her favour she went to pay a visit to this province, and soon after her arrival she received a letter from the magistrate, signed by many of the principal inhabitants of the town, expressing the utmost solicitude for the King's health and her own, as a fatal distemper they said had lately carried off vast numbers of *beasts*.

ACCOUNT OF THE YOUNG COUNT DE LUXEMBOURG.

THE melancholy end of this youth, who actually perished from inanition, ought to serve as a warning to all parents not to place too implicit a belief in a physician's prescriptions. Madame de Luxembourg, by a blind adherence to the rules of medicine, administered nauseous drugs in the food of this unfortunate child, and caused him to observe a regimen more than severe, through her mistaken confidence in the efficacy of the medicines recommended to him. Rousseau declares that the unhappy Count has often paid him a visit, almost

famished, and would greedily devour a crust, or any other homely fare set before him by the friendly Theresa, afterwards Madame Rousseau.

The citizen of Geneva urged an alteration in this treatment with all the energy that favour and friendship allowed him to employ, in order to mitigate the sufferings of this heir to greatness; but little availed all he could say or do, the physician was the oracle, and the poor child died with hunger, while the same confidence in empirics which lost the grandson, hastened the death of the Marechal, his grandfather. By a mistaken treatment of the gout in the use of external applications, he lost his life in consequence of an obstinate adherence to what gave him momentary ease, and which he vainly thought a method of certain cure.

FLATTERY OF A FRENCH COURTIER.

THE Marechal de Grammont was so skilled in the art of flattery that he endeavoured to dissuade his sovereign against the absolute testimony of ocular proof. After the disastrous defeat of the French army, and

the death of the great Turenne, the courtiers, thinking to pay their court to Louis the Fourteenth, told him that entire battalions and regiments were entering Thionville and Metz almost every moment, and that in fact the French had scarce lost a single man, except the gallant hero whose death they now lamented. The King, disgusted at the emptiness of their assertions, seeing so many skeletons of troops continually coming back, said, "But I think there seems more men returned than ever went out at one time."—"Certainly, Sire," said the Marechal de Grammont, "because they have brought back their children with them."

LORD NORTH.

In the convivial administration of this nobleman, when the ministerial dinners were composed of such wits as Lords Sandwich, Weymouth, Thurlow, Richard Rigby, and several other choice spirits, they resorted to those agreeable pleasantries for which, unfortunately, the present age is too refined. Amongst others, it was sometimes the frolic of the day to call upon each member, when the cloth was drawn, and the servants had retired, for a rhyme,

to be made on the name of his left hand neighbour. This was once proposed by Lord Sandwich, who hoped thereby to get a laugh against his facetious friend, for Lord North happened to have on his left hand a Mr. Mellagen, a name which seemed incapable of being given at a game of *bouts rimes*. Luckily, however, for Lord North, Mr. Mellagen had informed him of an accident which had befallen him near the pump in Pall-Mall: this enabled his Lordship to extricate himself from the trap which had been laid for him by the following impromptu:—

"Poor Mr. Mellagen!
 "Has hurt his rump against a pump,
 "So won't go near its well again."

MR. PITT.

THERE was nothing so justly a subject of blame with this great minister as the excessive lateness of fashionable hours: the Duchess of Gordon said to him one day—"I hope you will dine with me this evening at TEN."—"I am sorry I cannot wait upon your Grace," said the immortal Pitt, "as I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at NINE."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

MICHAEL ANGELO DE CARAVAGGIO.

In whatever state genius may bestow her sacred inspirations, the happy mortal so favoured, need feel no discouragement from his abject situation: let him eagerly aspire to make his talent produce tenfold, and remember the once low estate of this eminent artist.

Michael Angelo was only a day labourer, and the first enthusiasm he caught for the art of painting was from seeing some painters at work on a brick wall; charmed with what he had seen, he determined to apply himself to a study, which to him appeared so delightful. In a few years the progress he made astonished every one: not only at Caravaggio, the little village in Milan, where he was born, did he produce this admiration, but in Venice, Rome, and other parts of Italy, he was cited as the au-

thor of a new and exquisite style of painting. When he first arrived at Rome, the straits of circumstances endured by this mighty master of the divine art, obliged him to descend to the painting of fruit and flowers under Gioseppino; but he soon grew weary of subjects which were but trifling when put in competition with what he was equal to, and he returned to his favourite practice of painting histories.

Conscious of his great abilities, Michael Angelo was but too much lifted up by them, and was apt to treat his cotemporaries with contempt and insolence, employing all the keenness of sarcasm, to which he was too much subject, against them; in a particular manner he would exert his satire against his employer Gioseppino, making a public jest of him, and thus exposing himself to danger and enmity. One day,

as Michael was disputing with him, he ran a young man through the body who had stepped forward, in the desire of making peace between them. Michael Angelo threw himself on the protection of the Marquis Justiniani, who, with some difficulty, obtained his pardon from the Pope. No sooner was this turbulent young man set at liberty, but he flew to Gioseppino, and challenged him. Gioseppino haughtily and coolly replied, that "He was a knight, and would not draw his sword against an inferior." This answer so severely stung Michael, that he hastened with all possible speed to Malta; there he performed his exercises, took the vows, and received the order of knighthood as a serving brother. After this he set out for Rome, resolving to force Gioseppino to fight him: but as he was returning he was seized with a violent fever, which soon put an end to his quarrel and his life in the year 1609, when he was only in his fortieth year.

NICOLAS POUSSIN.

This painter, whose works confer so much real honour on the French school, was of far different origin and temper to Caravaggio. Of noble lineage, but born to a very small estate, as he regarded often with filial sorrow the narrowness of his parents' circumstances, he resolved to follow the bent of his genius, which led him to painting, and which would, while it ensured him an independence, be perhaps, he reflected, the means of his being able to render them assistance. At eighteen he set off for Paris, in order to learn the rudiments of the art, where a nobleman of Poitiers taking a liking to him, placed him with Ferdinand, the face-painter. Poussin, however, left him in three months, and having a better idea of the abilities of Lallemand, placed himself with him, but finding he should never learn any thing of either of these masters, he quitted Lallemand in one month, resolving no longer to throw away his time, believing that he could learn much more by studying the works of the best masters than by the common routine and discipline of ordinary painters. With the most extraordinary facility, he worked for some years in distemper; and

the Cavalier Marino being at that time in Paris, he soon perceived that the genius of Poussin was very far above the small performances he was engaged in, and he requested him to accompany him into Italy. Poussin had before in vain attempted twice to take this journey, to which his means were inadequate; gladly would he have availed himself of this invitation, but some concurring circumstances were in his way: he promised, however, to follow his patron as soon as possible; but business retarded his journey till he was thirty years of age, when he set off for Rome.

He was received by the Cavalier Marino in the most cordial and friendly manner; who, in order to be as serviceable to him as possible, recommended him to Cardinal Barberini, who had earnestly desired his acquaintance. Yet like all those of high extraction, who endeavour to make their fortunes by business, that of Poussin came on but slowly; long established painters swept all away: the gentleman arrived at thirty, with the finest genius in the world, could not emerge, could scarce gain a trifling subsistence; the price that was set upon his works, and for which he was obliged to dispose of them, in order to procure renown, would scarce pay for his colours. He was blessed, however, like most of his countrymen, with courage and perseverance: he applied himself assiduously to study, resolving, at every risque, to make himself master of his profession. He had no money to squander away, like many of his extravagant and indolent fellow students; he had, therefore, more leisure to retire by himself, and design the beautiful subjects with which Rome furnished him, as well as the antiquities from the works of the first masters.

Had he known the high renown which after-ages would bestow on his works, he would not have quitted Rome with that extreme reluctance he evinced, at the desire of Louis the XIII. for him to return immediately to France. Retirement had become habitual to him; and gentle in his manners, and inclined to a tender melancholy disposition, he detested the tumultuous scene of living in Paris, the air of which, also, never agreed with him. He had married the sister of Gaspar, and he left her behind him, in Italy, in order to be furnished with

a pretext for returning to Rome. All his thoughts, while he was engaged in embellishing the palaces and churches in Paris, were employed to this effect: he kept, however, his intentions entirely to himself; and, as soon as he could, with any degree of propriety craved the indulgence, he requested to go to Rome to settle his domestic affairs, and

to fetch away his wife. The death of Louis the XIII. which happened soon after his arrival there, together with that of Richelieu, caused Poussin to fix himself in the centre of the arts, and he never afterwards quitted Italy. He died in 1665, at the age of seventy-one.

CLEOMIR AND DALIA.—A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

(Concluded from Page 20.)

On the day following the Queen appeared in public, and in all the pomp of royalty. Her languid look seemed to add to her charms. Cleomir hastened amidst the crowd of spectators; his greedy eyes sought the Queen on all sides, and sought the Queen alone. At length he perceived her, and stood amazed, and transported:—"It is Dalia!" exclaimed he; "the same features, the same charms, the same graces: never was there a more entire likeness; the Gods are not lavish of such perfect beings." He was very near interrupting the ceremony, when he recollected all that the Princess had told him respecting the excessive likeness that existed between her and her sister. This reflection, confused all his ideas, and brought back all his sad perplexity. He was only surprised, that his heart should seem to be in the same mistake as his eyes, with regard to that resemblance.

As he was thus involved in thought, a bard, who had formerly been attached to the court of Aquitaine, recognized and accosted him. Bards, at that time, were what our poets are now-a-days, with the exception, that they were less numerous, and more respected. They were to be known by badges of honourable distinction: they were, besides, the only historians of the nation. Their usual employ consisted in singing the deeds of great men. They would frequently go from province to province, and it may easily be imagined, that there were plenty of them at court. This one was come to try his fortune at that of the new Queen: he was astonished that Cleomir did not appear there in all the splendour becoming and suited to his dignity. The Prince stood in need of a confidant, and especially of the

description of him whom chance threw in his way. He communicated to the bard the motive of his journey, and easily prevailed on him to second his views. He even revealed the impression that the Queen had just made on his mind, and the uncertainty she had created. "I know that Princess but very little," replied the bard; "it is only the second time that I appear before her eyes. For certain she is the most beautiful woman at court, but, at the same time, the most melancholy. However, she conceals the cause of her sadness, it is said, and all respect it sufficiently not to appear having discovered that which she desired should be kept a mystery. Nevertheless," continued he, "I hope with the aid of my art, to be able to clear your doubts, and perhaps sooth the unbounded sorrows of the Queen.

This promise was followed by farther ones from the Prince to the bard; and whilst the latter went to prepare his soothing ballad, Cleomir gave a free course to his reflections. His ideas were confused; beams of hope, were instantly intercepted by clouds of uncertainty. No, would he say ultimately, no, I cannot believe that Dalia is on the throne, without appraising me of it: I know her heart too well:—but perhaps, added he, Dalia suspects mine; my departure from Iberia, perhaps was a crime in her eyes; perhaps, that which was only the result of noble ambition, had appeared to her to be the effect of criminal inconstancy. A woman of sixteen, and who loves, seldom knows how to weigh glory and love in the same scale.

Two days after, the bard presented himself before the Queen, who, having noticed him, wished to hear a specimen of his

abilities: that was what he most wished for. He promised to treat her Majesty with strains that no one had ever heard before; from which promise, the Queen was induced to be extremely attentive. The bard had recourse to another method, in order to prevent inattention; he began with the description of his hero, whom he affected not to name; but, whoever had seen Cleomir, must recognize him in the delineation; and, whoever had not seen him, from that moment, wished to see him. The Queen, on a sudden, became thoughtful, and seemed to undergo violent emotion: the bard, then swelling his notes, sang the exploits of the young warrior, his rapid conquests, his valour in the field, and his mildness after victory. He quoted the instant when subdued by his prisoner, from a conqueror he became an humble slave. He described the pleasures which the young couple had enjoyed in their retreat; the hard struggles Cleomir had to encounter before he could tear himself away from those enchanting scenes; the new laurels that awaited him on the banks of the Tiber: but the minstrel surpassed himself towards the conclusion of his song. He had to express the excessive grief of Cleomir since Dalia had been carried away from him. The bard, upon this occasion, introduced such melting terms, that the whole assembly felt moved, and that the Queen could not repress her tears; the bard even thought he could perceive that she did violence to herself to refrain from shewing other marks of her feelings.

As he was going to retire, she called him back, and taking him aside: "confess," said she, "that you have been describing an imaginary being, that has never existed but in your song."—"I beg your pardon, great Queen," replied the bard, "my hero does exist; he is even superior, in every respect, to the picture I have drawn of him:" the Queen, at these words, remained plunged in deep reverie. The bard, who could read within her thoughts, discovered that she was more thoroughly convinced than she wished to appear. At last, the Queen asked him, what country the Prince, whom he had been singing, inhabited? "Yours, madam," replied he, "but only for a short time, I believe." "What!" returned she, with emotion, "is there nothing

in these realms that he thinks deserving of detaining him. Your Prince loves glory: I have armies, but no General: that appointment does not appear to me unworthy of being offered to him." The Queen then added, that she would give the Prince a private audience on the following day, if he should think proper to attend it.

The bard hesitated not to answer, that the Prince would. He wondered at so rapid a success, which, however, he modestly attributed to the merits of his poetry. "It is unquestionable," said he, "that if the Queen were what Cleomir imagines, she would not delay so long in making it known to him. She has been moved to tears, but what does that prove? nothing, but the excellence of my pathetic strains."

The report he made to the Prince, was in unison with that mode of reasoning. Nevertheless, Cleomir thought he could see something more in it: yet his doubts were not cleared up. He therefore resolved to attend to the audience that was proposed to him. Who knows, said he, whether some motives of prudence do not compel Dalia to behave in this manner? but, be it even from motives of caprice, or, that Dalia's sister fills the throne, let us try, at least, to unravel the mystery.

He repaired to the palace at the hour appointed, where he was admitted under the auspices of the bard: but, on his own account, he was introduced into the Queen's apartment. She was in bed, under a pretence of being indisposed, and her indisposition seemed to increase at the sight of the Prince. The Queen uttered a scream, at which all her female attendants crowded near her; but she recovered instantly, and bade them to retire at a certain distance. "Sir," said the Queen to Cleomir, "you must think it rather extraordinary to be thus invited by a sovereign, from whom, perhaps, you had nothing to demand; but I am a well-wisher to my country, and a defender of your eminence is not to be purchased too dear by my taking such a step."

Cleomir, less struck by that discourse, than by the voice that pronounced it, was unable to answer it. The sound of that voice penetrated his very soul, he thought he heard Dalia, and notwithstanding the surrounding darkness, he fancied he saw

her: but the likeness he knew to subsist, would again thwart his ideas. Besides, his extreme agitation would not allow him to observe whether the Queen was equally confused. At last he answered her; but in order only to elude accepting of her offers. He added, that engaged to go in quest of a previous object which he had lost through his own fault, no motive of ambition could divert him from his purpose. Cleomir perceived that the Queen was struck at his reply; but he could not make out the real nature of her emotion.

At that same moment was announced a messenger, the bearer of alarming news. An army of Germans had penetrated into Celtic Gaul, and laid the country waste on their passage. The Queen appeared frightened. Cleomir then imagined he was bound in honour to assist a Princess who had made a first offer to him; but he refused taking any command, and would only go as a volunteer. The Queen, it is true, appointed to attend him, all the warriors that composed part of her court, and sent orders to the General to consult him upon every occasion. This order produced the effect that might be expected: the General considered the Prince to be sent to him as a colleague, and consequently looked upon him as an enemy.

Cleomir, meanwhile, was reflecting on the occurrences that influenced his conduct, which appeared to him as extraordinary as that of the Queen seemed inconsistent. It did not appear natural to him, that a sovereign should bestow, unsolicited, such marked distinctions on a stranger. Next, he would think that Dalia, alone, could treat him in such a manner. "On the other hand," said he, "Dalia would do more for me. What would mean too much, if proceeding from her sister's mouth, conveys no meaning whatever, when issuing from hers." Cleomir, therefore, on either side, could find nothing beyond inconsistency: nay, he thought no better of his own conduct, till, at last, under a persuasion that either in a woman, or in the wisest man, inconsistencies prove nothing, he determined to wait for the event.

The success of the campaign was soon brought to an issue: the two armies were in presence of each other: the Gaul General asked Cleomir's advice, that he might

be able to make contrary dispositions. They were so favourable to the enemy, that they broke through the ranks of the Celtic army, with great facility, and almost without any danger. The General himself was surrounded, whilst fighting most valiantly: Cleomir then perceived, that the total defeat of the army was certain, unless he took the command. He rallied the dispersed force, encouraged those that stood firm, ordered new attacks, and fought with that valour, which occasions wonder, and inspires a spirit of emulation. The face of affairs soon changed; the Germans, broken in their turn, were pursued till they were entirely routed; and the only vestiges of their invasion, to be seen, were the number of slain, and of prisoners that they left behind.

The Celtic army loudly attributed to Cleomir the honours of the victory. He was brought back to court in triumph, and considered as the saviour of the state. These homages were spontaneously rendered him by the people, who had anticipated, in that respect, the Queen's commands; yet one could read in her looks the satisfaction she derived from them. One might even have discovered that that satisfaction was relative to the person of the conquering hero, as much, or more, than to the victory of which she reaped the benefit.

It was customary in Gaul, in those days, that the sovereign, in the midst of his or her court, in all the pomp and splendour of royalty, should place a gold crown on the head of the victorious General. It was decided, that a similar honour should be conferred on Cleomir, and the ceremony was only postponed for two days. During that interval, he had another short interview with the Queen, who, the same as in the first, only shewed herself in the dark. The Prince, in consequence, formed new conjectures, experienced fresh uncertainty and impatience: however, he determined to run every risk, in order to be made acquainted with Dalia's destiny: for Dalia alone could he be interested; it was her candour, her love, her manner of loving that captivated him. It would not have sufficed to divert him from his passion, to have equalled Dalia in beauty, to bear her same features: she alone, might have be-

come her own rival; and that was what Cleomir occasionally suspected. Two new incidents, however, occurred, which entirely removed those ideas.

The bard, who had served him in his first attempts, had not followed him in his expedition against the Germans; but had continued at court, where the Queen treated him with the greatest kindness, and overwhelmed him with benefits. In his opinion, it was the beauty of his stanzas that she rewarded; nevertheless, he might have perceived that the hero had a great share in the conference of them. The Queen would speak of him so frequently, that he suspected what she did not wish to conceal. She even entrusted him at last, with a message that shewed the most intimate confidence; namely, of inviting Cleomir to settle at her court. A letter from the Queen, which he delivered into the Prince's hands, corroborated the purport of her conversation, and seemed to hint, that he might aspire to any thing. The bard spared no pains to persuade him his marriage with Dalia was, in itself, no hindrance: the law authorized divorces, and, in those days, one sister could replace another. The real obstacle was Cleomir's attachment for Dalia.

He answered the Queen's letter in a respectful but evasive manner: he only wanted to gain time. The hand-writing of the letter was entirely unknown to him; but a few hours after, a slave brought him another note, written in a hand that he knew at once. His surprise was equal to his joy when he read the following words:—

"Ever dear, though perhaps inconstant husband, behold the writing of the unfortunate Dalia; she is still alive, and lives for you alone. Follow the bearer, come and justify yourself, if possible."

"Yes," cried Cleomir; "yes, my justification shall be soon and easily made. I want no other judge than her heart, no other evidence than my actions. He set off immediately, without any attendant, except the slave who conducted him." After an hour's walk, they arrived at a solitary forest: they then proceeded for about another hour, when they reached a castle, that much resembled a state prison; but which they entered without encountering any interruption. Cleomir was

surprised at finding there was some of the slaves that served Dalia, in Iberia: but what did he not experience when he perceived Dalia in person, when he saw her rush into his arms, press him within hers, and heard her ask him, in a faint voice—
"Is it true that Dalia is still dear to you?"

Cleomir at first answered only with burning kisses: he afterwards spoke in that tone that always conveys persuasion, because it proceeds from sentiment and truth. Dalia's tears ran in abundance, but they were not tears of sorrow; they were tears of tenderness and joy; delicious tears, inspired by the conviction of that existing happiness which one has had occasion to doubt of, of that happiness that mutual affection can procure. "My dearest Dalia," said Cleomir, "the moments are precious; I must carry you away from this prison: perhaps some days later, it would be of a more difficult access to me: let us fly from this spot, nay, far from Gaul, till we may return thither in a manner more worthy of you and of myself."

"What!" cried she at last, "what! Prince, would you, in order to accompany me, renounce all the advantages that a powerful Queen offers you?"—"Nothing can replace you," interrupted he; "not even a Queen, who possesses all your charms. An ardent thirst of glory, and the desire of procuring you a situation worthy of your merits, tore me once from your arms; but the empire of the whole world, if you were not to share it with me, could not tempt me."

"But Prince," resumed she, after another pause, "is it not to-morrow that you are to receive, in the presence of all the chiefs of the state, the prize of the victory for which the country is indebted to you? such honours are not to be scorned; and it is proper that the Celts should accustom themselves to behold in you their protector." Cleomir was more anxious of releasing Dalia, than of being crowned after his victory; but she persisted so positively in her idea, that he was forced to comply. He left her, after they had agreed upon some particular measures relative to their flight; wondering that she would insist on its being delayed, and still more so at her motive for so doing. "To oblige me," would he say, "to behold her rival

in all the splendour of the throne, and to partake myself of that splendour! certainly Dalia must rely much on my fidelity, or not be sufficiently apprehensive of exposing it to danger."

This idea occupied him till the moment of the ceremony: there were seen all the grandees of the state; the Queen seated on a magnificent throne, had the council of Druids on her right, and on her left the senate of the Gaul ladies: the principal commanders of the army occupied the steps of the throne, and the avenues; and an immense population the remaining space. Cleomir advanced amidst the acclamations of the multitude, and conducted by the chief warriors that had fought under him: his deportment, his aspect, his whole person, displayed such nobleness, that the crown that awaited him, seemed far below what he was entitled to claim.

The Queen appeared so beautiful in his eyes, that he shuddered at Dalia's imprudence. The Queen herself, as if considering of a design of still greater importance than that announced, appeared with a countenance expressive of joy, blended with confusion.

Cleomir advanced, and ascended some steps of the throne, where the Queen, at that moment, was standing up to receive him; amidst universal shouts of applause, she placed on the Prince's head the gold crown which she held in her hand: she might have been mistaken for Venus crowning Mars. A profound genuflection announced Cleomir was going to retire, when the Queen stopped him; "Prince," said she, "your faithful Dalia is no longer willing to be separated from you:" these words caused him inexpressible surprise. At the same time, the Queen taking her crown off her own head, deposited it in the hands of one of her officers, and descended to the same step where Cleomir stood. Universal amazement and silence succeeded the general applause. Dalia then (for it was she) raising her voice that went to the soul, expressed herself as follows:—

"O ye noble select of a nation, the terror of the whole earth, listen to your Queen, and hear the terms on which she is willing to continue so. (*Showing Cleomir*) Behold the support, the protector, the hus-

band, which the Gods had bestowed on me before I had been appointed to govern these realms. Had I received from them that precious gift alone, my gratitude would last as long as I live. And ye, generous Gauls, think that he is a present which Heaven sends you, through my hands: born of royal blood, my husband is still more deserving of commanding, of ruling over men, on account of his courage and his virtues, than in consequence of his birth. He never fought, but he returned victorious; never has he besieged a fortress, but it was forced to surrender: no one knows better than he does how to subdue a nation, and to you he has evinced that he knows how to defend one."

(*To the Druids.*)—"Ye ministers of the Gods, behold the protector of their altars."

(*To the Senate.*)—"Ye wise dispensers of the laws, his powerful arm will maintain their authority."

(*To the Chiefs of the Army.*)—"Brave warriors, the chief worthy of marching at your head, now stands before your eyes. And ye, Gauls, who have acknowledged me as your Queen, this is the King which my affection proposes to your acceptance, the King she has chosen for herself. Our destinies are inseparable: either dethrone Dalia, or crown Cleomir."

This discourse, pronounced in a noble and affecting tone, by a Princess who delighted her hearers, even when she aimed not at moving them; the tears that dropped from her beautiful eyes, that spoke her love for her husband; and, no less than all that, the high character of Cleomir; every thing, in short, contributed to an happy issue. General and immediate acclamations announced the suffrages to be unanimous. Cleomir was elected King before he could be thoroughly convinced that his Dalia and the Queen were but one.

His doubts, in that respect, were easily to be removed. Dalia informed him of what his absence prevented him from being apprized of. Ambigat having survived Segovee, survived also his prepossession in favour of that Druid, and even his devotion to Tantatea. The Goddess Isis became the object of his repeated homages, and the high priestess of his confidence. It was quite in nature that the priestess would wish to annul all that had

seen done by the Druid, her enemy, and still worse, her predecessor. Oracles were wanted, and oracles were produced: by this means, in the name of Isis, Dalia had been declared to be the eldest, from the very same reason that she at first was declared the youngest; that is to say, on account of her being born the last. Ambigat, informed of the place of her retreat, had caused her to be carried off, secretly conducted to his court, intended her to succeed him, and excluded from the throne, her whom at first he had preferred. To

render the revolution complete, the latter replaced Dalia among the priestesses of Isis: there she wished, perhaps, for the arrival of another Cleomir, that the parallel might be perfect. This critical reflection, however, is not to be imputed to Dalia; neither is that Princess to be judged too severely on account of her mode of trying the fidelity of her husband. Similar experiments might be tried three thousand years ago: in our present times, they might not be attended with the same success.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c

HAVING now led our fair readers through the various walks of Nature's bounty, from the gay parterre, bright with the hues of jonquils and carnations, to the embowering shrubbery, where glowing rosebuds have contrasted with the lily and the snowdrop; thence to the surge-beat shore, and the towering cliffs that frown upon it, or wandered with them on the chill mountain's summit investigating the lichens and the mosses that present the first symptoms of vegetation, we now invite them to the wide spread forest and rocky heath, to pick up a few scattered fragments of botanical beauty, previous to our intended *philosophical investigation*.

Who is it that has penetrated into the peculiar and characteristic features of forest scenery, but must have felt the awful inspiration of the deep surrounding gloom, where every leaf, whether bursting from the bud or scattered by the wind along the devious wood-walks, spoke to his heart of times and joys that were past, no more to be renewed by returning spring! Who is there that must not have felt each passing blast inculcate moral truths, leading him to the contemplation of the works of God, and prompting him to reverence and love for the great Creator! Most energetically does the amiable Gisborne express himself, when he exclaims:—

“How swells th' enraptured bosom, while the eye
“Wanders unsated with delight from shade
“To shade, from grove to thicket, from near
 groupes
“To yon primeval woods with darkening sweep
“Retiring——.”

And with that pleasing writer, no doubt, many of our fair friends are ready to add,—

—————“I could rove,
“At morn, at noon, at eve, by lunar ray,
“In each returning season, through your shades,
“Ye reverend woods! could visit every dell,
“Each hill, each breezy lawn, each wandering
 brook,
“And bid the world admire——”

To those who are disposed to enjoy such scenery, much delight must often have been felt by contemplating the

MOUNTAIN ASH,

which was considered as an object of great veneration in those days, when that place which dissipation and thoughtlessness now hold in society was occupied by gloomy superstition; nor are those traces yet entirely vanished, as some remnants of its hoary trunk may even yet be found lingering on the mouldering remains of some Druid's temple, where it once concealed their mystic rites in its embowering shade, or in some ancient cemetery where its drooping branches sigh over the humble mounds of rustic mortality!

Its once holy uses seem now forgotten, and in our plantations it is now introduced merely as an ornament of the landscape, without any regard to its utility as timber: for in the southern vales of England it never acquires any important size, though it often becomes a considerable tree on the mountains of Caledonia; where, on some rocky precipice covered with dark pines and waving birch that cast a solemn gloom over the crystal lake below, a few of those

mountain ashes may often be seen picturesquely placed on some prominent knoll, and producing a fine effect by its union with their contrasted foliage; a contrast most powerful in effect, not only in the vernal season, from the light green tint of the leaves, but also in autumn, when its glowing berries hang clustering amidst the deeper green of the sombrous pines. There, happily blended by the hand of nature, and in due picturesque proportion, they invest the sides of those rugged mountains with some of their greatest beauties. Often mixed with these in the mountain forest is the

LARCH,

which indeed claims the Alps, the Appenines, and Pyrennees, as its native residence, where it may be seen flourishing in aerial regions much higher than the habitat of any other tree of its size and importance; and often may the romantic traveller view it picturesquely hanging over rocks and precipices where human foot has never trod. At other places the tourist finds it most usefully employed when, felled by the Alpine peasant, and thrown across some yawning gulf or mountain torrent, it presents a tremendous passage from cliff to cliff, whilst the thundering cataract is seen only in surges of rising vapour, but is heard wildly roaring many fearful fathoms below.

Our forest ramble also introduces us to the

ARBUTUS,

or Strawberry tree; of which the *Arbutus Alpina* has the most beautiful variety of flowers, presenting a most glowing contrast to the deep green of the foliage. Of the well known Lake of Killarney it is one of the greatest ornaments, cloathing the hoar rocks with the living emerald, and sweetly reflected in the pellucid mirror below. This forest plant bears an eatable fruit, which was an article of food in ancient Italy in classic times; yet Virgil, Horace, and Pliny, by each of whom it is mentioned, give it the name of *Unedo*, or unfit for eating, although its fruit has a taste something resembling that of black currants. From its flourishing so much in the southwest of Ireland, it is evident that it might be introduced, with success, into Cornwall and Devonshire: nay, we doubt not that it

might be cultivated so as to afford shade to the bleak and almost barren Scilly Islands, as it indeed not only covers the hills, rocks, and precipices in Sweden, but also in the most exposed parts of the north of Scotland, and in the Hebrides.

Even humbler shrubs are deserving of notice; and none more so than the

HAWTHORN,

called by Theophrastus *Crataegus Oxycantha*, a name derived from the Greek word *Kratos*, or strength, in allusion to its hardness, for it is equally found on dry hills and open exposures; on soils of gravel, clay, or chalk; or in the rudest fissures of the limestone rock. The usual varieties of this very useful plant flower about May, when our hedges are covered with its bloom, so as emphatically to have acquired the name of that month; but the Glastonbury variety is of much earlier florescence, putting forth its flowers in the depth of winter, its buds bursting and giving forth all their sweets on Christmas day, whereon it has been considered as typical of the glorious advent of a Saviour to a repentant world!

As few trees or shrubs exceed this in beauty, at least in its season of bloom, it becomes a pleasing ornament for plantations, and even sometimes, when placed singly upon an extended lawn, or in the opening glades of park-like enclosures. As a single tree it has been known to acquire a height of twenty-five feet; but its present uses are generally confined to the formation of our best hedges.

Our fair botanists, in their wood-walks, must often have met with the

YARROW,

sometimes called *millefoil*, or thousand flowers, and scientifically designated as *Achillea*. This hardy herbaceous plant is amongst those classed as fibrous rooted, and it bears its numerous flowers in corymbs, which are indiscriminately at the ends of the stalks and branches; these are generally a mixture of yellow, of white, and purple, and present a curious effect in the common situations of the plant, whether in pastures or on the sides of unfrequented roads, particularly on rocky ground, where they may be met with in long succession from June to September. With us this

plant has not yet been applied to any use; but it is said that the people of Dalecarlia have long been in the habit of mixing it with their ale instead of hops, not only as a bitter, but also for the purpose of increasing the potency and inebriating quality of that beverage. Thus passing from trees to shrubs, we come at length to humbler plants, and notice the

HEATHBERRY,

which, in the early days of Dioscorides and Pliny, received the name of *Empetrum nigrum*, from *petron*, a rock, such being, in Greece and Italy, the common place of its growth. With us it is well known to sportsmen, as the food of grouse and heathcock, but in more inclement regions it presents a useful supply of winter food to human beings, being eaten by the people of Kamschatka as a relish to their fish, and also made into puddings. In most parts of Europe it is generally met with in dry, barren, or on moorish soils, and principally in cultivated situations, forming what are called the moors in the northern districts of this island; but such is its hardness that

it is even found in Lapland when all other plants have perished with the extreme cold. The moors and mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire, also afford us a forest plant, which, in allusion to the fair readers of this lecture, has received the appropriate name of

LADY'S MANTLE,

its leaves being apparently cut into seven or eight lobes, with scolloped edges exactly similar to that comfortable article of female dress a few years ago. Though properly a native of the forest, it is not unknown in the vicinity of the metropolis, where it may be met with in upland pastures; yet its habitat is so peculiarly mountainous that it has acquired the botanical appellation of *Alchemilla Alpina*.

We thus close our FIRST SERIES of *Botanical Investigation*, and in a succeeding course we trust that we shall be able, in a mode equally simple and familiar, to shed the mild beam of philosophy upon the juvenile mind until it expands "to nature and to nature's God," pure as the *lily of the valley*, and brilliant as *Sharon's rose!*

THE CREEK INDIANS.

THE following articles on the manners and customs of the Creek Indians, are copied from a manuscript *Sketch of the Creek Nation*, drawn up by Colonel Hawkins, agent for Indian affairs.

WAR.—This is always determined on by the Great Warrior. When the micco and councillors are of opinion that the town has been injured, he lifts the war hatchet against the nation that has injured them. But as soon as it is taken up, the micco and councillors may interfere, and by their prudent councils stop it, and proceed to adjust the misunderstanding by negotiation.

If the Great Warrior persist, and go out, he is followed by all who are for war. It is seldom a town is unanimous; the nation never is: and within the memory of the oldest man among them, it is not recollected that more than one half of the nation have been at war at the same time, or taken, as they express it, the war talk.

The Great Warrior, when he marches,

gives notice where he shall encamp, and sets off, sometimes with one or two only. He fires off his gun, and sets up the war-whoop. This is repeated by all who follow him, and they are sometimes for one or two nights marching off.

PEACE.—Is invariably concluded by the micco and councillors, and peace talks are always addressed to the cabin of the micco. In some cases, when the resentment of the warriors has run high, the micco and council have been embarrassed.

MARRIAGE.—A man who wants a wife never applies in person. He sends his sister, his mother, or some other female relation, to the woman he marries. They consult the brothers and uncles on the maternal side, and sometimes the father; but this is a compliment only, as his approbation or his opposition is of no avail. If the party applied to approves of the match, they answer accordingly to the man who made the application. The bridegroom then gets together a blanket

and such other articles of clothing as he is able to do, and sends them to the family of the bride: if they accept them, the match is made, and he may then go to her house as soon as he chooses. When he has built a house, made his crop and gathered it in, made his hunt, brought home the meat, and put all this in possession of his wife, the ceremony ends, and they are married; or, as they express it, the woman is bound. From the first going to the house of the woman till the ceremony ends, he is completely in possession of her.

DIVORCE—Is at the choice of either of the parties. The man may marry again as soon as he will, but the woman is bound till all the boosketeau of that year are over, excepting in the cases of marriage and parting in the season, the man resides at the house of the woman, and has possession of her pending the marriage ceremony; in that case, the woman is equally free to connect herself as soon as she pleases.

[There is an inconsistency in the exception mentioned above, as in such season there can be no marriage; but the chiefs in their report on this article, mentioned it as an exception, and this practice, in the cases of half marriage, prevails universally. As soon as a man goes to the house of his bride, he is in complete possession of her till the ceremony ends, and during this period the exception will apply.]

Marriage gives no right to the husband over the property of his wife: and when they part, she keeps the children and the property belonging to them.

ADULTERY—Is punished by the family tribe of the husband. They collect, consult, and decree. If the proof is clear, and they determine to punish the offenders, they divide and proceed to apprehend them.

One goes to the house of the woman, the remainder to the family of the adulterer; or, they go together, as they have decreed. They apprehend the offenders, beat them severely with sticks, and crop them. They cut off the hair of the woman, which they carry to the square in triumph. If they apprehend but one of the offenders, and the other escapes, they then go and take satisfaction from the nearest relation. If both the offenders escape, and the tribe

or family return home and lay down their sticks, the crime is satisfied. There is one family only, the Hotululgeo, who can take up the sticks a second time. This crime is satisfied another way: if the parties offending absent themselves till the boosketeau is over, then all crimes are done away except murder; and the bare mention of them, or any occurrence which brings them into recollection, is forbidden.

MURDER.—If murder is committed, the family and tribe have the right of taking satisfaction. They collect, consult, and decree. The rulers of the town and nation have nothing to do or say in the business.

The relations of the murdered person consult first among themselves, and if the case is clear, and their family or tribe be not likely to suffer by their decision, they determine on the case definitively. When the tribe may be affected by it, in a doubtful case, or an old claim for satisfaction, the family then consult with their tribe; and when they have deliberated and resolved on their satisfaction, they take the nearest of kin, or one of the family. In some cases the family who have done the injury promise reparation; in that case they are allowed a reasonable time to fulfil their promise, and are generally earnest of themselves in their endeavours to put the guilty to death to save an innocent person.

The right of judging and taking satisfaction being vested in the family, or tribe, is the sole cause why their treaty stipulations on this head have never been executed. In like manner, a prisoner taken in war is the property of the captor—it being optional with the captor to kill or save at the time. This right must be purchased, and it is now the practice, introduced within a few years, for the nation to pay. It has been introduced by the agent for Indian affairs of the United States, and he pays out the orders of the chiefs, out of the stipend allowed by the United States to the Crocks. Claims of this sort of seventeen years standing, where the prisoners have been delivered to the order of the chiefs, have been received, allowed, and paid.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH WALES.

At the latter end of the year 1813 and the beginning of 1814, Mr. George William Evans, Deputy-Surveyor of Lands, took a tour over the Blue Mountains for the purpose of exploring the tract of country lying westward; last June the Governor caused to be made public the result of this undertaking; and, strongly impressed with the importance of the object, he formed the resolution of encouraging the attempt to discover a passage to the western country. From the favourable account given by Mr. Evans, the Governor caused a road to be constructed for the conveyance of cattle and provisions into the interior, and in which employment were placed those convicts whose behaviour had been most orderly and correct.

On the 25th of April last, the road being completed, the Governor, accompanied by Messrs. Macquarie and William Cox, Esq. the chief magistrate of Windsor, commenced a tour over the Blue Mountains: as they proceeded through a fine country, abundantly stocked with timber, and of the most romantic and beautiful appearance, bounded by a chain of mountains, they travelled for seventeen miles along the ridge of a most stupendous mountain, to which they gave the name of Mount York, in honour of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief. The valley underneath, to which they gave the name of the Vale of Clwyd, abounds in grass of an admirable quality, and is watered with a fine rivulet, which forms a junction with another stream to which the Governor gave the name of Cox's River; westward of this river the ground becomes more hilly. From Cox's River is another river, sixteen miles further, called Fish River.

Proceeding from the Fish River, and at a short distance from it, a very singular and beautiful mountain attracts the attention, its summit being crowned with a large and very extraordinary looking rock, nearly circular in form, which gives to the whole very much the appearance of a hill fort, such as are frequent in India. To this lofty hill Mr. Evans, who was the first European discoverer, gave the name of Mount Evans. Passing on from hence the country conti-

nes hilly, but affords good pasturage, gradually improving to Sidmouth Valley, which is distant from the pass of the Fish River twelve miles. The land here is level, and the first met with unencumbered with timber: it is not of very considerable extent, but abounds with a great variety of herbs and plants, such as would probably highly interest and gratify the scientific botanist. This beautiful little valley runs north-west, and south-east, between hills of easy ascent, thinly covered with timber. Leaving Sidmouth Valley, the country becomes again hilly, and in other respects resembles very much the country to the eastward of the valley for some miles. Having reached Campbell River, distant thirteen miles from Sidmouth Valley, the Governor was highly gratified by the appearance of the country, which there began to exhibit an open and extensive view of gently rising grounds and fertile plains. Judging from the height of the banks, and its general width, the Campbell River must be on some occasions of very considerable magnitude; but the extraordinary drought which has apparently prevailed on the western side of the mountains, equally as throughout this colony for the last three years, has reduced this river so much that it may be more properly called a chain of pools than a running stream at the present time. In the reaches, or pools, of the Campbell River, the very curious animal called the Paradox, or Water-mole, is seen in great numbers. The soil on both banks is uncommonly rich, and the grass is consequently luxuriant. Two miles to the southward of the line of road which crosses the Campbell River, there is a very fine rich tract of low lands, which has been named Mitchell Plains. Flax was found here growing in considerable quantities. The Fish River, which forms a junction with the Campbell River a few miles to the northward of the road and bridge over the latter, has also two fertile plains on its banks, the one called O'Connell Plains, and the other Macquarie Plains, both of considerable extent, and very capable of yielding all the necessaries of life.

At the distance of seven miles from the

bridge over the Campbell River, Bathurst Plains open to the view, presenting a rich tract of champaign country of eleven miles in length, bounded on both sides by gently rising and very beautiful hills, thinly wooded. The Macquarie River, which is constituted by the junction of the Fish and Campbell River, takes a winding course through the plains, which can be easily traced from the high lands adjoining, by the particular verdure of the trees on its banks, which are likewise the only trees throughout the extent of the plains. The level and clean surface of these plains give them at first view very much the appearance of lands in a state of cultivation.

It is impossible to behold this grand scene without a feeling of admiration and surprise, whilst the silence and solitude which reign in a space of such extent and beauty as seems designed by nature for the occupancy and comfort of man, create a degree of melancholy in the mind which may be more easily imagined than described.

The Governor and suite arrived at these plains on Thursday the 4th of May, and encamped on the southern or left bank of the Macquarie River; the situation being selected in consequence of its commanding a beautiful and extensive prospect for many miles in every direction around it. At this place the Governor remained for a week, which time he occupied in making excursions in different directions through the adjoining country, on both sides of the river.

On Sunday, the 7th of May, the Governor fixed on a site suitable for the erection of a town at some future period, to which he gave the name of Bathurst, in honour of the present Secretary of State for the Colonies. The situation of Bathurst is elevated sufficiently beyond the reach of any floods which may occur, and is at the same time so near the river on its south bank as to derive all the advantages of its clear and beautiful stream. The mechanics and settlers, of whatever description, who may be hereafter permitted to form permanent residences to themselves at this place, will have the highly important advantages of a rich and fertile soil, with a beautiful river flowing through it, for all the uses of man. The hopes, however, which were once so sanguinely entertained of this river becoming navigable to the western sea have ended in disappointment.

During the week that the Governor remained at Bathurst, he made daily excursions in various directions; one of these extended twenty-two miles in a south-west direction, and on that occasion, as well as on all the others, he found the country composed chiefly of vallies and plains, separated occasionally by ranges of low hills: the soil throughout being generally fertile, and well circumstanced for the purpose of agriculture or grazing.

Since this discovery another has been made still farther through the same country, where a considerable tract, well stored with timber and pasture has been explored.

THE LISTENER.

ON AWKWARD CIVILITY.

SOME people have a most awkward and unfortunate way of doing a kindness, and which often renders the result as distressing to themselves as to the person whom they are endeavouring to oblige. At the same time many of these awkward beings are possessed of the kindest souls in the world, and are never easy but when they are succouring misfortune. What a valuable heart was that lady possessed of who was often heard to repeat, "Content is a charming state, but to make others happy is felicity supreme!"—Nevertheless,

the awkwardness which accompanies the kind actions of some obliging people, take a turn which is truly comical; they wish to oblige with delicacy, but they know not how to set about it. They then exclaim against human nature, when in fact the fault lies in themselves.

Major Ravelin is an old officer, who was left, by the death of his brother, a banker, a considerable fortune, particularly for a man who had lived only on his full pay, which he received for his long services, being placed on the retired list of officers. Never was a more obliging creature than

Major Raveline: I saw him once beating the trees in the College gardens at Chelsea, with his cane, for a full quarter of an hour, to find a canary bird belonging to a little girl; indeed he carried his kindnesses so far as to throw his cane at the poor little fugitive: unhappily the blow killed it, and he had fine work to make his peace with the little girl, who was in despair at the loss of her bird: a crowd soon collected together at the cries of the child, and the good-natured Major, in the midst of the tumult, lost his gold-headed cane, that the little girl carried off, to keep him, she said, from killing any more birds with that weapon.

I joined him at that moment, very opportunely to offer him my arm. "My good old friend," said he, "you saw all that bustle; I am sadly vexed about it."—But instead of following the little hussy to make her give him back his cane, he thus continued:—"My dear fellow, you do not know how often I wish I was one of the most unfeeling among mankind. I will only tell you, in order to justify such a wish, a few incidents which happened to me last month.

"For a long time I had seen that a friend, whom I have known almost as long as yourself, and who lives in the same street with me, was in want of many comforts of life. For several months he had deprived himself of tea and coffee, and for many days he had left off from offering his snuff-box to his acquaintance, according to his former custom; in a word, I had no doubt but what my friend had experienced a change in his circumstances for the worse, and I felt an ardent desire to be serviceable to this worthy man. I thought of every way I could for several days to gain his acceptance of some money, but to make the offer in the most delicate manner possible, and I contrived in my own mind the following stratagem:—One day we were walking together in Kensington Gardens, in one of the most retired walks, and as we spoke of the passions, while my friend was reciting some passages from Cicero on friendship, I let fall a purse, containing fifteen guineas, on the grass, without his perceiving it, well persuaded that as he turned back again he must see it, would fancy

some one had lost it, and would take at least the half of it. We walked up and down four times without his seeing any thing, and I began to despair of the success of my enterprize, but the sixth time we turned, he stopped, he stooped down eagerly and caught up the gold. I pretended to be surprized, and gave him joy, crying out, 'You have indeed found a prize. No one will be likely ever to claim it, for no doubt it has lain there many days. When we come to divide it we shall have a good booty.'—'Divide it!' repeated my friend; 'why it was me that found the gold; you might have walked over it twenty times without perceiving it.'—I thought he was only jesting: no such thing. I affected to stand out for what I called my right: he grew angry; however, after disputing some time, he consented to give me half the money: but he left me in a rage; nor did he shake hands with me at parting, as usual; and I am told that since that event he has regarded me as one of the most avaricious of men."

"I am resolved," said I to Major Raveline, "that your friend shall know the truth of the whole matter"—"I beg of you not to say a word about it," said he; "if it were known I should be pointed out as the vilest impostor in England."—"But dear Major," said I, "every one must love you the better for these little mischances; only I hope I may be allowed to indulge the hope that such events will cure you a little of the—"

"Stop my dear friend," said he, "just until I relate to you what befel me the very next day. I had been to my agents, where I had received a pretty round sum, amongst which were a few new guineas; as I crossed over Westminster Bridge I saw a wretched being who was blind and almost lame; never did I feel such a desire to do a good action. I took a guinea from my purse, and put it into the hat of this unfortunate man, while I placed myself at a little distance to enjoy his agreeable surprize, when his little boy, who kept running after the passers by, to crave their charity, should come back to his father and tell him of the precious gift he had received. Suddenly I saw a very ill-looking fellow approach the blind man; 'I want to give you something, my good fellow,'

said he; "here is a penny-piece, give me the halfpenny that you have got in your hat, for I must have a halfpenny to give to this boy, who has been on an errand for me; but I wish to give you something."—The poor blind man, with many thanks, took the penny and let him take the guinea. I witnessed this abominable cheat myself, and was going up to the stranger, to order him to restore the guinea, when recollecting what had happened to me the preceding day, and reflecting I knew not how to call any witnesses to what I had done, I held my peace. Now what do you think of all this, my good friend?"

Scarce had Major Raveline recounted this last adventure, when we saw the little girl who had taken his gold-headed cane approach us with her governess. She came with a lively air to restore it to him. "Charming little creature," said Major Raveline, "let me embrace you;" and with tears in his eyes he added, as he took a valuable ring from his finger, "accept this ring, to supply the loss of your little favourite bird."—Scarce had he spoken when the mother of the young lady joined

her daughter, and seemed highly offended at the offer; she insisted on the young lady's immediately returning it, saying she hoped she could afford to buy as many canary birds for her daughter as she wished, without laying herself under obligations to strangers; and looking on the old soldier and myself with a glance of contempt, she slightly curtailed, took her daughter by the hand (muttering something, which, notwithstanding my fine sense of hearing, I could distinguish nothing of, but the term *old fellows*), and walked away.

The good Major was all of a tremble, and although I was rather pressed for time I walked home with him to his lodgings, where, when I arrived, after forcing upon me some refreshment, he would absolutely, in spite of all I could say, walk home with me, which, as the brave Major has lost a leg in the service, made my walk, in spite of my being his senior by thirteen years, twice as long in performing than if I had gone alone.

THE LISTENER.

HISTORY OF LADY P—.

(Concluded from page 30.)

THE following is an extract from remarks dictated to his Lordship by sober reflection:—

"I am, indeed, ashamed of my phrenetic rhapsody. My poor cousin, Jasper Melrose, took a copy much against my will, but I am now glad to have such a scourge for my follies, though I hope there is not much danger of a repetition in the same way. It appears even to the writer almost incredible, that such infatuation could have crazed him. May I endeavour through life to profit from the recollection, by distrusting my own judgment, while under the influence of violent emotion. Amelia's pious fortitude saved herself and me from misery. A very little artifice on her part might have inveigled me to give her a legal right to my adherence, but could not bind my vagrant affections; and both pride and bitter feelings must have revolted

against conjugal ties so disgracefully contaminated. Had she yielded on my own terms I might have loved her a little longer; but soon should she have found that the nauseous dregs of guilty self-indulgence are more repugnant to every pleasurable sensation than the most painful sacrifices to virtue. The event has proved Amelia to have been far wiser than her licentious persecutor: the combat with passion, however agonizing, is long since passed. She must reflect on it with never-ending complacency, enhanced by a noble consciousness that to her my Selena and I are indebted for our happiness. I surrendered some days to Sir Jasper Melrose in searching for Lady P—; but I know her Ladyship too well to apprehend she had voluntarily deprived herself of mundane pleasures. I had no doubt of her elopement with some favoured lover, and

went in quest of her merely to emancipate my cousin from her witcheries, by ascertaining her profligacy. Returned to Kingsley-House I again and again read Amelia's letter; I frantically accused her of sacrificing my dearest hopes to a phantom of fastidious honour; but having since early youth connected the possession of that charmer, with every scheme of rational enjoyment, no obstacle could deter me. I decided that I must offer her my hand, and break off my engagements with Selena: I ordered my carriage, and mechanically directed my people to drive to Lady T——'s, the aunt of Miss Cecil; I was informed her Ladyship had a number of ladies in the drawing-room, and in no humour for joining the voluble triflers, turned aside to Selena's *boudoir*, which I expected to find unoccupied. Judge my maddening confusion when I beheld her weeping over a paper in Amelia's hand-writing.

"Cruel Amelia!" I exclaimed; "it is not enough to tyrannize, but you must exult in my bondage."—"My Lord!" faltered Selena, pale with amazement.—"Give me that paper," said I, in a tone that increased the alarm of my bride.

The anonymous address from Amelia, of which I inclose a copy, contained many judicious maxims, suited for the peculiarities of my temper or habits, and many admirable general rules for the conduct of a wife; and Selena shed tears of affection over the system by which she hoped to ensure my attachment. She soon recovered self-possession, and calmly waited while I ran over the pages: then, with a dignified, yet tender earnestness, insisted to know the meaning of my exclamation. "Think me not a weak girl, without power over her own mind, my Lord: if another has prior claims fulfil them. Consult your own honour and your feelings, without regard to me. I have not forgotten my dear mother's lesson of self-command, so be assured I shall neither expose you nor myself."

I had come determined to bid Selena a last farewell, but the unaffected gentleness, the regulated sensibility, good sense, and uprightness manifested on this trying occasion, took from me all resolution to declare my intentions, and I tried to evade, whilst she pressed an explanation, with a

spirited delicacy that convinced me how unjustly I had contemned her as a frivolous votary of fashion. I threw myself at her feet, confessed my errors, shewed her Amelia's monitory letter, and obtained a full amnesty.

Since that hour we have conversed with boundless confidence and sympathy of soul; and I have fully experienced how transcendent is the charm in genuine purity of affection above all the blandishments of practised allurements; yet my Selena and I had much to correct in ourselves. We were both perverted by injudicious indulgence. My mismanagement was of puerile date, Selena's, since the decease of her parents; and it cannot be supposed she became considerate, or I self-denied and moral, by a miraculous transition. The precepts of my worthy *Genevieve* instructors had been smothered under a heap of Parisian habits; but I had still sufficient clearness of perception to discern that, in gratifying my corrupt inclinations, I had obtained no pleasure commensurate to the disquieting consequences of those follies. I was naturally impetuous and habitually wilful. Selena's foibles were the same in kind, though much less in degree; but ingenuously confessing our fallibility, a formidable impediment of self-correction disappeared. We made an express stipulation, mutually to grant the allowances we demanded for individual imperfection, and in conformity to the opinions recommended by Amelia, we viewed sacrifices of humour not as degrading, but as honourable to our feelings and understanding. The accomplishments and well bred attentions we had employed to please and attach each other as lovers, are still perpetual sweeteners of our intercourse. Even our social pleasures tend to foster domestic tastes and satisfactions, for, after a day consumed in formal civilities, we derive fresh delight in the interchanges of consubstantial and parental fondness.

Amelia's exhortations led us to call in the omnipotence of religion to subjugate our imperious tempers, and if the reformed rake makes a good husband and father, he owes the power of discharging those sacred duties to the sovereign efficacy of Christian faith and self-denial. The obedience of my whole life is a poor offering of grati-

tude for mercies so distinguished. Deceived by a too fervid and voluptuous fancy, I had pictured impossible bliss in the possession of Amelia, but sober reason now discerns that as a mistress the admired object would soon have sunk into an ordinary woman. As a wife, I should have been disgusted with her (perhaps in a few days, unquestionably in a few weeks), for with all my Parisian latitude of imagination, vague notions and licentious practice, the downright British principles instilled by my uncle Fortescue, and renovated by his son, must have speedily revolted against some circumstances, which even the most complete change of conduct in the hapless Amelia could not repair.

Since that amiable penitent first led me to prize the excellencies of Miss Cecil, I may attribute to her all the consequent blessings. My Selena had not beauty enough to engage the man who consulted

his passions only; but to him who looks into the mind, each day lends new fascination to plain features, if continually lighted up by unfeigned piety, intelligence, good humour, and true affection. My Selena's high character for domestic and social worth, her accomplishments and intellectual attainments are hailed by testimonies of conspicuous esteem wherever she appears; and my best feelings are gratified in seeing my own preference confirmed by universal suffrage, and thus in another light our social intercourse improve our domestic felicities.

Lady P— lived fifteen years in Mr. Colson's family an exemplary penitent, and died full of hope and Christian resignation. This abridgment of her story may be followed at some future period by a more circumstantial narrative, and by memoirs of Amelia and her sisters.

ACCOUNT OF NAPLES.

The irregularity of the buildings in Naples render some of the streets not only of a confused appearance, but others are extremely stiff and unpleasant to the eye: these streets are all paved with large flag stones. The populace is always screaming, gesticulating, and in perpetual movement. There are venders of fish, fruit, vegetables, and of melons, which they sell by slices, holding a large knife in their hand: there are also those who sell cool water and lemonade, who are surrounded by piles of lemons, who invite customers from all parts, while they have a barrel swung up by them, containing ice water ready for their customers. Begging monks of every order parade the streets, carrying the pittance they obtain to their convent, some with loaded wallets, others driving an ass before them laden with contributions: companies of females who, in their black silk mezzaroes and heads elegantly dressed, are yet almost barefoot. Little boys are seen surrounding the venders of macaroni to get a few spoonfuls; players on musical glasses, pipes, and hautbois, who carry with them little puppets, which they set a dancing; walking virtuosos,

who, before the doors of the female shopkeepers, sing and play on the harp or the violin; officers and soldiers either in open carriages or on foot; lawyers and attorneys walking arm-in-arm, or crowding to the Vicaria, processions, or funerals. The shops are kept open until very late at night, and are opened again by break of day. The street of Toledo and that of Chiaja, are the most frequented and pleasanter to walk in.

It is in the street of Toledo that the grand processions are seen passing, and where the best masks are to be found during the Carnival. Before Naples adopted the customs of the French, the streets were only lighted by a few lamps, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and which the faithful used to light to shew their devotion; but they have now lamps affixed to temporary lamp-posts. The squares bear the name of Largo; they are chiefly ornamented with fountains, a cross, and a pyramid, with some groups of saints, or a Madona. The only bridge that there is at Naples is that of Guizzardo. It is very fine and very long, having several arches, and is sufficiently wide for several carriages to pass

abreast, without the foot passengers, who walk close to the parapets, being in the least incommoded. About the middle of it stands a statue of St. Januarius. Under this bridge runs the humble Sebeto, on which small huts are erected on planks during the summer, where those people belonging to the middling class who are fond of cleanliness go to bathe themselves. People in easy circumstances generally take the air in their calashes, or open carriages, by an excursion of about two or three miles from the town.

Oysters are very good in Naples, but they are smaller than ours, and very dear. The most common food is macaroni, a sort of paste made from a particular grain, which comes from Saragolla, the flour of which is hard, but which forms a lighter and more glutinous bread than that made with common flour. Wines are of an excellent body and very cheap, so that the people are never deprived of this benefit, which is a luxury in other countries. Jars of water, or other cooling liquors, are never seen on the tables of the opulent, unless asked for by foreigners. The wine most commonly drank is red, the pint bottle of which costs about an English penny or three-halfpence; and notwithstanding the cheapness of this article, and the number of wine-houses licensed through the town, it is very rare that a drunken person is seen, for the Neapolitans are naturally sober.

The most profitable exportation of Naples is that of oils, wool, hemp, flax, cotton, indigo, and manna, which comes from Calabria and Abbruze. Goat's hair, rabbit skins, and macaroni. Naples yellow, a peculiar preparation of lead and antimony, which is made in gross, is also a valuable article for government, as are strings for musical instruments: their superiority

above all others is acknowledged in every part of Europe. The trade of horses might bring in much if they would increase the number of studs: the species they have now are very small, but they are good; they carry good heads, and are sure-footed. The tanneries are very bad, but the Neapolitans excel in sadlery and in coach harnesses. Their furniture is beautifully finished, but is much dearer than in France or England. Sculpture, carving, and gilding, are very backward.

Naples, take it in general, may be cited as producing beautiful women, but those of the lower class add little to the liveness of their charms by their revolting want of cleanliness. It is a common sight to behold them in groups at the corners of the street seeking the vermin with which they swarm. Those who have sentiments sufficient to prefer a life of industry, trick themselves out on a Sunday, and the least compliment from a stranger serves to gain their favour.

The excessive heat of the climate of Naples is often rendered temperate towards the end of summer by heavy rains: these rains are very salubrious in a city where the streets are narrow, the houses very high, and where there is a swarm of idle population, and various other unwholesome causes. Vegetation here is wonderfully rapid; all fruits of the nut kind are of a size almost monstrous: the stone fruit is equally so, but has not much flavour or sweetness. The best fruits are grapes, melons, and figs: the truffles, though used in cookery, leave behind them a taste of sulphur, which is insufferable. The Lazaroni are now no longer found in Naples; that insolent part of the populace, without any precise trade or calling, are now become soldiers, porters, or tillers of the land.

AZAKIA.

THE ancient inhabitants of Canada were all savages, to the greatest extent of the word. Nothing can prove it better than the cruel destiny of those French adventurers who landed first in that part of the new world. They were devoured by

those very men whom they intended to polish and civilize.

New attempts, however, were crowned with better success. The savages were driven into the interior of the Continent; treaties were concluded with them, that

were never observed; and the French created new wants among those Americans in order that they should become dependent on them. The French brandy and tobacco easily achieved what Gallia's arms could not have operated without great difficulty. Confidence soon became reciprocal, and the forests of Canada were frequented in as much safety by their new visitants as by the natives.

Those woods were also the resort of the wives and daughters of the savages, who were no longer frightened at the sight of a Frenchman. Almost all those females were possessed of beauty, and for certain that beauty is not due to the fascination of art; neither did it, in a higher degree, influence their conduct. They are naturally of a mild disposition, very lively, and there is a something commandingly sweet in their smiles. They are also most amorously inclined; a propensity which, so long as they remain single, they will indulge without scruple, or incurring any reproach. It is not the same with regard to a married woman; who is bound to remain faithful to the man she has wedded; and, what is no less remarkable, will never perjure herself.

A heroine of this latter class, and who was born amongst the Hurons, happened one day to lose her way in a forest bordering the spot which they inhabited. She was met by a French soldier, who scorned inquiring whether she were single or married. The fellow, besides, felt very little disposed to respect the rights of a Huron husband. The shrieks of the young savage whilst struggling to defend herself, drew to the spot the Baron de Saint-Castins, an officer in the colonial troops. He soon obliged the soldier to give up his pursuit, and to retire; yet she whom he had protected appeared possessed of such attractions, that the offender appeared to him excusable. Nay, he felt a temptation himself to demand a salary for the protection he had afforded. To be sure, he addressed her in a more gentle engaging manner, but was not more successful. "The friend who stands before mine eyes, prevents me from seeing thee," said the Huron. That is the phrase used by those savages to express that they have a husband, and that they are determined not to betray their

duty. That short sentence, which is not a mere formula, conveys a positive denial, and is used in common by all the wives of those barbarians, whom neither our vicinity nor our example could ever civilize.

Saint-Castins, to whom the language and manners of the Hurons were become familiar, was made sensible at once that his pretensions were of no avail; and from that reflection he felt his wonted generosity to revive within him. He, therefore, accompanied her home, without any farther attempt to seduce her, the fair savage, whom mere accident had brought into that forest, and who was afraid of being exposed to some new encounter. On their way she expressed her most lively gratitude, which she declared she would retain till she breathed her last.

Not long after Saint-Castins was insulted by one of his brother officers, whom he called out, and ran through the body. The deceased was nephew to the Governor-General of the colony, a man of a most violent and revengeful disposition. Saint-Castins had no other resource than to leave the colony to avoid the pursuit of so powerful an enemy. It was thought he had sought an asylum among the English of New York, which was probable enough; yet, under a persuasion that he would be equally safe among the Hurons, he gave them the preference.

The desire of seeing again the young woman that he had protected, and whose name was Azakia, had, in all likelihood, influenced his choice. She instantly recognized her deliverer. She was overjoyed at meeting him again, and manifested her satisfaction with as much candour as she had resisted his attack. Ouabi, her husband, also welcomed Saint-Castins, who informed him of the motive of his flight. "The Great Spirit be praised, for having conducted thee amongst us," replied the Huron! "This body," added he, laying his hand on his breast, "this body will serve thee as a barrier, and this club will keep thy enemies at a distance, or level them to the ground. My hut will be thine; daily shalt thou see the great luminary rise over our heads, and leave us; nothing shalt thou want, nothing will injure thee."

Saint-Castins declared that he was determined to adopt the same mode of life;

that is to say, partake of their toils, share in their expeditions, adopt their manners; in short, to become a Huron. Ouabi's joy redoubled upon hearing such a declaration. This savage held the first rank among his tribe: he was their grand commander, for which appointment he was indebted to his courage and services alone. He had other chiefs under him, and offered to add his new guest to the number, but Saint-Castins wished to serve only in the ranks.

The Hurons were then at war with the Iroquois, who were to be attacked. Saint-Castins wished to join the expedition, and fought like a true Huron; but was dangerously wounded. He was carried off the field of battle, though with great difficulty, as far as Ouabi's habitation. At the sight of him Azakia seemed oppressed with grief, but she, nevertheless, collected sufficient fortitude and strength to bestow on him every kind of assistance and attention. Notwithstanding she had several slaves under her command, she would trust to herself alone the care of relieving her guest. Her activity kept pace with her inquietude. One would have thought she was a fond mistress watching over the days of her lover. A Frenchman could not fail drawing the most flattering conclusions from so kind a treatment, and, at first, that was the case with Saint-Castins. His desires and his hopes revived with his strength. One single point, however, seemed to oppose his views; the recollection of Ouabi's good offices. Could he injure him without being guilty of ingratitude and perfidy? "But," would Saint-Castin's say, upon second thoughts, "Ouabi is no better than a savage; could he be more particular on this one article than many a good honest man in our Europe?" This mode of reasoning, bad as it was, appeared a most solid argument to the amorous Frenchman. He renewed his tender advances, and was surprised to meet with reiterated rebuffs. "Stop, Celario! (this was the name which the savages had given to Saint-Castins,) stop," said Azakia to him; "the pieces of the stick that I have broken with Ouabi are not yet reduced to ashes. One part still remains in his power, and the other in my possession. So long as those fragments subsist, I am his and cannot be thine." This discourse, pro-

nounced in a firm tone, disconcerted Saint-Castins. He no longer presumed to insist, and was plunged into a gloomy reverie: Azakia sympathized in his grief. "What is to be done," said she; "I cannot become thy companion unless I cease being that of Ouabi: neither can I part from Ouabi without occasioning him a sorrow equal to that thou experience thyself. Answer me, has he deserved it?"—"No!" exclaimed Celario, with great warmth, "no! Over me he deserves all manner of preference; but I must desert his mansion, and even this district. It is only by ceasing to see Azakia, that I can cease being ungrateful towards Ouabi."

The young savage turned pale at these words. Her tears immediately began to flow, neither would she strive to conceal them. "Ah! ungrateful Celario," she exclaimed, through her sobs, and pressing his hands between her own; "ungrateful Celario! Can it be true that thou wishest to forsake those to whom thou art dearer than the light of the great luminary? What have we done to thee? Art thou left in want of any thing? Dost thou not see me continually by the side of thee like a slave that is only waiting for the signal to obey thy commands? Wherefore wilt thou have Azakia die broken-hearted? Thou canst not leave her without carrying away with thee her soul: it is thine, as her body is Ouabi's."

The return of the latter prevented Saint-Castins' answering. Azakia's tears continued to flow, but not for a single moment did she refrain mentioning the true cause from which they ran. "Friend," said she to her husband, "Still thou seest Celario, still thou mayest hear and speak to him; but he will soon disappear from our eyes, he is going to seek new friends."—"New friends!" cried out the savage, as much alarmed nearly as Azakia herself; "but what motive, my dear Celario, induces thee to tear thyself away from our arms? Hast thou received any injury, hast thou been wronged in any way? Answer me: thou art aware of my having some authority in these parts. By the Great Spirit I swear thou shalt obtain redress, and be avenged."

Saint-Castins was at a loss to answer those questions. He had not the least reason to complain with any propriety, and

the true motive of his determination was not to be made known to Ouabi. He, therefore, had recourse to some commonplace excuses, which honest Ouabi found quite ridiculous. "Let us speak of something else," added he; "to-morrow I shall set out for an expedition against the Iroquois, and this evening I shall have our warriors here to take the customary repast with me. Partake of the entertainment, my dear Celario."—"I wish to partake also of your toils and of your perils," interrupted Saint-Castius; "I must accompany you."—"Thy strength would prove inadequate to thy courage," replied the Huron chief; "to brave death is nothing, one must know how to deal death amongst the

ranks of the enemy; how to pursue them when they are routed, and to avoid being attacked, if they have too superior a force. Such at all times have been our military maxims. Think only for the present of thy recovery, and of taking care of this habitation, which I commit to thy sole management."

In vain would the Frenchman have attempted to reply. The warriors soon assembled, and sat down to take their repast, which was hardly over when they marched off, and Saint-Castius was left more exposed than ever to meet the looks of the beautiful Azakia.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE REWARD.

SEDGEWOLD had three daughters, all arrived at woman's estate; two were married, and the youngest lived with a sister of her father's. Finding himself worn down by the infirmities of age, Sedgewold ordered his three daughters into his presence, and bestowed on every one her share in his property, moveable and immovable, and thus addressed them:—"I have a diamond of immense value; it shall be given to her who, in the course of the year, shall have performed the most generous action."

At the end of the year, on the day he had specified, Sedgewold beheld his three daughters arrive. "Father," said the eldest, "by chance I discovered an important secret, which to have revealed, would have made my fortune for ever. I resisted this temptation to follow the severe voice of probity."—"You have done your duty, my child," replied Sedgewold; "a different conduct would have rendered you a disgrace to your parent." "Father," said the second daughter, "I had two neighbours who were honest men and excellent husbands; a long series of misfortunes obliged them to break their promises: I sunk a part of my fortune, in order to stop the pursuits of their creditors and re-establish them in business."—"You did well, my daughter," said Sedgewold; "but you have already received your recompence by the pleasure that you have had in well doing."

Adela, the youngest of the three, expressed herself as follows:—"I loved an amiable young man who returned my love; his name is Alphonso: Josephine, my friend from early childhood, fatally became enamoured of him: she strove against her passion, but I saw her sinking into the grave; the rose fled from her blooming cheek, her eyes lost all their brilliancy, and she wasted to a skeleton. One day as I fixed my eyes on her countenance, my tears proved to her how much I was affected to see her so changed; and Josephine, sensible of the friendship I felt for her, wept as she embraced me:—"Too kind and too generous friend," said she, 'it is too late—death is here,' added she, putting her hand on her heart.' I made use of all the eloquence of friendship, caresses and tears; Josephine consented often to come and see me, and by degrees her health was re-established: I rejoiced in what I considered as my own work; but my heart was a prey to a thousand secret sorrows, and I became truly a sufferer. In the mean time Alphonso complained of my indifference, while never had I loved him so sincerely. Whatever were my own sufferings, I did not fail nevertheless, to extol, as much as possible, the attractions of Josephine, while I taught her to display all the graces of her person, and she soon appeared what nature had made her, lovely, most charming."

Sometimes my courage would quite forsake me, but when I cast my eyes towards my friend my reason was instantly restored: but oh! the tears that I shed in solitude. At length Josephine was made happy: Alphonso, persuaded that I no longer loved him, revenged himself on my pretended fickleness, by paying his addresses to her. I immediately made a pretext that travelling was requisite for my health; but before my departure I engaged my friend to hasten her marriage as speedily as possible. In about a month after she wrote to inform me it had taken place. What a letter! never shall I forget it: it was scarce legible, her tears having effaced almost all the characters. I returned to the place of her habitation to see her, to embrace her,

and wish her that happiness which can never be mine; I then came back to you, not to receive the reward of my sacrifice, for what recompence can I obtain? But the pleasure of having obeyed my father!"

"Here is the ring," said Sedgewold. "Your action, my dear daughter, is truly generous, since you have sacrificed the tenderest of passions, a passion which often conquers the wisest of mankind, to make your friend happy; but, my dear Adela, trust in my experience, you will cure yourself of a tenderness, the root of which you have destroyed, by depriving it of hope; and the hand of a worthy man will dry up the tears of disappointed love."

FUGITIVE POETRY.

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

FROM THE NEW PUBLICATION OF "HEADLONG HALL."

O! who art thou, so swiftly flying?
My name is Love, the child replied;
Swifter I pass than south winds sighing,
Or streams, through summer vales that glide.
And who art thou, his flight pursuing?
'Tis cold neglect whom now you see:
The little god you there are viewing,
Will die, if once he's touched by me.

O! who art thou, so fast proceeding,
Ne'er glancing back thine eyes of flame?
Mark'd but by few, through earth I'm speeding,
And Opportunity's my name.
What form is that, which scowls beside thee?
Repentance is the form you see:
Learn, then, the fate may yet betide thee—
She seizes them ~~who~~ seize not me.

POETRY FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1815.

BY MR. M. ROBINSON.

Of old, when 'midst their native oak,
The Druid bards, prophetic, spoke;
While the green branches, waving round,
With sacred mistletoe were crown'd;
Though superstition's mystic spell
Still hover'd o'er the gloomy cell
Where self-inflicted penance, borne,
Had long the pale enthusiast worn.
Yet wisdom's philosophic page
Leant a bright gleam to guide the sage;

No. 81.—Vol. XIII.

And, as thro' devious wilds they stray'd,
The passive tenants of the shade,
As exil'd from the haunts of men
They trac'd the solitary glen.

That lustrous gleam reflected reason's ray,
Chas'd the dark mists, and smooth'd their pil-
grim way.

And then their harps were heard to teem
With strains inspir'd from freedom's theme:
That freedom, which at heav'n's command
Had dawn'd on Britain's rising land,
And promis'd, with perennial smile,
To guard, through times unborn, her favourite
isle.

High swell'd the lyre's harmonious sound,
As the sage chiefs assembled round,
And bending to their parent earth,
Rever'd the soil that gave them birth.
"Britain!" they cry'd, "yon orb of day,
That gilds thy vales with glad'ning ray,
Shall long thro' years of glory see
Thy warriors great—thy people free;
And when matur'd by fost'ring time,
Genius shall spread from clime to clime,
Where'er her truant sons may roam,
Thy happier shores shall be their home.
There, arts shall claim ascendant sway;
There, science trace "the milky way."
There, shall mild justice awful, stand,
With white-rob'd mercy, hand-in-hand.
For thee shall commerce swell her sails,
And plenty clothe her waving vales.

And should the fiends of discord dare
Propel the crimson flood of war,

L

Mock the bold cliffs that guard thy shore,
And rouse thy angry lion's roar,
Wide o'er the deep thy thunders shall be
 hurl'd,
On distant plains thy banners wave unfurl'd,
And Britain's arm, subduing, " Save the
 world!"

Oh! blest prediction, wisely giv'n,
Recorded by approving heav'n;
Ordain'd to stand, from earliest story,
The harbinger of Albion's glory!

Yet why retrace from days of yore,
The legends of prophetic lore?
Tho' early nature gave to fame,
In sacred charge, a Briton's name;
Tho' bards, inspir'd, have sung in deathless
 strains,
Of Agincourt's fam'd field—and Cressy's plains;
And, to the brilliant heroes of their days,
Consign'd the brightest meed of patriot praise.

Time, that with reverend hand has spar'd
 Departed merit's laurel'd bust,
Has taught remembrance long to guard
 The victor-warrior's sacred dust!

But a new era, dear to fame,
Now shines on history's proud page,
Entwining round our Albion's name
 Wreaths that shall bloom thro' ev'ry age;

And great as were her deeds of yore,
And fam'd her chiefs in martial story,
The trophies that now grace her shore
 Are guerdons of immortal glory;

And still unrivall'd in the tented field,
Valour and worth shall bear the soldier's shield.

But whilst the general feeling glows,
As peace restores the world's repose;
Proclaims what Albion's arms have done;
The forts they storm'd—the fields they won!
Lo! where with sad and glist'ning eye,
Moves the pale form of sympathy;
And as her bosom swells with woe,
And tears of sacred sorrow flow,
Points to the couch, with ills o'erspread,
Where languid droops our monarch's head.
And the dire gloom of cheerless day
Obscures bright Hope's last ling'ring ray!

O, ever valued, long rever'd,
To social worth and truth endeard!
Sovereign!—To whom thy people bend,
And hail their guardian, father, friend!
For whom, on this distinguished day,
The Muses, deck'd with chaplets gay,
Were wont to sing, in festive strain,
The glories of thy lengthen'd reign:
Oh, deign from distant shores to hear,
The universal wish, sincere,
Re-echo'd from Australia's land,
Which grateful owns thy fost'ring hand;

That Heav'n, indulgent to a nation's prayer,
May long their Sire preserve—their monarch
 spare!

TO A BROTHER IN THE ARMY.
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 19TH DECEMBER.

BROTHER! when thou wert far away,
Sharing the soldier's toilsome lot,
Deem'st thou, that this, thy natal day,
By kindred hearts was e'er forgot?
Ah! no, it still returned to see
Our thoughts, our hopes, belov'd! with thee!
And when, beside the glowing hearth,
We gathered close, as night-shades fell,
While winter brooded o'er the earth,
And wild winds raved, with mighty swell;
Still to our hearts thy image came,
Still to our lips thy cherished name.

" Perhaps," we said, " our soldier now,
By the red watch fire's fitful blaze,
Beneath some dark sierra's brow,
Thinks of the home of happier days;
Perhaps to us, his thoughts have flown,
E'en now, while *ours* are all his own!

" Or, haply, on the dewy ground,
While night has hush'd the battle's roar,
And still't d is every martial sound,
And arms and banners gleam no more,
He sleeps—while, from that combat-plain,
Sweet visions waft him home again!"

Those days are past—but oh! believe,
By all their hopes, by all their fears,
Those hopes that smil'd not to deceive,
Those terrors of long anxious years,
By every peril thou hast prov'd,
We greet thee, wanderer! more belov'd!

And oh! 'tis well our souls, thus warm,
Affection still to joy can sway,
For we have seen full many a storm,
And many a cherish'd hope decay!
And were domestic love to fly,
What bliss for us could earth supply?

Those are no common ties that bind,
In tender union, hearts ~~but~~ *ours*;
By sorrow strengthen'd and refin'd,
We prize their worth, we know their pow'rs;
And smile, while yet so sweet a ray,
With lonely brightness, gilds our way.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FALLEN
HEROES OF WATERLOO.

At length the rage of battle's o'er,
The blood-stain'd field is seen no more,
And all in silence's hush'd;
The fallen chiefs have sunk to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest;
Who dauntless brav'd the awful test
Which Gallic's tyrant crush'd.

But ah! who can forbid to mourn
 Britannia o'er the trophied urn,
 Where rests the sacred dust
 Of sons that ne'er hog glory stain'd,
 But it triumphantly maintain'd,
 And with their latest breath disdain'd
 To leave their sacred trust.

Yes! Waterloo, thou horrid plain,
 Still, still, shall memory trace again
 Thy solitary heath;
 And oft with grief the heart-felt sigh
 Shall heave afresh, and pity's eye
 Re-drop the tear for those dear ties,
 Dissolved now in death.

For oh! what numbers now are laid
 Beneath thy grassy hillock's glade,
 Who once their homes enjoyed;
 But ah! no more must they return,
 To tell of battles fought and won,
 Nor hail with joy the vernal sun,
 For life's frail thread's destroyed.

There's not a tie that thou canst name
 But's here dissolv'd, tho' deathless fame
 Embalms their honour'd bones;
 The sire, the son, the partner sleeps,
 And bosom friends in mouldering heaps,
 Unconscious that the stranger weeps
 With undissembled woe.

But, while we mourn those heroes slain,
 Let's bow submissive to his reign
 Who will'd that they should fall;
 The great I Am who rules on high,
 And views all nature from the sky,
 E'en sees a sparrow droop and die,
 Much more the sacred soul.

W. F.

GRAND TRIUMPHAL ODE,

IN HONOUR OF THE YEAR OF GLORY, 1815.—
 BY MR. BROMLEY, LATE OF THE PORTSMOUTH
 THEATRE.

*After a pastoral symphony, expressive of the joys
 of peace, a sudden burst of*

CHORUS.

Shepherds, shepherds, haste away!
 Tune no more the vocal reed!
 Break off the mirthful roundelay!
 To your moss-grown cabins speed.

TRIO.

It was a false delusive calm
 That lured you to these sunny glades;
 The lovely flower of spring-time fades,
 Ere you can taste its healing balm!

CHORUS.

Shepherds, shepherds, haste away!
 Tune no more the vocal reed!
 Break off the mirthful roundelay!
 To your moss-clad cabins speed.

(An appropriate symphony to introduce the following invocation:—)

RECITATIVE.

Oh thou, malignant spirit of the storm!
 From whose fierce eye-balls the red lightnings
 flash;
 Who o'er the dried heath rear'st thy hideous
 form,
 And tread'st down towers and domes, with
 horrid crash!

AIR.

Who, nurtur'd in chaotic gloom,
 Cradled in unborn nature's womb,
 Dress'd in confusion's wild attire,
 And fed on flakes of liquid fire,
 Didst lip in accents of dismay?
 Who, from thy restless couch, the sea,
 When the material world arose,
 Vow'dst all the sons of earth thy foes?

CHORUS.

Start from thy troubled sleep, and bring with
 thee
 Thy sister-fiends, Ambition, Pride, and Anar-
 chy!

SOFT AIR.

Lo! where flies the feather'd swarm,
 With strange, instinctive fear possess'd;
 The halcyon quits her sea-built nest,
 Prophetic of the coming storm!
 Weep, weep, thou poor distracted land!
 Thy awful doom is near,
 For scenes of blood prepare!
 Plenty her horn to th' whirlwind throws,
 Peace tears the olive from her brows,
 The pealing thunder is at hand!

CHORUS.

Hark! the foaming surges rear
 A sullen echo to the blast!
 They seem all bursting on the shore
 To lay an empire waste!

RECITATIVE.

"Where is my son," Ambition cries,
 "Why lurks he in the lonely shade?
 "Seek him, my sisters, where he lies,
 "And raise his downcast head!"

AIR.

"Seek him in the rocky dell,
 "Where he broods on deeds of hell;
 "Scream in's ear a dismal sound,
 "As he, fearful, looks around;
 "Let the lengthen'd moan i' th' blast
 "Tell the tale of murders past;
 "Till madden'd with his wayward fate,
 "He seeks the crisis of his fate!"

DUET.

On vulture's wings black treason flies,
 And spreads her poison to the gale;
 She looks not on the widow's eyes,
 She hears not the poor orphan's tale!

L 2

CHORUS.

He comes! he comes! traitors rejoice!
 See your great chief advance!
 His standard he rears,
 And the crown fiercely tears
 From the lawful Lord of France!
A descriptive symphony, to introduce the following.

RECITATIVE.

Rouse thee, Britannia, shake thy quiv'ring lance,
 And plume thyself in all thy martial pride;
 Thy gallant sons bid to the field advance,
 To honour and to victory allied!

MARTIAL SONG.

Britons! to arms! the trumpet sounds!
 'Tis the great call of liberty!
 From Albion's rocks the shout rebounds,
 Her hills return it to the sky!
 Britons! to arms! the cannon's roar
 Shall blaze your noble deeds on high;
 And echo, breaking on our shore,
 Shall tell the glorious victory!
 Britons! to arms! 'tis honour calls,
 Strike for insulted liberty!
 Before the tyrant, Europe falls
 Again, unless your shield is nigh!
 Britons! to arms! the cannon's roar
 Shall blaze your noble deeds on high;
 And echo, breaking on our shore,
 Shall tell the glorious victory!

Here is introduced a piece of music, melo descriptive of the battle of Waterloo, at the close of which the following

CHORUS.

Shout, Gallia, shout! the traitor-horde's o'er-
 thrown! [ry's throne.
 Thy King, thy lawful King, fills thy great Hen-

RECITATIVE.

Illustrious Wellington! the glory's thine
 To stand the champion of a suffer'ing world;
 To bid the golden sun of freedom shine,
 And drive these hell-born fiends, with power
 divine, [ders hurl'd!
 To rocks and caverns drear, by British thun-

AIR.

Prepare! the laurell'd wreath prepare,
 To deck the victor's gallant brow,
 And be the weeping cypress near,
 To wave o'er many a friend laid low.
 Let Waterloo be famed in story,
 While Britain's standard floats unfurl'd;
 And tell to ages Briton's glory,
 That can, united, brave the world!

GLEE.

War draws in her murd'rous fangs—
 Pity soothes the suffer'er's pang—
 Peace resumes her placid reign—
 Plenty fills her horn again—
 Soldiers tell how fields were won
 By unconquer'd Wellington!
 List'ning neighbours hear the tale,
 Relish'd by the circling ale—

And many a jovial song's begun,
 Ending still with Wellington!!

The whole of the choristers burst, with symphony, into the following

FINALE.

Raise the arch of triumph high!
 Inscribe the everlasting stone!
 Heroes, bending from the sky,
 Shall read the name of Wellington!!!

SONG.

I've view'd the spot—a rising wood,
 Whose nodding tops o'erlook
 The gentle, steep, inviting fall
 Of Petteril's murr'ring brook.
 For Mary there,
 So beauteous fair,
 At setting sun oft came
 To gaze upon the slender ash
 That bore her lover's name.

'Twas there, in pride of health and youth,
 My Mary first I view'd,
 With every charm of love and truth
 A maiden's form endued.

For Mary dear,
 So beauteous fair,
 At setting sun oft came
 To gaze upon the slender ash
 That bore her lover's name.

Her eye was full, her modest look
 Pourtray'd the virtuous maid,
 Bespoke each innate goodness there,
 With every light and shade.

For Mary dear,
 So beauteous fair,
 At setting sun oft came
 To gaze upon the slender ash
 That bore her lover's name.

If e'er my Mary I forget,
 Let Petteril backward flow,
 And the fair ash that bears my name
 For ever cease to grow.

For Mary there,
 So soft, so fair,
 At setting sun oft came
 To gaze upon the slender ash
 That bore her lover's name.

TO ———.

There is an eye whose shaded light
 A liquid lustre throws;
 There is a cheek whose softened white
 Would shame the gaudy rose.

The pert, the bright black sparkling eye,
 The brow of mirth may grace;
 And health may lend its deepest dye,
 To deck a rustic's face.

But 'tis not there that love would seek
 For feeling's fav'rite shrine;
 Oh! no! 'tis in thy poor pale cheek,
 And in such eyes as thine.



PARISIAN EVENING DRESS.

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COSTUME FOR DINNER PARTIES.

Invented by J. Bell, 211 Charlotte Street, S. W. London, W. 1.

Engraved by V. St. Leger Bell, Dublin, & Wash. 1846.

FASHIONS

FOR

MARCH, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—COSTUME FOR DINNER PARTIES.

Persian robe of white satin, ornamented with a beautiful coloured trimming over a slip of crape, finished round the border by five quillings of blond; the body of white satin, trimmed at the bust to correspond with the robe; full sleeves of crape, confined from the wrist to the middle of the arm, beneath the elbow, with white satin, with a partial fulness at the top of the sleeve next the shoulder, from whence the robe falls off. *Fichu* fastening in front with a small ruff in the Queen Elizabeth style. Sultanness turban of pale ruby, or Saxe Cobourg crimson, richly finished and ornamented with silver or pearls. White satin slippers with ruby coloured rosettes, and white kid gloves.

No. 2.—PARISIAN EVENING DRESS.

Round dress of soft white satin, made short enough to discover the muslin petticoat underneath, which is ornamented with two full quillings of fine lace; the satin dress finished at the border by four rows of scarlet velvet; the body made plain and crossed over the bust, which is very decorously covered, and ornamented by a plaited tucker of lace; the sleeves very short, and finished by a quilling to correspond with the tucker. Small Minerva bonnet of white satin and scarlet, with a superb plume of the same colours intermingled. Necklace of pearl, of the most elegant fabrication, consisting of the smaller pearl in clusters, with the large Oriental pearls depending. Hair in curls *à-la-Ninon*. White satin slippers confined round the ankle by ribbands; and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE extreme rigidity of the season has made but little difference in the out-door costume of our fair countrywomen. Fashi-

on, has been, like every other mundane power, in a manner chain-bound by the frost, and the most warm and comfortable dress for the female pedestrian has, consequently, been that which is most in favour. The only elegant novelty, and that is chiefly confined to the carriage, is the Caledonian cloak, made of fine Merino cloth, of a beautiful slate colour, and ornamented down the front, &c. with an embroidery of flowers, worked in different colours of *Chenille*. For walking costume, a plainer dress presents itself, generally of a dark bottle-green, with a sable or seal-skin hat, or Regency cap, adorned with band and tassels of gold, or of the same colour as the pelisse; others prefer the modest slate colour, with a large bunch of D unstable, chip, or moss silk, the colour of the pelisse, and which latter is most prevalent; with this retired dress is worn a muff of swansdown or moss silk. For the carriage costume, and for morning visits, hats of white moss silk with a plume of down feathers, are most in favour, and never was this article more in requisition than at present: and for which invention of taste and elegance, the British ladies are indebted to the fashionable *Marchande des Modes* of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

The attention of the wealthy *elegante* will be well repaid when given to the dress she has just completed, named the Saxe-Cobourg robe; it is made of velvet, and of a crimson colour of a peculiarly fine tint, with a body of white satin, richly, yet lightly intermingled with the same material as the robe; clasps of gold over white satin, down the front of the skirt, compose a relief the most novel and striking: a tucker is worn with this dress, the most *unique* and elegant; it is formed of *tulle*, or Parisian patent net, partially exposing the bust in front, from each side of which depend two points finished by tassels of gold. Next is the *Corsage à-la-Princesse*, for court costume, made of sky-blue satin, velvet, and patent net; the net finished in points at equal dis-

stances, by buttons of Oriental pearl: when this *corsage* is made of black, the courtly belle is enabled to display her diamonds to advantage, by substituting buttons of that splendid gem for pearl. For youthful females, coloured sarsnet, and coloured patent net or gauzes are still worn, notwithstanding the obduracy of the weather; to these dresses, however, a kind of warmth seems imparted, by wearing with them the lichester braces, yet in high estimation; they are generally of a fine mulberry, or royal purple-coloured satin, embroidered full in oak leaves of white chenille. White dresses, will, we believe, ever be the most prevailing breakfast costume: they consist now of fine cambric muslin, with white muslin spencers, drawn with coloured ribbands. Cloth for home parties, or for social visits, is but little worn; the only admired thing of this kind we have seen is an high dress of tea or slate colour, elegantly ornamented about the pelerine cape, bust, and down the sides, with white, dark brown, and blue satin, generally intermingled; and which trimming gives a very pleasing diversity to the dress.

The head-dresses are various: hats, *à-la-bergere*, of pink moss silk, turned up in front; white *cornettes*, made of *tulle* and white satin, elegantly trimmed with blond, and surmounted with flowers according to the different mode of dress: but we must, in a peculiar manner, call on the attention of our fair readers to two superb head-dresses, these are the Caledonian cap, and the Moorish turban: the former is beautifully composed of white satin and pearls: in the latter is employed a greater quantity of costly materials than we have long seen on the female head. It is formed of blue satin and crape, with a crown of silver gauze or lama, embellished with a bandeau of silver lace; from each side of this head-dress depends a drapery of prodigious length, superbly finished at the edges with silver fringe.

Before we dismiss these modish articles, worn chiefly by those in the higher walks of life, we must inform our readers that we have been favoured with a sight of some dresses, ordered for Lisbon; the first is the Bellina dress, made of peach-coloured patent net, over a white satin slip; this dress is trimmed with blond, in an entire new and

modern style. The next is, the *robe à-la-Virginella*, a dress, which by its name and simple beauty, is chiefly adapted for a very young person. It is of white patent net, finished round the border in Vaudyck points, with plaiting of *tulle* round every point, and which points are headed with a very small garden rose of maiden's blush: this dress is also embellished by a beautiful trimming of satin and *tulle* in diamonds.

The most prevalent trimmings consist of embroidery of different coloured flowers laid on white satin or net. The waists are rather longer than they were worn last month, and all the bodies instead of being separate are attached to the skirt.

Fans are larger than formerly; the hair is arranged much in the same manner as we last observed; and jewellery has experienced but little alteration, except that gold ornaments seem much in favour, and are made so costly, that their price is often nearly equal to a set of pearls. Slippers of white kid or satin, are still worn for dancing or full dress. Boots of red Morocco, ornamented with black, have lately made their appearance; but the most elegant carriage boot is either of slate colour or green satin.

The favourite colours are Saxe-Cobourg crimson, peach or apricot blossom, royal purple, dark green, and pink.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

So little change has taken place this month in the empire of Fashion on this side the water, that I was half inclined not to dispatch a letter to you till I had something more novel to send: however, those of your fair readers, who, like myself, are admirers of French *costume*, will please to observe, that a profusion of costly furs with a hat composed of the same warm material, are now universally adopted in the promenade; while the pelisse is made of velvet, or fine Merino cloth, of the most beautiful and striking tint that can be selected from all the gay emporium of colours. With these are worn kid leather half-boots, lined with fur, and laced behind: the

virage, or blacking, of which cannot be made too shining for our *merveilleuses*.

For evening or full dress, a kind of stiffness prevails at present, by no means pleasing. White satin caps, in the turban form, of rose colour and silver lama, are most in favour. Italian slippers, made so exquisitely that they fit the prettiest little feet in the world (a charm peculiarly belonging to the French ladies) like a stocking. They are sometimes made of cachemire, and consequently last little more than one evening.

At the Opera and concerts, velvet scarfs are thrown over a lady's dress, and have a rich and elegant effect; they are ornamented with polished steel, and have a splendid tassel of the same depending from each end.

Ball dresses consist of a pink crape or patent net frock, over white satin, they are ornamented with a border and cross festoon of white full-blown roses or lillies. The hair is arranged more in curls than when you last heard from me, particularly in the nape of the neck, where the ringlets are profuse.

The crowns of the hats are much lower than formerly, the brims larger, and the ribbands which tie them are fastened underneath the hat. Feathers are universal; flowers but little worn except by very young people, and for the trimming of gowns in full dress. Next in favour to fur, are hats of black velvet, lined with rose colour, or of cinnamon-coloured velvet, trimmed very full with white and pink ribbands.

The waists are still worn very short, and the fullness of the dress is thrown entirely behind.

The favourite colours are blue, rose colour, grey, and cinnamon brown.

COSTUME OF LEIPSIK

Reposing at length from the destructive siege and the hostile attack, the Leipsic belle again consults the Mirror of Fashion, as she recalls it to her mind, as when before the rage of universal sway, her ideas were disturbed from the easy and happy avocations of peace and safety.

Few ladies on the continent were accustomed to adorn themselves with more taste than those of Leipsic; their national dress, if so it may be called, seems an happy mix-

ture of that of many nations; their *dishabille* peculiarly becoming.

The hair is entirely concealed under a turban very elegantly folded of fine white muslin, and a dark coloured gown with a body or corset of white muslin, with sleeves of white, the tops of which are slashed in the Spanish fashion, envelopes their forms; the Catholic lady hangs to her girdle a rosary of mother of pearl or other light coloured material.

For the promenade a close *pelisse*, with a very large hat or bonnet, generally ornamented with feathers over the crown, is the most prevalent out-door costume: some ladies wear in preference a small kind of cap turned up before and behind, the front part forms a kind of diadem; this is generally made of some heavy material; in the summer of beaver, in the winter of fur. The Leipsic lady has an arch and *mutine* appearance, and scarce ever walks out without carrying a small cane elegantly mounted and ornamented with a superb tassel.

In half dress they wear a gown very much resembling the curricule robe: the petticoat of which is profusely trimmed, either with a very broad flounce, or two that are particularly narrow but very full. Their sashes, which are generally formed of wove or net silk, are very elegantly disposed; after encircling the waist, they are crossed over the back; the ends are then carelessly tied in the front of the bust, and from thence looped again through the girdle, from whence they hang in two short ends which are richly fringed. A white satin hat, turned up on each side like a riding hat, with a gold band and tassels, is much worn in half dress: and little white satin dress caps, totally unornamented, but which turn up all round, have a very becoming and simple appearance: another head-dress which is styled being *coiffée à la spirituelle*, is much in favour, and is a turban composed of black ostrich feathers very curiously wove together: nor is the dress hat less ingenious, but infinitely more light; which is composed entirely of chenille; it is quite round like a skimming dish, and far from becoming. The Polish hat last winter was in high favour with the Leipsic ladies: it is shaped like the English Regency cap, is composed of fine white er-

mine with a small plume of black heron feathers placed over the left ear; but has, very unappropriately, a large bunch behind of black and white ribbon hanging in bows, otherwise it is an elegant winter head-dress. A coloured satin hat is much worn in dress, put very backward, and on the hair beneath the brim is placed a long military feather; another hat made very flat, in the form of a heart, the pointed part brought very forward and placed very much on one side of the hair, the other part being very much curled, is far from unbecoming to a youthful face: but the head-dress chiefly worn by young people in *grande costume* is a bandeau of feather fringe, or a garland of roses and wheat ears. Very young ladies pride themselves in a fine head of hair, and when in dishabille wearing on it no kind of covering or ornament.

The gowns are all made to discover the bust which is seldom covered; the bodies are very much ornamented, and often of puckered satin, while a plaiting of fine lace ornaments the neck part and shoulders.

COSTUME OF THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME;

WITH REMARKS ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

Head-dress of the Roman Ladies, (continued.)

CORNELIA, WIFE OF JULIUS CESAR.— Her hair was always dressed in the most simple style, and only twisted a little next the face; her tresses drawn together on the summit of her head, resembled a Turkish turban, and formed a curl without any art. The *calamistrum*, or curling iron, was then unknown; and indeed, at that time any artificial curling was regarded as indecorous, and the hair simply combed was more accordant to the rules of modesty. But simple as this Roman head-dress may appear to our modern belles, they must, however, agree in acknowledging their obligations to the ladies of ancient Rome, who were pleased to occupy themselves in modulating and improving the different species of head-dresses, and in applying themselves unceasingly to give them a new and more elegant form, and to banish as much as possible, the odious uniformity of one particular fashion. Julia, and the two Faustinas,

carried the study of fashion to a very high degree of perfection, considering the age in which they lived: but chiefly Sabina Poppea, that celebrated wife of Nero, employed herself in an excessive degree on the adorning her head, and distinguished herself in a particular manner above every other princess in the manner of dressing her hair. One day, when her glass told her that her head-dress did not become her, she wished fervently to die sooner than look old or ugly from want of taste in her dress. Her rage for dress was so much her ruling passion, that she beat her milliners most cruelly, or her waiting maids, whenever, by an unfortunate stroke of the comb, they had spoilt the turn of a curl of hair.

OCTAVIA, THE SISTER OF AUGUSTUS.— All her adorning consisted in the disposal of a fine head of hair, and she was more studious of arranging it well than Cornelia. On the head of that lady, we can scarce perceive the narrow ribbon with which she tied her locks to form the species of turban that composed her head-dress. The hair of Octavia was bound round with a ribbon, while a few locks strayed carelessly over her forehead, and the hair behind was tied up in a *chignon* in a double bow forming a kind of cross. Such is still the head-dress of the Italian female peasantry, and the youthful maiden without the aid of foreign ornament, fears not to discompose her head-dress, as she dances gaily and meets the rage of the stormy wind, without trembling for her many formal curls artfully arranged, and which take up so much time at the toilet of the town-bred lady.

CLAUDIA, DAUGHTER OF CLAUDIUS.— She always regarded a fine head of hair as the greatest outward ornament a female can boast. The hair of Claudia was drawn together at the back part of the summit of the head, but without forming any bow, *chignon*, or curl. A long plait from three tresses was carried round her head to the roots of the hair behind, which were entirely concealed, as well as her ears; above the left ear hung negligently, and without any appearance of art, a light tuft of hair.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

ACCUSATION; OR, THE FAMILY OF ANGLADE.—This drama merits as little praise as censure. It is a very simple story dramatized in a simple and straightforward way. What merit there is, must be sought in the story. The plot and fable are nothing but the most obvious subdivision of it into scenes and acts. But as there is a good and an indifferent method of narrative, —as there is a certain method which belongs even to this kind of drama, there was room enough for the merit of a good distribution of the incidents. And as these incidents are necessarily accompanied by some dialogue, and as the actors in them might have some character, there was room likewise for dialogue and character. It remains therefore to be seen, whether there was any of this merit in the present drama.

Now with respect to the fable—that is, the conduct of it, nothing could be less artificial,—nothing less entitled to any claim of a critical and just distribution. The author has followed his story as it were in a straight line. The rival of *Anglade* resolves to be avenged upon him for his success with his mistress—He bribes two of his footmen to rob the house of a neighbour, and to convey the stolen goods into the apartment of *Anglade*. The Officers of justice are then sent to search the apartment, and by consequence find the notes. *Anglade* is then thrown into prison; but the accomplices of the rival being taken before their escape from the country, one of them confesses the villainy, and *Anglade* is released. This is the story, and let us see how it is dramatized.

The first and second scene introduce *Anglade* in much distress, and about to sell his diamonds. In the succeeding one, his rival commands his instruments to rob a house, and to purchase the diamonds with the stolen notes. The following scenes are all in the same right line. The notes are found in the chamber of *Anglade*. He is taken to prison. His suspected accomplices are watched. They are found stealing away. They are arrested, confess all, and *Anglade* is restored to liberty. It is impossible that any story could be dramatized in a more obvious way; and we are therefore compelled to assert, that in the disposition of the plot the play is faulty. The catastrophe (in the manner in which it is brought about) disappointed the audience; and the characters were merely brought together; and the innocence of *Anglade* announced. To say all in a word, the plot, as it is here given, is naked, lingering, and gossiping—It might have afforded a drama of two acts, but is totally unsuited for a play.

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With respect to the dialogue, nothing could be worse. We should deem it a loss of time to follow such trash with any thing like criticism.

The scenery is entitled to much praise. The gondolas on the river—the scenes of the rising and setting sun, were in good taste and execution—they were worth a better play, and we feel regret that the painter was not better assisted by the author.

Mr. Rae, as *Anglade*, acted very forcibly. But he has a fault which he ought to have long since learned to correct—He is too *sombre*,—too grave,—too invariably acting, for the variety of nature, in every character. He spoke to the jeweller as no gentleman ever spoke to his tradesman—He carried the same monotonous tone of acting, and looking, and speaking throughout. It may be necessary to speak louder, and with somewhat more action and gesticulation on the stage than in real life; but even here the allowed excess should be as small as possible. But no one should desire a servant to shut a door, or a child to go to bed, in the same tone, with which he would take leave of a dying wife, or demand of Heaven why it had rendered him the most miserable of created beings.

Miss Kelly, as *Madame Anglade*, looked well, and spoke and acted as well as her part would admit. This actress is always natural; and therefore, where the nature is well selected, is always pleasing. The *Butler*, Mr. Powell, ought not, perhaps, to be visited with the sins of his tedious and heavy part. He had to speak a funeral discourse, and it was perhaps in nature to give it the passing bell.

Mrs. Glover, always excellent in comedy, because the only living representative of the old school, is totally out of her element in tragedy; she always there out-Herods Herod, and annoys us infinitely more than she excites our sympathy. The raven himself, that croaks the entrance of *Duncan*, is not more hoarse and dissonant, than is Mrs. Glover's gay, cheerful, brilliant voice, when moved by these tragic passions. We always see her with pain in any thing of the kind. In comedy she has no equal on the stage; in tragedy scarcely an inferior.

-COVENT-GARDEN.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—In all our experience on the stage we have never beheld so fine a drama so miserably performed,—so imperfectly conceived both in the dress and scenery which accompanied it, and so totally misunderstood, or to speak better, not understood at all, by the greater part of the performers.

The first and most prominent character in the play is the *Duke*, and we are happy here to make an exception to our above censure. It was re-

M.

presented with that natural, graceful, and unforced dignity, which belongs to the just poetical conception of the character. Mr. Young acted nobly, and spoke with that calm dignity, which belongs to natural greatness. He did not seem to think he was speaking or acting in any way above or beyond himself. His greatness wore upon him as his nature. His performance was entitled to high praise, and we are truly gratified in bestowing it.

And the above feeling is necessary to reconcile us to what we are compelled to say of Miss O'Neill. We are always so delighted with this lady, that we are compelled to put a force upon ourselves in descending to that deliberate examination which is necessary to discover faults. We are compelled to say, with much regret, that she was totally unequal to the part,—so totally so, that her undoubted general excellence, her melodious voice, and her natural and elegant action, were scarcely sufficient to cover her deficiency. *Isabella* in this play is a character in which the poet intended to represent female dignity,—the dignity of a virtuous but soft and feeling woman, acting in a situation which put her virtue and her feelings into opposition.

The language is suited to this situation; it is that splendid poetical rhetoric,—that magnificent reasoning, and feeling, and imagination, in which Shakespeare so peculiarly excelled; and Miss O'Neill, from some reason or other, most imperfectly represented these peculiarities of the character. Her declamation was cold,—her reasoning, declamatory. She appeared to speak what she did not feel. We should be sorry to say what she did not understand. But she certainly so much disappointed us, that we had to turn from her acting and speaking to her face and figure to forget and forgive.

But if Miss O'Neill was thus faulty, another of the actors, Terry, in *Lord Angelo*, was totally unpardonable; as he could not have so totally misunderstood his part, if he had given it a reading of tolerable attention. Where did he learn that *Angelo* was a crawling, creeping hypocrite, and to be represented in the tone, manner, and action of such. Shakespeare, and the *Duke* himself in describing him, describes him as a man of most valuable qualities; but, like all men, infirm, and subject to fall, and therefore who imprudently, but certainly not hypocritically, professed a rigorous morality, up to which in the subsequent trial he could not himself act. *Angelo* himself employs the same language. He says that he had hitherto mocked at those who had talked of women; in a word he employs language, which might prove to any one who attentively read it, the nature of his character; a nobleman of good manners and great attainments, but who professed a rigour of morality which in the hour of temptation he could not personally exemplify. In the hands of Terry, he became a crawling, drawing, hypocrite,—a drowsy Jew.

Jones performed with vivacity. He was in nature, and therefore good. Emery's drunken felon under execution was admirable. But why was the executioner produced on the stage? Such a spectacle might not disgust the manners of the age of Shakespeare; or the poet might very excusably draw the picture in his play, but why adopt what Shakespeare would have discarded in the present state of manners and feeling?

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCOIS.—A new farce has lately been produced at this Theatre, entitled *Consequences of a Masquerade*.—This little piece consists of cross purposes, wherein three or four words which will bear to be played on, and interpreted two ways, furnish a dozen conversations in prose. The indisposition of Mademoiselle Dumerson, obliged the managers to have recourse to Mademoiselle Suzanne, whose great timidity as the substitute of Mademoiselle Dumerson, made the public unable to appreciate her talents properly: her figure is good and her countenance agreeable; but it is feared she has not that playful vivacity and comic powers which are so requisite for the performance of a waiting-maid's character.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This Theatre has brought forward lately a most splendid spectacle, entitled *Robert le Diable*; or, *the Penitent Criminal*.—Nothing can be conceived more gay, surprising, or terrible, than this pantomimic exhibition, which has been got up at considerable expence, and which is calculated to please every taste; combats of infantry and cavalry, clouds, dungeons, thunder, ballets, virtues personified, dances by horses, tyrants, wild beasts, murders, beautiful scenery; and those who are accustomed to attend the Circus call this a *real spectacle*.

It would be difficult to follow this young and valiant Chevalier *Robert* through all his adventures: when he rescues from the hands of the brigands, the cousin of the seneschal Alberic; when he delivers *Elmgarda*, the daughter of the Roman Emperor, from the fury of a lion; and when he triumphs at the Tournament, over all the lovers of this Princess: when at length he carries off his mistress, through dangers the most imminent, till the author has thought proper to unite him to her in marriage.

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.—*Outline of the Troubadour of Portugal*, a melo-drama, in three acts.—At the end of the political troubles which agitated Portugal, *Almeida*, a very worthless character, has received orders to quit the kingdom, and arrives in Spain. The *Marchioness of Villareas*, a rich widow, from the rank of a simple secretary, raises him to that of intendant-general in her service. The *Duke de Medinez*, had, when dying, made a will, in which he had bequeathed all his wealth to the late

Marquis of Villareas, on condition that *Roderigo*, the son of this nobleman, should take the name of the Duke; and that in case this child should die, the immense fortune that he had left him, should devolve to a branch of the family.

It is in looking over some old family papers that *Almeida* finds all these documents, which are sufficient to fill the first volume of a prolix romance. Little *Roderigo*, who has been put out to nurse to the wife of a man named *Velasco*, actually dies, and *Almeida* immediately substitutes the son of this man.

Not yet satisfied, *Almeida* covets the immense wealth of the *Marchioness*, and forms a project of marrying her. If she refuses, let her tremble; he will then discover to her the change he has effected, and he means to tell her it is by her order that he has acted in that manner. In the mean time *Velasco* dies, and when he is dying reveals the secret to his wife, whose indiscretion is a terror to *Almeida*: she promises secrecy; and then *Almeida* makes those protestations to the *Marchioness*, which causes her to feel the great difference attached to their birth and situation in life. This villain, who is always rummaging amongst the family papers, is now in possession of one belonging to the *Castellos*; wherein he finds, that the last branch of that family, fell in an insurrection in Portugal. *Almeida* then is resolved to pass himself off to the *Marchioness* for the Count of *Castellos*. He draws a Troubadour over to his interest; a very mysterious person, who comes from whence nobody knows, and who lives no one knows how.

This Troubadour, who is in concert with *Almeida*, is to put into his hands a casket in which he will find all the titles of the *Castellos* family; and he is to tell him, before a multitude of people, that he is the person he has long been in search of. This Troubadour turns out to be the Count himself, who, furnished with his own casket, confounds the impostor. The son of the *Nurse* is then adopted, and married to a young person named *Isabella*.

This piece on its first representation, met with a formidable hissing.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Almed; or, *The Wise Man under Misfortunes*; by the author of *The Sentimental Journey*. 3 vols. Paris.

M. Verner is one of the most indefatigable writers that Switzerland has yet produced. He composes in French, and his fame is acknowledged in France as well as in his own country, where the Thirteen Cantons repeat his name with a sort of conscious pride, and the shores of the Lake of Geneva have resounded for five-and-twenty years with his praise. His *Sentimental Journey*, his poem on *Creation*, his *Fugitive Pieces*, and above all his *Philosophical Works*, will ever

be read with increased pleasure again and again.

The true character of M. Verner's talent is flexibility: by turns serious, playful, and tender, he adopts every style, and in every style he charms his readers. *Almed* is a work which is half moral and half romantic, and this mixture renders the work conformable to every taste.

Almed is of illustrious birth, for he is the son of the Pretender, Charles Edward. This is the historical part of the work. Brought up near Paris, under the delightful shades of the valley of Montmorenci, driven from his retreat by the French revolution, he travels through England and Italy. All his misfortunes befall him in the latter country: but the greatest of all is his being beloved by two beautiful young females, to both of whom he feels himself almost equally attached. He marries one of them notwithstanding; but what troubles, what uncertainty and embarrassment is he thrown into before he knows where to fix.

Almed is a melancholy and reflective being; he is for ever meditating, and death is the favourite subject of his meditations. The whole view of nature, the verdure of the fields, the waters, the woods, birds, and edifices, are to him subjects of deep meditation; and in order to strengthen himself in this natural melancholy, he forms a connection with a Count de Montressou, yet more melancholy than himself. Whenever they meet these two friends begin to philosophise, they invoke all the great men amongst the ancients, and they never speak on any other subjects than annihilation, eternity, the divine essence, the immortality of the soul, and such like subjects. One day as they are walking together they find a skull in the midst of some ruins; what an occasion for moralizing and reflection!

The author has divided his recital by *Nocturnes* or detached pieces, which do not connect with each other; but after leading his hero through different countries, he brings him back to the valley of Montmorenci, where his history terminates.

Headlong Hall. Hookhams. 1816.

As personal satire is often offensive to the individual it attacks, so general satire amuses every one who has sense enough to relish it; for it may be deemed the very essence of wit, which, while it seldom fails to interest, as often instructs. It was with infinite gratification we perused the above work, which is evidently penned by an author of real erudition, and who is possessed of a thorough knowledge of the world and of human nature.

We deem this publication an auspicious opening of the present year; for long have we sought in vain amidst a gloomy sterility of wit for books of this kind, which, while they excite our admiration, provoke our laughter at the different

opinions and pursuits of mankind when carried to excess.

This spirited satire opens with a description of four different characters seated in the Holyhead mail, on their way to Headlong Hall, situated in a romantic vale in Carmarthenshire, and inhabited by Henry Headlong, Esq. of ancient Welsh descent; hospitable at the season of Christmas, according to old custom, affecting literature, and "arguing best over Port and Burgundy." The four guests in the Holyhead mail are from different parts of London. Mr. Foster, the first, is for perfectibility; Mr. Escot for deterioration; Mr. Jenkinson is a *statu quo-ite*; and the Reverend Dr. Gaster is an orthodox full-fed divine, who has gained the heart of squire Headlong by "a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey!"

To receive these guests, and to do the honours of his house, the Squire sends for his sister, Caprioletta Headlong; and the party is enlarged by a Mr. Milestone, a great improver of nature—by dressing her beauties, and substituting in their place what he styles taste. There are besides, a Mr. Cranium and his daughter, Miss Cephalis; two profound critics, Messrs. Gall and Treacle; with two versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. McLaurel; Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, a scientific amateur of the fiddle, with his daughters Tenerina and Grazioza; Sir Patrick O'Prism, a painter of renown, with his maiden aunt, Miss Philomela Poppysseed, a novel writer; and a Mr. Panoscope, a chemical, botanical, genealogical, astronomical, galvinistical, &c. &c. critical philosopher. Every one of these characters are most ably supported through this entertaining volume, and are made to defend their peculiar systems in defiance of every militating proof and circumstance. The versatility of talent possessed by the author is here made to shine conspicuous; he argues on each side so ably, that the reader is at a loss on which opinion to rely; and while genuine wit is displayed throughout the whole of the work, the most erudite and gentleman like language is preserved from beginning to end.

A ball given at Headlong Hall brings us towards the conclusion, at which we feel sorry to arrive. Cranium, a professed observer, not of phisognomy, like Lavater, of the features of the face, but of the form of animal skulls, reads a lecture, previous to the dance on skulls, which is carried through with infinite humour and apparent justness. The arguments of Jenkinson and Escot in favour and disfavour of dancing are no less so. The supper that follows the ball is well described, and a few appropriate songs conclude the festivities of the evening. Mr. Escot is finally made the happiest of men, by being permitted to cherish his love for the daughter of Cranium.

The following extracts are sufficient to mark the style and manner of this unique and interesting volume:—

"It may be said, on the contrary," said Mr.

Foster, "that animal food acts on the mind as manure does on flowers, forcing it into a degree of expansion it would not otherwise have attained. No one will make a comparison, in point of mental power, between the Hindoos and the Greeks."—"The anatomy of the human stomach," said Mr. Escot, "and the formation of the teeth, clearly place man in the class of frugivorous animals."—"Many anatomists," said Mr. Foster, "are of a different opinion, and agree in discerning the characteristics of the carnivorous classes."—"I am no anatomist," said Mr. Jenkinson, "and cannot decide when Doctors disagree: in the mean time, I conclude that man is omnivorous, and on that conclusion I act."—"Your conclusion is truly orthodox," said the Reverend Dr. Gaster. "Indeed the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet; and the practice of the church in all ages shews—" "That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes," said Mr. Escot."

We pity those who cannot see the wit and appropriation of character and opinion in the above quotations. The following description of the philosopher Mr. Escot, in love, is beautiful:—

"He arose with the first peep of day, and sallied forth to enjoy the balmy breeze of morning, which any but a lover might have thought too cool: for it was an intense frost; the sun had not risen, and the wind was rather fresh from the north-east and by north. But a lover who, like Ladurlad, in the *Curse of Kehama*, always has, or at least is supposed to have, a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain, will feel a wintry breeze from N. E. and by N. steal over his cheek like the south over a bank of violets: therefore on walked the philosopher, with his coat unbuttoned and his hat in his hand, careless of whither he went, till he found himself near the enclosure of a little mountain chapel. Passing through the wicket, and stepping over two or three graves, he stood on a rustic tombstone, and peeped through the chapel window, examining the interior with as much curiosity as if he had forgotten what the inside of a church was made of, which I rather fear was the case. Before him and beneath him were the font, the altar, and the grave; which gave rise to a train of moral reflections on those three great epochs in the course of the *featherless biped*—birth, marriage, and death."

The above extracts are sufficient to mark the originality and merit of a work which we scruple not to announce above all praise; to estimate it properly it is requisite to peruse the whole.

Mr. R. Hills has in the press *Sketches in Flanders and Holland*, comprising a Tour through the Low Countries, immediately subsequent to the battle of Waterloo, illustrated by thirty-six plates.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, of Glasgow, will soon publish a work on the *History and Construction of Steam Boats*, illustrated by numerous engravings.

The Rev. Joseph Fletcher, of Blackburn, has nearly ready for publication, in an octavo volume, *Lectures on the Principles and Institutions of the Roman Catholic Religion*.

Mr. Williams, of Shrewsbury, has in the press Eighteen Sermons selected from the MSS. of the Rev. Philip Henry, including the last Sermon he preached.

Mr. Boyer of Pall-Mall, is preparing a splendid illustrated work on the *Battle of Waterloo*, to correspond with the Campaigns in Russia and France in 1812 and 1814, now in course of publication.

A History of the Kingdom of Hanover, and of the Family of Brunswick, in a quarto volume, with engravings, is nearly ready to appear.

A Narrative of a Ten Years Residence at the Court of Tripoli, from the original correspondence in the possession of the family of the late Richard Tulby, Esq. British Consul, is preparing for the press, in a quarto volume, illustrated by several coloured plates.

Mr. John Weyland has in the press, in an octavo volume, the *Principle of Population* as affected by the Progress of Society, with a view to moral and political consequences.

Mr. Allen has in the press *Modern Judaism*, or a brief account of the opinions, traditions, rites, and ceremonies maintained and practised by the Jews in modern times.

Mr. Horace Twiss will soon publish a *Compendium of the Law of Parish Appeals*, condensed into one volume, as a manual for the Quarter Sessions.

Results of Experience in the Art of Tuition, forming the basis of the system adopted by W. Johnstone, A. M. at the classical school, Blackheath Hill, is preparing for the press.

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

In consequence of the general approbation which has accompanied the publication of these Sketches, we beg leave to point out this additional feature, as rendering the Work itself more worthy of exportation to our foreign colonies, where so many parents experience the utmost anxiety in preparing to send their children home for European education; being, completely uninformed respecting our public Schools, and often without friends in England on whose judgment they can rely. To Ladies at home also, whose widowhood unfits them for the manly education of their male offspring, the information contained in successive Numbers respecting our best public Schools, cannot fail to be particularly useful and interesting, both with regard to conduct and instruction, and also to general expences.

CHARTER HOUSE.

THIS celebrated seminary for public education would admit of disquisition far beyond our proposed limits; we shall not, therefore, lose

time in recording the history of the establishment itself, any farther than to notice that the whole range of building was originally a Carthusian monastery, of the order founded by St. Bruno, who being an unbelieving philosopher, was said to have been converted by the miracle of a dead man rising up during the mortuary mass, at the words *Responde mihi*,—"answer me," and assuring the spectators that he was then condemned to eternal torments!

Whether the mode that Bruno took for himself and followers to avoid such a fate, was the most proper one, is certainly a subject of considerable doubt, as it principally consisted in a retirement from the world, and the consequent neglect of all social duties, together with an abandonment of the exercise of all those faculties with which man is endowed by God! To that God we ought to be grateful that such days of ignorance, superstition, and folly, are no longer to be met with in Protestant Britain.

The dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth, rendered the "Chartrouse House" lay property, and it passed through the hands of Sir Thomas Audley, of the Duke of Norfolk, of the Earl of Suffolk, and from him by sale, to Thomas Sutton, the founder of the present establishment, which includes provision for a certain number of pensioners, to which the school was added, and the whole supported by a most noble endowment, all arranged by act of parliament, in the reign of King James the First.

The original establishment of the school was for forty boys, now increased to forty-four, on the foundation, for whom there are chambers allowed, with all conveniences, together with board, gowns, &c. These are called "Gown boys;" and from the first the rule was that none were to be admitted except such as the master, on examination, should find to be sufficiently advanced in learning, and to be between the ages of ten and fifteen.

For this examination the master was supposed to be fully competent; being by the regulations at least twenty-seven years of age, and a Master of Arts, of good reputation both for life and learning; whilst the second master, or usher, was to be a Bachelor of Arts for two years at least previous to election, and at least twenty-four years of age.

To obtain a presentation is at present a matter of great difficulty, as each scholar is allowed a term of eight years, whilst there are generally twenty-nine maintained at college by the exhibitions; but the modern mode of election is for each Governor, at the regular meetings, to nominate a youth, who comes in upon rotation, even though the Governor nominating should die before his admission, provided he is approved of by the master.

The general rules for instruction are, that none but the best Greek and Latin authors shall be read; and the upper form is supplied with Greek

Testaments for use in the chapel. There are also weekly exercises; besides which, those of the highest form are obliged, every Sunday, to set up in the great hall four Greek and four Latin verses each, which are taken from any part of the second lesson for that day; and these are to be submitted not only to the inspection of the master, but also of any stranger who, under certain circumstances, may chuse to examine them. Two of that form also read the chapter weekly, and likewise say grace at every meal in both the halls.

Independent of classic arrangements, it was ordered that the master and usher were to teach the gown boys the knowledge of arithmetic, particularly such boys as, from want of a love of learning, were only considered fit to be apprenticed to trade or business: indeed, even at the present day, the option of sending the qualified scholars to the university, or binding them apprentices, rests, as it ought to do, with parents and guardians.

As these boys are all clothed at the expence of the establishment, so they also receive £40 per annum each at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge to the number of twenty-nine exhibitions, provided they complete the usual course of Charter-house education, and are capable of passing the necessary examination. But as that course of education is confined to the classics, writing, and arithmetic, all other instruction, which the friends of a boy may wish him to acquire, must be done at their own expence, and may be attended to on the three half school days in each week, so as not to interfere with the usual regulations.

With those who chuse apprenticeship, and the number is very small, a fee of £40 is given; but we find that the only recent instance is that of the late Mr. Henry Siddons, who was actually apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. John Kemble, "to learn the histrionic art and mystery."

There are also ten ecclesiastical preferments in the gift of the Governors, which are ordered to be bestowed only upon such scholars as have been bred in the house. There are annual boards of visitation, consisting of five Governors chosen at the assembly in December, who always visit the school between Easter and midsummer; and there is an anniversary feast, or commemoration of the founder, on the 19th of December, with service and a sermon, together with increase of the usual commons. This anniversary is considered as being hailed with joy by all true Carthusians, the senior boy of whom, then preparing to quit the school, delivers a Latin oration in the great hall immediately after sermon. The orator is then complimented with a purse, and the scholars, including Boarders and Oppidans, adjourn to a spot called Brook-Hall, where they break into parties until dinner is ready; after which an old chorus is sung:—

"Then blessed be the memory

"Of good old Thomas Sutton,

"Who gave us lodging—learning,

"And he gave us beef and mutton."

A health is then drank to all old Carthusians, many of whom have fallen in the service of their country; and the evening is filled up with a scene of chastened jollity that never forsakes the mind through life, but is often repeated by an anniversary dinner even in our most distant colonial settlements.

The apartments for the scholars are extremely neat and convenient, consisting of a dormitory for the head boys, and a writing school on the basement, and a large hall in which they take their commons: and here, upon the system of *flogging*, we shall make no comment, but merely give an extract from a recent work on the subject.—"In the latter, many a youth, destined in ripened manhood to fill a seat in the senate, to wield the sword in defence of his country, to poise the steady balance of justice and mercy, or to adorn with Christian virtues the sacred mitre—compelled by the strong arm of power, and the authority of a monitor, has boiled the kettle, toasted the bread, and performed numberless menial offices at the nod, and for the ease and pleasure, of an upper boy; thus learning experimentally in early youth the situation and feelings of the governed, and how grating and hateful are the mandates of a tyrant—an useful lesson; in so much as it serves, in future life, to check the spirit of domineering which the acquisition of power too often excites or generates in the possessors of it."

Besides the apartments already mentioned, there are two large airy rooms with a range of beds on each side; much improved by an excellent regulation of the late worthy Dr. Raine, by which each boy sleeps single. There are also two or three studies for the use of the monitors, and a most excellent library presented to the establishment by the widow of the late Daniel Wray, Esq. an old Carthusian, who died in 1783, deputy teller of the Exchequer. The collection has been improved by subsequent purchases.

With respect to healthful amusements, every facility is given by means of a large play-ground of three acres, where all may join in foot-ball, cricket, or other manly games, and indeed large enough to allow even the studious to pursue reflection or investigation, without being disturbed.

Though these observations have been made with respect to the gown boys, yet many of them apply equally to all, with this addition, that the masters were not to receive any fee, or wages, from the friends of those on the foundation; that they should be careful to observe the nature and genius of the scholars, and to instruct and correct them; and that correction should be moderate.

It was also ordered that the masters should not admit more than sixty other scholars to tuition, unless they engaged another usher; but that

number is, we believe, much increased under very judicious and praiseworthy regulations.

The extra boys are divided into Boarders and Oppidans. The former board with the masters, and receive instruction not only in the school forms, but also in all the branches of a liberal education, at an expence, perhaps, near to £200 per annum, in addition to which [their friends supply clothes, &c.

The Oppidans attend as day scholars only, at an expence not amounting to £10 per annum for the school forms, but furnishing their own books, and having the advantage of other masters in French, &c. if their friends chuse to pay for it.

Though those two classes have no claim on the foundation, yet they are subject in all respects to the internal discipline of the school, and take their turn to fag and to commons equally with those on the foundation itself, and are in all respects considered as legitimate members of the school.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

THE REMOVAL.

"I AM the most unfortunate man in the world," said one of my friends to me the other day; yet he was possessed, at forty years of age, of an annual income of between twenty-five and thirty thousand livres, enjoyed an excellent state of health, and was universally respected. When I observed to him that the great advantages he was able to boast of, seemed to give the lie to what he told me, "you do not reckon," continued he, "the contrarities I experience of every kind, nor the domestic vexations which incessantly disturb my peace, and which, unfortunately for me, I feel in too sensible a degree. Great griefs are rare; they have their termination, which hope looks forward to from the moment of their commencement: troubles which really afflict the soul, however exquisite they may be, belong to humanity, and you foresee them; consequently are prepared for them; nay, there are sorrows which are not without their charms: but the vexations of an hour, little silent troubles which afflict a man from the moment he gets out of his bed, and which serve to harass him all day long; these are what render our life a burthen, and which I should be glad to be rid of, even if I sacrificed the best part of my fortune."

After I had laughed at him awhile for these his tribulations, I finished at last by agreeing with him, that there was but too much reality in what is generally styled imaginary trouble, and to which men of letters are more exposed than any other. How many trifling circumstances, and apparently frivolous incidents, succeed each other, and often combine together to pursue a poor author even to the asylum of his closet, where, suddenly, a bright and original thought presents itself to his mind, and adorned with the most happy mode of expression: fearful of losing it, he begins to pen it down; but his door opens,

creaking rustily on its old hinges, and the sun darts its beams full in his eyes; an organ is playing under his windows, his chimney smokes, his children squall, his wife pretending to set his books in order, has taken care, during his absence, to arrange them according to their size or their binding, without dividing them by classical rules according to their subjects; so that he loses an hour or two in looking for the volume which he wants to consult; but there would be no end if we were to take the pains to number those little contrarities of every kind which poison the tranquillity of our lives, and which by being accustomed to, only serve to increase the punishment of.

Amongst those which I know the least how to support is, that of changing my dwelling-place. I do not know any one incident which so completely serves to overthrow the ideas of a man, whose occupation it is to make one follow the other, than that tiresome operation, of being obliged to give warning a certain time beforehand, or have to pay a quarter's or half year's rent of a lodging you no longer occupy, and at the same time be paying six months in advance for one you have not yet entered.

If ever, like Thomas Penn, I should be the founder of a city, I would make a law, that every inhabitant should be sole proprietor of his house or his hut; and by an express decree, I would abolish, with that singular commerce of paying for an asylum, the three-fourths of those civil processes which have no other source. As this law is not in force at Paris, and as it is not probable it ever will be established, we must for want of a house of our own, live in that belonging to another; and for the sixth time in my life, I have just undergone the painful trial of all those tribulations attending a removal.

I have lodged in Mr. Moussinot's house for ten years; and I had so well accommodated myself to its many inconveniences, that it is most likely I should never have thought of quitting it, if it had not been for some changes in my family, which made the distribution of my apartments very inconvenient to others. My daughter, who was only six years of age when I first went to M. Moussinot's, is now sixteen, and can no longer sleep in her mother's chamber; my son, who for conveniency slept in a little room adjoining to my closet during his vacations, had rather, now that he is in the service, I should not know so precisely the hour at which he comes home at night: a separate apartment has become absolutely requisite, for it was not very correct for an officer of hussars to pass through his sister's chamber to his own: all these considerations obliged me to change my dwelling.

The choice of a new lodging is an important business in a family: the situation, the price, the quarter of the town, the distribution, the convenience, are all articles which must be separately examined; and as we were all interested in the search, it was altogether that we set out to look for a new habitation.

Behold us then, one fine day, thus employed in the quarter of Antin; I gave Madame Guillaume my arm, and my son with his sister walked before us making their little arrangements, without troubling themselves with ours: we read all the bills, and our children took care to make us remark those which promised elegant apartments, with fixtures of pier glasses, and newly painted. My son stopped opposite an hotel, on the door of which we read, in large letters, *Large and beautiful apartments to be let on the first floor between the Court and the Gardens.* "Dear mother, that will just suit us:"—"My good boy are you mad? This lodging is only fit for a nobleman."—"Madame Guillaume, it will not cost us any thing to look at it, let us go in." The porter, who let us know by his writing that he was a Swiss, received us carelessly enough, when he found we were on foot; it is most likely, indeed, that he would not have given himself the trouble to answer us, if the little mustachoes and red ribbon of Victor had not rather awed him: "Sir," said he to my son, who was our spokesman here, "the apartment consists of eight different rooms, on one floor, a garden, a stable for six horses, a coach-house, large enough to contain three carriages, and six sleeping-rooms for your servants."—"What is the rent?"—"Five thousand francs per annum."

We retired, without asking any further questions, and the Swiss went whistling away to join some stable boys who were washing carriages in the yard, and who seemed to look with contempt on those people who could not pay five thousand francs a year for a lodging.

After having looked at several other lodgings we entered a charming house, small, and in the cottage style, which was situated at the end of an avenue of trees, and the court before it formed a kind of bowling-green.

A fat young woman, who opened the door, and whose complaisant manners prepossessed me in her favour, gave us every information we could desire: she told us that the house was occupied by the wife of a Colonel, who was quitting it to join her husband. The young lady was at home; Victor insisted upon seeing the apartment. I was not in such a hurry, and I feared that it might not be proper for my daughter to make this visit: however, we all went up stairs.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BIRTHS.

The lady of the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert, of a daughter, in Portman-square.

At her house, at Hampstead, Lady Ponsonby, widow of the late Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, who fell at the battle of Waterloo, of a son.

The lady of Philip Courtenay, Esq. of a son. In Abingdon-street, Westminster, the lady of E. D. Ross, Esq. of a son.

At Streatham, Surrey, the lady of Thomas Harrison, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.

At St. Margaret's, Thomas Harrison, Esq. of Mortimer-street, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. Walter Row, Great Marlborough-street.

At Vienna, Charles, eldest son of the late General Jerningham, to Louisa, daughter of Baron Gratta, and niece to Marshal Laterman, Governor of Padua.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Solomon Nicolls, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service on the Madras Establishment, to Charlotte Cornish, youngest daughter of John H. Cherry, Esq. Member of Council at the Presidency of Bombay.

DIED.

At his house in Hamilton-place, Robert, Earl of Buckinghamshire, Baron Hobart; President of the Board of Commissioners for the management of the affairs of India.

In the seventy-sixth year of his age, William Ross, Esq. of New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-Ing.

At Camberwell, Sarah, the wife of Mr. Chas. Avelline, whose death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire, which accident she survived only four days. By her untimely death her husband has been deprived of a most affectionate wife, her twelve children of an exemplary parent, and society of one of its brightest ornaments.

At Nantwich, Cheshire, in the twenty-second year of her age, Mary the second daughter of the late Mr. James Monk, formerly of Nantwich.

At Paddington; Mr. John Wright, in the 61st year of his age. He had been an inhabitant of the parish of St. Ann, Soho, for many years, and kept the Crown Coffee-house, Soho-square, for nearly thirty years.

At his house in Upper Grosvenor-street, in the 59th year of his age, Thomas Gardner, Esq. one of the Directors of the Sun Fire Office.

At the Ursuline Convent, Thurles, Ireland, Mrs. Tobin, of which she was founder and superior.

At the Albion Hotel, Manchester, in the 34th year of his age, John Bradshaw, Esq. of Darcy Lever. His death was occasioned by the overturning of the Preston Mail.

THE BROKEN HARP

Composed for N^o 81 of La Belle Assemblee

THE WORDS BY W. F. HOLT ESQR.

THE MUSIC BY

D. CORRI

ALLEGRO



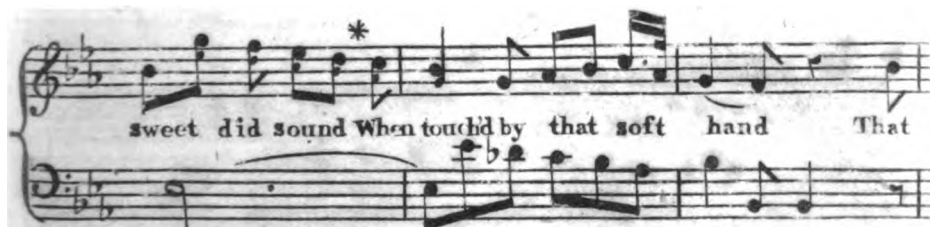
Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with piano (*p*) dynamics.



Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef with forte (*f*) dynamics.



Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass clef with piano (*p*) dynamics and a breath mark (*). The lyrics "O Harp that once so" are written below the notes.



Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass clef with piano (*p*) dynamics and a breath mark (*). The lyrics "sweet did sound When touch'd by that soft hand That" are written below the notes.

* Denotes when to take breath.

* see words in last Number.

TRAVELER'S SONG

made the listners bo-som bound almost a sta-tue

stand When at thy Mistress beaution's feet so

soft so gent-ly prest Thy notes would breath a

strain so sweet as broke the ga- - - - za's rest.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1816.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE PROPRIETOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, ever anxious to render this Work worthy of the exalted patronage with which it has constantly been honoured since its first appearance, has established a correspondence in Paris with some of the most accomplished and well informed females belonging to the first circles of fashion, in order to ensure the reception, during every month, of such articles of elegant and classical *Foreign Costume* as may be most attractive for their adornment, not only in the Ball-room, Concert-room, or Assembly, but also for domestic and fashionable Evening Parties. The various style of dress adapted to each, will be represented in elegant Drawings, taken occasionally from real dresses worn by distinguished characters, for the consideration of such of his Subscribers in London as are the tasteful votaries of Fancy, who will be enabled either to adopt or improve the Costumes of foreign nations, as may best suit the form, features, or complexion of the wearer.

For the amusement and lighter studies of our numerous Correspondents, our Continental friends will also occasionally furnish us with such articles in the *Literary Department* as will be most popular for interest, novelty, and fashion: together with a faithful and impartial Review of the newest French Publications, and the earliest Theatrical intelligence.

* * Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £3 19s. per Annum; to all parts of the Continent, Malta, Gibraltar, Sicily, Madeira, Brazil, and Holland, at £3 10s. per Annum; to France, at £3 4s. per Annum; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders, Post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, and of the *Weekly Messenger*, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

We have received an able Letter from OBSERVATOR; he will conjecture our reasons for not inserting it. But his suggestions will not be unattended to: all who think and reason like him will receive the thanks of the Proprietor for their communications.



Marie Duhamel
Comtesse de la Valette

Engraved from an original - pencil - drawing after "Godeau, of - Paris."

— Published by John Bell, April 1st 1816

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

For MARCH, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND
DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-second Number.

MADAM LAVALETTE.

THE earliest classic times afford us instances of female heroism and of devotion which succeeding ages have not failed to equal; and amongst that long list of feminine worthies, there has been scarcely one whose fame can eclipse that of the lady whose portrait we now present to our fair readers. To die is considered as noble; but we think that to brave death, yet not to seek it, in the discharge of a duty, is more noble, and certainly more christian-like. The pages of the historian may blazon forth the intrepidity of a Lucretia and an Arria; but we think that the steady constancy and calm resolution of Madam Lavalette will not fail of their merit in future story. With the political connections of the affair, the moralist, who ought to be a citizen of the world, has nothing to do. Madam Lavalette devoted herself for her husband, encountering imprisonment, and perhaps death, in order to rescue him from the punishment due to a political crime. If Lavalette erred, and we certainly think him guilty to the extent, she was not his judge—the bitterest enemy therefore of France, or the purest royalist, must shut his eyes to the husband's crime, and view her only as the ministering angel, who, in like manner as St. Peter was freed from chains, opened the prison gates for a condemned husband, and even risked the sa-

crifice of herself. If the spirit of British law excuses the female criminal who acts under marital influence, how much more must British liberality applaud that female heroism which saved a husband. Of Lavalette's guilt we have no doubt—his punishment we should have approved of as part of a just system for insuring general tranquillity; but the wife who saved him, we must admire.

It has been urged in excuse of Madam Lavalette, that she is a relation of the Bonaparte family, being a Beauharnois, and cousin to Eugene, or Prince Eugene, as he is now acknowledged to be; but that is no excuse for a breach of loyalty, it is enough that her *political crime* is lost in the blaze of her private virtue, and no further vindication is required.

The circumstances connected with her share in the escape of Lavalette from prison, only a few hours previous to his intended execution, are so fresh in the memory of our readers, as not to require further illustration; and we shall not intrude upon their patience by any biographical details, which would rather be the history of the Bonapartes, than a memoir of a female who, previous to the present era, has not made herself conspicuous beyond the limits of her own family.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

OLYMPUS; OR, A DIDACTIC TREATISE ON MYTHOLOGY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE HEATHEN GODS, AND THE MODO IN WHICH THEY WERE WORSHIPPED. ALSO A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

The knowledge of Mythology is absolutely requisite in the education of an accomplished female, for the proper understanding of those two sister arts, Poetry and Painting; being so often made the subject of the latter, and to which the former is continually making allusions. Ever desirous of rendering this Work instructive as well as amusing, we presented our fair readers, in a former series, with an elegant translation on this subject, from the pen of a celebrated French writer. It is our intention in this our improved series, to lay before our numerous Subscribers a NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY, on an original, extensive, yet concise plan; and which will enable a lady fully to understand the picture she contemplates, the fair proportions of the sculptors's art, or peruse with interest the historic page and heroic poems of former ages.

MYTHOLOGY comprehends a general knowledge of Paganism, of its mysteries, religious ceremonies, and of the worship which the heathens paid both to their Gods and to their heroes. The intimate and universal persuasion that a Supreme Being exists, is made obvious through the mist of its fantastical errors: the remainder is composed of historical traditions, disfigured by time: of physical phænomena, represented by symbolical characters, and which were finally personified; lastly, of poetical metaphors—likewise of philosophical or moral allegories that have been adopted as religious dogmas.

Frequent attempts have been made to find out from that chaos, some traces of a regularly connected system. Thus has mythology been represented under an allegorical, moral, and historical sense. Some have pretended to have found an interpretation of it in the Bible; others have only considered it as a compendium of symbolical instructions; whilst others again thought to have discovered in it a regular system of physics, geography, agriculture, and even of astronomy.

Most of these writers have erred in their researches, chiefly because each of them would adhere to one particular system exclusively. May they not be compared to a traveller, who, meeting in a desert with the scattered ruins of temples and of tombs, of palaces and of cottages, of triumphal arches and of useful aqueducts, would view them merely as the disfigured fragments of a single edifice.

Let us relinquish the misleading principle of systems, to consider mythology

under a more general point of view, and then we shall be made sensible that numberless difficulties, almost insurmountable, oppose a complete explanation of its fictions. In fact, how could we assign to each allegory or symbol, the true signification belonging to them at the time of their origin? Some indeed are as immutable as the nature from which they derive, and equally appertain to all ages; the sciences and morality may also claim, rigorously speaking, such among those fictions as are original property; but who will be able to trace back the source of historical traditions, that only indicate, at most, the former existence of ancient nations, that have been nearly effaced by the ensuing generations? It is very easy, no doubt, to discover among the Greeks the origin of most of the superstitions that the Romans had adopted; the Greeks themselves had received all their knowledge and their errors from the Egyptians, who had been instructed by the Chaldees, and the latter acknowledged the Brachmans, or Indian philosophers, to have been their teachers. If it be inquired from whom and from whence these Indians had received their learning, what answer shall be returned? The sacred book that contains the elements of their religion and of all their sciences, is written in a language which, at all known periods, was foreign to the generality of the nation; no one understands it at present, and a language that has become dead, conveys the idea of a people that exists no longer. Besides, if their learning had been the consequence of their researches, rather than of inheritance, as we may be entitled to believe,

they would have made improvements at any period whatever; whereas, on the contrary, their progress has ever been retrograde.

An almost impenetrable veil, which the lapse of time thickens more and more every day, screens from us the very former existence of those ancient nations; but before they disappeared, they left to their successors their symbolical instructions, and the tradition of their heroes, who, lost as it were in the obscurity or darkness of past ages, seemed to be coeval with eternity, and accordingly were worshipped as so many Gods.

Whilst successively adopting those ancient traditions, each nation endeavoured by disfiguring them, to appropriate them entirely to themselves: national vanity every where wished to naturalize those mortal Gods; the leaders of the different people gloried in assuming their names, so that it is not to be wondered at if after a long series of past accumulated centuries, those chiefs were mistaken for the original Gods. The names of those ancient Gods, from being rendered in different languages, must have undergone great alteration, and not unfrequently a complete metamorphosis; it would often take place also, that in the same country, the same God was worshipped under various names, as if so many distinct deities; in short, the number of new Gods that were continually added to the celestial hierarchy, and the surnames given to those that were already known, tended to render the investigation still less practicable.

It is beyond a doubt, for instance, that a race of Princes has existed, known by the Greeks under the name of Titans, whose disfigured history mythology has handed down to us; but it is less certain that they were natives of Greece. Several countries claim Jupiter as a native, yet mythologists can reckon three hundred Gods or Princes of that same name.

Twelve heroes have borne the name of Hercules; whose individual and exaggerated exploits the Greeks attributed to Hercules the Theban; but the very name of Hercules having no etymology in the Greek language, sufficiently speaks its foreign origin: those famous pillars which they placed in the Straits of Cadiz, are to be

found near Tyre, in Phœnicia, on the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

The adventure of Phaeton evidently indicates a great revolution in the course of the sun. The Romans had made Italy the seat of action, and pretended that the Eridan, into which Phaeton was precipitated, was the Po. But the tears which the sisters of Phaeton shed on the banks of the river, were metamorphosed into yellow amber, which is to be found only on the coast of the Baltic. Phaeton's friend was metamorphosed into a swan; now swans are inhabitants of the rivers in the North: so much for the truth of the Roman tradition.

The symbols, with the exception of a few that are universally understood, offer no less difficulty, because those characters of convention, better known, or viewed in a different way, recalled divers ideas to different nations, and different periods to the same people. The Romans, did not in imitation of the Egyptians, acknowledge or recognize the sun under the emblem of a hawk: they used annually to crucify a dog, whereas the Egyptians worshipped that animal as a representative of Anubis. No other people except the Egyptians could have found out, without the translation annexed to it, the meaning of a hieroglyphic placed in the temple of Minerva at Sais. It represented a child, an old man, a falcon, a fish, and a sea-horse, which signified: "O ye, who are born and must die, know that God hates those on whose high forehead a blush is never seen."

The allegories, with the same exceptions however, are equally problematical. Most of the phœnomena and events which they envelope, escaping our knowledge, we have recourse to conjecture. The poets have often disfigured the original meaning entirely, by carrying their conjectures too far; neither have some philosophers been less deficient in introducing allegories of their own invention, in order to hint at some discoveries in the natural system; notwithstanding which, the former ones, though they had quite a contrary meaning, were nevertheless retained. For instance, when it was thought necessary to add five days to the three hundred and sixty which the year was composed of, it was pretended that Mercury, wishing to countenance the

birth of Jupiter (who, by-the-bye, was his father) so as to keep it unknown to Sol, who would have revealed the secret, played against Luna for the seventy-second part of each day in the year; and that having won the game, he formed five days, which he added to the solar year; and Jupiter of course, say they, was born on one of those complementary days.

The rose, transient emblem of pleasure and of beauty, was at first naturally consecrated to Venus. Soon after it was thought that the Goddess had made a present of it to Cupid her son, who gave it to Harpocrates the God of Silence, to bribe him not to reveal his mother's irregularities. The rose, therefore, though still one of the attributes of Venus, became the emblem of Silence; it was introduced at banquets amongst friends, as expressive of the privacy which ought to distinguish and characterize similar convivial entertainments; but not as some mythologists have asserted, because its astringent smell dissipates the fumes of wine.

The above statement will undoubtedly suffice to make the reader sensible of the difficulty, and how useless it would be to attempt giving an explanation of the manifold meanings comprised in mythological records; neither is it the object we have in view; we chiefly aim at conveying that knowledge of mythology which is indis-

pensable for the comprehension of the language adapted to poetry and the arts. Few subjects have been more frequently treated with more or less success; yet it seemed to be a general wish that some author would write an abridgment with proper accuracy and connection, and especially void of pedantry, conceited witticism, and the mania of introducing systems. This is what we have endeavoured to accomplish: we have also made it our study to link as it were fictitious with historical accounts, by quoting the period at which the most memorable events are acknowledged to have taken place.

Most of the elementary works on mythology have made their appearance under the title of a Dictionary, which we must confess have the advantage of producing at once the explanation of any particular article; but this said advantage is attended with most serious inconvenience, namely, that of conveying only detached notions, similar to the oracles of the Sybils, which it is very difficult afterwards to class in one's memory.

It is needless to observe, that this abridgment being the work of the father of a family partly composed of females, the most scrupulous attention has been paid to retrench whatever might prove offensive to the most delicate of their sex.

(To be continued.)

HOW WILL IT END?—AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

If any one of my countrymen had the misfortune not to love his native land, I would say to him—range over the whole universe, and you will soon regret being absent from the country where you were born; frequent, study all the different nations, and then you will learn, you will know how to do justice to your own. To certain ill-minded critics I would say, read the history of the many existing monarchies, no where will you find the same grand and glorious spectacle as is offered to you in our own annals.

More than one half of the Roman Emperors were monsters. There are few states but have produced a Nero, or a Busiris: Asia especially has been a nursery of tyrants. The reigns of the Caliphs have

been very much extolled among us, but let us read their own historians, we shall find in the best of them a mixture of ferocity that stains their most laudable actions: the massacre of the whole family of the Barmecides, for a most frivolous cause, ordered by a sovereign that was reckoned just, is an undeniable proof of the assertion. It might also happen, that from mere caprice some trait of magnanimity escaped a Prince naturally cruel. Owing to some accidental cause, a useful, salutary plant, may grow in a soil that had never produced but thorns; a few sun-beams may pierce through the blackest cloud; but then we call the one a dark gloomy day, and the other a barren soil.

The Caliph Montasser, the thirtieth successor of Mahomet, had paved his way to

the throne by murdering his own father. From this statement it will be easily imagined, that that blood-thirsty Prince, at the time, had friends and counsellors as wicked as himself. Subsequently, however, he bestowed part of his confidence on an officer equally virtuous, brave, and disinterested, which latter qualifications is not frequently met with, especially at an Asiatic court. Taber, so was that officer called, never shared in the crimes committed by his master, and always served him faithfully, because he considered himself as his subject, and by no means as his judge. Having been sent to Egypt by the Caliph, upon a commission of the highest importance, he acquitted himself with equal zeal and success.

Taber, in his tour through Egypt, sojourned for some time at Alexandria. He was engaged in visiting the port, when a Tunisian vessel entered it. Among several articles of great price with which the ship was laden, there was one of inestimable value, namely, a young slave, deserving of the rank and title of a Queen, if beauty alone could confer them. To this extraordinary beauty, she added all the accomplishments that were calculated to enhance its worth: the sweetness and melody of her voice, as also the skill and taste which she displayed in her singing, were particularly admired. Taber saw her, and felt surprised at the impression she made on his heart: he had attained the age of thirty-five, and was yet a stranger to all the strong passions, that of glory excepted: he even hoped never to be acquainted with any other. The sight of the young slave, however, made him sensible of his error; he loved her as we all love for the first time, that is to an excess.

The fair captive was a native of Marseilles, and could speak the Arabian tongue fluently, a natural consequence of the commercial intercourse between that city and the East: she answered every question that Taber was pleased to ask her, and which indeed were not few, yet all relative to her own self. She acquainted him with her parentage, her name, and all the circumstances of her captivity: she was called Isaura; her family had filled the first situations in that republic, but being now stripped of their fortune, lived in obscurity. Isaura herself was left an orphan, under the

guardianship of an elderly kinsman, who had fallen in love with her, and had even presumed to make a declaration of his sentiments in the haughty style of a despotie guardian. The innocent maid had answered him in the accent of a ward who durst not express her reluctance, but who imperfectly dissembled. From that moment she thought of the means of escaping the misfortune that threatened her. Part of her friends had sought a refuge in Italy: she determined to follow their example, and to go and join those relatives who might not harbour the same dishonourable views as her guardian. She had seized the opportunity of a vessel that was going to Venice to effect her purpose: unfortunately an African privateer had captured the French vessel, on board of which the pirate found abundance of riches to satisfy his lust of wealth. Isaura, above all things was afraid of falling a prey to his brutality; but the African was still more avaricious than dissolute: he had reflected that by offering violence to his young captive, he would lower the price he was to get for her; and to that after-thought she was indebted for her safety. Isaura was thus reserved for the seraglio of some of the Caliph's high officers of state, in case the pirate could not get access to the Caliph himself.

Taber thought of availing himself of those intentions. He was at liberty to see and to converse with the young captive at every hour in the day, in the like manner as every one is allowed to examine, at any time, a diamond or any other jewel that is put up to sale. He even fancied that Isaura would find in his company an alleviation to her sorrows: he was not mistaken; and with a little less modesty, he might have observed much more than he presumed to suspect.

Taber, in addition to a most noble look and interesting person, was possessed of that appearance of candour and amenity that always prove so greeting to those to whom those virtues are familiar, and please even those that are strangers to them. Isaura, who was endowed with them in an eminent degree, could not but cherish them in our Asiatic. It will seldom happen that the human heart will subject itself to reasoning; but when reason gets the start of, and agrees with it, more seldom still will it

meet with a rebuke. The fair *Marseilloise*, who had lost all hopes of ever returning to her country, must have wished, and ardently did wish to get out of the pirate's hands: she well knew that she then was intended to pass into some other person's, and *Taher* she thought deserved to obtain the preference; and for her own part, she would have given it him even over the *Caliph* himself.

While her wishes so powerfully seconded those of the amorous *Musselman*, he was labouring under excessive grief and misery. The pirate had set the young slave at a price far above what *Taher* could afford to offer. It has been stated before that *Taher* was a disinterested courtier: but, upon the present occasion, he nearly repented having carried that virtue so far: it was undoubtedly the first time that for want of so trifling a sum, the favourite of a powerful monarch experienced the inability to gratify a decided inclination, or even a mere caprice. One may presume that the pirate had made the same reflection: *Taher* not being excessively rich, the fellow could not imagine his master held him in any great estimation, and of course he concluded that *Taher* was not worthy of possessing *Isaure*, since he could not afford to pay the price he demanded for her.

The deplorable situation of the unhappy *Taher* is not to be described. "O virtue," exclaimed he, "how many trials are to be borne, not to deviate from thy path! But for certain that which I now am exposed to is the most severe of all." He returned to the fair slave, who was unacquainted with part of his embarrassments; to her he made the whole confession; at which intelligence she became as afflicted as himself. "Yes, charming *Isaure*," added he, "I begin to believe that gold is truly precious, since gold alone can procure me the possession of you: I needed no less than this experiment to convince me how much it is worth"—"Alas!" would *Isaure* reply, with her eyes full of tears, "all this only convinces me more and more of the horror of my situation. In vain would I dispose of my heart; my whole person is offered to the best bidder: yea, I am doomed to be-

come the property of him who will bid the most for me!"—"O Heavens!" exclaimed *Taher* once more, "must I then submit to her being thrown into hands unworthy perhaps of possessing her? Nay, though they were meritorious, should my grief be less real, her loss more supportable?" *Isaure* made no reply, but her tears continued to flow: a kind of expression that had sufficient meaning. *Taher* could resist no longer: he suddenly fixed on a resolution that was so much the more painful, as it seemed to belie his former conduct: this was to apply to the Governor of Egypt, not to solicit he would exercise his authority, but to borrow of him the sum that the pirate demanded.

A wealthy citizen of Alexandria, who was an admirer of *Taher's* virtues, and had heard accidentally of his embarrassment, came to make him offers, which, upon any other occasion, would not have been accepted; but had now become very acceptable. *Taher* now imagined all his wishes were accomplished; and *Isaure* partook of the satisfaction that was depicted in his countenance, when a new incident occurred that created fresh alarms.

The extraordinary beauty of the young slave had become the general topic of conversation in Alexandria. *Achmet*, the Governor of both upper and lower Egypt heard of it, and wished to ascertain whether it was deserving of such high encomiums. He accordingly sent an order to the pirate to bring him that celebrated beauty. The messenger arrived at the very instant when *Taher* thought he had no farther obstacle to surmount, and was going to pay down the money the pirate demanded: but the African fancied that he must first gratify the curiosity of the Governor; at least his avarice, sooner than his docility, prompted him to try the experiment. He did not question but the charms of the French slave would make a deep impression on that commandant, and hoped he would make a better bargain with a man who had it in his power to oppress an extensive state, than with a favourite who was determined never to oppress any one.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

QUEEN EDGITHA, WIFE TO EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

THIS Queen was remarkable for the great notice she took of Ingulphus, when a boy, who was afterwards master of Westminster school, St. Peter's, in the reign of William the Conqueror. "I used to see her," says he, "often when I was a boy, as I came to see my father dwelling in the King's court; and often coming from school when I met the Queen, would she oppose me touching my learning and lesson, and, falling from grammar to logic, wherein she had some knowledge, she would subtly conclude an argument with me; and by her hand-maiden give me three or four pieces of money, and send me into the palace, where I should receive some victuals, and then be dismissed."

THE DAUPHINESS OF FRANCE, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW TO LOUIS XIV.

WHEN this Princess of Bavaria was on her way to Paris, as wife to the son of Louis XIV. known by the appellation of the Great Dauphin; Louis, who regarded personal endowments as the chief qualifications in a female, was extremely anxious in his inquiries relative to the beauty of this Princess: he sent Sanguin, a man even in that corrupt court incapable of flattery, to find out and bring him every information on that head. "Sire," said he, "only get over the first glance, and you will be perfectly satisfied." Certainly there was a very disagreeable effect produced at the first appearance of the young lady; her forehead was remarkably high, and her nose much too long for the rest of her features; but her carriage was so graceful, her arms and hands so perfectly beautiful, her height so majestic, her neck so finely turned, such beautiful teeth and hair, with so much wit and goodness; polite, without formal ceremony; and familiar, with so much dignity; that all this capability of charming, made the first interview easily forgotten. She was rather too much given to an austerity of devotion, and was a zealous protector of the Jesuits: resolved to confess all her errors the night before her marriage,

she was much distressed at not finding a single Jesuit who understood German. By mere chance she met with a canon of the Church at Liege, who had not even his ecclesiastical habits with him: he wished to decline the honour, saying, that he never in his life had confessed any one, except a poor soldier as he lay wounded in one of the trenches. The Dauphiness, however, desired him, like her, to do the best he could.

Though the manners of the Dauphiness were pleasing and obliging to all, she always maintained her own opinion; she detested gaming, and as to the pleasures of the chase, it was a matter of real astonishment to her, how any female could be fond of such a barbarous exercise. The King delighted in her conversation, and her favour with him daily increased; to this, perhaps, may be attributed the extreme fondness she shewed for the society of Madame de Maintenon, whose favour, at that time, astonished all the court, and gained her, from the wits, the title of Madame de *Maintenant*; or, the Lady of the Day: the devotion of the Dauphiness was sincere, and it was, no doubt the extreme outward sanctity of the favourite, which gained her the attachment of this Princess.

THE DUCHESS DE CHOISEUL.

THERE is perhaps no reign so marked for beautiful females as that of Louis XIV. Their power, their renown, have been handed down to every succeeding age; and both the courts of France and England, at that period, teem with adventure and anecdote of those, who, under the reigns of those two amorous monarchs, Louis XIV. and Charles II., held dominion, not only over the passions of Princes and nobles, but might be said to bear a powerful sway in politics and state affairs.

The Duchess de Choiseul obtained for a long time, the nick name of the *triumphant* Choiseul, and which *sobriquet* was occasioned by the following whimsical circumstance.

Madame de Duras (who was remarkably

O

plain in her person) and the Duchess de Choiseul, had a violent dispute for a place at the Opera; the latter, arriving with the Marchioness de Bellefond, asked a man "For whom he was keeping places?" he replied, "For Madame de Duras."—"Very good," said Madame de Choiseul, "that's right," and seated herself. The man thus deceived, went away. Almost immediately after Madame de Duras came in. The box-keeper having told her what had passed, she went up to Madame de Choiseul, and said to her, "As for all the graces, smiles, and sports of love, together with every gallant, all these things, Madam, we are willing to yield up to you, but as to every thing else, you owe it to me." Madame de Choiseul, without the least emotion, turned towards Madame de Bellefond, saying, "Good Heavens! when a woman is made like Madame de Duras, how can she think of shewing

herself at public places!" Such were the manners of the court; and the Duchess moved not an inch, while Madame de Duras was compelled to retire in confusion.

LADY FRANCES STUART.

To this graceful and accomplished young lady, cousin to Charles II. and to whom that monarch was particularly partial, are we indebted for the figure of Britannia on our copper coin. Charles idolized her for her beauty, and was frail, or rather base enough to endeavour to delude her from the paths of virtue: struck with admiration at her noble resistance against all his seductive flattery, he had a medal stamped to perpetuate the beautiful symmetry of her form, and from which medal the BRITANNIA was copied, and imprinted on our halfpence and farthings.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

FAMED for her maternal fondness, Madame de Sevigné was yet more celebrated for every virtue which could adorn her sex: with a countenance more interesting than strictly beautiful, and features more expressive than regular, she charmed by the loveliness of her person, as well as by the elegancies of her conversation: her carriage was easy, her stature rather above the middling height, and her almost transparent and blooming complexion, the effect of uninterrupted health, was set off by a profusion of flaxen tresses: her eyes spoke the language of her soul; she moved and danced with grace, and her voice was most harmonious. We have before said her features were irregular; her nose was rather broad, and her eyelashes were of two different colours.

The person, according to the opinion of some individuals, has little to do with the character; we are of somewhat, though not implicitly, of a contrary opinion; and we should be deemed unpardonable in keeping silence on so essential a point when depicting the mind of an amiable and celebrated female, such as Madame de Sevigne. Good sense, integrity, and a natural and proper pride, made her economical; her

mind, notwithstanding her habit of sacrificing to the Graces, never taught her to neglect attending to her affairs. She knew how to dispose of her land to advantage; make her farmers regular in the payment of their rents; direct her workmen, &c. &c.: neither did she depend on her beauty, when about to gain a law-suit. We are told by Menage, that one day as she was recommending an affair to the President of Belliévre, she found herself rather embarrassed; but recovering herself, she said, "At all events, Sir, I know the air, but I have forgot the words."

Madame de Sevigne was a stranger to coquetry; the sentimental reader will naturally ask if she was a stranger to love? Something must be left to the imagination, for every inquiry on that head will be fruitless; left a widow at two-and-twenty by a faithless husband, possessed of beauty and a most sensible and energetic mind, it may easily be believed that she was not a stranger to the softer passion; but every fond affection appears to have centered in her tenderness for her daughter: after her marriage with the Count de Grignan, she became her only care: and when arrived at the age of forty-six, she made the most generous sacrifices for the marriage of her

son: though then, and even at the age of fifty-two, she was beautiful, and had two or three brilliant offers.

She might be styled truly blest in the possession of the most pure and natural affections of the soul. During the minority of Louis XIV. though in the midst of political intrigues, she was as free from every spark of ambition, as from coquetry.

Though far better informed than any of those females with whom she associated, no woman could be less pedantic: she affected nothing, and loved not any thing merely because it was the fashion; and

when that period arrived, when all who belonged to the court gave into that bigotry which Madame de Maintenon had introduced, we do not find Madame de Sevigne following the stream, but yet continuing the same liberality of sentiment, conversation, and manner; and as she had no chosen lover during her youth, so she had no spiritual director in her old age; her cheerful gaiety was the same at sixty as it had been at twenty-five. A woman of her character had no occasion, at any period of her life, to devote it to penitence; she had little to regret, and nothing to expiate.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

M. DE BEAUMARCHAIS:

M. CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, the celebrated author of *Le Barbier de Séville* (*The Spanish Barber*), *Le Mariage de Figaro*; or, *La folle Journée* (*The Follies of a Day*), and of some curious *Memoires*, was also reputed a capital performer on the harp: whether he was so or not, the late Queen of France, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, wished to hear him. M. de Beaumarchais accordingly received a very gracious message from her Majesty, and instantly repaired to Versailles, in one of the royal carriages, that had been sent to convey him thither.

Several of the noblesse of both sexes were in the Queen's apartment when the new favourite was introduced. The Princess, with her wonted affability, invited them to stay, and to partake of a *troué*.

Upon such an occasion, an artist would have brought his own instrument, but an amateur would not, with propriety, be guilty of so gross an offence; the Queen's harp was accordingly presented to M. de Beaumarchais, who exerted his utmost abilities, not to appear undeserving of the honour his sovereign had conferred upon him. The Queen seemed highly pleased with the performance, and the courtiers, of course, were lavish of their encomiums.

All compliments now being over, a young nobleman pulled out a very costly elegant repeater, which he put into M. de Beaumarchais's hands, saying, "Pray Monsieur de Beaumarchais, look at my watch, and tell me

what is the reason it stops so frequently." M. de Beaumarchais opened the watch, and instantly let it fall:—"Good God! Sir," exclaimed the nobleman, "what have you been doing?"—"Sir," replied the other, "my father, who was a watchmaker, would have taught me his profession, but finding I was so very awkward, he gave up the idea."

You may judge on whose side was the laugh.—It was reported that the nobleman had not been actuated originally by pride, but from a private pique; the monied man having some time prior to the occurrence, refused him a loan of twelve thousand francs (£500. sterling).

GUILLAUME DUPRAT, BISHOP OF CLERMONT.

GUILLAUME DUPRAT, Bishop of Clermont, was son to the celebrated Chancellor Duprat; and one of the spiritual peers who assisted at the Council of Trent: he was the founder of the college of the Jesuits in Paris. This prelate had the most remarkable fine beard that was ever seen. One Easter Sunday when he went to the cathedral church to say mass, he found the gates of the choir shut, and three canons, one of whom was the Dean, waiting for him. The Dean held in his hand a huge pair of scissars and a razor, highly lifted up, that they might stand conspicuous. The other canon bore the book of the ancient statutes of the Chapter, which lay open in that part where it was wrote, that no one would be allowed to enter the choir unless he was

shaved (*barbis rasis*). The third canon, holding a small lighted taper, pointed out to the Bishop the place where these words were inserted, and moreover pronounced aloud, *barbis rasis*, reverend father-in-God, *barbis rasis*; and as the Dean was preparing with the scissors to perform the office of a barber, the affrighted Bishop represented that such a ceremony was not to be gone through on a day of so great a solemnity. The unmerciful Dean, however, still persevering to accomplish his purpose, the Prelate ran away, crying out,—“to save my beard, I give up the bishoprick.” He proceeded in full speed to a chateau he had at Beaugard, two leagues distant from Clermont. Grief confined him to his bed, where he did not suffer long, for he soon died broken hearted. During his short illness, he had taken his most solemn oath, never to revisit Clermont where he had met with so daring an insult.

CURIOUS PETITION OF MENDICANT FRIARS TO THE COMPANY OF COMEDIANS AT PARIS.

THE company of French comedians having agreed a short time after they had been established, to contribute monthly, on their receipts, to the poorest convents in Paris, the Capuchins were the first who benefited by their bounty. The Cordeliers wishing to partake of their liberality, addressed the following petition to the said company.

“Gentlemen,—The father Cordeliers most humbly beseech you to have the goodness to admit them amongst the number of those poor monks on whom you bestow charity. There is not a monastery in Paris that stands in greater need of it, considering the number of individuals ours is composed of; and the extreme poverty of our house, where bread even is often wanted. On account of the honour the father Cordeliers have of being your neighbours, they are in hopes you will grant their request, and they engage to redouble their fervent prayers to the Almighty, for the success and prosperity of your dear company.”

The above petition was presented to the comedians on the 11th of June, 1696, who accordingly granted to the Cordeliers thirty-six francs (£1. 10s. sterling) per annum,

divided into monthly payments of three francs (2s. 6d.) each.

Such was the origin of one-fourth part of their receipts, which the comedians in Paris allow yearly for the poor of the capital.

M. C. ROLLIN, RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

CHARLES ROLLIN was first intended to follow the profession of his father, a cutler, in Paris; had not a Benedictine monk, whose mass the boy generally answered, found him possessed of uncommon abilities, and accordingly had him admitted, as a free boarder, into the college *Du Plessis*, where the youth distinguished himself to such a degree, that he was appointed one of the chief professors before he was three-and-twenty years of age.

After an interval of some years, owing to his high reputation, Mr. Rollin was promoted principal of the College *de Beauvais*, which at the time was in extraordinary disrepute, but in consequence of the constant exertions of the new principal, that seminary soon emerged from its recent obscurity, and now was reckoned one of the best in the French metropolis. The following anecdote, among many more that could be introduced, will evince to what a degree of respectability Mr. Rollin had risen.

A gentleman introducing his son, a lad of about nine years old, to Mr. Rollin, addressed him thus:—“Sir, notwithstanding I had been informed that you have not one vacancy in your college, yet I must let you know, that you being the only person to the care and tuition of whom I wish to trust my only child, I have brought him to you, from a distance of upwards of five hundred miles. I can admit of no refusal; he must stay with you; and whether you place him in your cellar, or in your yard, it is equally immaterial to myself or to the boy, if you do but keep him. From the character I have heard of you, you will not disappoint a father.” Mr. Rollin unable to resist so pressing an argument, received the boy in his own apartment, till such time as room was left for him among his fellow collegians.

After having filled the situation of Rec-

tor of the University of Paris, with great honour to himself, Mr. Rollin devoted all his time to writing the *Traité des Etudes*, the ancient history, and several volumes of the Roman history, that has been completed by Mr. Crier.

Madame Etienne, the publisher of the ancient history, had as many daughters as there were volumes in the work; and each of them as a marriage portion, received the profits arising from the sale, which is said to have amounted to 30,000 francs. (£1,250. sterling).

WATERLOO ANECDOTE.

THE rector of Framlingham, in Suffolk, soon after the battle, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, stating, that in his opinion, the non-commissioned officers of the British army had, by their valorous conduct on that day, entitled themselves to some distinct marks of their country's approbation, and therefore he felt disposed, for one, to offer his humble tribute to their merit.—In order that this might be properly applied, he requested the favour of his Grace to point out to him the non-commissioned officer whose heroic conduct from the representations which his Grace had received, appeared the most prominent; to whom he, the Rector, meant to convey, in perpetuity, a freehold farm, value £10 per

annum. The Duke set the inquiry immediately on foot, through all the commanding officers of the line, and, in consequence, learned that a sergeant of the Coldstream, and a corporal of the 1st regiment of Guards had so distinguished themselves, that it was felt difficult to point out the most meritorious; but that there had been displayed by the sergeant an exploit arising out of fraternal affection, which he felt it a duty on this occasion to represent, viz.—That near the close of the dreadful conflict on the 17th, this distinguished sergeant impatiently solicited the officer commanding his company, for permission to retire from the ranks for a few minutes; the latter expressing some surprise at this request, the other said, "Your honour need not doubt of my immediate return."—Permission being given him, he flew to an adjoining barn, to which the enemy in their retreat had set fire, and from thence bore on his shoulders his wounded brother, who he knew lay helpless in the midst of the flames. Having deposited him safely for the moment, under a hedge, he returned to his post in time to share in the victorious pursuit of the routed enemy. We need scarcely add, that the superior merit of this gallant non-commissioned officer was thus established, and that there is no doubt that ere this he has received the patriotic reward.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

ANTONIO DA CORREGGIO.

THOUGH born at so remote a period as the year 1494, the fame of this extraordinary painter shines through this, and promises to beam with lustre over future ages. Born and reared under the rugged care of extreme indigence, his natural genius was yet so conspicuous, that nothing but the unhappy lot into which fortune had thrown him, could have prevented him from becoming the best painter in the whole world. His condition and circumstances, however, were such that he had no opportunity of studying at either of those two great schools, Rome or Florence, or of consulting the works of antiquity to render his own exquisite designs perfect. But his genius had in it something so sublime, the touches

of his pencil were so soft, tender, beautiful, and charming, that Julio Romano, seeing a Leda and a naked Venus painted by him for Frederic Duke of Modena, who intended them as a present for the Emperor, declared he thought it impossible for beauty of colouring ever to go farther. The fame of Raphael tempted this immortal artist to go to Rome, to satisfy himself of the truth of all he had heard concerning him. Correggio gazed on his pictures with the most attentive admiration for some time; at length he broke silence, and said, "*Ed io anche son pittore,*" I am still a painter.

The chief works of Correggio are at Modena and Parma; at the latter he painted two large cupolas in fresco, and some altar pieces: in all his works he is remarkable

for having never borrowed any thing of other artists. Every thing in his pictures is new; his fine conceptions, his designs, his colouring, and his pencil; and this originality has nothing in it but what is good; sometimes his outlines are not quite correct, but their gusto is grand. In his paintings of the Blessed Virgin is seen alone that natural and unaffected grace and purity which may be imagined to have been possessed by a female so eminently favoured, yet whose worldly lot was poor and humble. His little children are peculiar for that expression of nature and innocence on their countenances, with which no painter but himself had ever before adorned the early features of infancy: in short, nothing could equal the ease and beauty of his pencil; while, at the same time, the strength, great heightening, and liveliness of his colours were never surpassed, and the lights which were distributed through his pictures were entirely peculiar to himself, which gave a force and roundness to his figures that made them appear stepping from the canvas. In the conduct and finishing of a picture he was wonderful, for he painted with so much union, that his greatest works seem to have been finished within the compass of one day, and appear as if we saw them from a looking glass. His landscapes are equally beautiful with his figures.

Correggio was burthened with a large family, and resided chiefly at Parma, where, notwithstanding the many fine pieces he made, and the brilliant reputation he had acquired as an artist, he was always extremely poor, and obliged to labour very hard for the maintenance of those who depended on him. Humble and modest, he was never lifted up by the superiority of his talent, but looked up with fervent and grateful devotion to the giver of every good gift, and as he had adored the hand that had guided his fingers to copy the fairest of nature's works, so all mankind loved Correggio as a brother, and sincerely lamented him, when he was no more. His death happened in 1534, when he was only forty years of age, and which awful event was hastened in the following manner. Going to receive fifty crowns for a picture he had painted, he was paid for it in a species of copper coin called *quadriani*. This was a prodigious weight to carry, and he had to

walk with it twelve miles in the midst of summer, overheated and fatigued, he indiscreetly drank a quantity of cold water, which brought on a pleurisy that speedily terminated a life so valuable to all the admirers of the art of painting, and to his afflicted and affectionate family.

ALBERT DURER.

It was not unjustly that this artist was esteemed one of the best painters and engravers of the age in which he lived, and that his unrivalled merit was sufficient to procure him a lasting renown amidst all the more refined improvements of the art of painting. Albert Durer was born at Nuremberg on the 20th of May, 1471, and having made a slight beginning one day with a pencil in the shop of his father, who was a goldsmith, he associated himself with one Martin Hupse, a very indifferent painter, but who, nevertheless, taught him to engrave on copper and to manage colours. Albert took care, likewise, to get himself instructed in arithmetic, perspective, and geometry, and then, at twenty-six years of age, he ventured to exhibit his works to the public. His first work was the three Graces. He next engraved the whole life and passion of Christ, in thirty-six pieces; which were so admirably performed and highly esteemed, that Marc Antonio Franci copied them. We are informed by Vasari, that Franci having engraved them on copper plates, with rude engraving, as Albert Durer had done on wood, and put the mark Durer used, namely A. D. he made them look so much like his, that nobody knowing Antonio's trick, they were thought to be Albert's, and were purchased as such. Enraged at this, Albert went to Venice and complained of Marc Antonio to the government, but the only satisfaction he received was an order that Antonio should never more put the mark of Albert Durer on any of his works.

As Durer made more use of the graver than the pencil, his paintings are only to be found in the palaces of Princes. Their elegance and beauty can never be done justice to by any eulogium proceeding from the pen; the eye wanders over their varied attractions with delight, and those who have viewed them with rapturous gratifi-

tion, slowly recede from their contemplation, as their feet remain rivetted before these mementos of long departed talent: one of the most considerable of these exquisite productions is the picture of Adam and Eve, in the palace at Prague. Gasper Velius, at sight of it, made a compliment to the painter in two exquisite Latin verses, wherein, supposing an angel speaking to Eve, he causes him to say:—"You are more beautiful than when I drove you out of the garden of Eden."

Durer enjoyed the friendship and affection of the Emperor Maximilian, who treated this admirable painter with particular regard, gave him a good pension, and conferred on him letters of nobility. Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand, King of Hungary, followed Maximilian's example in shewing him favour and liberality. This eminent man died at Nuremberg on the

6th of April, 1528, and was buried in St. John's Church, where an old and constant friend erected a very honourable sepulchral inscription to him. He was unhappily wedded to a lady who was a perfect Kantippe, but so beautiful that in painting a Madona he always took her face for a model. He was a man of most agreeable conversation, easy, lively, and of a very gay and convivial turn of mind, though of morals the most correct and virtuous, and of a conduct every way wise and prudent.

He was the author of several works, one of which treated on the rules of painting. His admirable work on the symmetry of the different parts of the horse, was stolen from him; yet he rather chose to bear this loss with patience and moderation, than to depart from that natural mildness of manners, which he felt he must have lost, had he prosecuted his plagiarist.

AZAKIA.

(Concluded from Page 80.)

It was a matter of fact that the young woman loved her guest, yet her love was merely metaphysical, notwithstanding she had no conception of such a kind of love existing. She even fixed upon a resolution, which our European ladies would certainly have not adopted. She determined to procure to Saint Castins an opportunity of obtaining more compliance from another woman, than she chose to grant. This female was not yet eighteen, excessively handsome, and, what was not less requisite, unmarried. I have already stated, that among those nations single females enjoy great liberty. Saint Castins, at the request of Azakia, met Zisma (so was the young savage called) several times. At the expiration of a few days he could read in her looks that she would be less severe than her friend. I have not been told whether he availed himself of the discovery; at least this new conquest did not make him forgetful of Azakia, who most likely did not wish to be forgotten. Saint Castins, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours, always felt inclined to return to her; an occurrence, which, in any other part of the globe, might have contributed

to their union, was very near separating them for ever.

Some fugitive Hurons, who had been more expeditious than the rest, brought home the intelligence that Ouabi had been surprised in an ambuscade by the Iroquois; that he had lost part of his men, and himself had remained on the field of battle. This piece of news occasioned deep regret to Saint Castins; his natural generosity prompted him to lay aside all interested views; he would forget, that in losing a friend, he at the same time got rid of a rival: besides the death of that rival might endanger the life of Azakia herself. From that moment her existence depended on the capricious event of a dream:—If, in the space of forty days, a widow, who had just lost her husband, was to see and to speak to him twice successively in a dream, she concluded, that he wanted her in the country of souls, and nothing could prevent her from following him to the grave.

Azakia was determined to adhere to the general custom, in case the two-fold dream should take place. She sincerely bewailed the loss of Ouabi, and although Saint Castins would occasion her motives of regret

also, if she was to die, yet her prejudice prevailed over her inclination. It would be no easy task to attempt describing the inquietude and alarm that assailed the lover of the beautiful and credulous widow: during the night he would think he saw her a prey to those sinister visions; and accordingly felt universal tremor when he accosted her in the morning. One day, at last, he found her preparing a deadly beverage, made of the juice of the root of a lemon-tree; a poison, which in that country, never fails in producing its effect. "Thou seest, my dear Celario," said Azakia, "thou seest me preparing for the long journey that Oubai orders me to undertake."—"Oh! heavens!" interrupted Saint Castins, "can you give credit to a dream that abuses you, to a frivolous and deceitful illusion?"—"Hush, Celario," replied she, "thou abusest thyself: Ouabi has appeared before me last night; he took me by the hand, and bade me follow him: the weight of my body alone prevented me from obeying the summons. Ouabi withdrew; but how sad he looked! I called him back; he spoke not to me, but stretched out his open arms, and disappeared. He will return, undoubtedly, my dear Celario, then I must obey; and after having wept over thee, I shall swallow this potion that will set my body a-sleep, and join Ouabi in the mansions of the soul." A similar discourse was but too well calculated to redouble Saint Castins's deep sorrow. In reply to it, he urged all that reason, grief, and love could suggest most convincing, but nothing could persuade the young savage; she wept bitterly, yet persevered in her design. All the disconsolate Frenchman could obtain from her was, that supposing even that Ouabi should present himself to her a second time in her sleep, she would wait, before she drank the potion, till the report of his death had been confirmed; and Saint Castins proposed to himself to ascertain the fact without farther delay.

The savages neither exchange nor redeem their prisoners, and only try to release them when they can. The conqueror sometimes will make slaves of them, but more frequently put them to death. This is the prevailing custom amongst the Iroquois: accordingly it was to be presumed, that Ouabi had died of his wounds, or had been

burnt alive by those barbarians.—Azakia believed it more than any other person; Saint Castins nevertheless wished her at least to entertain some doubts. Meanwhile, he roused the spirit of the Hurons, and proposed another expedition against the enemy, which was approved of. Previously a chief was to be appointed, when Saint Castins, who had already given proofs of his great valour and distinguished conduct, was unanimously elected. He set off with his warriors, but not until Azakia had once more formally engaged, in spite of whatever dreams she might have, to postpone till his return, putting her plan into execution.

The Hurons advanced without being opposed. The Iroquois thought they were too weakened and too far discouraged to venture to take the field. They themselves had marched to surprize the Hurons, but neglected all manner of precaution: this was not the case with Saint Castins's forces; he had sent some of his men reconnoitring, his scouts had discovered the enemy, themselves unperceived, and returned to bring the intelligence to their commander. The ground happened to be favourable for laying in an ambuscade. The Hurons knew so well how to avail themselves of their position, that the Iroquois were entirely surrounded, before they were even aware of danger threatening them: most of them were killed on the spot, and the remainder either crippled or bound. The conquerors immediately proceeded to the next village, where there was a meeting of the inhabitants, preparing to enjoy the horrid spectacle of a Huron that was to be burnt alive. The victim, according to the custom in those countries, was singing his death song. Loud shouts and a heavy fire of musquetry soon dispersed the barbarian spectators, when the fugitives as well as those who offered to resist, were indiscriminately slaughtered, with all the ferocity that savages were susceptible of displaying. In vain Saint Castins endeavoured to stop the carnage; some few women and children only were spared. What he dreaded most was, that Ouabi, admitting he was still alive and in that village, should be comprehended in the general massacre. Full of this idea, he would run from one part of the village to the other, till at a place, where some of

both parties were still engaged, he saw a prisoner bound to a post, with the implements of execution by the side of him. The chief of the Hurons flew towards the wretched captive, cut his hands asunder, recognized, and embraced him with transports of joy. It was Ouabi!

This brave Huron had preferred losing his life to being deprived of his liberty. When cured of his wounds, he had been offered, instead of being put to death, to remain a slave: he had preferred death, and was determined if his choice was denied him, to perpetrate the deed with his own hands. The Iroquois, however, were but too well disposed to save him that trouble. A moment later his companions would not have been in time to rescue him.

After having dispersed or seized all the Iroquois that remained in that district, the Huron army returned home. Saint Castins wished to resign the command in behalf of Ouabi, who refused it. He informed him on the road of Azakia's intention to die, under an idea that he was no more, and that he insisted on her following him; of the poison she had prepared to that effect, and of the delay which he had obtained with much difficulty. He spoke with a vehemence and feeling that struck Ouabi, who then recalled to his mind several circumstances that he had paid no great attention to at the time. At the present moment even he hinted not what he intended to do. On the arrival of the warriors, Azakia, who had dreamt a second time, considered their return as the signal of her death. What was her surprise when she saw among the living the husband whom she thought of going to meet in the abode of souls: she at first remained motionless and mute; but was preparing to manifest her joy in a long discourse and by lively caresses. Ouabi received the one, and interrupted the other. Then, addressing Saint Castins: "Celario," said he to him, "thou hast saved my life, and what is dearer to me still, twice to thee have I been obliged

for the preservation of Azakia; she therefore belongs to thee more than she does to me; I belong to thee myself: see whether she is sufficient to pay for us both. I give her up to thee through gratitude, which is more than I would have done to be ransomed from the funeral pile lighted up by the Iroquois."

It is impossible to express what Saint Castins's emotion and feelings were upon hearing those words; not that it appeared to him as ridiculous, or as absurd as it will perhaps to some of my readers: he knew that divorces frequently took place among the savages; they will part as easily as they are united. But persuaded that Azakia could not be given up without a supernatural effort, he thought himself bound to imitate the example, and refused what he desired most; but his refusal was of no avail: he was forced to yield to Ouabi's perseverance.

With regard to the faithful Azakia who has been seen to resist all the attacks of Saint Castins, and to refuse surviving the husband whom she thought was dead, it will be expected, perhaps, that she would oppose the separation proposed by her husband. By no means. Till then she had listened only to her duty: she now thought she was at liberty to indulge her inclination, since Ouabi required her so to do. The fragments of the union stick were produced, united, and destroyed: Ouabi and Azakia embraced each other for the last time, and from that moment the young and beautiful savage resumed all her former rights as a maiden. It is even said, that with the assistance of some missionaries, Saint Castins made her duly qualified to become his lawful wife.

Ouabi next broke the union stick with the young Zisma, and those two marriages, so different as to form, were nevertheless equally happy. Each husband being certain of having no competitor for the future, overlooked the possibility of having had one or more predecessors.

THE RECIPROCAL SURPRISE.—AN EASTERN TALE.

A PERSIAN nobleman having incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, and being much reduced in his circumstances, had retired to a lonely mansion of mean ap-

pearance. There resided also the wife and daughter of his only son, who at that time, under an assumed name, served in the Persian army. The name which the father

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went by in his retreat was equally fictitious. Motives of prudence and of policy obliged them to adopt such a measure: they had both been disgraced without deserving it, and both waited till the inconstancy of the court would repossess them of what they had been deprived.

Aboutaher (this was the name which the father had assumed) was not allowed even in his solitude to enjoy perfect tranquillity. If at a court a nobleman is exposed to vicissitudes, an obscure individual is still more exposed to be molested in a province: let it be understood that I am speaking of Persia. Aboutaher had already suffered several vexations from the beglierbeg, or governor of Bartriana; and what rendered his case still worse, he was reduced to the hard necessity of going to complain to the governor himself. He indeed expected no great success from his journey. "Have not I," would he say as he journeyed along, "been a beglierbeg myself? Have not I endeavoured to serve my Prince, and to do service to his subjects? Have not I adhered to the strict laws of humanity and of justice? Have not I been superseded? Can I hope that the governor of Bartriana will attempt to copy a conduct that to me has proved so unsuccessful?"

He was only at two leagues distance from the residence of the governor, when he was overtaken by a coulomcha, or messenger of the King of Persia. A coulomcha is not a simple courier, but a youth of high birth attached to the person of the monarch. These messengers, however, are never bearers except of dispatches of serious importance; but the discharge of their office, though honourable, is rather painful, owing to one trifling circumstance, namely, that notwithstanding we are told that Cyrus was the first who established post horses, there is not now the least vestige of the institution in Persia. It must be confessed, that a royal messenger is allowed, nay authorized, to cross the horse of any traveller he may meet, and the coulomcha in question had more than once availed himself of the privilege since he had left Ispahan. He was on foot when he met with Aboutaher, who mounted a very beautiful Arabian horse: the sage old man wanted to dismount the moment he discovered who the youth was; but the cou-

lomcha, struck with the venerable aspect and noble deportment of the veteran, was moved with respect. "No, my honourable father, I shall not, I will not exercise to your prejudice a tyrannical privilege; it would be adding brutality to injustice. Only condescend, I beseech you, to gratify my curiosity. Are you an inhabitant of the town, or are you only going thither about business?"—"What I possess is so trifling an object," replied the old man, "that I ought to be exempt from all manner of business or trouble; yet I am not allowed to enjoy, unmolested, my very inconsiderable property. A bigoted neighbour, who hates me, and to whom the governor can refuse nothing, wants to deprive me of my little patrimony, under a pretence of having erected on the spot, an hospital for the reception of our poor. The only indemnification I am offered, is to be admitted among the number."—"What an abominable act of injustice!" exclaimed the young Persian; "by the son-in-law of the Prophet I swear that it shall not be effected. I have some interest with the governor, and moreover, certain means of remonstrating with success; so rest assured that your adversary will not be supported in his design to exercise charity at your expence."

They continued conversing together till they reached the residence of the beglierbeg. As soon as the coulomcha had delivered his message, he stated the case of Aboutaher, whom he introduced to the governor. This officer would hardly listen to the complaint, but observed, that so pious a man as the one he complained of, could only be actuated by commendable views. This governor, by-the-bye, was a bigot himself, and notorious for his avarice, though indeed he never ordered peculations to be raised but with the alcoran in his hands.

The young Persian, who was no stranger to the governor's disposition, winked to the old man not to insist, but to withdraw, as had previously been agreed upon between them. Sefi (the coulomcha's name) then repeated his solicitations, and finally urged the argument which he knew would convey persuasion. According to custom, he was entitled to a considerable present for his mission, and this present he was to receive from the beglierbeg. He gave him to understand that he would willingly renounce

his claim if Aboutaher should obtain justice. The avaricious governor readily listened to the proposal, and confessed that the devout Musselman's zeal might be carried too far. Aboutaher was maintained in his property; and the beglierbeg would even have added to it the property of some of his neighbours, had it been required of him.

Sefi hastened to meet his *protégé*, who invited him at least to go and visit the hermitage he had preserved to its right owner. The young Persian, who had no motive to induce him to return to Ispahan in a hurry, agreed to the proposal: they set off on the second day, and after having journeyed on for about twelve hours, arrived at a short distance from the habitation of the old man. Meanwhile this latter was giving a modest description of the place to Sefi, when on a sudden, to his utmost surprise and sorrow, he discovered part of his house to be in flames! "Ah! my dear Fatima! Ah! dear Pehri!" exclaimed Aboutaher; "what will become of you? Who will rescue you from the peril that threatens you? Alas! perhaps ye have already fallen victims to it!"

Sefi did not tarry to inquire into the meaning of these words, but set off as fast as his horse could carry him; he arrived within a few minutes, and found a slave, who stood lamenting the accident, without offering any assistance to those whose dreadful screams seemed to issue from amidst the flames. He asked the slave which way it was practicable to penetrate into the burning edifice:—"Alas! my lord," returned the man, "I would before now have attempted to save Fatima and Pehri, but I am not an eunuch; and if unfortunately you be not one yourself——" Sefi, without replying to this ridiculous discourse, seized a club, broke open the only door in the house that happened to be locked, rushed across the smoke and flames, and penetrated into an apartment where Fatima, Pehri, and an old female slave expected every moment to be devoured by the flames; the two former had already lost the use of their senses. Sefi caught hold of the first that chance threw in his way; it was Perhi: he carried her in his arms into the yard, where he delivered her into the hands of Aboutaher, who at that instant arrived. He then flew to the

assistance of Fatima, whom he had the good fortune to bring down safe, but not without great danger for his own safety. This did not prevent him from making a third attempt to save the old slave; but the roof of that part of the building fell in, and would not allow him to accomplish his design.

Sefi was not less modest than generous. When assisting Perhi, he could not help observing, that he held in his arms one of the most beautiful persons in the East: Sefi beheld her with transport, yet sensible that his presence could not be of any immediate service, he modestly kept at a distance.

This was not the case with the slave; the peril being over, his scruples were at an end, and he assisted his master in his endeavours to restore Fatima and Pehri to their senses. They at last both opened their eyes; but the danger which they had been exposed to was so present to their minds, that they even doubted their existence.—"Ah!" said the old man, bathing them with his tears, "your amazement indeed is not without a foundation: you must have perished, both of you, had it not been for the timely interference of the most generous of all men: he has saved your lives by exposing himself to almost certain death, and at different times too." He then entered into a brief detail of what Sefi had done to save them, and in his own behalf.

Much less might be wanted to provoke the curiosity of two females to whom the sight of a stranger is absolutely interdicted. Aboutaher thought he might detract from the general custom in favour of Sefi: besides, he was not left the liberty of choice. The apartment of the women was entirely destroyed; of course they must necessarily inhabit his, which was secure against the conflagration, having no communication whatever with the other building. The old man then ran towards Sefi to invite him to draw near the objects who were indebted to him for their new being. Sefi, at this proposition, underwent a pleasing shock that deprived him of the power of answering; but his silence did not seem, however, to be meant as a refusal, for without being sensible of it himself, he advanced much faster than his guide, towards the

apartment where Fatima and Pehri were waiting for him. He accosted them with an emotion which young Pehri already experienced, and which redoubled as soon as she saw him.

Pehri was hardly thirteen years of age; but in those climes the fair sex need not be more advanced in years to be sensible, and likewise to make others feel that they are qualified to please. Sefi experienced it. He might also have found in Fatima an object capable of rivalling her daughter; she was still in the bloom of youth and beauty: but Sefi himself was too young thus to divide his homage, although Fatima and Pehri had been ordinary rivals. There is an age at which the heart gets enthralled by the very first look, and thinks neither of extending or of breaking off its chain.

Some days elapsed in the most agreeable manner for the young couple, who, on account of the present circumstance, were allowed to converse at liberty. Sefi was thankful of the accident that brought them together, neither did Pehri regret it. With regard to the old man, he thought of remedying it: he suspected inwardly what had occasioned the conflagration, and his suspicions were well founded. The pious Persian, above mentioned, having been informed that the governor ceased to aid his charitable views, had thought he might indulge himself, and commit a little injury, from which a comparatively greater good might arise. He consequently had directed one of his slaves to set fire to the premises he was prevented from invading. Perhaps, said he, we may burn to death three or four individuals, but my hospital will contain a hundred, and upon a fair calculation the mass of human beings will be gainers.

It may easily be supposed that a similar accident must occasion Aboutaher great expence and trouble. Sefi was weighing in his mind on the means of persuading him to accept of pecuniary assistance, but he hesitated between the difficulty of making the offer, and the fear of being refused. Aboutaher, in fact, told him, that notwithstanding he was not in affluence, yet his circumstances were fully competent to the repairing of all the damage occasioned by the fire. Meanwhile he admired the constant generosity of the young Persian; he regretted his own incapacity to detain the

youth whom he thought a court deserved not to possess. Sefi, however, was forced to return where the discharge of his duty summoned him: had he followed his own inclination, he would have continued where he was.

Pehri and he had several conferences together during his stay, which had only contributed to increase their growing affection; and both returned thanks to fortune that had freed them from the trammels of etiquette. Cruel and ridiculous custom, would Sefi say, that compels us to marry an unknown object, to whom we are equally unknown: the most respectable bond is thus converted into a game of chance, which often is the ruin of both parties. Ah! I have beheld in Pehri, her who is to make me happy: our union will be the result of an enlightened choice, our choice the consequence of reciprocal affection, which can never increase; which especially can never diminish.

From this discourse one may imagine what Sefi intended to do, but that could not be accomplished till he had resigned his situation at court: the sovereign allowed him neither a wife, nor even a female slave. He informed of his projects both Pehri, who found them wondrously wise, and Aboutaher who judged of them quite otherwise. The prudent old man exhorted him not to act too precipitately:—"At your time of life," would he say, "you ought above all things, to court the favour of your sovereign:" it is more easy to be a courtier than a philosopher.

Sefi, who at that moment thought only of his love, was not much shaken in his resolution by that discourse. Pehri did not agree better on that point with her grandfather. The young couple could reflect only with shuddering on their approaching separation: nevertheless it could not be avoided; it was become indispensable to put an end to a situation so much the more flattering, as it was unprecedented in the country: but it was not that singularity which Sefi regretted, it was the thing itself. He shed tears in abundance; Pehri concealed part of her grief; Aboutaher wept through affection; and Fatima also without being able to account to herself from what motive.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MISERIES OF DEPENDENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—In addressing you I am actuated by a double motive, a wish to relieve my heart from an intolerable oppression by complaint, and a desire of bestowing on others the benefit of my own bitter experience: but, alas! I fear there is too much truth in the eastern aphorism, "An ounce of experience is worth a pound of advice."

I will not trouble you with an account of my family, or my early years, suffice it to say, that I was left an orphan at nineteen, without property, and with only one near relation who was able to assist me; an aunt by my mother's side, who was established in the child-bed linen business, in the city: she made a journey into the country, where I was when I lost my mother, the only parent I had ever known, as my father died while I was an infant, and removed me immediately to her house in — lane. She treated me with affectionate kindness, and had my mind not received a wrong bias I might have made myself happy; but I had unfortunately acquired a smattering of some accomplishments, and what was still worse, I had a decided taste for reading; poetry especially was to me a luxurious treat. This taste my mother had often lamented, but she never exerted herself to check it; and you may guess how ill it accorded with the ideas of my aunt, who being herself a bustling woman of business, thought all time lost that was not spent behind her counter, or in her work-room, and conceived that a chapter in the Bible on a Sunday was all the reading that a young woman in my situation ought to allow herself. As I did not wish to eat the bread of dependence, I endeavoured to render myself useful to her, and I succeeded; but I found my situation so irksome that my spirits began to yield to an habitual melancholy, when an incident occurred which gave me once more new hopes and new prospects: this was the notice taken of me by a customer of my aunt's, a lady who appeared to me of a superior order of beings; and, to say the truth, Mrs. Sensitive possesses enough of the dazzling and the imposing to captivate older and wiser people than myself. After I had at her

desire dined several times at her house, she proposed to me to reside with her as her companion, and at the same time assured me with a smile of the most ingenuous sweetness, that I should find her house a comfortable home. My aunt immediately negated the proposal, and to prove that she was not actuated by selfish motives, she offered to take me directly into partnership in her business, but this truly kind offer I declined, and quitted her to take up my residence with Mrs. Sensitive.

For the first few days I seemed in enchanted regions. Mrs. Sensitive had a young friend staying with her, who occupied much of her time, and as I neither wished nor expected to visit my patroness, nor to be introduced to her parties, I was consequently much alone, but she always treated me with kindness at meals, and even condescended to express an impatience for the time when she could have me more with her; and as I was entirely mistress of my time, and had free access to an elegant library, I thought myself the happiest of beings.

These halcyon days were not, however of long duration; the town began to thin; I attended Mrs. Sensitive into the country, and the day after our arrival I entered upon the duties of my employment. The first and most fatiguing of them was reading to Mrs. Sensitive whenever she was alone; and when I tell you, Sir, that the systems of modern philosophers, French novels, and German dramas, were the only books which she would suffer me to read, you may conceive that my patience was pretty well tried. Unfortunately, I could neither feign nor feel a pleasure in perusing such works, and this circumstance lowered my patroness's opinion of me very much; but what contributed still more to ruin me in her estimation, was my total want of feeling for what she called her exquisite sorrows: tears, tremblings, nay, sometimes fits, were the consequences very frequently of a highly wrought novel or play, and as I endeavoured to prevail upon her not to listen to what I was afraid would eventually hurt her health and spi-

rits, she set me down directly for a good kind of common-place young woman, who was quite devoid of feeling and sensibility.

Having established this point to her own satisfaction, she acted upon a certainty that her ideas of my character were correct, by giving me the post of superintendant to her household, since she could not have chosen one from which a feeling mind would turn with more disgust. Passionately fond of show and ostentation, she is parsimonious to the last degree in her house-keeping, and the viands which are served up to her table in plate and china, are frequently such as the lowest mechanic would turn from with disgust.

Provisions which she calls high, but which unpolished people would term stale, vegetable soups *à-la-mode Française*, which English stomachs cannot relish, and pastry ingeniously contrived to look as if it really was fit to be eaten, though nine times out of ten appearances are deceitful. But it is not only of the quality of their provisions that her household have reason to complain, the quantity used is a matter of serious annoyance to her; and as she herself eats scarcely any thing, she makes no allowance for what she terms the voracity of those to whom labour gives appetite. In short, Mr. Editor, to speak plainly, the superintendant of her domestic affairs ought to be styled (if I may coin a word), *starver-general* of the household.

I ventured, when she blamed my want of economy, and talked of the extraordinary expense of her family, to hint that a retrenchment might be made in the number of dishes, and that three might be substituted for seven; this unlucky proposal brought out a new trait in my patroness's disposition; she threw herself into a passion, which absolutely frightened me, and after exhausting every term of reproach which she could think of, and some of them not the most delicate, she condescended to say that she forgave me, for what she supposed an unintentional impertinence, since it was impossible for one who had never seen any thing of genteel life, to be aware of the appearances necessary to be kept up by a person of fashion.

How bitterly did I at this moment repeat of the credulity which obliged me to listen

in silence to her taunts; how gladly would I have returned to my poor aunt, my real friend: but, alas! I had no longer an asylum in her house, she had died suddenly in a month after I quitted her, and bequeathed the little she had to leave to a distant relation who resided with her.

As this event throws me wholly upon the bounty of my protectress I dare not disoblige her, but as her servants have not the same motives for patience and forbearance, they are all either openly discontented, or careless and impertinent, dispositions which her behaviour is calculated to nourish instead of repressing: her temper in fact, is a singular compound of the peevish and the passionate, qualities which I have never before seen mingled to such a degree. After she has teized the unfortunate subject of her wrath for an hour or two together with the most bitter and provoking taunts, she will frequently, without any fresh provocation, throw herself into a most violent rage, which will end perhaps in a fit, and that is generally succeeded by a flood of tears, and a declaration that she is the most unfortunate of women in being surrounded by savages and barbarians, creatures devoid of human feelings.

From this sketch of Mrs. Sensitive's temper you may suppose that she frequently changes her servants, and as they can neither love nor respect such a mistress, they behave as ill as they dare do to her representative. Incapable of discriminating, they do not consider that I fill my odious office through necessity, not choice; and regarding me as a spy and a disturber of their comforts, they inflict upon me all those petty evils which try the temper, and wound the feelings more perhaps than actual suffering. My orders are either misunderstood or improperly executed; and as they are certain that my patroness will side with them, and throw all the blame on me, they know that I dare not complain; and with respect to my own individual accommodation, I have at length been driven to the necessity of keeping my apartment in order, and even of lighting my own fire, when I am allowed the luxury of one, because the housemaid declares upon her word and honour she has no time to wait upon second-hand gentry, as have

nothing to give to poor servants but civil words to their faces, and bad ones behind their backs.

In addition to my parts of reader and superintendant, I occupy occasionally the office of secretary to my patroness, whose correspondents are very numerous. Of all my tasks this is the most irksome, and the one in which I succeed the worst; and I am always intrusted in her absence with the care of her favourite pug dog. The first of these occupations is, in Mrs. Sensitive's opinion, the worst executed. My style is heavy, my periods ill turned, my ideas common, and, worst of all, a total want of feeling and sensibility pervades (as she says) all my unfortunate epistles; yet, notwithstanding all these defects, I am frequently obliged to waste the midnight lamp in composition, merely to afford her the benevolent pleasure of satirizing me without mercy.

As to "my sweet little charge," as Mrs.

Sensitive calls Pug, who, by the way, is the most ugly and troublesome of his species, I am always certain of receiving a good lecture whenever he is left to my care; his mistress is sure I have suffered the "dear love" to eat either too much or too little, to over-heat himself, or not to take any exercise; or else she is positive that I have totally neglected him in her absence; and she knows that the "sweet little affectionate thing" pines because he is not caressed. This sounds ludicrous you will say, Mr. Editor, but when accusations of this kind are wound up by reproaches the most bitter, and threats of withdrawing her protection from me, because she cannot endure my unfeeling apathy, my whole soul revolts at her inhuman tyranny, and I would cheerfully purchase, by the most unremitting labour, a morsel of bread and peace. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

S. M.^d

THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—As you profess yourself to be a patient listener to the troubles, caprices, and pursuits of human kind, interesting yourself also in the ill or good success which may attend their plans and undertakings, you will not refuse, I trust, to attend to the situation of one whom chance has befriended much better than his own reason.

I never had a wish of making proselytes, I never pretend to desire any one to follow the fashion I adopt, nor to copy either my actions or gestures: my outward carriage is free and easy, but perhaps it might be found quite opposite if I advised any one to make it their model.

After having said this, I proceed to my recital.

I found myself launched into business, and it was through good fortune alone; I had no hand in it: an opportunity offered and I embraced it; that was all. I was successful without having taken the least trouble to become so. I did little, I gained much, and every thing smiled upon me, though, in fact, I had never made myself

worthy of the favour. Ashamed of owing every thing to good luck, and nothing to my own genius, wishing, as much as in me lay, to justify the favours of Heaven, I began to work like a negro, passing the night without sleep, torturing my mind to discover what was best for me to do, in order that I might immediately perform it; I spared neither fatigue nor trouble, and I seemed, as I thought, endowed with supernatural strength.

What was the end of it? Did I reap the fruit I expected? Did every thing prosper with me? were my labours, at least, rewarded by some little gratitude on the part of those whose interests I had espoused?

Alas! no. On the contrary, I was told that I meddled too much with business. The little profit gained by them was not relished; my zeal was called ambition, and my ardour presumption. My benefits were repayed by little minds with an offensive forgetfulness; and my services towards the great procured me a long disgrace, which threw me at an immense distance from the point whence I had first set out.

Every one knows what a man is when he is disgraced; how every one flies him, how subject he is to rebuffs. Dashed at my fall, and stung at the neglect of my old friends, I sat for several days in a corner of my apartment, with a very dismal countenance, sighing profoundly and making bitter complaints.

At length, weary of the obscure trade of an anti-courtier, and finding that what had happened to me had happened likewise to several others, I set up as the champion of all these victims: I wished to make my vengeance general, and I penned a comedy, in which the manners of the age were painted to the life. My work was not very excellent. I had built on a trifling foundation an intrigue and a marriage, and such common-place scenes, in order that I might let fly my sharp expressions with an air of indifference, and to make my warnings pass without difficulty. The manager fell into the snare, declared my work equal to those of Farquhar or of Colley Cibber, and by an extraordinary piece of good luck, as I then thought it, my comedy was performed.

But what horrible hissings assailed my ears! No one that was not present can form an idea of the tumult there was in the house. In my energy I had stripped vice of her mask, I had shewed her in all her revolting nudity, and I had not been sparing enough in the development of her. A formidable party was formed against me: and I may think myself well off to have escaped alive, amidst the execrations and threats of those powerful agents whose meannesses and cabals I had so indiscreetly exposed.

Disgusted with the drama by this fatal essay, I began to write romances with all my might, and gave free scope to my imagination. In a long series of volumes I crowded together the most extraordinary and extravagant incidents. I worked so diligently that I engaged myself with a popular bookseller, and great publisher, to furnish him every year with three romances of five volumes each, and two light novels of three volumes. My style, thus hurried was not very correct, and I took no pains to conceal the machinery by which I set my puppets in motion. I took care to banish from my works every serious and

moral reflection, and only thought of crowding events one upon the other.

I made my fortune; I acquired a gigantic fame amongst all the host of novel readers, from the pensive widow and maiden of fifty to the romantic girl of fifteen: and finding myself actually established in easy circumstances, I began to wish to divide my happiness with some sentimental and well educated young female.

Sentiment, it is true, is becoming rather rare in London, though some women will yet affect it: I formed an acquaintance with several rich tradesmen who lived in very genteel style at the west end of the town, and I thought I had soon found the object I sought after. The lovely young person to whom I was anxious to pay my addresses, seemed possessed of the sweetest simplicity of manners and innocence of mind. To the numerous protestations I made her, with the parents' permission, she seldom answered, it is true, otherwise than by casting her beautiful eyes towards heaven.

We were about, however, to conclude our agreement, and I indulged myself in all the rapturous ideas which a lover generally experiences so situated, when one night as I passed the dwelling of my beloved, at rather a late hour, I perceived something dark drop from a balcony into the street. I cried out "thieves!" The street was in alarm, and, thank Heaven, I discovered in time, that we must not always trust to simplicity of demeanour, or fine eyes cast modestly towards heaven.

This adventure made me, for the present, give up all thoughts of matrimony; and resolving to turn gay deceiver, I visited in various mixed societies, making professions of love to all the pretty women I saw, without knowing who they were, or having the least concern about their moral character. But only admire my lucky stars! It was in a visit to a widow and her daughters who earned their subsistence by velvet painting and colouring prints for various artists, that I met with the most lovely, most virtuous among women, and one the most worthy of the affection of a man of honour and integrity.

She received my addresses without affectation, though at first they were by no means honourable; her character was sprightly, and under the appearance of

levity she concealed a mind truly virtuous, and was possessed of solid as well as light accomplishments: her father had been a dignified clergyman, who had offended his family by marrying her mother, an highly accomplished woman without fortune. She, with her mother and sister, however, were soon put in possession of immense wealth by an uncle, who relented in his last illness having been the chief persecutor of the widow and her orphan daughters.

But before this lucky event I had united my fate to the best of women, and ever since I have a thousand times blest that destiny which has always been a safer guide to me than my own prudence.

However, I would not advise any one to follow my example; some men, perhaps,

had much better trust to their own judgment and exertions, than to depend upon chance, which is too often found to be a very fickle deity.

E. G.

The case of this gentleman is not singular. "There are," as Solomon says, "who strive and strive, and are yet more behind." While others, the favourites of fortune, prosper in all their undertakings, and that seemingly without much exertion on their part. The letter of my correspondent, however, requires but little comment; the advice at the conclusion I would particularly recommend to those who are wanting in perseverance, and too apt to leave their affairs to chance.

THE LISTENER.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

We trust that the interest excited by preceding lectures has induced many of our fair readers to cultivate their gay parterres with a more philosophic eye than belongs to the mere florist; in fact, if observation leads to reflection, it is impossible that the readers of our essays can have perused them without a wish to know something further of the principles which produce such a variety of beauty and usefulness in the botanical world. Under this impression, it is our object in a few succeeding Numbers to give a popular view of the philosophy of the garden, the green-house, and the forest, as connected with the comforts, the arts, and the elegancies of life; for even from the simple elements of their produce do we receive a principal part of our nourishment; nay, the linen or cotton dresses which clothe us, even the gay colours which adorn them, and the paper on which these very lectures are expressed. But in many other respects the utility of the vegetable world is more recondite, as it is now well ascertained that their roots are extremely beneficial by absorbing the water which, draining from the upper grounds, would have converted our vallies into impassable marshes. They also imbibe the humid particles of the atmospheric air which has been deteriorated by passing

through the human lungs, or by the respiration of other animals; they absorb the carbonic acid with which atmospheric air is impregnated; and they restore to the circumambient atmosphere a due portion of oxygen gas, in lieu of that which respiration has decomposed, thus rendering even the deadly carbonic acid a fit subject for human use. Even the most careless examination of the vegetable world, united with the facts detailed in our preceding lectures, must have excited a deep interest in the minds of fair botanists respecting the peculiar organization of plants in general, the principles of which seem, at first, to evade our research; for they must have often noticed that the structure of the simplest flowret combines in itself an almost endless variety of powers. It is indeed now well ascertained that the several parts of botanical formation in the humblest of Nature's vegetable gifts, have a wonderful power of union with air, water, earth, heat, and light; whilst the furthest extent of our researches only shews that much still remains unknown. There is not a day passed, even in the common observations of life, that does not present us with a seeming mystery, whether we contemplate the death of winter or the revival of spring—whether we view them bursting forth into all the

beauty of a verdant livery, or bending beneath the bounteous produce of the autumnal season. If we attempt to cultivate them, we know that there is not any single part, with the exception of the flowers, that will not produce a new and entire plant, if placed in the ground; nay, by the simple process of grafting, we can force a tree to bear fruit totally different from its own—all these miracles men can perform: and these, with many others, it shall be our pleasing task to explain.

It has been well observed that plants, like all other organized bodies, are not only very complicated machines, but they are even machines in motion, possessed of apparent volition and choice, of resources, and powers of action the effects of which seem the result of certain motives, which in a sentient animal would be called reflection, and even in plants approaches very nearly to the term *instinct*. Indeed their very organization appears as complicated as that of man himself; for we can discover fibres not only in the wood and in the bark, but also in the leaves and flowers, which fibres are again subdivided into others, and thus *ad infinitum*, until it becomes impossible for the best microscopic glasses to trace, or the finest instruments to divide them.

Their mode of nourishment is also extremely similar to that of animal life. Many of them will grow in pure water; others, again, will increase to a very large size, if cultivated in small pots of garden mould. The Hyacinth and the Narcissus will grow equally well whether their roots or leaves are immersed in water; Onions will produce leaves, flowers, and offsets, though suspended in the air, but as these latter die if put in a dry place, it is evident that from the damp air they receive that food which supports them, and that sometimes which puts them in motion. It is also a curious fact, that in whatever manner plants are reared, a careful analysis always shews that, with very few exceptions, a quantity of some species of earth exists in their composition, and is to be found both in their fluids and in their solid parts. But the quantity in each differs extremely; for in the oak it seldom exceeds the proportion of one part in 120, yet the stalks of the Indian corn will afford at least seven per cent. and some herbaceous plants are

supposed to contain about one-fourth of their substance. This curious fact is explained upon a supposition that the rapid vegetation of the latter enables them to combine more solid matter, whilst their vessels are much larger; and for the same reason their race is sooner run than those of slower growth, as they pass in a few months through all the stages for which other plants require whole centuries. It is remarkable also, that the earths produced by plants are not all of the same species, as chemists have discovered not only lime and clay, but also flint and magnesia; yet it is, at the same time, supposed that these earths are not generated by the process of vegetation, but merely absorbed by the juices of plants from the soil in which they grow. All our fair readers indeed, who have attended the lectures of the Royal Institution, or of other philosophical establishments, must be aware that these substances are not soluble in pure water; but Nature here acts as an universal chemist upon the following curious principle.—Pure water will dissolve a small portion of calcareous earth, and this solution immediately manifests the pressure of carbonic acid. Repeated experiments demonstrate that water impregnated with carbonic acid will dissolve a certain portion of calcareous carbonate, which generates a new principle; and thus in an endless chain proceeds a chemical decomposition until the most heterogeneous substances are blended with vegetable life.

It seems as if Nature had intended calcareous earths, more particularly than any others, for the support and increase of vegetable matter, especially those which produce the greatest quantity of vegetable acids, as that extract unites so strictly with calcareous earth as to render it almost impossible for the ablest chemist to separate them. One reason of this is evident, inasmuch as calcareous earth preserves the heat which it may acquire better than any other species, attracts the humidity necessary for vegetation, furnishes water impregnated with carbonic acid to the various parts of the plant, and also renders other earths more soluble in water, whilst it seems to give solidity to the plant itself. Earths thus soluble in water easily find in it a vehicle by which to enter into the sub-

stance of plants, and however small the proportion may be, yet if we contemplate the great quantity of water that passes through a plant in a hot day in summer, we need not be surprized that even a few weeks should cause a considerable portion to remain behind; all experiments likewise prove that the earths principally found in plants are analagous with the soil in which they grow: it has been ascertained that plants which grow only in a quartzy soil, on mountains, contain less lime and potass than those which grow in vallies, but have much more flint in their composition, whilst those plants growing upon calcareous mountains yield no flint upon the closest chemical scrutiny. But some plants, though growing only on quartz and granite, are known to yield a calcareous earth which cannot have been derived from the soil. This is certainly a strong fact: but its developement only tends more powerfully to impress our minds with wonder and admiration at the ways of Providence, as it has been clearly ascertained that the water evaporated from plants in lower situations, carries with it a portion of calcareous matter which thus rises in the air as vapour, and becomes a considerable portion of the

nourishment of plants growing upon alpine heights, whose roots are small and leaves very large, in order to receive more nourishment from the atmosphere. The water thus raised in the atmosphere in clouds and vapours, is again deposited in dew, when it affords nourishment, and introduces that calcareous matter which is sometimes discovered in considerable quantities. Finally, to judge of the influence of earth upon vegetation, we need only compare plants which grow on land but are reared in water, with those of the same species which grow in their proper habitat, and we shall always find that although those placed in water may at first seem to develope their vegetable powers with greater vigour, yet it soon becomes observable that they are by no means either so handsome or so strong as the latter, neither do they afford such good seed for cultivation.

Thus, whenever we investigate the proceedings of a bountiful Providence, even in the minutest regulations of the humblest vegetable, we find fresh matter for gratitude and additional motives to a dependance upon his constant care and beneficent protection!

THE SUREST METHODS OF SUCCESS.

THERE are few who are unacquainted with that fable of Esop's, *The Oak and the Reed*. Bend then, and you will not break; I grant it is not easy to be obliged to bend, but to break is worse; therefore, between two evils we should chuse the least; but I do not say we ought to bow down to the ground: if you are naturally of an unbending character, the slightest movement of the head will be more in your favour, and be more appreciated than the cringing bows and genuflections of those who are in the habit of dispensing them on every occasion.

The world, in general, ought to imitate the conduct which a prudent wife observes towards her husband. Is the condescension they shew to their lords and masters any dishonour to them? On the contrary, they are more sure of having their own way, by giving it to their partners.

A wife, for instance, wishes for a Cachemire shawl, a French lace veil, or a German Witzchoura. Does any one imagine that she will obtain it by taking an imperious and commanding tone, or by adopting the airs of a Queen? She is not such a fool? She begins to speak of the number of Witzchouras she has seen; she says every creature wears them, even women of very moderate fortune; and she is the only one who has not a Witzchoura. It is not on account of the severity of the weather that she wishes for one, but they are so convenient for those who are accustomed to walk much; and in the mean time when the weather is dry and frosty, they are so warm and comfortable. She believes they are dear; but in the end they are not so; for they last almost for ever; and the fur, if it is good, will last four or five years; nay, perhaps ten, or the whole of one's life!

Q 2

For if the material which composes the Witzchoura is new, it is always the same fur: and when the whole expence comes to be paid at first, according to its quality, from twenty and thirty to fifty pounds, is not it more economical than to be buying continually those little coarse cloth mantles which are not worth half what one pays for them, and which are all faded and not fit to be seen in a week's time! Now, my dear friend, you who are so prudent if you do but reflect a minute, do not you think the best thing I can do this winter is to buy myself a Witzchoura? The husband shakes his head, the wife chucks him under the chin, and soon after he undraws his purse-strings.

Do you want to obtain some employment, do not go and boast of your titles, or your talents; believe me, these will obtain but a cold reception. Rather solicit the favour, and proclaim the well known kindness of your protector: depend only on his graciousness and your business is done. And if you have discovered the

weak side of your patron, be sure to make use of a little well timed flattery, and you will arrive at the summit of your wishes, if you should not even be placed beyond your most sanguine expectations.

A marriageable young lady, who is rich as well as handsome, is generally the most difficult object to persuade or to come at. If you address her with an air of assurance, and seem certain of a favourable reception, I tremble for you; and I fear you will not be able to avoid a severe rebuff. But if you approach modestly, casting down your eyes, and seeming to sigh in secret, speaking at the same time in faltering accents, you are in a fair way of succeeding, she will meet you half way at least; and you will acquire, by having observed this reserve, every right over her, and may obtain her hand as soon as you please.

I repeat, that pride and obstinacy will gain you nothing; suppleness every thing; take your choice.

RATIONALIS.

THE JOURNEY.—AN ALLEGORY.

ADINA, at sixteen years old, was beautiful as the Queen of Love, simple as innocence, and artless as infancy; from the above age, until she attained that of forty, she had, by turns, experienced all the emotions, enjoyments, and sorrows of love, since she was the adored mistress, the wife of the man she loved, and had at length become his widow. At thirty-eight years of age she buried her husband: she passed one year in profound sorrow, the next in silent melancholy; but time, of which every one complains, and yet who is the comforter of mankind, particularly of unfortunate lovers, he dried up the tears of Adina.

Can a heart once susceptible of love, ever give it up? Accustomed to the charms of an animated life, a state of calm could not bring with it repose, but rather a state of nonentity, productive only of weariness of soul.

Adina was yet beautiful, and she adorned her outward charms in the vain hope of

captivation; but she found that she inspired rather the caprice of a moment than any thing like a lasting affection; she found, too, that at her age she might yet enjoy the pleasures of life, but that she must not hope to inspire love: love, however, was requisite to Adina's existence. Dissatisfied with the present, she resolved at all events to enjoy the remembrance of the past, and she took a resolution to perform a journey to the Land of Remembrance. This was the name given to her father's estate, where she had passed the happiest hours of her youth, and which, after the demise of her parents, and according to family arrangements, had become the possession of strangers. The new proprietors of this delightful habitation were absent: she set off, therefore, for the little village of St. Elma, and arrived at the end of her journey in the evening. She took an apartment at a little miserable inn, where she passed the night, and by the break of day she entered the beautiful and

extensive gardens once belonging to her father. She first sought out a thick shade of trees situated near the borders of a purling stream, where, for the first time, she had listened to the seductive voice of love: instead of trees she found nought but a heap of ruins, and the purling stream had become a torrent. Adina sighed deeply, and bent her steps to the chapel, where she had received the plighted faith of her Alphonso: a tomb had been erected on the ruins of this chapel. The heart of Alphonso's widow was full; her eyes became suffused in tears; she gathered a few flowers, threw them on the monument, and mournfully took her departure to enter a little valley where, in the commencement of their happy union, the young married pair had delighted to wander. When Adina was an infant this valley had been shaded with thick trees, the choicest and most odoriferous flowers shed around their perfumes, and the grass was always verdant: there, two united hearts could admire and bless the works of the Creator. Adina found the trees torn up, the flowers scattered about, and the grass scorched up and faded. "Ah!" cried she, "this lovely spot is become a desert! Such is an image of the life of man! When time has destroyed the sentiments of tenderness, when the sweetest of all emotions, desire and love, are at an end, his existence becomes joyless."

She continued her walk: in the midst of a wood of myrtle and orange trees, she found a little dome supported by pillars; each column was divided by thick lattices: on the dome was inscribed the following sentence:—"Sacred to the pleasures of forty years of age."

Adina entered, but she sought in vain, amongst other images, for that of love. "If love is not with pleasure," said she, "who can sacrifice to the latter without shame?"—She then walked for a long time without any fixed pursuit, sometimes through thick woods, at others following the river, until awakening, as on a sudden, from her melancholy reverie, she exclaimed, "Let me find out the Temple of Love; surely that cannot be destroyed."—She knew the way well, she had often travers-

ed it, and quickly she arrives at the well known spot. This temple was surrounded by a hedge of rose trees: the season was already advanced, and the buds were all gone, most of the full blown flowers, and even the leaves. When Adina drew near the statue of Love, the wind carried to her feet a branch of thorns, and from some neighbouring trees a few dried leaves fell on her head. Adina cast a mournful look on the rose trees, took up the branch of thorns, raised her eyes, and contemplated the trees which were stripped of their verdure. "What a lesson!" exclaimed she; "it is by mere chance that I have received it; but reason shall make me profit by it. O Love! all that I behold surrounding thy temple shews me that thou despisest the flowers of autumn; when the season of the rose's bloom is at an end, thou art environed with thorns. Farewell for ever!" Adina hastened away, but was stopped in her walk by a grove of laurels, in the midst of which stood a temple to Apollo: she greatly admired the beautiful and brilliant verdure of these evergreens, and she said, "Autumn has no power over you."—Then seized all at once with a divine and consoling inspiration, she ran to the temple, cast herself before the statue of Apollo, and thus addressed it:—"O God of harmony, I consecrate myself to thy worship: thy crown fades not like the rose, it belongs alike to all seasons, and suits every age. Henceforth I can describe the favours of love without pretending to them; can speak of its emotions without participation, of its desires without fear, and if at times a few tears may fall to the past, they will add more brilliancy to the laurel should they chance to fall on it, and my sensations will become more sweet and touching."

Adina, after having thus made her vows to Apollo, or rather to herself, quitted this abode with a serene and tranquil air. She returned to her mansion in town, and faithful to the resolution she had formed, she cultivated her natural taste for literature, and found therein heartfelt recollections, true enjoyment of the mind, and her success ensured to her self-applause.

ALEXANDRINA.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE MAID OF THE DARGLE.
TO MISS H. J. W——, OF DUBLIN.

HUSH noisy river, prithee hush,
Bid all thy sparkling waters rush,
With gentler fall, and milder force,
Along their rude and rocky course;
Bid every leafy branch beside,
That canopies thy silver tide,
And every bough that waves above
This sainted scene of peace and love,
Be silent all:—tread lightly here,
Whatever footsteps venture near;
For in this very witching hour
The harp is wont from yonder bower,
To fling along the evening breeze
Those more than mortal melodies.

And thou, to whom alike belong
The minstrel's touch, the breath of song,
Thou who from list'ning crowds hast fled,
To hide thee in this rosy shed;
Who with light step at early dawn,
Flee'st forth to tread the dewy lawn,
Fresh as the fragrant mountain gale,
That breaks upon the happy vale;
Thou of blue eye, and auburn hair,
Sweet as the flower thou braidest there,
Who look'st and smil'st so young so mild,
Thou seem'st to me as Beauty's child,
Who when the frolic day is past,
To this lov'd home return'st at last;
And with thine harp at eve beguiles
The kindred group that round thee smiles,
Oh let me fondly linger near
The magic of thy voice to hear.

I hear it now.—And surely ne'er
Such sweet enchantment stole through air,
No never yet before arose
From harp or song such sounds as those,
Where in the glea doth Echo lie
To catch the music ere it die,
For ah! the strain is almost o'er
It fadeth now—'tis heard no more.

Dear child of song, of young delight,
Of love and hope and joy—good night!
And when thine orisons are said,
And sleep hath caught thy sinking head,
Pure as thine every thought by day,
Pass all the slumbers of the night away.

“Then ope those eyes that might eclipse the
day,

“And shine as beauteous as the solar ray.”

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
BRIDE OF ABYDOS AND THE CORSAIR.
BY A YOUNG LADY OF DISTINCTION.

KNOW'ST thou the land of the mountains and
flood,
Where the pines of the forest for ages have stood;

Where the eagles come forth on the wings of the
storm, [Caringorm?
And their young ones are rock'd on the high
Know'st thou the land, where the cold Celtic
wave,
Encircles the hills which its blue waters lave,
Where the virgins are pure as the gem of the sea,
And their spirits are light, for their actions are
free? [ray,
Know'st thou the land where the sun's ling'ring
Streaks with gold light, the bright azure of day,
Whilst the cold feeble beam it sheds on the sight
Scarce breaks thro' the gloom of the long winter's
night?
'Tis the land of thy sires, 'tis the soil of thy
youth!
And where first thy young heart glow'd with
honour and truth;
Where the wild-fire of genius first taught thy
young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy soar'd free from con-
troul.
Ah! why does that fancy still dwell on those
climes, [crimes,
Where love leads to madness, and madness to
Where courage itself is more savage than brave,
Where man is a despot, and woman a slave,
Tho' soft are the breezes, and rich the perfume,
And fair are the gardens of Gal in their bloom,
Can the roses they twine or the vines which they
rear,
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion or fear?
Tho' the bright rays of Phœbus gild the green
wave,

Oh! say can it lighten the lot of the slave,
Or all that is lovely in nature impart,
Or one virtue give to a Musselman's heart?
Oh! no—'tis the magic which glows in thy strain
Gives soul to the action, and life to the scene;
The deeds which they do, the tales that they tell,
Enchant us alone, by the aid of thy spell.
And is there no charm in thine own native earth,
Does no talisman rest on the spot of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Scotia less worthy thy care,
Less soft than Zuliekie, less bright than Gulnare?
Are her sons less renowned, or her warriors less
brave,
Than the slaves of a Prince who himself is a slave?
Then strike the wild harp, let it swell with the
strain plain.
Of the deeds of the mighty; nor let them com-
Their deeds, and their glory, thy lays shall pro-
long,
And the fame of thy country shall still live in song.
Tho' the proud wreath of victory round heroes
may twine, [divine;
'Tis the poet that crowns them with honours
E'en thy laurels, Pelides, had sunk in the tomb,
Had the bard not preserved them immortal in
bloom.

H***

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

BY LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON has already decidedly established his claim to the character of a first-rate poet; and the present work certainly does not appear to fall short of his former productions, in any of the grand requisites of original and sublime poetry.—Alp, a Venetian by birth, having met with injustice and oppression in his native city, flies, and offers his services to the Turks; in whose armies he distinguishes himself in fighting against the Christians; and, being engaged in besieging Corinth, the story of Lord Byron's poem commences the night before the assault; of which we have the following description:—

“ ’Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky,
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer;
It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown,
It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall:
It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.”

Alp is described as walking out during the night, while the soldiers are at rest; and the genius of the poet, kindling by the recollection of ancient Greece, bursts forth into the following strain of enthusiasm:—

“ He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less formed to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And lingered on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh, still her step at moments falters
O'er withered fields, and ruined altars.
And fain would wake, in souls two broken,
By pointing to each glorious token.
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remembered rays
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
And through this night, as on he wandered,
And o'er the past and present pondered,
And thought upon the glorious dead,
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheered the band, and waved the sword,
A traitor in a turbaned horde:
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege.
Not so had these his fancy numbered,
The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;
Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing:
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapt in dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;

The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still and theirs!
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth.
 When man would do a deed of worth,
 • He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanctioned on the tyrant's head:
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won."

Alp having sat at the base of a pillar to
 muse upon his destiny, is here surprised by
 the appearance of a female, who proves to
 be Francesca, to whom he was formerly
 attached. The following is the description
 of the interview between them:—

"The rose was yet upon her cheek,
 But mellowed with a tender streak:
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
 Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
 The ocean's calm within their view,
 Beside her eye had less of blue;
 But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought concealed her bosom shining;
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm showed white and bare:
 And ere yet she made reply,
 Once she raised her hand on high;
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

'I come from my rest to him I love best,
 'That I may be happy, and he may be blest.
 'I have passed the guards, the gate, the wall;
 'Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
 'It is said the lion will turn and flee
 'From a maid in the pride of her purity;
 'And the Power on high that can shield the good
 'Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
 'Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 'From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
 'I come—and if I come in vain,
 'Never, oh never, we meet again!
 'Thou hast done a fearful deed
 'In falling away from thy father's creed:
 'But dash that turban to earth and sign
 'The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
 'Wring the black drop from thy heart,
 'And to-morrow unites us no more to part.'
 'And where should our bridal couch be spread?
 'In the 'midst of the dying and the dead?
 'For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and
 flame
 'The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
 'None, save thou and thine, I've sworn
 'Shall be left upon the morn:
 'But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 'Where our hands shall be joined, and our sor-
 rows forgot.

'There thou shalt yet be my bride,
 'When once again I've quelled the pride
 'Of Venice; and her hated race
 'Have felt the arm they would debase;
 'Scourge, with a whip of Scorpions, those
 'Whom vice and envy made my foes.'

Upon his hand she laid her own—
 Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart,
 Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze thro' his blood by their touch that night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
 As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue
 So deeply changed from what he knew:
 Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
 And her motionless lips lay still in death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
 And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare
 Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight; [down
 As they seem, through the dimness about to come
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown;
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

'If not for love of me be given
 'Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
 'Again I say—that turban tear
 'From off thy faithless brow, and swear
 'Thine injured country's sons to spare,
 'Or thou art lost; and never shalt see
 'Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.
 'If this thou dost accord, albeit
 'A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
 'That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 'And mercy's gate may receive thee within;
 'But pause one moment more, and take
 'The curse of him thou didst forsake;
 'And look once more to heaven, and see
 'Its love for ever shut from thee.
 'There is a light cloud by the moon—
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
 'If by the time its vapoury sail
 'Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 'Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 'Then God and man are both avenged;
 'Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 'Thine immortality of ill.'

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;
 But his heart was swollen and turned aside,
 By deep interminable pride.
 This first false passion of his breast
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
 He sue for mercy! He dismayed
 By wild words of a timid maid!
 He wronged by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!
 He looked upon it earnestly,
 Without an accent of reply;
 He watched it passing; it is flown:
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
 And thus he spake:—'Whate'er my fate,
 'I am no changeling—'tis too late:
 'The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 'Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
 'What Venice made me, I must be,
 'Her foe in all save love to thee;
 'But thou art safe: oh, fly with me?'
 He turned, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone.
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
 He saw not, he knew not; but nothing is there."

The story of Parisina is founded on the circumstance of the Marquis of Este detecting an intrigue between his wife and his natural son Hugo, who is in consequence condemned to death. The father marries again; but is described as completely miserable. The following picture of the desolation of his mind is sketched with great force and originality:—

"And Azo found another bride,
 And goodly sons grew by his side;
 But none so lovely and so brave
 As him who withered in the grave;
 Or if they were—on his cold eye
 Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
 Or noticed with a smothered sigh.
 But never tear his cheek descended,
 And never smile his brow unbended;
 And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought;
 Those furrows which the burning share
 Of sorrow ploughs untimely there;
 Scars of the lacerating mind
 Which the soul's war doth leave behind.
 He was past all mirth or woe:
 Nothing more remained below,
 But sleepless nights and heavy days,
 A mind all dead to scorn or praise.
 A heart which shunned itself and yet
 That would not yield—nor could forget,

Which when it least appeared to melt,
 Intently thought—intensely felt:
 The deepest ice which ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close—
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
 Still was his sealed-up bosom haunted
 By thoughts which nature hath implanted;
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
 Howe'er our stifled tears we banish;
 When, struggling as they rise to start,
 We check those waters of the heart,
 They are not dried—those tears unshed
 But flow back to the fountain head,
 And resting in their spring more pure,
 For ever in its depth endure,
 Unseen, unwept, but uncongealed,
 And cherished most where least revealed.
 With inward starts of feeling left,
 To throb o'er those of life bereft;
 Without the power to fill again
 The desert gap which made his pain;
 Without the hope to meet them where
 United souls shall gladness share,
 With all the consciousness that he
 Had only passed a just decree;
 That they had wrought their doom of ill,
 Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
 The tainted branches of the tree,
 If lopped with care, a strength may give,
 By which the rest shall bloom and live
 All greenly fresh and wildly free.
 But if the lightning, in its wrath,
 The waving boughs with fury seethe,
 The massy trunk the rain feels,
 And never more a leaf reveals."

THE SUMMIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE powers who watch o'er mortals' fate,
 Gave me a small undipp'd estate,
 Something about four hundred clear,
 The rents forthcoming twice a year;
 Hygeia saw my little wealth,
 Nor envied aught but added health;
 And Friendship too, with open palm,
 Shed round my heart her gen'rous balm:
 Apollo too was pleas'd t' inspire,
 And lent me now and then his lyre,
 While Nature gave a little taste,
 And Flattery said my muse was chaste.
 But more—those blessings to endure,
 My bosom own'd a conscience clear.
 Thus blest by fortune o'er and o'er,
 Who'll e'er suppose I wanted more?
 Yet something still remain'd behind,
 Tho' what—I strove in vain to find:
 'Till Heav'n (to whom I pray for life)
 Discovered it—and gave a wife.

F A S H I O N S

FOR

APRIL, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—SAXE-COBOURG ROBE FOR EVENING FULL DRESS.

The robe of pink, worn over a white satin slip flounced with crape, finished by blond. Bridal veil, fastened with a brooch of pearl and pink topazes, with the hair simply dressed in light curls and parted on the forehead. A muff formed of white satin and gossamer silk trimming. Neck-lace and armlets of pearls and pink topazes. White satin slippers and white kid gloves.

No. 2.—OPERA DRESS.

Slip of pink satin, ornamented down the front and border with black velvet in bias, under a robe of black satin richly flowered with black velvet down the sides; full sleeves of black satin ornamented with pink, over a chemisette sleeve of white sarsnet. Hat of fancy spotted straw, lined with pink satin, with a superb wreath of full blown roses. Shoes of white satin; and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THOUGH the latter end of March is the commencement of the spring quarter, yet the boisterous entrance of that month, as well as its continuance, gave us little to hope from its lamb-like departure, according to the old adage; for the lion shewed his fierceness so long, and the weather was so changeable from soft to severe, that we trembled at his return amidst a few moments of milder temperature. Our *belles*, therefore, of fashion, have not yet thrown aside their winter clothing, and velvet seems a cherished article amongst the modish fair ones of the present day.

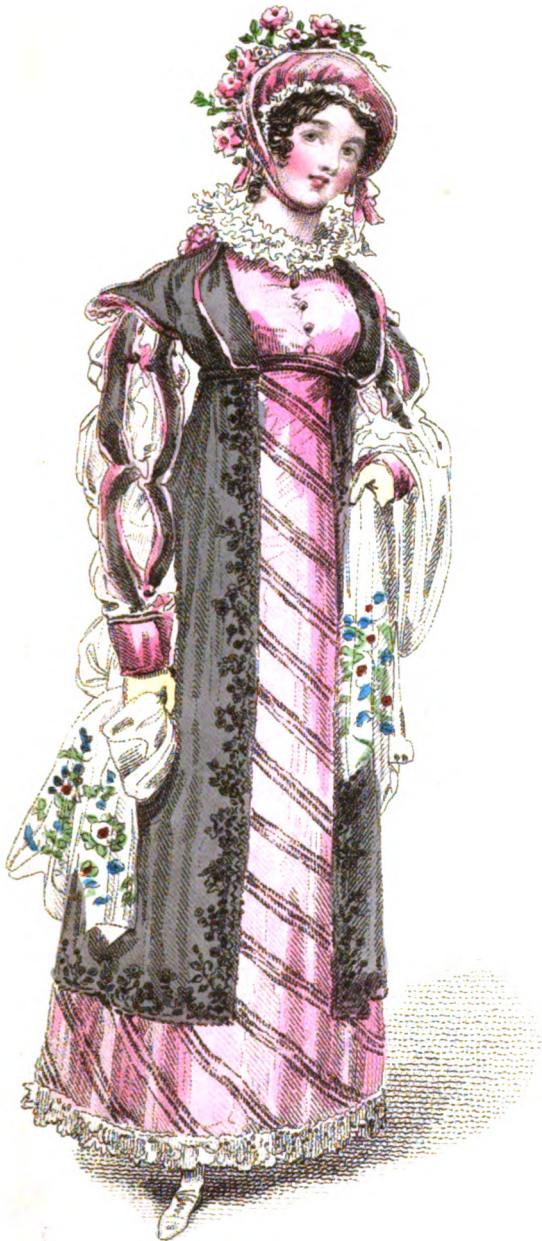
In presenting our readers with every thing most novel in the emporium of taste and fashion, we cannot forbear reverting to the Repository of Fashion in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, where are collected the most splendid and elegant variety to adorn the female form, and to set off each different countenance.

For the majestic and fair haired beauty, stands first in pre-eminence, and of which we gave a slight description in our last Number, the Saxe Cobourg robe, and which we now present our readers in an elegant engraving. The sylph-like form of early youth, adorned with the roseate blush of uninterrupted health, will receive additional attraction by adopting the newly invented evening dress of Chinese gauze, which, in its varied tints, represents a *fac simile* of the Chinese grass, so well known for its verdant and versatile beauty. This dress is trimmed in a peculiar light, simple, and elegant manner with *tulle* and white satin, the short sleeves being made also of the latter material; but the manner in which this dress is trimmed about the bust is peculiarly novel and striking; description must fall short of what it is requisite to behold in order to appreciate its elegance. With this dress the hair is generally arranged *à-la-Chinoise*; and a cap, for those who chuse to conceal a part of the hair, may be worn with it, styled *coquillage capote*, consisting of satin ribband striped like the Chinese grass, and artfully wove together in cockleshells; the whole forming a complete dress for a woman of fashion. Cotemporary with this is an elegant dress for evening parties, or for concerts, of black Florence net over a rose colour slip: this is profusely trimmed with Parisian rosettes of rose coloured ribband down the sleeves, which are long and full, and about a rich and rather broad flounce.



SAXE-COBOURG ROBE.

*Invented by M^{rs} Bell, Charlotte Street, Albion Square.
Engaged for No. 22 of La Belle Assemblée 1st April 1846.*



OPERA DRESS.

Invented by W. Bell, Charlotte Street, Birmingham.

Entered for. Pat. of La Belle Assemblée April 29th 1851

For dinner parties, or for the home reception of company, nothing is deemed more elegant than a dress of French violet, trimmed with blue satin and violet, in alternate folds or puckerings: this beautiful, though fragile colour, is either of satin, poplin, Italian crape, or the more admired article of Florence net, according to the taste or youth of the wearer.

For out-door and carriage costume, the village hat is the favourite at present of our modern *belles*: simple and chastely elegant, this hat is a happy medium between the little low crowned hat, often mean in appearance, of the modest English, and the towering loftiness of the Parisian hat: it is generally made of shaded satin, and elegantly, but not too profusely trimmed. Confined solely to the carriage is a white satin hat with a rich border of alternate crape and satin vandyked in three rows, and surmounted by a plume of feathers: with this is generally worn a pelisse of royal purple velvet, ornamented with a trimming of white floize silk. Habits for the promenade seem gaining ground; they are a costume which never can be common, and when made according to the rules of feminine elegance, will ever retain their rank amongst the leaders of ton.

Amongst the leading articles for the head-dress is the Flora turban; the folds next the face being of white crape, but the crown is of a material entirely new and of the most curious invention, being wrought into a delicate and tasteful ground, representing flowers in different colours. The Leopold turban of white satin, formed in front like the Neapolitan cap, with a large flat feather declining backward. The *toque à la-Roubais* being taken from the most classical representations of that master's beautiful painter. Evening dress hat of white satin, pointed at the edge, and partially turned up front, the crown almost covered with roses and lilies of the valley, with alternate ornaments of pink satin. An improved cornette has been universally admired by ladies who prefer a more retired kind of dress: it is composed of white starched gauze and fine blond, surmounted by bows, or a simple sprig of wheat ears in long pearls, and the beards of silver.

The above dresses are all invented by

the tasteful invention of the lady we quoted above, in Charlotte-street, Bedford square. Though various our information, it leaves us little to offer on the beaten track of common observation; we shall only beg leave to inform our fair readers, that net, gauze, crape, satin, and velvet are yet worn in full dress. For dinner and social parties the Merino crape is infinitely more admired than poplin; sarsnet is somewhat on the decline, though no doubt it will be revived with the milder days of spring. Fine cloth is yet worn by the fair pedestrian, and cambrics still continue high in favour for morning dresses. Never were flowers so much worn as they are at present. Cornettes of fine lace, *tulle*, &c. surmounted by large bouquets of flowers, are worn at all times of the day, and in all parties; in the evening they are, however, confined to the most matronly.

Hats of fine whalebone are now extremely fashionable; the most becoming is the Cobourg hat, formed of the finest whalebone transparently white. The novelty and elegance of the shape, with the delicacy and beauty of the material, render it peculiarly suitable for the higher circles.

The hair is better dressed than it was last month; it is now a pleasing and becoming mixture of the Grecian and the style adopted in the reign of Charles II.; the bandeau of hair which confines a part of the ringlets, takes off from that wig-like redundancy adopted at that period.

Boots and shoes remain as formerly, except an elegant black kid leather shoe for walking, and which buckles on the side with a red strap by a small gold buckle.

In jewels there has been but little alteration, except that all those of the bead kind are oblong, and precious stones generally intermingled, but only in two colours.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

SPRING, like the early season of youth, excites interest in every bosom, as she

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comes accompanied by the Graces, Simplicity, and Taste. Long were the Parisians deemed the arbiters of the latter power, she who can never be mistaken, and who, in spite of all the grotesque innovations of Fashion, will ever be the same; for elegance was her mother, and Discrimination her nurse.

Can then a hat, with a crown of two feet in height, loaded with a bouquet of flowers that a gardener's boy would be almost ashamed to carry, have any claim to taste? Can a heavy velvet trimming of fifteen inches broad on the short petticoat of a very short woman, be fit for any thing but the *outré* figures of a magic lanthorn? Thank heaven, though such things have been and are still, they seem passing away to admit those which may lay some claim to novelty, and be classed among the improvements of fashion.

A new kind of pelisse has made its appearance, and has taken place of the clumsy cabriole coat with three enormous capes. This pelisse is of sarsnet, and its colour is styled *queue de Canard*, though I should have carried the tint somewhat higher than the tail, for it is of the beautiful hue of a drake's neck: this is lined with jonquil sarsnet, and is ornamented with embroidery, frogs, tassels, and fancy trimming, in elegant windings of black and jonquil; and the black, so far from having a sombre appearance, is rendered conspicuous by the fine shades of the pelisse. Carikas, cloth pelerines trimmed with fringe and velvet, with spencers of cloth, having a large unseemly bow, devoid of taste, behind, of cloth, are the prevailing coverings for the well made Parisian dames in the promenade.

If Nature, who is often a niggard goddess, seldom "coming with both hands full," has been bountiful in moulding the contours of the Gallic fair, she has not been so profuse in giving to them that loveliness of countenance so prevalent in other European countries: to supply this defect, the Parisian dame carefully studies that head-dress and those colours in flowers or ribbands as best suit her complexion, and which add to the brilliancy of those eyes which are often dark, and even if light, are remarkable for animation and intelligence. The mellow jonquil shades the

brow of the sprightly brunette, and the violet, again partially brought to light, embellishes the alabaster bosom of the blue-eyed *blonde*. Roses cluster amidst the chestnut ringlets, and the nodding plumes wave over the imposing countenance of the majestic and matronly *belle*, who is yet ambitious of what she frequently obtains, an empire over the heart of a beloved object.

Were not all these aids, from an excessive desire to be the first of Fashion's votaries, carried to excess, the French ladies might be, as heretofore, considered as the leaders of every thing elegant and becoming in female attire. Alas! the rose which nature has adorned the cheek is lost in the crowds of artificial roses which heavily hang over from the crown to the very brim of the hat. The bouquet of jonquils falls over the bonnet of the brunette, and gives an Egyptian tint to her clear complexion, dimming the lustre of those eyes its golden colour was meant to irradiate; and violet ribbands, floating in streams over the face, impart a livid hue to the fair and delicate, giving the appearance of inanimation where all the smiling Graces were wont to hold their court.

The slovenly wrap, and loose unbecoming corsette, with a diadem of flowers, and a large silk shawl, are still the prevailing appendages to female costume at the breakfast table. The museums and public promenades are crowded with feathers and flowers, while the Opera, Theatre Français, and private concerts, contain variety of taste and fancy, which the eye can scarcely reach, and which the pen is unable to describe.

At each of these places white dresses are the most prevalent, either of satin, Marino crape, or fine India muslin. All dresses of pink net, vandyked with white satin, confined round the waist with Carmelite belt, and a garland of white roses encircling the curled hair, are not in favour. Scarlet has given place to the colour and primrose in the article of colours. Jewellers find more custom in pearls and amethysts than for the lately favoured cornelian and coral, which, nevertheless, many females seem resolved to retain.

COSTUME OF SAXE-GOTHA.

It is not long since the ladies of this principality thought proper to adopt the Parisian costume in preference to their own; their former style of dress may be judged from the following sketch, in many respects not unworthy of imitation, and gaining but little by the foreign changes they chose to adopt.

A jacket and petticoat of striped silk was generally worn for walking, with a short scarf cloak fastened before just below the bust, and which cloak was generally of white sarsnet, bordered with three rows of coloured ribbon, to answer the stripes of the dress; or in warmer weather, a small black lace tippet tied behind, or an half-handkerchief of white silk, embroidered in colours, was the only covering. A small round hat placed very much on one side, the crown adorned with a profusion of ribbon and flowers, or an high plume of feathers, was worn in the morning over a cap which concealed the hair, with a border of fine broad lace: for evening walks, the hair was superbly dressed in curls, with only a bandeau under the hat: the gowns then worn were chiefly of spotted muslin or white sarsnet.

In full dress, striped satin gowns, with a plain body of either black velvet or white satin were the most prevalent; the waists were worn of a moderate length, and confined by a sash of ribbon tied behind; the hair was profusely curled and turned up behind; the most becoming cap was of white satin, made like a Turkish turban, with a plume of heron's feathers; and next the face a superb bandeau of black velvet, enriched with jewels, and fastened in front with a splendid medallion forming a brooch; this head-dress, with a very tasteful white satin cap trimmed with pearls, and a bandeau of pearls encircling the forehead were chiefly worn by young married ladies; the more matronly wore caps of a singular form, composed of a square silk handkerchief, rather elevated in front, and the ends hanging carelessly behind, while a plaiting of fine lace next the hair, and a rich satin ribbon between the border and the handkerchief, formed the cap; this head-dress was, notwithstanding its singularity, very becoming.

The young unmarried ladies took great pains in curling their hair, and whether it is natural, or owing to the care of art, nothing is more attractive than to see the hair well curled: the bandeau of black velvet enriched with pearls, beads, or precious stones, according to the ability of the owner, encircled those curls without disarranging them, as it went over the forehead like the Jewish philactery, but which is, indeed, the true classical way of wearing a bandeau; the hair was dressed very short and low on the forehead, and a small bow of white satin ribbon was placed in front of the bandeau, which on these youthful ladies heads was surmounted by an high and full plume of ostrich feathers, with a little fancy sprig of gold or silver on the left side. Some young ladies, who observed rather more simplicity in their attire, wore a bandeau, placed rather backward, of twisted white satin, with one single ostrich feather bending backwards, and a bunch of winter cherries in front: the bosom was always concealed by dress handkerchiefs which came up very high, and a large bouquet of full-blown roses finished a dress which had a very rich and elegant appearance.

REMARKS
ON THE PROGRESSIVE
IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

NATURE seems to have endowed the female sex, in an especial manner, with the power of pleasing: those women who have past their early bloom, are yet ambitious of charming by their accomplishments, while those who are yet in possession of youth and beauty, are employed in setting off the attractions of their form and countenance. The means they take for this purpose are various, according to the difference of climate, education, prejudice, religion, or the versatility of taste in the article of dress. This is the cause of the continual variations and fluctuations of Fashion; and my amiable readers will have no objection, I am sure, to learn the different style of dress adopted by the ladies of the former, as well as of these ages.

Of all the nations in Europe, the Spaniards merit a distinguished place. Their particular mode of dress, which continued

unchanged for several centuries, must be attributed, in a great part, to their union with the Moors, from whom they derive their swarthy complexion. The dress of the Spanish ladies consists in a tight laced waist, and though they take all possible pains to prevent a redundancy of bust, they yet so display it that they discover the middle of the back. These ladies who are thus prodigal in the display of the upper part of the form, though they were accustomed carefully to conceal their feet, now wear their petticoats short, have their dresses frequently made high in the neck, and take great pride in decorating a fine foot and ankle.

The ornaments formerly worn by the Spaniards were as heavy as their clothing: but before I speak of them, it is requisite to mention the prodigious circles of whalebone with which the skirts of their upper garments were extended, and which they called *Guarda-Infanta*; this name was given, as many people believe, by certain artful females to conceal indiscretion, and bring the appearance of all on a level: in effect the large hoop petticoat levelled all distinctions; but there was another more commodious and less, which ladies wore in undress; this was called the Farthingale. Under these enormous petticoats, they wore in the winter ten or twelve of heavy and costly materials; the under petticoat was bordered with English lace, or with a flounce of muslin embroidered with gold: this petticoat was four ells in fullness.

Their earrings were of such a length that their ears were often torn with them; sometimes they hung small watches in their

ears, little bells, and gold keys of wonderful and exquisite workmanship, wrought in England. The custom of wearing head-dresses of false hair was general. The heels of their shoes were very high, and always gilt: the other part of the shoe was made of brocaded silk or velvet. When a Spanish lady was in mourning, she wore a robe of grey serge, over which was thrown a long mantle of silk, which descended to her feet.

In spite of that analogy which the similarity of the climate had established between the Spaniards and the Italians, it is, notwithstanding, certain that the latter differed essentially from the former, in their dress and ornaments. They were certainly once as careful in concealing their feet; but far from admiring the leanness of the Spaniards, which those ladies took every pains to procure, the Italians used formerly to attach the highest value to the plumpness of the body and the redundancy of the bust. Their taste displayed itself in the putting on of their clothes and their head-dresses; in the manner in which they fastened on the former might be traced the perfect imitation of some of the finest pieces of antiquity, the knowledge of which had become familiar to them. In short, their mode of dress was full of grace and dignity: Their rich stuffs, as well as their splendid embroidery, were not the production of a foreign soil; they were fabricated in their own country, and that in such abundance, that they amply supplied many other nations.

MARCUS.

(To be continued occasionally.)

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Saturday night, March the 16th, Miss O'Neill made her first appearance in comedy in this country. She chose the character of *Lady Teazle*, in the *School for Scandal*. It is seldom that we see the union of tragic and comic talents in the same performer; and so much the more

pleasing are they both where they concur. Garrick was equally eminent in both species of the drama. Copying from nature, he was equally strong and faithful in the delineation of either passion. There is, in truth, no incongruity in the different talents required in both; however widely distinguished, they may easily exist together. It requires only the same judgment and taste to discriminate what is the just expression

of comic, and what of tragic passion. Nothing further, therefore, is necessary, than those different physical powers—delivery, gesture, feature, and cast of countenance, which comedy requires as distinguished from tragedy. Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Pope (Miss Young) were excellent in every species of the drama. Mrs. Siddons is indeed an exception. Her comedy, particularly her *Julia*, in the *Rivals*, and her *Rosalind*, which she performed in early years, reminded us of the frolicsome funerals of the Irish. Her *Jane Shore* was mixed up with her *Rosalind*, and her *Julia* had a tincture of *Isabella*. The sublime energy, and forcible expression of her countenance in tragedy, could not soften to the milder affections, and more familiar tone and colour of comedy.

Miss O'Neill has here a great advantage. In the higher walks of tragedy she is not equal to Mrs. Siddons, but superior to her in tenderness and pathos.—With respect to comedy, as far as exterior qualities, Miss O'Neill possesses every accomplishment. Her face is not strongly marked, but has what the painters would term, sufficient flexibility for all the gay and lighter feelings—her voice has sweetness and variety of tone, and her deportment is elegant, and without stiffness. With much personal satisfaction we attended the theatre to witness her performance of *Lady Teazle*.

The house was crowded to the topmost bench with the most brilliant audience of the season, and we never witnessed more eager curiosity and impatience than were visible in the countenances of the spectators. Miss O'Neill made her first appearance in the second act: she was evidently in much embarrassment, which the most enthusiastic applause and cheering could scarcely for some minutes dissipate. She did not in the first scene attain to the free exercise of her powers. Under the oppression of feeling, she was somewhat plaintive and solemn. Her conception of the character was just and faithful; her delivery of the dialogue correct; her deportment elegant and captivating; but her manner was not sufficiently rapid and spirited; it wanted that vivacity and voluble mirth which a comic scene requires.

Towards the end of the scene she improved, and many points were delivered with an archness, a spirit, and a gay comic vivacity, which left us nothing more to wish. The tenor of this scene, however, was too measured, and if we may use the expression, somewhat pompous.

In her next scene with the scandalous *coterie* she discovered still greater comic powers.—She uttered some of the raillery with great edge and bitterness; and was eminently successful in her mimicry. This scene was crowned with great applause: but, in the third act, when she quarrels with *Sir Peter*, she displayed her principal powers.—She there divested herself of all that was measured and solemn; of all that was pompous and plaintive; and entered into the

genuine comic spirit of the character. Her vivacity was no less conspicuous than her grace and elegance; she was polished and natural; familiar without insipidity; energetic but simple. She reminded us of the best efforts of Mrs. Abington and Lady Derby, and proved herself capable of adorning both parts of the drama.

In the screen scene, where the character of *Lady Teazle* is more serious and contemplative, especially when she becomes penitent, Miss O'Neill had only to resume those powers with which we are more familiar; and in this scene, therefore, her success was indisputable.—Her last act was not inferior to any of the preceding.—Upon the whole, if Miss O'Neill had made her first appearance on the London boards in comedy, she would infallibly have risen to the head of her profession.—She is certainly the best *Lady Teazle* of the present stage. At the same time candour requires us to add, that we give the preference to her tragedy.

In tragedy she at once agitates and delights us; her excellence is uniform, and without alloy. In comedy she pleases and satisfies; but she does not so entirely and undividedly possess the heart. We think Miss O'Neill will greatly improve on a repetition of the character—she will give a free scope to her raillery, and lend a more liberal vein to those comic powers which she undoubtedly possesses.

The play was throughout well performed. Fawcett acted *Sir Peter Teazle* much better than we expected. In the fourth act he was eminently happy. Young was a good *Joseph*, and Charles Kemble was easy and gentlemanlike. Mrs. Gibbs's *Mrs. Candour* was in the first style of acting; it has never been performed better since the time of Miss Pope.

Mathews, Terry, and Liston, were suitable and spirited representatives of their respective characters. Upon the whole, the play was so well performed, and so rapturously received, that we have no doubt but that it will be often repeated to audiences equally crowded and brilliant.

DRURY-LANE.

RECRUITING OFFICER.—The revival of the old plays must be seen with much satisfaction by all the admirers of the drama, and the managers are entitled to the praise both of liberality, and of just taste, in bringing forward what at once affords the best present amusement, and exhibits the example of good writing to our present dramatists. The exhibition of these old dramas has likewise another manifest advantage: they afford us the most faithful pictures of the manners and habits of the past age; produce the fine gentlemen and ladies of King William and Queen Mary before our eyes; and give us the opportunity of comparing past and present manners, habits, and conversation.

This is strictly true as respects our ancient

dramatists: criticism was in that age so discussed and so understood, that the laws of good writing were known and seldom violated by any of those writers; and it was the first law of the drama of that day, that the characters should be faithfully drawn as they stood in the nature, circumstances, and situation, which belonged to them. Those of the characters of our old comedies, therefore, were well known persons of their day.

Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanburgh, all eminent, though not in the same degree, differed greatly from each other. Congreve's excellence is his splendid and poetical wit, which he possessed in a greater degree than any that have preceded or followed him. His genius, in this respect, bore a strong resemblance to that of Dryden; and it is impossible to read the comedies of the two without immediately recognizing this similitude. Vanburgh was very little inferior to Congreve in the faculty of wit itself; but he had not the same poetical mind, and magnificent imagination, and therefore his thoughts, though as quick and sagacious as those of Congreve, do not appear to us in the same splendid dress. Congreve's taste is as extraordinary as his genius; for his images, brilliant and rich as they may be, never exceed the suitable tone and character of his discourse; and are still familiar, still not unnatural, though abounding in lustre and fancy.

Farquhar was a different writer to either of these. His characteristic is a species of light comic humour,—a familiar and gay style of observing, thinking, and writing. He appears to know nothing of life and manners beyond the mere surface, and that in the most ordinary situations; but he paints these scenes and characters with brevity and briskness. His dialogue has little merit beyond that of being the natural language of the characters he introduces. He has some humour, but no wit. And he exhibits proofs almost in every scene that he writes, more from his memory than from his judgment. He strictly copies the life of his characters, such as they are.

The *Recruiting Officer* is the best of all his plays. *Kite* is an admirable character. His gaiety, his dexterity, his roguery, are all patented in the best comic style. *Melinda* is one of the coquettes of the *Spectator* and *Tattler*. The recruits (as they exist in the play) are likewise well drawn. *Sylvia* is gay and spirited, but certainly out of nature as she is represented in the plot.

This play, we are compelled to say, was very indifferently acted, as any one may readily judge for himself if he will give it a reading, and compare the impression upon his mind from the play, with that which follows the performance. It is written as lightly as it was acted heavily. The dialogue runs as quickly through the imagination, as it lags and loiters on the stage. Upon the stage it appears a most insipid play; in the

closet it awakens and maintains the attention and the spirits. We know not to what to impute this striking difference, except that the play should have been differently cast, and that the curtailments of it have left it thus naked and spiritless in the exhibition.

Mrs. Mardyn, as *Sylvia*, rather embarrasses us. We were pleased with her—we looked at her attentively, but we are unable to say whether the object of our pleasure was Mrs. Mardyn or her *Sylvia*. We rather suspect the former to have been the case; as we thought that she looked better than she spoke. She did not appear to advantage in her male habiliments, they unsexed her of her gaiety,—and rendered her drawing and tiresome. We have certainly seen her to more advantage; but it is a pleasure to see such a woman in any thing.

Johnstone pleased us still less in *Kite*. He was deficient in quickness, gaiety, and pert and familiar roguery; but he was commendable in not spoiling his part by buffoonery.

Knight appeared to us to perform his part most in the spirit of the author. This actor is of great promise. He possesses humour without buffoonery; and has hitherto had the good sense to avoid too much grimace. We always see him with pleasure; and will venture to predict that he will be the first performer in his line. We would recommend three rules to be perpetually before the memory of this actor, and others of the same line:—1. Let him endeavour to recall to his memory some one whom he may have seen in early life, in the same character and situation in nature with that which he has to exhibit on the stage. Let him remember as many of these natural models as he can; let him endeavour to remember those which pleased him most; and let him analyse his own recollections,—namely, how did he speak,—how did he look,—how did he carry his head, his arms, and his back and shoulders, &c. 2. Then let him form himself (before a glass) to a correct resemblance of this natural origin,—and this both in looking, in speaking, and moving. 3. Let him above all avoid grimace, which is always unnatural,—let him avoid that unnatural stoop,—and that more unnatural way of speaking which is too common with these characters (the clowns and countrymen) on the stage. In a word, after having recalled to himself the natural models, let him likewise recollect the exact figure and mode in which they are usually represented upon the stage; let him remember what then struck him as unnatural in this representation, and let him most carefully avoid it.

The best stage model of a countryman is Emery. The worst (and therefore an excellent example as to what is to be avoided), is beyond all comparison, De Camp. This actor is as dull, as unnatural, and as intolerable in his representations of countrymen, as he is brisk, natural, and entertaining in fops and coxcombs.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.—*Il Fanatico per la Musica.*—This Opera is not absolutely new to the Parisian dilettanti, but it was unknown to the majority of them, and they ought to feel themselves much indebted to the manager of the Theatre Royal Italien that he brought forward this charming work.

Although the public, yielding to a prejudice too often well founded, but nevertheless sometimes unjust, affects to set no kind of value on the poetry of Italian Operas, it is not amiss here to observe, that the *Fanatico* is at any time equal to the French *Melomanie*; and even supposing it owes its origin to the same author, it must be confessed that the copy is superior to the original: instead of that insignificant young female, who only repeats over and over again, *How wretched I am!* the melomane of Italy has for a daughter a *Dona Ariatea*, not less firmly attached to Metastasio than her father to Jamelli and Pergolesi; the opposition which takes place between these two characters has been marked in a manner the most truly comic by Barilli and by Madame Catalani, who has succeeded in convincing the French that a great singer may be also an incomparable actress; not a single spectator but what has been forcibly struck with the ease and playfulness with which she supports the character of the amiable *Ariatea*; and every one equally knew how to appreciate the exquisite taste and science with which she executed the different delightful airs that were assigned her. The delicious duet in the musical lesson, and the astonishing variations on the air of *La Molinara* (*nel corpiu non mi sento*) excited an enthusiasm the most flattering and unanimous, and was sufficient to ensure to the *Fanatico* as frequent representations as it shall please Madame Catalani to bestow on it.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—Sketch of *The Letter of Credit.*—*Mad. Dermont*, the wife of a rich merchant, inhabits an elegant cottage at Anteuil, during the absence of her husband, who, for about eighteen months, has been abroad to arrange his commercial concerns. She has no other company than her niece *Eugenia*, a young lady of fifteen, and so artless, that she scarce has a suspicion of any thing concerning love or lovers. As *Madame Dermont* is walking in her garden, a young man, in evident terror, presents himself and requests an asylum against a troop of the officers of justice who are come to seize on him. Scarce has he time to tell her that he was employed in the performance of a praiseworthy action, when a part of them appears; the young man takes shelter in a pavilion, where he finds a morning gown belonging to *Monsieur Dermont*; he quickly wraps himself up in it, and immediately coming forth, he asks the chief of the band, in a dignified tone, by what right he dares to violate his dwelling? And in order the better to impose upon them, he treats

Madame Dermont as his wife; but when he is left alone with her, he finds he must first inform himself to whom he is thus, by chance, indebted for his preservation.—“Apparently, Sir,” *Madame Dermont* replies, “you are quite at home; but pray, may I ask first, who are you?”—“My name is *Sainville*, and I am the son of a merchant of Bordeaux. To elude the pursuits of my creditors, I had thoughts of going to a *Madame Dermont*, the wife of one of my father’s partners, to implore of her to grant me a shelter; but I had formed in my own ideas the picture of a woman extremely tiresome and declining in years.”—*Madame Dermont* hastens to inform the young blunderer who she is, and that it is in contemplation to bestow on him the hand of her niece. Encouraged by this unlooked for happiness, which in a few moments has so altered the colour of his destiny, he requests of his future aunt to allow him, for the remainder of that day, to pass for her husband, in order that he may the more easily have an opportunity of conversing with the youthful *Eugenia*, and of finding out the sentiments of her heart.

Just at this crisis arrives another stranger: he meets with only a chambermaid, and asks her if he can possibly speak with *Madame Dermont*. The chambermaid, who is lively and giddy, tells him, without any ceremony, that she thinks he had better postpone his visit till the next day, as her lady wishes to devote the present time to the felicity she experiences on the arrival of her husband after his long absence; and the stranger immediately remains motionless with surprise. It may easily be divined that this personage is no other than *Monsieur Dermont* himself. While he is pondering on the strange intelligence he has just heard, *Madame Dermont*, her niece, and *Sainville* come to breakfast under the shade, and *Dermont* hides himself in the pavilion, and observes them through one of the windows. He hears them expatiating on domestic happiness, and receives ocular proof of the infidelity, as he imagines, of his wife. As soon as *Madame Dermont* goes back to the house, he comes from his hiding-place, but he is soon seized upon by the sheriff’s officers, who declare they can identify his person for that of the young man who has caused them to run half over the country. He learns from them that *Sainville* is the name of the debtor, and although he has never seen him, he begins to guess at the mysterious scene he has just witnessed.

In consequence, after having examined the letter of credit, he requests an interview with the pretended *Dermont*, in order to reveal to him some particulars which ought to prevent his being in such a hurry to wed *Eugenia*. “*Sainville*,” he adds, “is a young man of a most detestable character.” This confidence is very ill relished; the adviser, called upon to declare who he is, says that he is *Sainville*, the pretender to *Eugenia*’s hand, and he casts himself at her feet.—

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"Take care what you are saying," says the pretended husband; "I am well acquainted with this *Sainville*."—"And I," replies the other, "am well acquainted with *M. Dermont*."—*Sainville* is much embarrassed, *Madame Dermont* enters, and the joyful exclamation that escapes her at sight of her husband clears up all the mystery.

The rapidity of the action, the most pleasant situations, a dialogue natural and easy, with the most happy and unaffected expressions, have ensured to this charming little comedy the most complete success. The music is well adapted to the words. The overture, a quintetto, two duos, and one particular air, have every claim to excellence.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—Outline of the piece entitled *Meetings at the Guard House*.—On the rising of the curtain, a *Monsieur Pigeon-Patté* has mounted his guard, which is just relieved, and he is found undressed for fear of spoiling his uniform. He causes to be brought to him a complete equipment for the night, and a dish, which is to serve him the next evening for supper, but the drummer of the company eats it. The officer of the post is not pleased at finding *M. Patté* undressed, and as he has performed his duty, the officer sends him home. *Madame Patté* takes her husband his supper, but does not find him there; and the poor husband is very melancholy at finding his wife from home, when the officer tells him that a lady has just been put under arrest coming out of a ball-room. This causes a rueful scene between the married pair, who seem mutually convinced of each other's infidelity. *Rimanville*, the nephew of *Madame Patté*, and a musician, whom they have made drunk, are put under arrest, but as they were endeavouring to reconcile matters, the pit being filled with critics, was not so amicably disposed, and would not hear another word, so that the last scenes of this piece, in one act, were entirely composed of dumb show.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODÉON.—Sketch of *The Incurables*; or, *Love and Rhyme*.—This comedy, which is in three acts, is a posthumous work of the late *Colin d'Harleville*, the following is a brief outline of the story.

Philenus has been deceived by his mistress; and *Duvervin*, his friend, has had a piece condemned at the theatre. One swears he will never make love again, the other that he will never make another rhyme. Furious against pretty women and biasing critics, they quit Paris, and retire into the country, to the house of their friend *Lisider*, a lively and pleasant old man, who does not give the smallest credit to the vow they have made. "Let us live in quiet," they continually cry out, "away with women and the muses;" but, "Drive nature away, and she comes galloping back again."

Lisider has two very pretty young nieces, *Angelica* and *Aglæ*; the first is sentimental, the other doats on poetry, and has read from Boileau every work in verse down to the *Abbe Cottin*,

and should delight in *Virgil* if it was not in Latin.

As soon as they come to visit their uncle, they turn the young men's heads, who at first think of making their escape, but an irresistible power detains them. They agree to change characters: *Philenus* passes for the poet, and *Duvervin* for the discarded lover. One is all pathos and poetry, and the other becomes stupid in trying to make himself amiable.

Aglæ was at the play when *Duvervin's* piece was condemned; she blames the depraved taste of the public, and cites two or three verses, which she found excellent. This adds to the favourable opinion that *Duvervin* entertains for *Aglæ*.

Seconded by their uncle, the two cousins undertake to charm *Philenus* and *Duvervin*; nothing is easier: in the mean time abused by the pretended vocation of these young men, *Angelica* is sorry that *Philenus* should be a poet, and *Aglæ* that *Duvervin* is not one. Some verses have been found, and they know not who to attribute them to: a false assertion of a valet leads them to think they were composed by *Philenus*; but a stratagem of *Lisider's* betrays the lovers. He supposes that *Angelica* is gone, and the journal announces that the rejected piece has been tried a second time, and met with success. *Philenus* confesses that he loves *Angelica* better than life itself, and *Duvervin*, encouraged by the applauses he has received, feels all his love for making verses revive. The cousins who were hid, now come forward: *Angelica* weds *Philenus*, and *Aglæ* is united to *Duvervin*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Irma; or, *the Sorrows of an Orphan*. An Indian Tale. Paris.

THIS little tale is neither a romance nor a history; it is evidently not a work of imagination; neither is it an history, because the incidents are unnatural, interwoven, and travestied in such a manner, that though they are not thereby rendered incognisable, their interest and dignity become lost. The romance of *Irma*, properly speaking, resembles a caricature; being a parody of those works which have been penned on the first and second restoration. The author, *Madame Guenard*, seems ambitious of employing herself in disfiguring the history of the present times; she does not act the part of an historiographer, but makes a romance out of all the events which have befallen the French Princes and Princesses since the revolution. After having crowded into a romance the most mournful incidents, and the most sanguinary catastrophes of that fatal period, she brings forward those two invagious by which France has been afflicted and punished; certainly her readers cannot but think this a strange subject for a romance.

The most important pains taken by the author, and which seems to have given her infinite trou-

ble, has been to disguise the names of illustrious persons in a kind of anagrammatical kind of spelling. Thus, instead of Henri, she writes *Irlen*, *Rexolius* for Louis XVIII., *Emelougan* for Angouleme, *Eniphejos* for Josephine, *Naclopan* for Napoleon, and *Xinamilem* for Maximilian; that is to say, for Robespierre; all this is ingenious enough: but not contented with thus concealing names of persons, Madame Guenard observes the same caution when treating on those of places, although she has laid her scenes in the East, which renders the story rather *outré*; as she makes *Delhi* Paris, and *Japan* England. The *Indies* are substituted for Austria, and *Thibet* for Italy; which, consequently, places some states belonging to the Great Mogul in lieu of those belonging to France. Madame Guenard could not, however, resist the temptation of shewing her skill in anagrams; accordingly she puts *Demarbo* in the place of Bordeaux, *Noly* for Lyon, and *Sennecvix* for Vincennes. Such is a proof of the author's talent in this kind of way.

No doubt but the intentions of Madame Guenard were every way praiseworthy: but before she had determined on thus associating with her language and ideas those persons, who never should be spoken of but with reverence, instead of reducing to a Lilliputian sketch those incidents and events on which depended the destiny of people and empires, why did she not separate what was false and peurile from important facts, before she embarked in so dangerous a project? We appeal only to her own judgment, and request of her to read over what she has written on the entry of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angouleme into Paris, in 1814, and especially the discourse which she puts into the mouth of the august father-in-law of that Princess. As for the remainder, enough has been said of a work, which will, no doubt, be but partially perused, and which, those who form the chief subject of it, may perhaps never see or hear of. We are informed that the author has presented the Duchess of Angouleme with a copy: but the great are not obliged to accept of all the income that is daily offered before them.

The *Travels of All Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, &c.* which have been so long expected, will appear in the course of the month, in two quarto volumes, illustrated by about one hundred plates.

Mr. C. Blunt, optician, is preparing for the press, a *Descriptive Essay on Spectacles*, and the apparatus used to assist imperfect vision in the human eye.

P. W. Crowther, Esq. has in the press, the *Christian's Manual*, compiled from a translation of the Enchiridion Militis Christiani of Erasmus, with copious scripture notes.

Memoirs of the *Ionian Isles*, and of their relation with European Turkey, translated from the original manuscript of M. de Vaucoudort, late general in the Italian service, is in the press, with an accurate and comprehensive map.

Mr. William Jones, late acting surgeon at Serampore, will soon publish a *Collection of Facts and Opinions relative to Widows burning themselves with the dead Bodies of their Husbands*, and to other destructive customs prevalent in British India.

Mr. J. Ingle has in the press, the *Aerial Isles*, or the Visions of Malcolm, a poem, with notes.

Jane of France, a historical volume, translated from Mad. De Genlis, will soon appear in two volumes.

Mr. John Kirby, of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, is preparing for publication, *Cases in Surgery*, with remarks.

Mr. Boothroyd will complete his *Biblia Hebraica* in the course of a month. He has also in a state of forwardness, *Reflections on the Authorized Version of the Scriptures*; reasons for attempting its improvement; and a specimen of such an attempt.

Mr. Thomas Little, Jun. has in the press, a duodecimo volume of Poems.

Mr. G. M. Butt will soon publish, *Sherborne Castle*, and other juvenile Poems.

Mr. Joseph Sams, of Darlington, is in the possession of a complete manuscript of the *Pentateuch*, recently procured from the continent, and deemed to be from fourteen to fifteen hundred years old. This copy is of leather, in two volumes, about two feet broad and sixty-nine long. There is reason to believe it has been above eight hundred years in one Jewish family on the Continent, and that it is the oldest copy of the Law in existence.

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

CHRIST-CHURCH SCHOOL,

OR, the *Blue-Coat School*, as it is generally termed, is one of the noblest foundations in the world for the tuition of youth, imparting all the necessary and also some of the ornamental branches of education to upwards of one thousand boys, not only of the poorest, but even of the middling ranks in society; for though originally a royal, and subsequently both a public and private charity, it is of late years become of more extensive application than formerly, to the great advantage, we are of opinion, of the nation at large. It is true that it was never intended for the sons of those who could procure a good education for their offspring out of their own private fortunes; but as the number of those has never been to any amount, we consider the exceptions rather as advantageous, than improper; inasmuch as these few admissions have never had the effect of excluding proper objects of the charity. In fact, if a few boys of genteel rank in life are from time to time admitted, it imparts to them a hardihood and a degree of humility that tend to add to the links uniting our multifarious and usefully amalgamated society: whilst the behaviour, the ideas, and the example of such

boys, must often have the effect of improving the manners of their less fortunate schoolfellows; an advantage not to be despised, though their admission may by some be considered as a breach of the rules of the charity.

A topographical history or delineation of this ancient establishment, is not absolutely part of our plan; it is sufficient, therefore, to observe, that this school is situated between Newgate-street and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, being erected out of the ruins of a monastery of Grey Friars, first settled here in 1325. At the dissolution of religious houses, in consequence of the reformation, it was surrendered to Henry the VIII. in 1538, and given to the City of London; afterwards founded as an hospital by Edward the VI. in 1553, since which period it has been brought to its present extent, both in buildings and endowments, by royal grants and city munificence, by corporation charities, and by private benefactions.

The number now provided for, generally amounts to one thousand one hundred and fifty boys and seventy girls; for the former of whom there is care always taken that able and learned schoolmasters shall be appointed, for instruction in reading, writing, drawing, arithmetic, mathematics, navigation, and such a portion of classical learning as annually to prepare a certain few for the Universities. The salary of the masters has been stated at £100. per annum each, with residences; besides which, the grammar-master has £20. additional for catechising the boys, and his usher receives £50. There are two writing masters and two ushers for the school founded in 1694 by Alderman Sir John Moore; a drawing master attends three afternoons in the week, on an establishment founded in 1705; and a music master two afternoons in each week, for the purpose of instructing the children in sacred music.

The royal naval mathematical school, which was founded by Charles II. in 1673, has forty royal boys, as they are called, who, on examination by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity house, are sent to sea in respectable situations; and the Governors appoint forty more, who must have previously acquired, in the other classes, a competent knowledge of writing, and of the Latin language. From this department of the school, ten are sent out yearly; and ten are received in their room, chosen from the whole number of boys, who ought to be the cleverest of the school, on account of mathematical studies; and the whole of those wear a silver badge of distinction on their breasts. This very useful branch of the school was first thought of in England by Sir Robert Clayton, who, having read of an ordinance of the King of France, that maritime education should be afforded gratis to all the boys in seaport towns, recommended it so strongly to ministry, that it was immediately established under royal patronage.

A general rule in the school is, that no child shall be taught Latin until he can read English

perfectly, and write it grammatically; but, if we were to find fault with any part of the system, it would be this; as we are well convinced that an acquaintance, at least with the Latin grammar, will always facilitate the acquisition of a grammatical knowledge of the English language. In short, we are of opinion, that scarcely any individual ever understood the art of plain English composition, without having been previously grounded in the niceties of Latin syntax and grammar. The hours of tuition are from seven in the morning from March to November, and eight in the winter months; dismissing at eleven, returning at one; and concluding at five in summer, and four in winter. The progress in learning is much facilitated by repeated examinations. The upper master examines the under master's form twice a year, taking thence such as he judges fit for his own instruction: the grammar-school examinations are conducted by an experienced person expressly appointed by the governors for March and September; at which periods, on the last day of each month, specimens of drawing and of writing are also exhibited. Formerly there was a custom, begun in 1554, though now in disuse, under which, public disputations were held on St. Bartholomew's day, upon points of grammar. On those occasions, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were the judges, giving as prizes, pens of gold and silver to the scholars, and money to the masters: at the same time also, as established by Sir Martin Bowes, there were bows given with silver arrows, in allusion to his name. It is also a curious remark, that wine and pears were presented to the Mayor and Corporation in order to induce them to be present:—turtle feasts were then unknown. At present the English master is authorized to assemble all the children belonging to any two wards, in the grammar school from eleven to two, three times a week; so that every pupil throughout the twelve wards is examined once a fortnight. In the exercise of this duty, some of the upper boys are often very properly substituted, out of whom also, a marker, or monitor, is appointed in the several wards, wearing a medal for his good behaviour.

Nor is the religion of the children forgotten. From the catechism they are taught the fundamental principles of christianity, three times in each week; and at other times the catechiser visits the wards in order to give instruction. On Sundays they attend divine service, morning and evening, at Christ Church; and at the Sunday evening suppers, from Christmas to Easter, hymns and other religious exercises are performed in the Great Hall, forming a most interesting exhibition to crowds of visitors.

A strict discipline is very judiciously observed here. Every morning and afternoon, all the children are called over, and the masters are required to observe their dress with respect to neatness and cleanliness, as well as the propriety of their behaviour. In addition to this, the boys

are frequently called together at unexpected hours; and if any are missing, they are afterwards punished publicly in the hall, besides being confined in their respective wards on the next holiday. Discipline and regularity are also preserved by the uniformity of their dress, which consists of a coat of warm blue cloth, fitted close to the arms and body, girt about the waist with a red leather girdle and buckle, and hanging down to the heels, under which is a loose yellow petticoat, their dress being completed with yellow stockings, and a round thrim cap, tied with a yellow band. This hardy form of clothing, together with their simple mode of living, produces good health in general; but there is a physician appointed for the house, together with a surgeon, who visits the hospital daily, and an apothecary, whose practice is limited to the house.

Sufficient recreation is always given by holidays; of which there are eleven at Easter; one week at Whitsuntide; at St. Bartholomew, three weeks; and at Christmas a fortnight; besides the usual Saints holidays throughout the year.

The connection of this school with the Universities, is of high importance. One scholar is sent every year to Cambridge, and every seventh year, two; all of whom are maintained, either at Oxford or Cambridge, for seven years. They have the choice of the college to which they go; but Pembroke Hall, at Cambridge, is generally adopted, being considered the most advantageous to them: and there is also a scholar sent to Oxford once in every eight years. To each of those there is an annual allowance of £60. per annum; besides which, a contribution is always received on St. Matthew's day, when the President, Corporation, Governors, &c. assemble in the Great Hall to hear the orations. On this occasion, one boy speaks in Latin, and the other in English, having spoken in Latin on the preceding anniversary. This latter is then elected off to college, and leaves the school about a month afterwards, having been fitted out with the contribution collected in a glove.

The presentations to this school are in the Governors, the qualification for which office is a benefaction of £200, together with a present of £200 more on being elected. The admission days are appointed generally ten days or a fortnight before Easter, when lists of those qualified to be Governors are put up in the office, and blank certificates supplied to those requiring them, to be filled up by ministers and churchwardens, certifying that the applicants are children of freemen, (but now others are admitted) not under seven years of age, nor over fifteen; except for the mathematical school, to which lads of eighteen are eligible; and that they are orphans, wanting either father or mother. No foundlings nor parish children can be received; nor lame, crooked, or diseased; they ought also to be without probable means of support, and their parents certified to be unable to maintain them. Two brothers cannot be admitted at the

same time; and the whole are to be carefully examined by the committee. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen each present a child yearly; but other Governors only in their respective turns, being once in three or four years.

We have thus given a general sketch of this interesting school: not only in hopes that it may be personally useful to some of our readers, but also that it may prompt those, who have it in their power, to become benefactors to so liberal an establishment, and thus acquire the means of being useful to their own friends and dependants. In short, this school has produced many of our most eminent lawyers, divines and seamen; and we trust that it will long remain an honour and an ornament to the country.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

THE REMOVAL, CONTINUED.

It was one o'clock: the lady was already risen: a very pretty little waiting woman came to open the door to us, and knit her brows when she found the real motive for our visiting her mistress: nevertheless, as the examination that we made is one of those inconveniences attending an apartment to be let, they were obliged, at the call of the portress below, to permit us to make the inspection. This pavillion was quite a little temple, and the power to whom it had been dedicated was perceptible enough. While Victor and his sister were admiring the beauty, the number and the disposition of the glasses, with the freshness of the paintings, Madame Guillaume was more usefully employed in seeking for objects that were really serviceable.

Victor was the first to enter the principal bed-chamber; where the young person, carelessly seated in an easy chair, was taking a cup of tea, with a little discontented air which did not set ill on a countenance that was truly bewitching. Without changing her posture, she made a slight movement with her head, to which my son replied by a compliment, and she amply rewarded him by an enchanting smile. As in my character of an observer, it is natural for me to have my eyes about me; I remarked, without attaching the least importance to the observation, that her waiting-maid, as she arranged the apartment, which was littered with the dishabille of the morning, took off from the bed an India handkerchief, the same pattern and quality as that which her lady wore on her head, but which appeared to have been tied on with less art and elegance.

Every part of this dwelling was examined by Madame Guillaume with the most scrupulous care; and she displayed a love of order, a foresight, and an exactitude, with a knowledge of every minutia, which the owner of the house will never forget: she had given, in idea, its proper destination to every chamber, and had fixed the placing of every piece of furniture. These household arrangements, which she spoke of in

presence of the lady, did not seem to amuse her much: and she did not seem to feel the value of my furniture, which had thus, by a lucky opportunity, been detailed piece by piece before her.

After having taken the measure of the windows for our curtains, and the pannels for our glasses: and seeing where we should best place our sofas and carpets, we took leave of the lady, who very obligingly permitted my son to come the next day to measure the breadth of a window in a closet which she did not think proper to open to us, and in which my daughter intended to place her piano. The terms of this lodging suited us, and we had only now to agree with the proprietor; the portress gave me his address, and I waited on him the next day.

M. H— is a man of business, and has been so for some years. I do not know how he transacted those of other people, but he has so well done his own, that he is now the proprietor of seven or eight houses in the best part of Paris: and from which he gains no less than fourscore thousand livres every year, clear of all expences: if one is surprised at first sight of him to hear that formerly studying under a petty attorney in the Rue du Harlay, he is arrived at his present situation, one is astonished after transacting even the most trifling business with him, that he should not be richer than he is. He has laid down for himself a rule, which gives me a very high idea of the cunning of any tenant who should be able to deceive him. We were full three hours in regulating the conditions of our agreement: and three mornings in *drawing up the writings on each side*. While he was proving continually his own disinterestedness, he drew from me an hundred crowns for laths and partitions which I did not want, which he compelled me to buy, but not to carry away in case I should shift my quarters, for fear of defacing the walls; so I concluded that these articles, which were not worth an hundred francs, had past from tenant to tenant, and had most likely put an hundred louis in his pocket. At length, after having signed and countersigned the duplicate agreement which he had taken care to regulate himself, he asked me twopence-halfpenny for the stamp of a receipt for six months, that custom from which he never deviated, had made a law for a new tenant to pay in advance. He should not, he added, stand for such a trifle as I might well believe, but he was the most particular creature in the world, when he was transacting business.

When I escaped from this human vulture, my wife was occupied in our removal; the preparations for which formed the commencement of my punishment. Workmen of every description seemed as if they had taken the house by assault: upholsterers, joiners, locksmiths, seemed as if endeavouring which of them should make the most noise and destruction. Driven out of one room into another, I took refuge in my closet, where I again had to brave the enemy, but was forced to capitulate in the twinkling of an eye;

and without any regard to my orders or intreaties, I saw my books thrown down from the shelves, and heaped pe-le-me-le into great chests, without the least respect for those who had written them: Corneille with Dorat, Racine with Mercier, Poinciset with Voltaire. O shame! confusion! after having disputed every foot of my closet, and every piece of furniture it contained; weary of exalting my voice, raving, and literally reduced to despair, I quitted the house, with the only book I was able to save from being pillaged, under my arm, and took a walk to get rid of my bile; leaving to my wife and children the care of completing this work of destruction.

But I was not yet out of trouble; I had quitted my old lodging, and when I entered another, it was only going into a new chaos: the workmen followed me there, and left me the first night in such a disorder, that I knew not where I was. Every thing had been thought of except how we were to sleep; and my bed stood yet on the shafts it had been brought on. After two hours search, I found my slippers packed under the sofa cover of Madame Guillaume, and my morning gown amongst the kitchen utensils, which gave my wife occasion to remark, that she took care never to lose any thing: every one passed the night as well as he could, till day came to throw a light on the distressful scene.

My library contained three thousand volumes, chosen with care, and collected at a great expence; these were all crammed into one of the lower rooms; my most beautiful editions were rumpled, stained, and torn: I had not strength to complain, and I stood contemplating this disorder with profound sighs, to which Madame Guillaume united her exclamations at the sight of her broken China, and lustres falling to pieces. My daughter had lost the pedals and the feet of her piano. Victor had slept in his clothes on a sofa with a satin cover, and had left thereon an indelible stain of his boots. The servants knew not what to attend to first, and kept laying the blame on each other for those follies in which they all had a share. The first day was passed in lamentations, and the whole of the next in reproaches, vexations, and contradictions of every kind. We began in about a week to know where to find every thing, and we all confessed, as we recapitulated our losses, the truth of that maxim which says, "that three removals are worse than one fire."

A FREE SPEAKER.

MISERIES OF AUTHORS.

PLAUTUS, the comic poet, got his livelihood by turning a mill-stone. Aldus Manutius was so poor that he became insolvent; he being obliged to borrow money, in order to transport his library from Venice to Rome, whither it was sent for. Sigismund Gelenius, Lelio Gregoria, Giraldi, Badius, Ludovico Casilvetto, Archbishop Usher, and a multitude more learned men died

poor. Agrippa breathed his last in an hospital: and it is said Michael Cervantes, author of *Don Quixotte*, died for want. Paulo Borghessa, an Italian poet, who wrote a *Jerusalem Delivered*, on the same plan with that of Tasso, knew fourteen trades, and yet could not get a livelihood. Tasso was reduced so low, that he was obliged to borrow a crown of a friend to support him for a week; and to intreat his cat, in a pretty sonnet, to lend him the light of her eyes, in the night, for him to compose his verses, he having no candle. But what claims our tears is to see Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy, and of polite literature, after doing the public so many services, both by his negotiations and by his writings, languish in his old age in poverty; sell his palace to discharge his debts; and at last die without having money enough to bury him with some distinction. In France, Andrew Chenez, the learned historiographer, who had carefully collected all the authentic documents relative to the history of France, was forced to cook up in haste other histories, which do him no honour, that is, he was obliged to prostitute the Muses in order to get bread. Mr. Bandouin, of the French academy, a man of merit, pressed by hunger, published many works, which would have been more perfect had he been able to pay for a dinner. Now student! go to your study, and grow pale over these facts!

PERILOUS ESCAPES OF M. CHAITAU-BRIAND.

WHEN I was at the Cataract of the Niagara, the Indian ladder being broken, which had formerly been there, I wished, in spite of my guide's representations, to descend to the bottom of the fall by means of a rock, the craggy points of which projected. It was about two hundred feet high, and I made the attempt. In spite of the roaring cataract and frightful abyss, which gaped beneath me, my head did not swim, and I descended about forty feet; but here the rock became smooth and vertical, nor were there any longer roots or fissures for my feet to rest upon. I remained hanging all my length by my hands, neither able to re-ascend nor proceed, feeling my fingers open by degrees, from the weight of my body, and considering death inevitable. There are few men, who have in the course of their lives passed two such minutes as I experienced over the yawning horrors of Niagara. My hands at length opened, and I fell; by most extraordinary good fortune, I alighted on the naked rock: it was hard enough to have dashed me in pieces, and yet I did not feel much injured. I was within half an inch of the abyss, yet had not rolled into it: but when the cold water began to penetrate to my skin, I perceived I had not escaped so easily as I first imagined; I felt an insupportable pain in my left arm, I had broken it above the elbow. My guide, who observed me from above, and to whom I made signs, ran to look for some

savages, who with much trouble drew me up with birch cords, and carried me to their habitations. This was not the only risk I ran at Niagara, on arriving at the cataract, I alighted, and fastened my horse's bridle round my arm. As I leaned forward to look down, a rattle-snake moved in the neighbouring bushes. The horse took fright, reared on his hind legs, and approached the edge of the precipice: I could not disengage my arm from the bridle, and the animal with increasing alarm drew me after him. His feet were already on the point of slipping over the brink of the gulph, and he was kept from destruction by nothing but the reins. My doom seemed to be fixed, when the animal, astonished at the new danger which he all at once perceived, made a final effort, and sprang ten feet from the edge of the precipice.

FEMALE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

THE following is an account of a House of Correction, at Barcelona, for the punishment of female delinquents:—

“There is one House of Correction, which is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. It embraces two objects; the first is, the reformation of prostitutes and female thieves; the second, the correction of women who fail in their obligation to their husbands, and of those who either neglect or disgrace their families. The house for these purposes being divided into distinct portions, without any communication between them, the one is called *Real Casa de Galera*, and the other *Real Casa de Correction*. For each of those who are shut up in the former, the King allows seven deniers to purchase eighteen ounces of bread, and nine deniers, which is nearly one penny sterling, to procure meat. The fund for this arises from fines; but to aid this fund the women are obliged to work as long as they can see. By their labour they can earn about 5s. a month, half of which they save for themselves; whilst, of the other half, the sleyde, or governor, has one-tenth, to stimulate his attention to his duty. These women, working thus from light to light, would earn much more, were it not for the multitude of holidays. The ladies who deserve more severe correction than their husbands, fathers, or other relatives can properly administer, are confined by the magistrates, for a term proportioned to their offences, in this royal mansion, or *Casa real de Correction*. The relation at whose suit they are taken into custody, pays three sueldos, or fourpence halfpenny per day for their maintenance; and with this scanty provision they must be contented. Here they are compelled to work, and the produce of their labour is deposited for them till the time of their confinement is expired. The whole of the building will contain 500 women; but at present there are only 113. Among these are some ladies of condition, who are supposed to be visiting some distant friends. Here they receive bodily cor-

rection when it is judged necessary for their reformation. This establishment is under the direction and government of the *regente de la audience*, assisted by two criminal judges, with the *aloyde* and his attendants. One of these judges conducted me through the several apartments, and from him I received my information. Among other particulars, he told me that they had then under discipline a lady of fashion, accused of drunkenness, and of being imprudent in her conduct. As she was a widow, the party accusing was her brother-in-law."

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF HYPOCHONDRIA.

A wealthy Swiss farmer, much affected with hypochondria, came to Langenan, to consult the celebrated Michael Schuppagh, better known by the appellation of the *Mountain Doctor*. "I have seven devils in my belly," said he; "no fewer than seven."—"There are more than seven," replied the Doctor, with the utmost gravity; "if you count them right you will find eight."—After questioning the patient concerning his case, he promised to cure him in eight days, during which time he would every morning rid him of one of his troublesome inmates, at the rate of one louis d'or each. "But," added he, "as the last will be much more obstinate and difficult to expel than the others, I shall expect two louis d'ors for him."

The farmer agreed to these terms; the bargain was struck, and the Doctor impressing upon all present the necessity of secrecy, promised to give the nine louis d'ors to the poor of the parish. Next morning the imaginary demoniac was brought to him, and placed near a kind of machine which he had never seen before, by means of which he received an electric shock. The farmer roared out lustily. "There goes one!" said the Doctor, with the utmost gravity. The next day the same operation was repeated; the farmer bellowed as before; and the Doctor coolly remarked "Another is off." In this manner he proceeded to the seventh. When he was preparing to attack the last, Schuppagh reminded his patient that he now had need of all his courage, for this was the Captain of the gang, who would make a more obstinate resistance than any of the others. The shock was this time so strong as to extend the demoniac on the floor. "Now they are all gone!" said the Doctor, and ordered the farmer to be put to bed. On recovering himself, he declared that he was completely cured; he paid the nine louis d'ors with abundance of thanks, and returned in the best spirits to his village.

Credible witnesses attest this extraordinary cure, which proves the acuteness of the Doctor, as well as the truth of Solomon's proverb, that with the fool we must sometimes talk like a fool.

BIRTHS.

At Hamilton-place, London, the Duchess of Bedford of a son.

At Lower Tooting, Surrey, the wife of Capt. Watson, R. N. of a daughter.

At his house in Alfred-place, Bedford-square, the lady of Captain Edward Chetham, R. N. C. B. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Sir Henry Wellesley to Lady Georgiana Cecil.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Geo. Henry Freeling, Esq. of the General Post Office, to Jane, third daughter of R. Laing, Esq. of Portland-place.

DIED.

In Portman-square, her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans, and her infant son the Duke of St. Albans. The title and estates devolve to Lord William Beauclerk, brother-in-law of the deceased Duchess.

At her cottage near Falkingham, aged 80, Mrs. Glassup, formerly Mrs. Cole, mother of the Countess of Berkeley. It will be recollected that she gave evidence in the famous case of the Berkeley Peerage, in a way that did honour to her feelings as a parent.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Huxham, of Alstonhouse, Ashburton. He expired in a fit of apoplexy, apparently without a struggle, as his right hand rested under his head as if he was in a state of repose. The preceding morning saw him robust and healthy; but the next sun found him a corpse! A more powerful instance cannot be given of the uncertainty of mortal existence—today we are, to-morrow we are gone.

At his seat in Ireland, Chichester Skeffington, Earl of Massareene, Baron of Loughneagh. The Earl dying without issue male, the title is extinct.

At Melsonby, aged 76, Samuel Swire, D. D. rector of Melsonby and Barningham, in the North Riding of the county of York.

At Fryern House, Middlesex, John Bacon, Esq. in the 78th year of his age, many years Receiver of the Revenue of First Fruits.

Lately at Liverpool, deeply and justly regretted, Sarah, the wife of Mr. W. Lawson, of Trinity-place. She has left a most affectionate and indulgent husband to lament her loss.

THE MAID OF THE DARGLE

To Miss H.J.W. OF DUBLIN

Composed for N^o 82 of La Belle Assemblée

THE MUSIC BY

D: CORRI

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO

Hush noi - sy ri - vers pri - - thee hush Bid

all the sparkling waters hush With gent - ler fall and

mil - der force a - long their rude and roc - ky course Bid

* Denotes Where to take breath.

ev - ry leafy branch beside That ca-nopies thy

sil-ver tide And eve-ry bough that waves a - bove This

sainted scene of peace and love. This sain - ted scene of

peace and love. *Sym:*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BY

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A Correct Likeness of the PRINCE OF SAXE-COBOURG, as taken by special permission from the Original and only Bust of him as modelled by P. TURNERELLI, Esq. at the Pavillon at Brighton within the present Month.
2. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in a BALL DRESS.
3. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in an EVENING DRESS.
4. A CANZONETT; the Words in Imitation of BURNS. Set to Music expressly for this Work, by M^r. HOOK, with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE preceding Numbers in the present year contain very interesting and most beautiful Portraits, viz. No. 80, for January, MISS O'NEILL, of Covent-Garden Theatre; No. 81. for February, Her Royal Highness PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES; and No. 82, for March, MADAME LA-VALETTE.

* * Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £3 19s. per Annum; to all parts of the Continent, Malta, Gibraltar, Sicily, Madeira, Brazil, and Holland, at £3 10s. per Annum; to France, at £3 4s. per Annum; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders, Post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, and of the *Weekly Messenger*, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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MAY 1, 1816.



Lieut. George Christian, Prince of Saxe-Coburg.
Engraved by special permission from a Drawing made purposely for this work by
Ant. after the only Bust modelled from the life by — Turnerelli Eng. —
— Published by J. Bell., May 1st 1810.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 341

PROBLEM SET 1

DATE: _____

NAME: _____

PROBLEM 1

(10 points)

Consider a particle of mass m moving in a potential $V(x)$.

(a)

Write down the Hamiltonian $H(x, p)$ for the particle. If the particle is in a stationary state $\psi(x)$ with energy E , show that $\psi(x)$ satisfies the time-independent Schrödinger equation $H\psi = E\psi$.

(b) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2$. Find the ground state wave function $\psi_0(x)$ and the ground state energy E_0 .

(c) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}\alpha x^4$. Find the ground state energy E_0 to first order in α .

(d) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}\alpha x^4$. Find the first excited state energy E_1 to first order in α .

(e) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}\alpha x^4$. Find the first excited state wave function $\psi_1(x)$ to first order in α .

(f) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}\alpha x^4$. Find the expectation value $\langle x \rangle$ in the ground state to first order in α .

(g) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}\alpha x^4$. Find the expectation value $\langle x^2 \rangle$ in the ground state to first order in α .

(h) Suppose the potential is $V(x) = \frac{1}{2}kx^2 + \frac{1}{4}\alpha x^4$. Find the expectation value $\langle x^4 \rangle$ in the ground state to first order in α .



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For APRIL, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND
DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-third Number.

LEOPOLD GEORGE CHRISTIAN, PRINCE OF SAXE-COBOURG.

THE amiable and illustrious personage whose striking likeness we have the honour and satisfaction of presenting our readers with, was born in the year 1790, and is the third son of Francis Anthony, the renowned and valiant Prince Cobourg (who so eminently distinguished himself as Commander in Chief of the Austrian armies during the French revolutionary war), and of Augusta Caroline Sophia, daughter to Henry Count Reuss d'Abersdorf.

To dwell on the virtues, accomplishments, and amiability of this Prince, who is to be united to the lovely and illustrious daughter of our beloved Regent, would, we are persuaded, be an inexhaustible theme: where the hymeneal bond is fastened by mutual affection, happiness must be the portion of the wedded pair: and the influence and example of the mild virtues of domestic life, when practised by the great, are highly beneficial to the inferior orders of mankind, while, at the same time, they confer honour and brilliancy on a diadem.

The Prince of Saxe-Cobourg speaks the

English language with a fluency seldom known in one who is not a native of the country. For the attractions of his countenance we refer our readers to a contemplation of our Print, from an original drawing, made by special permission from the very fine Bust modelled at the express desire of Government, by P. Turnerell, Esq. and which is not only considered as an exquisite production of art, but also a most excellent portrait similitude of the illustrious original.

His manners are most gracious, and he is always accessible to the applications of merit, and an encourager of the arts and sciences.

As it is our intention to give a full and correct account in our next Number of the auspicious nuptials, we shall close at present any farther remarks on this interesting subject: and for the more particular genealogy of the princely house of Cobourg, we request our readers to revert to No. 81, of the improved series of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, for February, 1816.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

(Continued from Page 109.)

ANCIENT GODS.—URANUS.

URANUS, otherwise CÆLUM, was considered as the common stock from which all the other Gods were descended, and had given his name to the azure vault which they were supposed to inhabit. Prior to him, however, the ancients placed Chaos and Nox, who they said had existed before all other things; and Destiny, to whom all the deities that they successively worshipped were themselves subjected. Uranus married Titania, otherwise Rhea, or the Earth, by whom he had several children: the most renowned amongst these were Titan, Saturn, Oceanus, Rhea or Vesta, Tethys, and the Cyclopes. The latter were monstrous giants, of a prodigious strength, which they availed themselves of to commit all manner of depredations; they had only one eye, which stood in the middle of their forehead, as their name expresses in the Greek language. Uranus, incensed at their excesses, and apprehensive lest they should assist his other children in plotting against him, kept the latter in close confinement, and hurled the Cyclopes headlong into Tartarus. His exasperated wife set Saturn at liberty, and invited him to dethrone his father. Saturn and his brothers succeeded in seizing Uranus, whom they mutilated. From the blood that rushed out from the wound, sprung the Furies, Giants, and the Sylvan Nymphs; the blood also tintured the waves of the sea, and from that strange mixture sprang Venus, the Goddess of Beauty. Ever since that occurrence Uranus was no more mentioned; Titan, his eldest son, in compliance with his mother's request, allowed Saturn to reign in his stead: with this proviso, however, that he should not bring up any of the male children he might happen to have in order that the empire should return at a future period to his own children, that were equally numerous and formidable. These were the famous Titans of whom we shall have so much to say in the sequel. Japet was also reckoned as one of the family of

Uranus. No representation of either Uranus, or of his wife Titania, has been preserved.

SATURN.

SATURN became the master of the Gods after having dethroned his father Uranus, whose example he followed by marrying his own sister Rhea, otherwise Vesta. Barbarously faithful to the engagement he had taken with his brother Titan, he devoured his children as soon as they were born; but Rhea found means to secrete herself from her husband, and gave birth to Jupiter and Juno. A stone wrapped up in swaddling clothes was swallowed by Saturn, who thought he was devouring his son. Jupiter being full grown, waged war against his father, treated him in the same manner as Saturn had used Uranus, drove him from the Heavens, and precipitated into Tartarus his cousins the Titans, who had assisted Saturn.

Saturn sought a refuge in Italy, where, notwithstanding his disgraceful exile, he continued to be worshipped. He had seven children by Rhea, namely, Jupiter and Juno, Neptune, Pluto, Ceres, Vesta, and Themis. He had besides another child, Chiron the Centaur, by Philyra, a nymph; but although he was the father of three superior Gods, he was never granted the title of "Father of the Gods," most probably on account of his cruelty: and for that very same reason the people who held him in highest honour, such as the Carthaginians and the Gauls, sacrificed children in his temples. The worship which the Romans paid him was less sanguinary; and the public treasury was kept in the temple that had been erected to him on the declivity of the capitol. They had also established, or rather renewed, in his honour, the solemn festivals called Saturnalia, which began on the 16th of December; they at first lasted one day, next three, and finally seven. During those festivals, the slaves were on a footing of equality with their masters, dressed in their clothes, played

with them, and even abused them if they chose with impunity; all the schools and courts of justice were shut up; neither could a war be undertaken, or a malefactor be executed; no trade or business was allowed to be carried on, the art of cookery alone excepted, which every body professed. Sumptuous banquets were exchanged, presents were mutually given; joy and pleasure were the order of the day.

Those festivals had been established in commemoration of the Golden Age, which the poets have placed, rather improperly, under the reign of Saturn, who became guilty of the most capital offence by dethroning and mutilating his father. The poets reckon four ages since the creation: the first is that *golden age*, when it is said that all men were equals and friends. The earth at that period, spontaneously, and without culture, supplied the wants and even the luxuries of its happy inhabitants; streams of honey and of milk bathed their fertile lands, where reigned an eternal spring; riches and poverty were equally unknown, the same as the crimes which they are productive of, and the human breast, inaccessible to hatred, was open to friendship alone.

To that chimerical age succeeded the *silver age*, which began with the reign of Jupiter. Men were not yet addicted to commit criminal offences, but equality had ceased to prevail amongst them; although they did not yet hate each other, they no longer lived on terms of amity and friendship; the seasons grew as inconstant as the inhabitants of the terrestrial globe; the earth, in order to punish mankind, refused to yield its wonted bounty, and the toils of agriculture accordingly became requisite.

Inequality, the natural consequence of practical industry, soon brought forth jealousy, hatred, and irregularities at the beginning of the third age, that was called the *brass age*. The whole human race were not as yet corrupt, but the seeds of corruption were seen ready to shoot forth. Laws were invented as substitutes for the virtues that had rendered them useless during the preceding ages; men greedy after riches, overrun the whole earth, and even dug into its bowels to procure those harbingers of new crimes and of fresh calamities.

Passions and crimes were the offspring of the *iron age*, which, woe to us, is not imaginary. But, instead of inveighing against corruption, we should act more wisely if we guarded against it by contracting an early habit of practising virtue, which alone is conducive to happiness. This is what the poets have wished to suggest by the fiction of the four ages.

Let us now return to Saturn, who presided at the division of Time, till he was finally considered as Time itself, and is most frequently represented as such, a naked old man, bowed down with age; he has been given wings to signify the rapidity of his progress; the winged hour glass which he holds in one hand signifies the same thing; in the other hand he holds a scythe, either on account of his mowing down every thing, or because subsequent to his being driven from the heavens, he taught men agriculture.

Saturn is also represented as a stout, stern old man, in the act of devouring a stone wrapped up in clothes. Saturn, with a globe on his head, implies the planet that bears his name. A particular characteristic in the representations of that deity, is a veil or scarf tied round his waist, without any other clothing.

OCEANUS.

UNDER the reign of Saturn, his brother Oceanus was the first God of the seas, to which he gave his name. He married his sister Tethys, and from this union issued Nereus, Doris, and the Oceanides, or Sea-nymphs, the number of which was carried to three thousand. The rivers, fountains, and even most of the Princes who reigned on the borders of the sea, were said to be the offspring of Oceanus.

The most renowned amongst the Oceanides was the Goddess Calypso, who had settled at Ogygia, one of the islands in the Ionian Sea, where she reigned over nymphs that were immortal like herself. Her delightful empire recalled to her mind the golden age, but foreigners were rigorously excluded from her domains, and the Goddess caused to be slaughtered without mercy all such as had the misfortune to be wrecked on her coast. However, she spared the life of Ulysses, who continued with her for seven years, and to whom she

offered immortality if he would marry her: but Ulysses, true to his conjugal duty, rejected the seducing offer, preferring Ithaca and Penelope to eternal pleasures accompanied with remorse. Calypso, at last, was ordered by Jupiter to suffer the hero to depart. Fenelon, as every one knows, has supposed that Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, landed in that enchanting island.

Oceanus is represented under the shape of an old man, seated on the waves of the sea, with a sea monster by his side: in one hand he holds a spear, in the other an urn, from which water is running abundantly in rapid streams. This God, however, was soon buried in oblivion; not so Tethys, whom artists seem to delight in representing attended by a brilliant retinue. The car of the Goddess is a shell of a marvelous shape, and of a more dazzling whiteness than ivory: in one hand she holds a golden sceptre, as to command the waves; with the other she supports the little God Palemon hanging at her breast: it is this child that characterizes and distinguishes Tethys from Amphitrite. Her daughters, the Oceanides, the Dolphins, and the Tritons, sport around the car of Tethys, drawn by sea-horses whiter than snow, and which seem to fly over the surface of the waves.

RHEA; OR, ANCIENT VESTA.

THIS Goddess, the wife of Saturn, is better known by the name of Cybele: she was also called Tellus, or Terra; the Good Goddess; the Mother of the Gods, &c. It is pretended, although without any reason being assigned, that as soon as she was born her mother exposed her in a forest, where the wild beasts nursed her. The only remarkable incident in the history of Rhea is, her love for Atys, a young handsome Phrygian, whom she was most passionately enraptured with, and to whom she entrusted the care of her worship on condition that he should live in celibacy; but Atys, forgetful of his vow, married the nymph Sangaride. Cybele, as a punishment, threw him into a fit of phrenzy, in the paroxysm of which he murdered his

spouse with his own hand: upon recovering his proper senses he was going to commit suicide, when Cybele, moved with tardy compassion, metamorphosed him into a pine-tree, which since was sacred to her.

This deity, who was chiefly worshipped in Phrygia, was for a long time unknown to the Romans: who, during the second punic war, were ordered by the Oracle to have recourse to the protection of that Goddess; they accordingly requested a representation of her from the King of Pergama, their ally, who sent them a huge stone that was said to have fallen from heaven, and was afterwards kept at Pessium, in a superb temple consecrated to Cybele. The successes which the Romans obtained over Hannibal being attributed to the Goddess, the stone was placed in the temple of Victory, where numerous colleges of priests were formed to superintend the worship paid to her.

Cybele is thought to have been that mysterious deity whom the Roman ladies worshipped under the denomination of the *Good Goddess*. Her mysteries were celebrated by night, by the light of torches, in the mansion of the high priest or of the chief magistrate. Males were carefully excluded; it was even thought that any man attempting to pollute those solemnities by his presence, would be struck with instant blindness: so very scrupulously were the prescribed rites adhered to, that even the pictures or statues of males were covered over; but what is most wonderful in those mysteries is, that the secret of them has never been known.

Rhea, or Cybele, is represented in a car with wheels, drawn by lions. The Goddess bears the appearance of a stout woman; around her forehead she wears a wreath of oak, with acorns; her head is crowned with towers; in one hand she holds a key; by the side of her stands a drum; and her vestments are of different colours, among which, however, green prevails. By those features Terra may easily be known.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

THOUGH this Queen possessed all the haughty spirit of her nation, she was no less conspicuous for her good sense; and the great and magnanimous Cardinal Ximenes knew well how to take advantage of such a character: chief of the order of Cordeliers, he yet resolved to reduce their excessive influence, and determined upon an expedient fraught with danger, but well calculated to ensure success. He first assumed an insolent and contemptuous behaviour, whereby he excited the indignation of Isabella against the whole order of which he was the ostensible head; and that effected, he nobly urged the vanity of all earthly pride. "Recollect, Sir," said the imperious beauty, "recollect who you are, and to whom you speak."—"Yes, Madam," replied Ximenes, "I am aware that I speak to the Queen of Spain, a being like myself and all my order; sprung from the ashes, to which we must alike return." The rebuke was felt; the Queen meekly acquiesced in this truth, and the Cardinal soon after succeeded in the entire reformation of his unruly brethren.

ELFRIDA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

THE treachery of this female to an indulgent husband, who by stratagem had ensnared his legal possession of one who to a faultless person united a most depraved mind, sufficiently marks the blackness of her character. Privy to his murder, but as if not yet satiated with blood, she inhumanly stabbed her son-in-law, Prince Edward, in order to seat her son on the British throne. But retributive justice at length overtook her in the guilt of an alarming conscience, which always figured to her distracted mind a monstrous fiend on the watch to drag her to perpetual punishment. In vain she employed herself in building monasteries, and in performing the most torturing penances to expiate her guilt: her hypocrisy and remorse could never regain the good opinion of the public; and the people held her in universal execration. This, more than her guilt,

wounded her proud heart: her ferocious and haughty spirit became quite subdued, and the residue of her days was passed in sullen and overwhelming remorse; every sleep was disturbed by starts of the most tremendous horror, while she would shriek out with agonizing dread.

She procured as a shield from this afflicting evil, a kind of armour entirely made of crosses; and this she often vainly thought secured her from the phantom that in her imagination incessantly pursued her.

ELEANOR, QUEEN TO EDWARD I.

WITH how much satisfaction do we turn from the above odious picture, to trace the virtues of this fairest model of conjugal love! When Edward was about to take his long and perilous voyage to the Holy Land, no argument could prevail on his affectionate wife to remain behind. Resolved to accompany him, she energetically exclaimed, "Nothing must part those whom God has joined in holy matrimony: why should I tarry at home? The way to Heaven is as near, if not nearer, in the Holy Land, than it is in England or Spain."

Few readers are unacquainted with the noble resolution of this Princess in sucking out the poison from her husband's wound at the hazard of her own life, and whose valuable existence was, no doubt, thereby shortened. When Edward lost this matchless wife, being at a distance from his metropolis, he caused crosses to be set up to her memory, wherever the royal corpse had rested; those which are yet in the highest preservation, are to be seen at Coventry and Waltham.

MARIA, OF MODENA, SECOND WIFE OF JAMES II.

ON Sunday, the 19th of March, 1688, the King of England said to M. de Lauzun, "I confide to you the care of my wife and child; you must at every hazard, convey them as soon as possible into France." M. de Lauzun thanked his Majesty for this mark of his confidence, and gave his hand to the Queen. Her parting with her royal husband was affecting in the extreme:

the little Prince, wrapped up in a cloak belonging to M. St. Victor, was carried by that gentleman; and the Queen, followed by two women, walked into the street and took a hackney coach. They then got into an open boat, and encountered a most inclement night; when at the mouth of the Thames, they went aboard the yacht which was waiting for them, and they landed safely at Calais, where M. de Charost received the Queen with the most profound respect. The palace of Vincennes was furnished for her reception, and the French King sent two of his own coaches to transport her Majesty and suite thither.

Maria was greatly admired at the court of France, as well for the *agrémens* of her person as for her good sense and amiability of manners: her tenderness for her husband, whose misfortunes she unceasingly deplored, was not the least praiseworthy trait in her character: her person was wasted with sorrow, and her fine dark eyes red with weeping; her beautiful complexion had in it but little of the rose, but was delicately fair; her mouth was rather too wide, but her teeth were exquisitely white and even; her shape was very fine, and her whole figure charming, with a certain air of majesty which inspired every one with reverence and respect who approached her. Louis XIV. used to say of her, "She is indeed a Queen, both in person and mind; still keeping her countenance with dignity amidst the most severe misfortunes."

THE DUCHESS OF QUENSEBURY.

This patroness of the amiable poet,

Gay, was remarkable for the great sweetness of her temper, which was not easily discomposed. Being fond of the company of learned men, she, one day, while Gay was an inmate of her house, invited Addison, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot to dine with her. Pope was the orator of the party, and kept them all alive with the poignancy of his wit. Swift who had heard the good nature of the Duchess highly extolled, was resolved to put it to the test, and was scarce seated at table, than he complained that he had left his snuff box behind him, and requested permission of her Grace to send off one of the servants to fetch it. No sooner was the man dispatched, than he complained of the want of his toothpick, a comfort of which he knew not how to debar himself; and next he complained of having left his pocket book on his table full of memorandums of real value: three servants, who were in waiting, were now sent off for these three several articles; the Duchess looked around, and seeing no attendant left in the room, she said, "Well, gentlemen, we are reduced to such a state that we must wait upon ourselves. If I want a piece of bread, or a clean plate, I shall rise and help myself, and you must do the same." Swift, finding his scheme of putting the Duchess out of temper had failed, sat in a sullen kind of disappointment; but Gay, who delighted in his mortification, laughed immoderately, and said, "I am now fully convinced of what I have often heard, that her Grace, our noble hostess, is the best natured woman in the world."

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME DENIS,

Niece to the celebrated Voltaire; this lady, like the wife of Rousseau, though she had lived so many years with a genius which is seldom equalled, and scarce ever surpassed, was yet guilty of those follies and inconsistencies which mark a character at once of common origin and extreme weakness.

Madame Denis, at sixty-eight years of age, excessively plain in person, large as a

you, and in ill health, contracted a marriage after the death of her uncle, without any regard to his reputation, which reflected on her such infinite honour, with one Monsieur Devivier, who had been formerly a private soldier, and was afterwards engaged as an amanuensis to the Count de Maillebois. For many years, she had wished, in vain, to be disencumbered of her relative, Voltaire, to whom she owed every consideration and respect she enjoyed; and

this may be cited as a proof of the *ingratitude* of her character: but she has often wished, with tears, to be mistress of her fortune, and enabled to do as she pleased. No sooner were these two wishes accomplished, than she placed herself under the guardianship of a most imperious master; who, rigid, and without a shadow of politeness, made her bitterly repent her rashness in marrying him. He was ten years younger than herself, and lame with one arm, which had been broken and badly set. He could be agreeable when he pleased, but never shewed himself so to his wife, to whom he was no sooner married than he evinced his determination of being always master in his own house. Madame Denis, had been accustomed to give dinners when she lived under the roof of her uncle; she never had any friends to sup with her, and she always went to bed at an early hour; but now the whole routine of her former life was changed. Her husband invited numerous parties to supper, made her sit up half the night at a card table, and seemed to be desirous of getting rid of her by the dissipated life he forced her to lead.

Madame Denis protested to her best friends that she settled on Monsieur Devivier only the half of her fortune; but those who were acquainted with the covetousness of one, and the foolish dotage attached to the character of the other, would never fail to believe but what the husband soon rendered himself master of the whole. The relations of Madame Denis were enraged at this match, and the public, in general, laughed at her without affording her the least portion of pity.

MADAME DOUBLET.

THIS female virtuoso, who died at the advanced age of ninety-four, was well known to all the literati of Paris, at the latter end of the seventeenth, and during the commencement of the eighteenth centuries. For sixty years her house was the rendezvous of the greatest and most respectable characters belonging to the court and the city. Politics, polite literature, every

elegant and useful art, with the most polished manners, were the acquirements of this extraordinary woman; and while the knowledge of them was possessed to a degree of perfection by her, like Solomon, she understood botany, from the lofty cedar to the hyssop that grew upon the wall. Her house was the emporium of all authentic intelligence, where the news of the day were discussed and weighed with each corroborating circumstance, in order to ascertain their probability when placed in the balance of reason and common sense: it was this circumspection that rendered every narration of public events brought forward at the assemblies of Madame Doublet, proverbial for its verity; and when any one wished to assure himself of the truth of public rumour, he would inquire if the news had come from Madame Doublet's.

As she grew old she lost the greater part of her most deserving friends, and she had the painful affliction attached to extreme old age, of having outlived all her habitual society. Monsieur de Bachaumont was the last philosopher whose death she lamented.

In the midst of the learned bustle in which she was perpetually engaged, it is not to be wondered at if fanaticism and narrow prejudice should stain her character with the reproach of deism; they went still farther, she was accused of being a materialist and an atheist. Till then she has braved the opinion of the public, and the clamour of hypocritical devotees. The season of Lent before her death, her mental faculties received a slight shock: the curate of St. Eustache thought it was then time to convert his parishioner; she was not in a condition to dispute with him, and with the assistance of heavenly grace, the pastor flattered himself he had been successful. In effect, she had received the sacrament during passion week, a practice with which none of her acquaintance ever knew her to comply: this, however, was more owing to infirmity and frequent ill health, than to any irreligious taint in her character.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

DON JOSEPH I. KING OF PORTUGAL.

DON JOSEPH I. King of Portugal, had ever been very partial to his sister, the Infanta Maria Barba ; and that Princess no sooner became Queen of Spain than, from political reasons, or other motives foreign to the present narrative, that intimacy was known to increase so, that the intelligence of the death of that Queen having reached Lisbon on the third of September, 1758, Joseph was so overwhelmed with grief that he declared his intention of keeping in close confinement for three days, unless some state business should require his attending the Privy Council.

About a fortnight prior to the above circumstance, the Duke D'Aveira, Grand Master of the Household, a man of a haughty, arrogant, and relentless disposition, moreover proud of his high birth and of the situation which he held at court, had had an opportunity of finding fault with, and had severely reprimanded Don Joseph Teixeira, first Groom of the Bed-Chamber, who, being rather a hot-headed fellow, and not a little proud of being his sovereign's confidant, replied to the Duke with a vehemence bordering on insult. The Grand Master upon this observed, with great acrimony, that his superior rank not allowing him to demand that satisfaction which he would have expected from a gentleman, he would, nevertheless, devise proper means of gratifying his vengeance.

On the second day of the King's voluntary confinement, the Marquis de Pombal, the then Prime Minister, had a large and most brilliant assembly at his house : amongst many other guests of the first nobility was the Marquis of Tayora, who, to the knowledge of all present, did not withdraw until half-past eleven.

Whether actuated by a motive of private curiosity, or in order more easily to carry on his amorous intrigues, the King (as it was rumoured, but we vouch not for the truth of the assertion) had caused a subterranean passage to be practiced in his apartment, through which he would go to that occupied by Teixeira, unknown to any

body else, and from thence proceed to his nocturnal excursions.

It was on the fifth of September, on the very same night when the aforesaid assembly at the Marquis of Pombal's had taken place, that the King, forgetful of his sorrows, and unable to resist his habitual propensity, yielded to the temptation of venturing on one of his *incognito* ramblings. The clock just struck eleven as his Majesty issued forth in Teixeira's carriage, unattended, as may well be imagined, except by his confidant, and the coachman alone being informed of whom he had to drive.

The chaise had hardly left the palace when it was beset by three men on horseback, armed with pistols. These villains were Antonio Alvis, Manuel Alvis, his brother, and Joseph Policarpe, their brother-in-law. One of them fired, and the ball slightly grazed the King's arm. Somebody (most probably the coachman), was heard to cry out, "Don't fire, it is the King."—The man who had discharged his pistol immediately rode off, the other two instantly followed without making use of their arms, which must stand a convincing proof that whoever the instigator or instigators of the crime might be, it was not the monarch's life that was attempted.

Meanwhile the King was carried to his chief surgeon, who hastened to inform his Majesty that the wound was of such a nature as not to allow room for any apprehension, and Joseph accordingly proceeded to visit the Marquis of Anjejona, the usual companion of his nightly revels.

The Marquis de Pombal was no sooner apprized of what had happened, than he ordered the King to be strictly guarded ; neither was the Queen herself, his royal consort, allowed to come near him. The reader will undoubtedly wonder at the prime minister offering such an act of violence to his sovereign ; but rather inquire how he escaped capital punishment after so daring an offence. And we must inquire, in our turn, wherefore has not the Marquis de Pombal, so deservedly ranked among the most eminent statesmen that

ever existed, been also placed in the list of those famous offenders whose names history is intended to transfer to the abhorrence of future ages?

Whilst the King was thus kept in a state of captivity, the Premier, with inconceivable barefacedness, spread the report that his most faithful Majesty had fractured his arm, in consequence of a fall; at the same time bills were posted up in every street of the metropolis, offering a considerable reward to whoever should inform against the offender, *the assassins and his accomplices not even excepted.*

Joseph Policarpe, who had fired the pistol, although a married man, had a mistress, a kind of barrow-woman, but by no means deficient in sense: she advised him to go and inform against himself, lest his accomplices should be beforehand with him, and get the promised reward. Policarpe suffered himself to be persuaded, and went to the Marquis de Pombal, to whom he revealed the whole transaction. The minister directed him to leave the country, without loss of time, promised to settle a pension on his wife (which effectually was paid her), and gave him a sum of money to prevail on him to hasten his departure. Some people have pretended to assert that Policarpe never left Portugal, a circumstance which, however, we never thought deserving of investigation.

So far nothing seemed to favour the idea of a conspiracy against the royal family or government, yet the Marquis de Pombal, to satiate his private animosity, and to avenge his disappointed ambitious views, found means to make it appear that a conspiracy had in reality been formed, and accordingly brought to the scaffold, among other sufferers, five Grandees, amongst whom was a female, on the 13th of January, 1759.

It is now time to inform our readers whence arose the hatred of the minister against the family of Tavora.

When the Marquis of Tavora, was appointed Viceroy of the Indies, his Marchioness, a lady of extraordinary courage, undaunted braved the dangers attending a long sea voyage, not to be parted from her husband. A war having broke out in those parts, the valiant Viceroy, on every occasion, returned triumphant over the

enemies of his sovereign. During the time of his absence the town where the Marchioness resided was attacked: she instantly headed the troops she had left, and forced the besiegers to retreat in the greatest confusion. It so happened that, whilst she re-entered the town at one gate, the victorious Viceroy was entering at another.

The news of those exploits created the liveliest sensation at court, so much so that when the Viceroy and his lady returned to Portugal, the King and Queen determined to go and meet them at sea, to congratulate them on their successes, and thank them for their important services. The Marquis de Pombal exerted himself in vain, to the utmost, to oppose so high a favour being conferred on any other but himself: the aquatic excursion took place to the great vexation of the minister, and of several courtiers.

Now again the Marquis D'Alorna, son-in-law to the above-mentioned Viceroy, had been appointed Ambassador to the court of France: the young Marquis of Tavora had been promoted Generalissimo, and Antonio de Tavora, his uncle, created Bishop of Oporto.

Those promotions, though seemingly matters of course, had only taken place, however, in consequence of the secret ambitious views of Pombal, who aspired at contracting an alliance with the house of Alorna; and, in fact, the first time that the Bishop appeared at court, the minister requested his Lordship would use his interest with the Marquis D'Alorna, and obtain his consent for a marriage between his (the minister's) son, and one of the daughters (then only five years of age) of the Marquis of Alorna. The proposal being made by the Prelate, was received with proper contumely by the Marchioness, mother to the young Grandee, *Inde ira.*

THE LATE SULTAN SELIM III.*

Two adventurers, belonging to the lower class of people at Constantiople, seeing the favour shewn to the franks by Selim III. and how easy this Prince was of access, wished to come in also for a share

* He died in 1807.

of his liberality. In order to succeed, they laid a plan to produce something novel and original; and that they might render their scheme effectual, these two rogues spread a report that a bear had arrived, which possessed such a musical talent, that every one was delighted to hear him perform on the piano-forte. This story soon spread abroad, and the Sultan ordered the bear to be brought before him: accordingly, at the hour appointed, the musician and his keeper took their route towards the Seraglio. Being introduced into the interior, orders were given for a piece, which was pointed out, to be performed: the grand hall was surrounded by lattices, behind which were the inhabitants of the harem, impatient for the entrance of the Sultan, in order that the spectacle might begin. His Majesty did not keep them long in suspense, and all his attention was fixed on the bear, who danced, gave his paw, scratched, and fondled his master, which insignificant preludes were not thought much of, until he raised himself on his hind legs, placed the fore paws on the piano, and drew from it those harmonious sounds which excited the admiration of the principal spectator, who asked the proprietor what he would take for such a musical animal?

This unexpected proposal made the proprietor change countenance, who, in order not to discover the cheat, refused to come to any terms. "For heaven's sake," said the bear, in a low voice, as he rubbed himself against his companion, "do not leave me here!" and these caresses only rendered the Sultan more anxious to possess this extraordinary animal. At length the conductor thought it time to put an end to this critical scene, by asking a most exorbitant sum for his bear: the Sultan took him at his word, and as he desired the sum to be counted out, his Majesty told an officer to conduct the bear to his menagerie. The Khasnadar counted out the stipulated sum, while the other approached the bear to fulfil the second part of the order.

Until now the animal had evinced nothing but gentleness; but the time was now come when he displayed his talons. Screwed up in an angle of the apartment near the door, the poor creature waited

impatiently for its opening: set at liberty, he took flight, followed by his leader, and no one else attempted to stop him, because they fancied that he was gone in pursuit of him. It was, however, soon expected that Selim, justly irritated, would set a price on the heads of these two culprits, but he only laughed heartily at the scheme they had put in practice to extort money from him, and discovered in it so much ingenuity, that he forbade any one to proceed against them, and turned the whole affair into a jest.

THE EARL OF SHAFTSBURY, MINISTER TO CHARLES II.

If we may judge by the following anecdote, Charles the Second, who is reproached by historians for weakness and indolence, was yet an adept in dissimulation, that requisite vice in kings. Reproaching one day his minister he said, "I really believe, Shaftsbury, that the whole of the three kingdoms cannot produce so great a cheat as yourself."—"Very likely," said Shaftsbury, "if your Majesty speaks only of your subjects."

JUDGE BURNETT.

A horse-stealer being capitally convicted before this judge, complained much of the hardness of sentencing a man to death only for stealing a horse! "Man," said Burnet, "thou art not to be hanged for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen."

SIR THOMAS MORE.

WHEN this great and good man was Lord Chancellor, Mrs. Croaker having obtained a decree in Chancery against Lord Arundel, she sent on the first new year's day after her success a pair of gloves to the Chancellor, in token of her gratitude, containing in each forty pounds. He received the gloves, as an offering from a grateful heart, but peremptorily refused the gold, returning it with a polite message, that he could not forsake a lady's new year's gift, and that, therefore, he willingly took the gloves; "their lining," added he, "you will please to bestow elsewhere."

SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

WHEN this brave Admiral was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprize that he had not more to leave. "Why," said the worthy veteran, "I do not leave much, but what I do leave was honestly acquired; it never cost a sailor a tear, or my country a farthing."

ADMIRAL PASLEY.

WHEN the Admiral, whose leg was taken off by a shot in the glorious action of the first of June, was carrying down to the cock-pit, one of the tars met him, and hoped he had not lost his foot, he said, "I have, Jack, but take care, don't you lose my flag before I come up again."

DR. BUTLER, LATE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

THIS worthy Prelate being on a visit to an old college friend, who had fitted up his parsonage with great neatness, was complimenting him upon his improvements.

"Why aye, my Lord," says the Doctor, "you have been plaguing me about marriage for some years back, and now you see I have got a *trap* at last."—"Why, yes, Doctor," replied the Bishop, "the *trap's* very well, but I'm afraid," looking him full in the face, which was none of the handsomest, "I'm afraid the woman won't like the *bait*."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS admirable painter was the son of the Reverend Mr. Reynolds, and was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723. His father was the bosom friend of that eminent divine, Mr. Zachariah Mudge; and young Reynolds was much esteemed by that celebrated character, who hoped, in concurrence with his father's ideas, to see him brought up to the church, and for which purpose our artist was placed very early at a grammar school, from whence he was sent to one of our Universities, where in a short time he took his degree as Master of Arts.

He has often declared that the destination of his mind to painting was occasioned by reading Richardson's admirable treatise on that art: he became pupil to Hudson the painter, who advised him strongly to copy the drawings of Guercino, and this he did with such consummate skill, that many of them are now preserved in the cabinets of the curious, as the originals of that great master. About the year 1750 he went to Rome to prosecute his studies, where he remained two years, and employed himself rather in making studies than in copying the works of illustrious painters: he also amused himself much in painting of caricatures, one of which was a very large one, representing the English then at

Rome, and whom he depicted in the different attitudes of Raphael's celebrated School of Athens.

He returned to England in the year 1752, and took a house in Newport-street, Leicester-fields, and where he continued the rest of his days. His fame increased daily, and he was rewarded with every honour and encouragement which his transcendent merit as a painter deserved. He was made President of the Royal Academy, and a member of the Painter Stainers' Company, in London.

Such was the attractive powers of his pencil, that they produced a kind of magic effect: the beautiful, the illustrious, and the wealthy thought they could never recompence him sufficiently for the elegance, grace, and spirit which he threw into their portraits. It has been a subject of deep regret, that his colours are so evanescent. The witty remark of the late Duchess of Devonshire, when speaking of this defect, must not be passed over; she said, that "Sir Joshua always came off with *flying colours*."

This excellent artist was a chaste writer as well as a correct painter: his discourses, delivered to the Royal Academy, published in two volumes octavo, are master-pieces in their kind; and Numbers 76, 79, and 82, in the *Idler*, on the subject of painting,

were written by him. In all his works his thoughts are just and noble, and his style is so terse and clear, that his discourses appear like the effusions of one who has all his life been an author. The numerous productions of his pencil, and they so finished and so masterly, would, however, lead one to imagine that painting had been the sole occupation of his life; and he was as amiable in his private character as he was illustrious as an artist. His house was the constant resort of men of genius, where, while he evinced the most cordial hospitality, he charmed his guests by the gentleness of his manners and the polished urbanity of his cheerful conversation.

It was one of his favourite maxims that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitudes commences with the introduction of the dancing-master.

He was remarkable for delicacy of conduct. Mr. Burke one day remarked to him, that as he was so much in private with persons of the highest rank and power, when they were sitting for their pictures, he might obtain favours from them which would make his patronage equal to that of a prime minister. "There is some truth in what you say," said Sir Joshua; "but how could I presume to ask favours from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?"

An almost total deafness for several years of the latter part of his life, embittered the pleasures which he enjoyed from the conversation of his numerous friends. An enlargement of the liver also, brought on a languor, which put a period to his existence on the 23d of February, 1792. His body, by permission of his sovereign (who wished for every honour to be conferred on the President of his own Academy), lay in state in one of the apartments of the Royal Academy, and was conveyed on the morning of the third of March, to the cathedral of the metropolis, attended by the most distinguished characters for birth and virtue in the country. It was received at the west door of the church by the venerable Chapter, who preceded it into the choir, where a solemn funeral service was performed; and that no mark of

respect should be wanting to the valued remains, whose obsequies they were then celebrating, some excellent and supernumerary singers were added to the choir.

DAVID TENIERS.

THE celebrated productions of this admirable Flemish painter are chiefly representations of groups of figures drinking, chemists employed in their laboratories, fairs, and merry makings of every description, with numerous assemblies of countrymen and women. He was born at Antwerp, in 1582, and was a pupil to the famous Reubens, who always considered him as the very best of all his scholars. On leaving his master, Teniers met with considerable employment, and was soon enabled, by the produce of his pencil, to take a journey into Italy: here he cultivated a talent, which seemed almost incapable of receiving any improvement, but assiduously studying the works of the best masters, he penetrated into the deepest mysteries of their practice, and after an abode of about ten years in Italy, he became one of the first in his style of painting. What rendered his pictures so peculiarly interesting, was their strict adherence to nature, and their perfect representation of the manners of their day. The demand for them was universal, and even his great master, Reubens, thought his cabinet peculiarly enriched by them.

He had two sons, who by constantly following the rule their father had laid down to them, never to depart from nature, but to make her their only model, obtained an eminence almost equal to that of their father. David, the eldest, was nick-named "The Ape of Painting," for whatever painting he beheld he could imitate it so exactly, both in style and colouring, that he was able to deceive the most skilful connoisseurs. The Archduke Leopold William, heaped favours innumerable on this extraordinary young man, and made him Gentleman of his Bed-chamber.

Teniers, the father, died at Antwerp, in 1649, at the age of sixty-seven.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

“ Whatever good is done, whatever ill
 “ By human kind, shall this collection fill.”

No. I.

ON our passage from Lisbon to Virginia, in the Sally and Kitty, Captain C——, we experienced a succession of bad weather. One evening, about seven o'clock, I being at the helm, heard a voice, apparently rising out of the sea, call me by name; surprized, I ran to the ship's side, and saw Richard Pallant, a youth, in the water, going astern; immediately I called all hands: the Captain, though a man of approved resolution, was quite confounded at the boy's danger, as his friends, who were people of property at Ipswich, had trusted him the voyage, confiding in Captain C——'s protection and care. He ran backwards and forwards, not knowing what to do, exclaiming that the boy must perish, as the ship drove apace from him before the swell, which was so mountainous, that he durst not hoist out the boat. As no measures were offered to be taken for the preservation of the boy, though not at this time above a hundred yards from the vessel, I mentioned the possibility of swimming to him, with the end of the deep sea lead-line, which would serve to haul him and the man who swam to him aboard.

The Captain, mad at a proposal which he thought too dangerous to be attempted, cursed me, in a rage, exclaiming, “ Who would be mad enough to go ? ”—Piqued at his answer, and eager for the boy's safety, I preferred myself to go, and was immediately relieved at the helm by an American, beyond comparison the best swimmer on board. It was no time to deliberate; I stripped in a moment, and clapping the line round my body, plunged from the ship's side into the sea. The line was new and stiff, so that not drawing close round me, I swam through it, but catching it as it slipped over my feet, I secured it, by putting my head and one arm through the noose.

Ere I had swam far, the line on board getting foul, checked me suddenly, and

pulled me backwards, under water: I soon recovered myself, and strove to proceed. During this, they on board endeavouring in vain to clear the line, cut some parts that were entangled, to free the rest, and in their hurry, cutting the wrong part, let about half the coil drop overboard, leaving me adrift with it fast round my neck. Immediately they called me to return, but the booming of the waves preventing my understanding them, I thought they were only striving to encourage me, and therefore, shouting cheerfully again to shew my confidence, swam forwards.

Having, as I guessed, come near the place where the boy was, I looked round, and not seeing him, was afraid he had gone down, but mounting the next wave, I saw him in the hollow, and shooting down the declivity, hailed him, and found him yet sensible, but sinking. I gave him my hand, earnestly beseeching him not to grapple my body, and then called out to those on board to haul in, not knowing that the line was cut. On turning round and facing the ship my heart sunk within me, to see the distance she was at: as the vessel drove fast before the sea, whilst I was swimming slowly the other way, she was now more than a quarter of a mile from us, so that knowing the line could not reach so far, I found I must be adrift. All the horrors of my situation rushed on me at once, and I thought death inevitable, but still struggled hard for life. Whilst I was swimming forwards, the rope being kept slanting in the water, I felt not half its weight, but now it incommoded me extremely, when I remained almost stationary, encumbered with the boy; the waves too, which, while I breasted and saw the approach of, I easily mounted, now rolling behind us, broke deep over our heads, burying us under them with irresistible fury. I strove hard to disengage myself from the line, but the noose being jammed behind my shoulder, and one hand holding the boy, I could not effect it.

When the line was cut they on board strove with all expedition to hoist out the boat, for though the Captain had hesitated to do it at first, whilst only one was overboard, yet now that another, by a voluntary effort for the boy's preservation, must have been given up to hopeless destruction, he resolved at any risk to attempt to save us. Soon after I was turned towards the ship, I saw them hoisting out the boat, the interval from the cutting of the line to this moment having been spent in clearing her of the lumber with which she was filled. At last she put off, and I had the consolation to see her come round the ship's bow.

The height of the sea was considered so very dangerous, that out of a whole British crew, but three were found who durst venture in the boat; and in the confusion they came away with only two oars, and but three thovls for these, and without either rudder or tiller. Under these disadvantages they pulled very slowly against a most mountainous swell, which they were forced to tend with the utmost care and skill, to prevent the boat being sunk by it.

Encouraged by the sight of the efforts made for our preservation, I strove with the utmost exertion to keep above water until they came up, and endeavoured what little I could to meet them, when a sea breaking deeper than ordinary over us, in striking eagerly to raise myself, I broke my hand from the boy's hold, upon which he grasped me round the loins, with my head downwards under his breast. Struck with the dread of instant fate, I struggled at my full exertion to disengage myself, but it was impossible; the fear of death, and almost the present pains of it, rendered his grasp too strong to be broken from. In this trembling moment, short as the interval must have been, a throng of ideas rushed with inconceivable rapidity into my mind; futurity, with its joys and torments strongly contrasted, as I shuddered on its very verge, was pictured in its most striking colours to my imagination.

Finding my struggles ineffectual, I had happily the presence of mind to sink myself, and began to dive downwards at the very moment when my bosom, bursting with holding my breath so strongly, im-

pressed me to strive for the surface, to end the intolerable torture. My diving had the desired effect; the boy finding me sinking let go his hold, and rose to the surface: I rose immediately when disengaged, and took breath; another moment's delay had sealed our destruction. Struck with horror at this hair-breadth escape, I began to swim singly towards the boat, which now was within two hundred yards of us, when the youth, seeing himself abandoned, piteously cried out to me for God's sake not to leave him. My own preservation, by making to the boat, opposed to my almost certain fate if I returned, caused a moment's struggle in my bosom, and a severe one it was; to all appearance the change of life to death. Compassion, however, prevailed: struck with his inevitable destruction I returned, and catching hold of him just sinking, I again gave him my hand, charging him on his life not to grapple me any more, and renewed the arduous struggle to keep us both afloat until the boat came up, for now, utterly exhausted, we rose but at intervals to draw breath.

Eternal God! how slowly the boat seemed to approach, and how inconceivably long appeared the dreary time of fatigue and terror which we spent in anxiously awaiting it. Every wave now broke over us, and we continued, though with the utmost difficulty, to contend with our fate until the boat came very near, when a mountainous wave bursting with impetuous sweep rolled us over. Our efforts to regain the light separated our hands, and I again felt myself clasped in the eager grasp of my companion. I had recourse to diving again, but this did not now so readily procure my release. Spent and stunned with the shock, he persevered in retaining his hold, until not being able to hold my breath any longer, I drew in a full draught of water. I was still sensible of the excessive pain; it seemed as if my entrails burst by something forced down them. He now by some means quitted me, and we both rose; but my senses wavered, the sky danced to my sight, and I was sinking, when, by God's mercy, the boat being now come up, one of the sailors caught hold of me, just as I was losing for ever in this life the sight of day. Another seized the boy, who had suffered less dur-

ing the last struggle than I had, and we were dragged into the boat, where we lay in her bottom, faint and exhausted.

Our brave preservers exerted their utmost skill to regain the ship; this they with difficulty accomplished, and getting alongside, she tossed with such violence, that a single stroke against the ship, would have shattered the boat to pieces. The men having hooked the tackle to hoist her in, leaped on board; but we, who were scarcely able to stand, must have been crushed to pieces between the boat and the ship had we attempted it. We were therefore obliged to remain lying in the boat, awaiting the chance of their getting her in, or else of her being stove by the sea, or breaking from the tackle, in which case we should have suffered that fate which we had hitherto so providentially escaped. At length the sailors with some damage got

her on board, and being taken out of her, we were received with transport by our shipmates, who had despaired of ever seeing us again. I had the line now taken off my neck, and found, on measuring it, that I had sustained the weight of seventy yards during the whole time I was overboard. It was about half an inch round, being a common deep sea lead line. All night I suffered most severely from the water I had swallowed, and observed with extreme surprise when I turned into my hammock, that the agitation of my spirits prevented my enjoying that sleep which my fatigue rendered so necessary; nor could I close an eye during the four hours of my watch below.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters: these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—*Psalm CVII. v. 23 and 24.*”

ORIGINAL LETTERS DESCRIPTIVE OF IRELAND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I informed you, I believe in my last, that my fellow traveller and I had set out on our road towards the county of Down; we were struck forcibly with the grandeur and beauty of the scenery between Belfast and Lisburn, along the edges of the counties of Antrim and Down, the whole last mentioned county being broken and uneven, and presenting different views of the lough of Belfast, and the high mountains behind it. The land, for the most part, is cultivated and interspersed with plantations and villas, reared by the wealth of that commercial city, which, overflowing into the adjacent districts, gives to the inhabitants an air of ease and independence, which strikes the eye of the most careless observer: indeed all the views of this lough are on a grand scale: the opposite shore towards Larne, in the county of Antrim, is a rising ground, studded with neat white-washed houses, inhabited by a numerous class of people who have acquired opulence and all its attendant comforts, by commercial pursuits. The lough is constantly filled with vessels, some ready to sail homewards from distant countries, others taking in cargoes for foreign markets.

We crossed the river Lagan which divides the two above mentioned counties, and is now made navigable; passed through Hillsborough, a small town, but remarkable for the quantities of muslins manufactured in and about it. We arrived at Downpatrick, the county town; it is seated on the river Newry, seven miles west of Strangford Bay, and seventy-four north-east from Dublin, and is a borough and market town; near it we observed the ruins of an ancient cathedral, remarkable for containing the tomb of St. Patrick, the founder. This county is a maritime county also, bounded on the east by St. George's Channel, on the west by the county of Armagh, on the north-west by the county of Antrim, and on the south by Carlingford Bay, and the ocean; it is about forty-two miles in length, and thirty-four in breadth, and contains upwards of nine hundred square miles. There are seventy-two parishes, and is computed to have about thirty-seven thousand houses, and two hundred and four thousand five hundred inhabitants. In this county there are numerous bleach-greens, or fields; indeed the whole land from Hillsborough, through Banbridge, Moyellan, and round towards Newry, is in a high state of culti-

vation, and thickly inhabited by a middle class of opulent manufacturers, whose appearance and condition would do credit to any country in Europe; their habitations are well built, display great neatness, and are all white-washed. The whole tract above mentioned is embellished with plantations; and whether owing to the wealth created by the linen manufacture, or the trade carried on at Belfast and Newry, every thing exhibits evident signs of increased population and industry: the whole banks of the rivers Ban and Lagan are covered with bleach-greens, and present that cheerful and pleasing scenery which characterizes a manufacturing country, and excites in the mind an idea of improved civilization. The whiteness of the linen, spread out on these fields, contrasted with the greenness of the surrounding sward, produces an effect on the eye not easily described; and the concomitant objects, added to the bustle and activity of the people employed, render the whole scene most interesting. However, on conversing with some of the principal manufacturers, they expressed the strongest fears "That the linen trade of Ireland is likely to suffer much by the suspension of the accustomed supply of flax seed. The importation of flax seed into this country," say they, "on an average of ten years, was about forty-two thousand hogsheads annually. A hogshead sowed about one acre (three roods Irish plantation measure), and produced, on an average, eighty-four stone of rough flax, fit for the hatchel, which at a moderate price would sell for about forty guineas. A large portion of the imported seed, both flax and hemp, came from Holland and the Baltic, the rest from America; and as these sources are for the present closed, their hopes now rest on the legislature, that they in their wisdom, will adopt some means to encourage an extensive cultivation of these crops in our own country."

On the rough parts, that is, the mountainous parts, and the salt marshes, a great number of horses are bred, which are a hardy race, extremely useful, and cheap in all agricultural and domestic employments. A canal runs from Newry to the South Ban, and thence to Lough Neagh; whence to Belfast another canal has lately been cut at

the sole expence of the Marquis of Belfast. These internal advantages have rendered the trade of this county alone in the linen manufactory, on an average, £160,000 annually.

Having heard much of the surprising high mountains in this county, my fellow traveller and I determined to explore and cross them: these mountains are called by the inhabitants on and near them, Sliebh-Donard, but now generally known by the name of the Mountains of Mourne, the second in point of height in Ireland; they rise two thousand eight hundred and nine feet above the level of the sea, as accurately measured by Mr. Kirwan. We crossed the Newrywater before we reached the foot of these stupendous mountains; but how shall I describe the contrast between the cheerful scenery of the unequal but beautiful plains we had just quitted, to encounter the barren, dusky, uncultivated wastes, and rocky acclivities of these dreary mountains, amidst the rough steepes of which, and the dripping stony caverns, the bog cutters huts arise, to shew a miserable shelter against the inclemency of the weather; these cots, or rather hovels, are built of mud, and badly thatched either with whins or furze, rushes, or dried fern; the smoke from the fire-place issuing from a hole in the roof, but more frequently finding its way through the door of the miserable abode. A low fence of rude stone, uncemented by any sort of mortar, generally encloses them; and a small patch of ground, recovered from the rudest state of nature, supplies them with a potatoe garden for the existence of the family. We did see some few ill-thriving firs spreading their shattered branches over some of these habitations, invariably chimneyless, to evade the horrible and here much dreaded hearth-money collector. From these, at sight of us, issued a swarm of not unhealthy looking children, notwithstanding the poverty and unwholesomeness of those boggy mountainous tracts, the higher parts of which are eternally capped in winter and summer with snow, whilst fogs and constant rains attend their few summer suns.

"Good God! my friend, can the inhabitants of tracts of country of this description wish for length of years? Where the sun shines, and the zephyrs blow, there

may be some reason for such a wish; but in this northern region, the land of fogs, damps, and perpetual rains, sure," says a Chinese philosopher, "none but a frog, who can live in a lake, could reasonably entertain such a desire." At length we descended these dreary mountains, and reaching the plains, how improved and charming did the prospect and the sudden change appear! The surface is here broken, but the soil is good, and the inequalities of it has a most pleasing effect; on our descent from the hills, as they are pleased to call these mountains, we attracted a crowd of the country people round us, as we were obliged to stop to refresh, and get our horses shod, they having suffered much from the roughness of the roads. The humble and modest rustics immediately offered us every civility in their power, all hastening to bring stools from their cabins to seat us, while we waited for our horses; encouraged by our conduct, and emboldened by our affable demeanor, they in a moment brought and set before us some new milk frothing over the brims of white beechen noggins, some vessels containing buttermilk, (the common beverage of the peasants of Hibernia), and excellent well cooked potatoes, in their shining coats, smocking hot, and heaped up in a snow white wooden bowl; on a trencher of the same material, and equally delicate in cleanliness, an oaten cake, cut in quarters, was placed on the clean washed deal table, together with a yellow delph pot of new churned butter: this completed the fare of the rustic and hospitable board; and I assure you, that in conformity to the repeated importunities of our hosts, we shared the meal which true benevolence had prepared, and keen appetites rendered relishing as a princely banquet, and for which our generosity would have made a proper remuneration, had not the rustics disinterested generosity (rather indignantly) refused every thing in that form. Will you now, my friend, assert, as you once did, "That hospitality is rarely found but in such plentiful countries where the inhabitants have commonly more than they know well what to do with?"

We could not help observing that the bridges in this county are in a most dilapidated state, to rebuild and repair which effectually, I am well informed, would re-

quire at least £100,000; the causes of this neglected state of the bridges are the inequality of the present county rate; it varies from one to two hundred and sixty degrees in its pressure on the different parishes; that fifteen parishes of the value of £40,000 per annum are not, and cannot be charged to this rate, by the existing laws; and that the county expences have increased in about fifty years from £800 to upwards of £50,000 annually, these are real grievances, and the inhabitants are determined again to petition parliament for a new and equal rate.

Although the face of this county is less pleasing than that of the generality of the counties in England, being remarkably bare of trees, yet it does not exhibit that naked appearance that might be expected, as the spirit of planting trees, both forest and ornamental, has for these fifteen or twenty years last past, spread through the country like electric fire, and is become the ruling passion of every improver of his estate and demeane. I have viewed with pleasure, on my road from Dublin to the north, the sides and tops of mountains, particularly in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, studded thickly with forest trees, Scotch firs, oak, &c. which thrive remarkably well, and become vigorous in the shingly soil of which these mountains are principally composed; every encouragement is given by the society for the promotion of planting and agriculture in Ireland; large premiums being distributed for planting any number of forest trees exceeding five thousand.

The mountaineers and the peasants wear brogues not unlike those of the Highlands of Scotland, being the most useful for a slippery and mountainous country. When travelling over the mountains, they always carry a staff, or long pole, higher than themselves, which serves them to vault over gullies and chasms, and is an excellent weapon of defence in case of assault; with which being always armed with a spike at the bottom, they will baffle the most dexterous swordman: the pipe is constantly in their mouth, as well for pleasure, as from a notion that tobacco preserves them from the dampness of the air; this joined to their natural activity and vigour, gives them an appearance seeming to border on ferocity, were it not the reverse of their

character and manners, which are gentle, easy, and inclined to benevolence, when no motive is given to choler, which the least spark kindles into violence. But I perceive that I have already exceeded the bounds prescribed to literary correspondents, but will in my next, if agreeable, pursue a

little further the above subject, and mean to fulfil my promise of giving you sketches of the political and ecclesiastical divisions in the provinces, and of the dioceses we have already visited.

H.

(To be continued.)

HOW WILL IT END?—AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

(Concluded from page 104.)

IN vain did Taher endeavour to oppose this resolution: he determined at last to go and inform Achmet, in person, of the whole transaction. His real intention was to dissuade him from seeing Isaure, convinced as he was that he must have him for his rival the moment she appeared before his eyes. The Governor, who from his heart hated Taher, could not, however, refuse him his esteem, still less shewing him a regard proportionate to that which the Cæliph himself entertained for him: nay, he even appeared ready to give up all his pretensions to Isaure. Unfortunately the pirate was introduced, accompanied by the young slave, who had been brought by main force to the palace. At the sight of her, Achmet altered his mind, or rather appeared on a sudden to have lost the faculty of speech; but his silence was sufficiently expressive. That of Taher was equally so, neither was he long before he broke it: he demanded that Isaure should be delivered into his hands without any farther delay. So prompt a decision, however, Achmet would not abide by: he felt infinite pleasure in gazing on Isaure, who for her part only saw, only looked at Taher, whilst the latter was overwhelmed with grief at the irresolution, or rather at the visible alteration in the mind of the Governor.

Taher's mortification increased when he heard the Governor's first questions to the young slave respecting her divers talents, and require, among other things, a specimen of her fine singing. The pirate insisted on her complying with the request, but they could only hear sighs, sobs, and tears. Taher, beyond himself, cried out, "That Isaure was his property, and that no one had any longer a right to command."—"Brave

Taher," interrupted the Governor, "Isaure belongs to the African captain, and consequently to him who bids the most for her. In such a contest, one may hope to overpower you: be content with having so many times been triumphant elsewhere." To this discourse Achmet offered a sum that exceeded by far all that his rival could ever expect to possess: one may presume that it was accepted; one may likewise imagine that Isaure appeared more miserable than ever. Taher became enraged. "Do you not blush," said he to the Governor, "at thus abusing the wealth that disgraces you, to insult a poverty that honours and dignifies me? I am not surprised at the behaviour of this pirate, it answers the opinion which is generally entertained of people of his profession: your conduct is a thousand times more reprehensible than his."

Achmet for a few moments remained plunged in deep reverie: next he said, in an ironical tone, "What, then, sage deputy of the Commander of the Faithful, are you not satisfied with being reckoned the most disinterested man throughout his vast empire? Has that glory lost all its lustre in your eyes? Is it natural that you should enjoy at the same time the advantages which wealth procures?"

Taher was going to reply; Isaure prevented him, which caused no little astonishment to the pirate, to Achmet, and to Taher himself. "Your riches," said she to the Governor, "may dazzle him who thinks himself master of my destiny, him who, because he has torn me from my friends, thinks himself entitled to dispose of me to the best bidder. An Asiatic slave might obey without murmuring, without even offering to make any observation. The air that we

breathe in my country inspires my sex with sentiments widely different. Accustomed to receive the homage of yours, they regulate their pleasures, willingly partake of their labours, and sometimes share in their dangers: in a word, we are their companions, and not their slaves. Hope not, therefore," continued she in a firm tone, "ever to exercise over me the despotic sway of an imperious master. This pirate, by conveying my body to a foreign climate, has not altered my soul: it is free in the midst of my chains. Purchasing me is not sufficient to obtain me; I must, besides, surrender myself."

"The treatment I intend for you," replied Achmet, "will remove your indolence; you will cherish that condition which appears to you so odious. I design to make you happy"—"It is too late," interrupted Isauire; and as she spoke the words she turned her eyes towards Taher. "I understand you," resumed the Governor; "another has taken the start of me: but you know not how far my power extends, and especially what I intend to do."—"Tremble," exclaimed Taher, "if you intend the least violence against Isauire: remember that I would perish sooner than not revenge her cause. As for the present, I shall be satisfied with recurring to the Caliph, and requesting him to act as an umpire between us: but above all things I charge you to wait for his decision."—"I agree to the proposal," returned the Governor; "let the Caliph be our judge. Till such time, however, as he has pronounced his verdict, Isauire may in safety inhabit my palace." This promise the enamoured Taher could hardly confide in: with great difficulty would he acquiesce in leaving his mistress in the power of his rival; at last, however, he was prevailed upon to consent, as Isauire held out to him such discourse as was best calculated to quiet him, if, in circumstances of the kind a lover could be free from apprehension.

It would be difficult to express the pangs they endured when they parted, or what inquietude agitated their minds. Isauire apprehended lest the Caliph should be unjust; and Taher that the Governor would be too pressing, or Isauire herself weary of resisting.

As no state business retained him any

longer in Egypt, he used the utmost dispatch to reach Bagdad, where the Caliph held his court. The kind reception he met with from the Prince, appeared to him of a favourable omen. Taher began by giving an account of the commission he had to fulfil. The sovereign highly praised his conduct, and then wished to be informed of what he had seen remarkable in his journey. This was affording Taher an opportunity of entering on a subject that interested more than obelisks, pyramids, and all the other antiquities of Egypt. "Commander of the Faithful," said he to the Caliph, "what I have most admired in that country, so renowned for wonders, is an object that surpasses them all, the privation of which would make me miserable, the same as the possession of it would ensure my happiness." The Prince now wished Taher to be more explicit, and the favourite readily recounted the whole adventure, but with such warmth and vivacity, that it was easy to perceive the former philosopher had been converted into a lover. The Caliph seemed to listen to him with great attention, and then for some time kept musing. At this Taher could not help feeling alarmed; but what became of him when he heard the Prince charging him with another commission for a country far opposite to Egypt, and with injunctions to set off immediately.

He was sent to oppose an army of Greeks that had unexpectedly invaded the Caliph's dominions. A commission of that nature could not with any degree of propriety be refused, and still less by Taher than by any other person. He accepted, though more from motives of duty than of ambition: duty even could not silence love. "Majesty," said Taher to the Caliph, "I am going to fight, and, as I hope, to conquer your enemies. May I hope not to be vanquished myself by the Governor of Egypt?"—"What! is it possible," retorted the Prince, "that the recollection of a slave should occupy the thoughts of a General, whose whole mind glory alone ought to fill up? Go and ravage the provinces of Greece, there you will find slaves enough to choose."

Taher was sensible it would be useless for him to reply; yet he knew not what a construction to put on the Caliph's an-

swers. Sometimes he would ascribe them to his natural harshness, which prompted him to mortify those whom he cherished the most; sometimes he apprehended the Prince had fallen in love with the young slave, from the description he himself had given of her. "Ah! what would be the case," exclaimed Taher, "if he were to see Isaure in person?" The enamoured Musselman thus from all parts, could only see motives of fear, without the least prospect to encourage hope.

He set off with great expedition, and avenged himself on the Greeks for all the sorrows he experienced at home. The enemy were beat and pursued into the interior of their remotest provinces. There Taher might easily have availed himself of the Caliph's advice; he might have brought away with him, as slaves, numbers of most lovely natives; many did he see whose charms would have seduced him, had he been less smitten with those of Isaure. But a constant prey to his inquietude and jealousy, he was not even alive to the satisfaction which a General usually derives from victory.

The only recompence he would claim, was a decision in his favour, admitting it was not too late to reap the advantage of it. He dared not scarcely indulge his own ideas on the subject. Meanwhile he returned to court, where the Caliph conferred on him the highest honours; which might have flattered him much at any other time, but now one single object engrossed his whole attention. Was Isaure to be restored to him? Was not his judge become his rival? Whilst he was thus involved in thought, the Caliph asked him rather bluntly, "Whether the fair slave still occupied the same place in his heart?"—"Heavens! does she?" exclaimed Taher, "her dear image follows me every where, and will follow me to my grave. Will you suffer, mighty Prince, her person to remain in the possession of Achmet?" The Caliph made no reply, but instead of answering, invited Taher to sup with him.

A similar favour, which the Caliph besides would frequently bestow, appeared to Isaure's lover only as a decision contrary to his wishes, a deadly though tacit sentence: he no longer doubted but his mistress had been given up to his rival, or

that the Caliph had kept her for himself and in either case he must be equally wretched. His doubts even soon appeared to him to be entirely cleared up. The Prince, in the course of the repast, spoke again of the young slave; and, amongst several other questions, asked him, "Whether Isaure's voice was really as remarkably fine as he had expressed it to be?" Taher confirmed his former assertion. "I believe, however," replied the Caliph, "that among my slaves, I have a young singer, who, in that respect, might contend with yours." At these words he made a signal to one of his eunuchs, and another sign being made by the latter to a person whom Taher could not see, a sweet harmonious voice was instantly heard. It pleasingly saluted the ear; and melted the very heart. But what was that in comparison with what Taher experienced. He started, changed colour, underwent involuntary agitation, and was nearly suffocated: in a word, the accents of the young slave seemed to him to be exactly the same as those of Isaure; he thinks it is Isaure whom he hears, and from that reason imagines he has lost her for ever.

The tones of the invisible slave were expressive of labour and dolorous; they characterized a soul affected with sadness, and were besides in the language of the minstrels of Provence, which language neither the Caliph nor Taher could comprehend. Nevertheless, Taher easily knew it to be the same in which Isaure used to sing to him, and which, of course, was to him a new motive of conviction. The Caliph kept watching all his motions, and asked him, "Whence his agitated state proceeded?"—"Ah! my Prince," exclaimed the amorous Musselman, "either does my disturbed imagination transport me into Egypt, or the lovely Isaure is in this palace!"

Montasser, without answering a word, made another signal; then a huge curtain flew open, and Isaure herself, Isaure appeared before the eyes of her lover, dressed with incredible magnificence, and looking more like the sovereign Queen of the East, than like an European slave. At this sight Taher uttered a cry of astonishment and of grief; he no longer could question his misfortune. Every thing be-

fore his eyes presaged the love of the Caliph, and the frailty of Isaura. What completely convinced the afflicted Taher, was the silence of the young slave, who looked at him steadfastly in the face, yet remained motionless. So cold an attitude totally exasperated him. "Prince," said he to the Caliph, kneeling before him, "permit me to withdraw from a trial that is above my strength to support. Isaura must have preferred you to me: do not expect, however, that I will approve of her conduct. Do not require, at least, my being an eye-witness of it. I have served you with unabated zeal, and this is the only reward I shall presume to expect. Permit me to retire to the remotest desert, there to forget the only object that had touched my soul, or, at least, to lament her forgetfulness of me.

The sighs and tears of Isaura interrupted the conclusion of his discourse. Taher was at a loss to penetrate into the true motive of them. Were they the result of remorse, or

did they proceed from pure affection? The Caliph, at last, thought he must put an end to that dire perplexity. "Make yourself easy," said he to his favourite, "too long have I abused your mistake. Isaura is your's: Achmet intended her for me, but I make a sacrifice of her in your behalf: I return her to you as I received her. I only wished, for a short time, to enjoy your anxiety.

"It was I who prescribed to Isaura the behaviour that alarmed you, and cost her so dear. I might doubtless exact that frivolous complaisance, after having interdicted to myself even the inclination of requiring others of a more serious consequence."

Taher, overwhelmed with joy, had the satisfaction of seeing Isaura partake of it. He was far from harbouring any suspicion on her account. Esteem is productive of soothing confidence, and Taher had the happiness of esteeming her he loved.

THE RECIPROCAL SURPRISE.—AN EASTERN TALE.

(Concluded from page 116.)

ON his return to Ispahan, Sefi was preparing to execute his design by relinquishing a situation that deprived him of his liberty. A sudden unexpected revolution detained him at court. The authority and even the life of the monarch were threatened; Sefi now therefore thought only of defending them both. He had been on the point of sacrificing all manner of ambition to love; in the present instance, he sacrificed his love to his duty. The enemy whom they had to oppose was the famous Thamas Kouli-Kan, an enemy so much the more to be feared, that he would dare to undertake any thing, and that he added the most profound policy to the most undaunted courage. What rendered him still more formidable was, that the Prince he wished to supplant, possessed none of those qualifications, and had not been taught the art of appearing to possess them.

The usurper's ambition is known to have been crowned with success: at first, however, he met with strong opposition, and

Sefi distinguished himself amongst those who offered the most obstinate resistance. His father might have set him an example, if he had wanted a model. Thamas, who was endowed with too much courage not to esteem it in others, spared nothing to induce two so brave and faithful subjects to accept commissions in his army. The whole of Persia being thus subdued and peaceable, neither party wished to excite new troubles: neither would the father or the son settle at the court of the tyrant, or march under his standard. Thamas, nevertheless, ordered their estates that had been confiscated to be restored. This was not the only instance of moderation he had shewn; he affected chiefly to redress certain acts of injustice that his predecessor had either committed or tolerated. Many a nobleman who had been robbed of his estates by that unfortunate Prince, was reinstated by Thamas: so true it is, that, in a sovereign, policy will sometimes supply the want of virtue, and even shine with superior lustre.

Sefi, now become free, hastened to return to the retreat where love and friendship summoned him. For upwards of two years, since he had left that part of the country, he knew not what might have befallen its dear inhabitants. He could observe, as he travelled along, the dreadful disasters occasioned by civil war; and was apprehensive lest the peaceful mansion of Pehri should also have suffered. In what a state of dire perplexity did that idea plunge him: but to what a pitch did his anxiety rise, when, having reached the spot, he could only perceive uninhabited ruins! One must have loved, or rather, one must love for the first time, and like an Asiatic, to conceive what were Sefi's feelings at such an aspect. He overran the whole district, inquired, half distracted, after Aboutaher, and unable to procure any positive intelligence, would return ten times to ask the same question of the same person. All that he is informed of for certain is, that the troops of Thamas have occupied and ravaged the country: but no one could tell whether the old man he was so uneasy about, had or had not left it prior to their arrival, and this uncertainty redoubled his agitation of mind.

The most poignant and acute pangs of eastern jealousy, in spite of himself, would take possession of his soul. At one time he figured to himself Pehri in the power of some ferocious officer; at another, he fancied her in the seraglio of the usurper, lamenting her sad destiny; or, what appeared to him more cruel still, perhaps *not* bewailing it. He determined to travel all over Persia; visited all the different provinces, stopped especially in retired obscure places, spoke of Aboutaher to all he met, and was exasperated at finding that no one knew of the name. A whole twelve-month was spent thus in superfluous researches, at the expiration of which Sefi returned to join his father, who suffered almost as much on account of his long absence, as he did himself of that of Pehri.

People in deep affliction stand in need of a confidant to render it more supportable. But it will not often occur that certain weaknesses are revealed to an aged man, and especially to one's father; it is more rare still that a father should approve of the avowal. Sefi, necessitated as he was

to seek relief, did not make a similar reflection, and it was lucky for him he did not. Besides, in Asia love is not considered a weakness. The father of our young man, who had felt that passion in his younger days, was not at all surprised at his son experiencing the same in his turn. "I pity you," said he, "for having lost the beauty you have been speaking of, and who must have loved you in consequence of your youth, agreeable person, and especially on account of the singularity of the adventure. I can see but one method of repairing the loss, which is, to marry a woman sufficiently handsome to make you forget that which you regret: and if that remedy should not prove adequate, to procure a supplement of pretty female slaves. It would be very extraordinary if among them all you could not find one qualified to make a diversion to your sorrow. At any rate, if the object of your regret be ever restored to you, you will be at liberty to marry her too. Our Prophet has provided for those little difficulties."

Such a discourse, which might have afforded consolation to an European, made no impression whatever on our Asiatic. Nevertheless, as it is hardly possible to resist advice of that nature for ever, Sefi suffered himself to be persuaded, but not till after a struggle of six other months, and incessant researches during all that time after Aboutaher and his family. Having lost all hopes of ever seeing them again, he consented to what his father recommended. He therefore appointed a proxy to marry in his name, through the medium of another attorney, a girl that neither had ever seen, or were ever to see, and whom he himself did not know; who subsequently was to be brought to him, though not allowed to see her face till after a certain time appointed by the custom of the country. All the information he had received concerning her was, that her father was a noble Persian, an inhabitant of the same district, and with whom his own father had formed an intimacy during his absence.

The ten days of festival, fixed upon by custom, being expired, the young bride was brought, with great pomp, but during the night, to the house of her husband, who was waiting to receive her, but without the least impatience. She was veiled in such

a manner that had it been mid-day she could not even have suspected it was daylight. The women appointed to wait on her introduced her into the apartment that had been prepared for her reception, from which, however, they retired, as soon as it was supposed that Sefi was making his approach: but they left no light in the room, neither was he allowed to introduce any. The custom of the country would have it that on the first night he was neither to see nor to be seen. He entered the apartment much less solicitous for the object he was going to find there, than after the one he had lost. He was rather surprised at hearing sighs and sobs. As he could not doubt whence they issued, the singular circumstance awoke and fixed his attention. He soon ascertained that those sobs and sighs were not feigned; they served him as a guide to draw near his new spouse. "What then, Madam," said he, "how am I to interpret these expressions of sorrow? Is it reluctantly and through constraint that you are become mine? I do not exact a sacrifice of the kind." The lady made no answer, and her silence already meant a great deal: "I beg, Madam," continued Sefi, "you will answer me with equal confidence and candour. Perhaps I myself shall have some avowal to make you."—"Ah! my lord," replied she, still sighing and sobbing, "can my tears offend you? Invisible to your eyes as you are to mine, both unknown to each other, neither love or aversion can exist between us. Perhaps, by marrying you, I shall be united to the most accomplished man in all Asia. But, my lord, pardon me——." She could not proceed, being suffocated by her sobs. Sefi, whom the sweetness of her voice already interested, shuddered at the condition to which the young maiden was reduced. "Compose yourself, Madam," resumed he, in a tone of extreme tenderness, "you have not fallen into the arms of a barbarian. I should be one were I to abuse your situation. I promise to respect your sentiments and feelings: I am taught by my own experience, that a first inclination——. But, once more, refuse not to repose confidence in him who wishes to be deserving of it by his candour and justice."

"Well then, my lord," returned she in a faltering voice, "I am going to make

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the confession of a weakness that I think pardonable, and that perhaps will appear to you legitimate. I still preserve the recollection of a person to whom I am indebted for my existence, who, to save my life, dared to expose himself to almost inevitable death, but who has left me a prey to sorrows more cruel than the death from the grasp of which he has rescued me."

"O Heavens!" cried Sefi, astonished at the similarity of circumstances in both their adventures, "Oh! Heavens!——: but Madam," added he, interrupting himself, "is not your name Zulphi?"—"Yes, my lord, it is also the name which my father and grandfather bear."

"What! even her grandfather!" would Sefi say sorrowfully, whilst thinking of Aboutaher, "my hopes have soon been blasted." Nevertheless, let us see how far chance may carry resemblance between opposite occurrences. "What is become, Madam, of that deliverer who now causes your affliction?"—"My affliction arises from not knowing it," replied the young bride. "The events which have recently tormented Persia, have likely engrossed his whole attention. Perhaps he has sacrificed love to ambition; perhaps he has never truly known what it is to love."

This is another point of conformity, said Sefi to himself: the lovely Pehri no doubt entertains similar suspicions respecting me, and perhaps has gone through the same ordeal as she who is speaking to me at this moment. But, alas! have her tears been respected? Be it as it may I shall be generous; I shall deserve generosity being shewn to Pehri. "Madam," added he, raising his voice, "your destiny and mine have a conformity that amazes me. Your heart is no longer yours, neither is mine my own. You regret a lover who has saved your life; and I have had the happiness of saving that of the beauty whom I lament the loss of. You are ignorant of the fate of the one, so am I of the other. You suspect your lover of inconstancy, I entertain similar suspicions with regard to my mistress, and perhaps she does the same respecting me. You love still, although you apprehend being forgotten; my love and apprehensions are the same. Our souls were made to meet, it is a pity that fortune has diverted their course. However, Madam,

Y

I repeat it, I do not pretend to tyrannize over you: I admire you, yet I am ready to renounce you, to set you free, since you cannot be voluntarily mine."

"Ah! my lord," interrupted she, extremely sensible of so generous a proceeding, and agitated with an emotion at which she was astonished, but she was unable to define, "Ah! my lord, I have only acted in obedience to my father's commands; but you are deserving of a heart that can be wholly yours, and is not prepossessed in favour of another object."—"Well, then, Madam," continued Sefi, "I imagine a means of preserving you for your lover, and of screening you against the resentment of an angry father: stay with me; this house henceforth will be for you an inviolable asylum, which I myself will consider as sacred. Deign at least, therefore, to repose an entire confidence in a man who consents to be only your nominal husband. The conformity between your situation and mine renders my curiosity excusable, and a certain inward impression which I cannot express, renders it indispensable."

Zulphi then entered into the particulars of what she had only given the outlines; and at every word Sefi's attention and astonishment were redoubled. But when, after some preliminary details, Zulphi came to mention the retreat in which she had lived with her mother and grandfather, the fire from which she had such a narrow escape, the assistance they had received from a young courtier, his stay with them, and lastly his departure, which drew fresh tears from the eyes of Zulphi, she was interrupted by a loud scream from her spouse. She was afraid she had given him offence, as she observed that at that very moment he had drawn from her precipitately: but he was only gone to let in the light that began to dawn. The youthful bride hurried to seize

her veil, when "Stop," cried her husband, fully determined from that moment to assume the title, "stop, adorable Pehri!" Hearing these words, she lifted up her eyes on him who had pronounced them: "Oh Heavens!" exclaimed she, "it is he! it is Sefi!"—"Himself," replied he, "the same man for whose sake you have shed, and to whom you have cost so many tears." Pehri, however, could not hear these last words, for she had fainted in his arms.

When she had recovered from her swoon, she could not at first be persuaded but she was dreaming; her doubts, however, were not of a long duration. To attempt to describe the extacy and extreme satisfaction of the young pair, would be a rash undertaking. Happy the hand that excels in delineating those raptures! A thousand times more happy the heart that experiences them!

All I have to add now is, that all the above-mentioned troubles proceeded from Aboutaher and Pehri having resumed their real name when they left their solitude, which had rendered useless Sefi's rather tardy researches. The latter, before he got married, had also resumed his father's name; his bride was equally deceived, that of Sefi alone being known to her. But this was not all; the father of the fair bride, whom Sefi thought to be much reduced in his circumstances, had been reinstated in his original property. Aboutaher inhabited a distant province, his presence otherwise would have soon cleared up the matter. These complicated circumstances were more than sufficient to authorize the nocturnal mistake of the young couple, and their *Reciprocal Surprise*: but their mutual and constant attachment, and the happiness they enjoyed, a happiness so seldom met with in the marriage state, must have occasioned *universal surprise*.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

WHEN our fair readers, during the genial vernal season, are ornamenting their *boudoirs* with the velvet-leaved ranunculus, the meek hyacinth, or the gaudy jouquil, it must be a subject of philosophic delight to recollect that each gay specimen of Flora's bounty is, in fact, not only an alembic to distil the absorbed water from the atmosphere, but even a retort which chemically analyzes all the various solu-

tions of earths and minerals which are offered to them in combinations with water and air, as well as by the mould with which these botanical ornaments appear to be nourished.

We have already adverted to the earths absorbed by plants, or chemically separated from imbibed fluids; and we may now add, that although the qualities of these substances frequently differ, yet their quantities, under similar circumstances, are pretty equal. From this it might be supposed that the salts, afforded by equal weights of any plants, would be the same, which experience proves not to be the case. This has been very philosophically accounted for, upon the principle that a portion of the earth, absorbed in water, passes off again in evaporation, whilst the quantity of salt extracted or formed from what remains, depends upon the specific power of the organs of the plant to crystallize it, just as one person will readily digest that which another would find intolerable. This will afford a hint in domestic botany, which fair florists may avail themselves of to some extent. It is certain, then, that as plants draw off a great portion of nourishment, both terrestrial and aerial, for which they have no specific occasion, they must therefore deprive others, in their immediate vicinity, of a due portion of vegetable food, a fact clearly proved by the necessity of thinning trees annually in plantations, and by the advantages derived from hoeing, &c. in gardens. If it is wished, then, that the green-house, or the stove, or even the humble window, with its geraniums and myrtles, shall present blooming specimens of floral ornament, care ought to be taken not to crowd them too closely together; for as the proper nourishment, as well as the stimuli of light and air, can only be afforded in small quantities, the more plants there are to divide the nourishment, the smaller must be the share of each individual; a circumstance perfectly in unison with that culinary care which every good housewife takes into consideration when her husband brings home a few friends unexpectedly to eat their mutton at his hospitable table.

It is at the same time pretty well ascertained, that it is the quantity more than

the quality of nutriment that ought to be attended to; though it is not so whether each different plant selects by analysis a certain species of food from the aggregate, or whether a different construction of the organs of each enables it to pursue its own chemical combinations so as to produce gums, resins, or salts, totally distinct in property from others. But that the fact is so will not be denied by those who acknowledge that a lemon may be engrafted on an orange, or an apple upon a pear tree. It is, indeed, true, that certain soils do give a peculiar flavour to plants, which, if cultivated under other circumstances, would have different qualities; but this only proves that vegetation has not the power of altering all substances presented to it, and therefore, if these extraneous matters are not carried off by evaporation, they necessarily remain in such quantities that their flavour is distinguished in addition to the true qualities of the plant itself.

The whole of these principles shew the cause of the necessity for ploughing, &c. so as to turn up the inexhausted earth, and also why manure of any and of all kinds produces superior vegetation. But we notice it the more particularly, as it is our wish to make vegetable philosophy subservient to botanical amusement, and therefore we admonish our flóral readers, if they wish to improve their geraniums, and the other ornaments of their boughpots, that they should frequently change, at least either in spring or autumn, the earth which surrounds their favourites, taking care not to disturb the arrangement of the fibres of the roots more than can well be avoided.

An ingenious German botanist tried some experiments, by sowing corn in alum and in chalk, which had been previously purified by chemical means; the corn sprouted; but it soon perished, although the purified earths had been wet with pure water; but when he repeated the experiment, watering the plants from the reservoir of a farm-yard, they flourished, evidently from the quantity of carbonic acid offered to them from the fermented mixture. To ascertain the fact more clearly, he mixed the pure earths in various proportions, but the result was still commensurate with the two original expe-

riments. It is true that pure clay may be rendered fertile by the addition of lime, but then lime is an absorbent, and the nutritive qualities thus acquired are not the produce of the lime itself, but of the carbonic acid which it derives from the air, and perhaps of the oxygen, which it may separate from the rain and dew.

It has, however, lately been asserted, that pure earth will not absorb oxygen gas, or if it does, that the oxygen has no influence whatever upon vegetation: but even this is more of a distinction than a difference, for those who deny it still acknowledge that if there are any principles of fermentation in the earth by which oxygen gas has been absorbed, that this gas is changed into carbonic acid, and is applicable to all vegetable purposes. A curious experiment illustrates these principles, for if we take a quantity of the richest garden mould, sufficient to fill a green-house pot, and expose it to the action of fire, it will produce weaker plants or flowers than another pot filled with the poorest earth, though equally watered with rain water, and placed in the same position. This experiment can be tried in the most secluded situation of our populous city, and is worthy the notice of our fair readers, as uniting a spirit of philosophy with a laudable taste for vegetable ornament. It also seems to prove that the property destroyed by the action of the fire being only the carbonic acid, that gas must be the vivifying principle, for pure water is sufficient for earth that has only been dried, not burnt; whereas the latter, to regain its fertility, must be moistened with the water of fermentation. But another experiment is conclusive: an ingenious Swiss botanist asserts, that he has seen garden mould lose the greatest part of its fertile principles after being boiled in a large quantity of water, until the latter was discoloured, whilst the moistening it with the same water has actually restored its original powers.

Our fair readers, particularly those who are in the habit of attending the philosophical lectures at the Royal, and some other minor institutions, must, no doubt, wonder where all the vast quantity of gases can be deposited, which are necessary

for the purposes of nature; but their wonder will cease when we can assure them that it has been proved by the most accurate experiments, that a cubic inch of earth has been known to yield forty-three cubic inches of gases, principally hydrogen and carbonic acid, the first of these being the principal component of water, and the latter, though hurtful to animal life if inhaled in quantities, yet essential in a certain degree to the constitution of good blood, for which purpose it is absorbed and extracted by the lungs from atmospheric air.

It is the absorption, or rather evaporation of this hydrogen, by a hot summer's sun, that produces the very curious undulatory appearance which is so often observed hovering near the surface of the earth; and this fact farther explains the philosophy of that simple remedy for a consumption, the following a plough whilst turning up the soil, particularly during the morning. It is generally supposed that in consumptive cases the lungs lose their power of chemically extracting from the air the necessary quantity of oxygen and carbonic; but if the patient is thus placed in a situation where the quantity of oxygen is increased in the air breathed, it follows of course that the lungs will thus receive a more powerful stimulus, and will generally be prompted to absorb a greater quantity of the vivifying principle.

As some speculative chemists have succeeded in a certain degree in forming factitious mineral waters, it may well be supposed that a chemical acquaintance with the nature of the most fertile earths might lead to a system of permanent utility; but the operations of nature are too minute, even when on the grandest scale, for us to understand them fully, and therefore, beyond the mere agricultural application of manures and soils, little can be expected.

We have thus endeavoured to elucidate a few leading principles in the most popular way that the subject will admit of; and we trust that in succeeding lectures we shall be enabled to offer our fair patronesses more amusement as well as more philosophy, and freed also from the technical trammels of science.

A GAELIC LEGEND.

THE vapoury curtains of the dawn ascend to upper air; the flowers gradually unfold their beautiful colours to the rising sun, and a soft zephyr drinks the dew from their glossy leaves. The birds twittering from their downy nests, begin the song of love and joy. The fairy dancers of the green mountlets hasten to their bowers, since the rocks resound their sprightly song or loud halloo of the hunters. See the cheerful manly soul speak in the eye of fire as they wield the bow and arrow, the pole-axe and spear; and followed by the stately wolf-dog and frisking terrier, cross the heath or climb the mountain to attack the ravenous enemy of man and beast, detected by the sagacious hound on a track to his den. The oar of the boatman measures each stroke by the heart-enlivening *irran*,* as he cuts the rippling wave, bringing to shore a load of fish for the bridal banquet, now in preparation throughout all the vaults of the castle, while vocal strains of encomium on the bride and bridegroom, or lively jest or smart repartee are heard from the busy damsels and active youths at their several employments.

But the lady of the feast, the lovely Gormhuila, has left her sleepless couch, and sits at her grated window with her streaming eyes directed to the curving billows that lave the rocks beneath the lonely turret. Listen ye spirits of her valiant ancestors to the words of woe she utters to the dreary walls.

"Ah! why did my father leave me to bear the red cross in a foreign land? And why did my simplicity give ear to the crafty priest, whose daily exhortations persuaded me to urge Niel Oig to range himself under the same banner? Too late did I perceive that, under the cloak of religious zeal, the hypocritical monk concealed his design to favour my uncle's cruel ambition; and alas, Gormhuila! thy pride of heart deceived thyself. Thou wouldst have thy lover renowned wherever the sun's path extends—and justly art thou punished. Thy uncle allowed thee two years to wait

thy father's return; and the artful churchman drew thee into a promise at the end of that period to give thy hand to Ferrachar Gruamach, the gloomy contrast to Niel Oig, whose blithesome countenance, open as day, was the delight of women and the admiration of man. I hoped my foster brother would have found out my hero; but either the trusty Echan has fallen, or my friends are among the ghosts of the brave. They come not to my rescue. Oh that I had died the hour that bore them from my sight! or that this morn of misery I could sigh my last breath. Must I plight my faith to him who never kept faith with another?"

Fast fell the briny drops of anguish upon Gormhuila's flaxen ringlets as they flowed on her shoulder; but she dashed them away when Ferrachar's nurse appeared, arrayed in her best curche, her many-coloured plaid, and brooch of silver curiously enchased. Gormhuila had been almost a prisoner under the charge of this good dame, who kindly sought to mollify her condition. With all the reverence paid to feudal greatness she curtsied to the ground, ere she said:—"Happiest omens to my lovely lady on this day of gladness! The year began with propitious signs; no foot stumbled at the collogne.† No fairy took our milk from the fold, nor the substance from our churn. No thread broke in warping the wedding stole; nor has one messenger returned without success on an errand. This sweet breezy morning our boat came to us loaded with fish caught beneath the beam of a cloudless moon; and not one spark from our fires has crossed the hearth; but hindmost and best comes the omen of omens—late last night a blind bard, led by a dumb youth, passed the outer and inner gate without entering backwards to guard against treacherous steel."

Gormhuila tried to look pleased; she wished to gratify the warm hearted speaker,

† The allusions to Highland customs are fully explained in the Third Part of Mrs. Grant's *Popular Models* now going to the press.

* *Irann*, the Gaelic name for a boatman's song.

but her sickly smile scarce dimpled the blanched cheek, which soon turned pale as the sheeted dead, for a solemn dirge awaked all the echoes around. Gormhuila and the nurse hastened to another window. Nine berlins drew to the beach, the oars were plyed by eight red cross knights, and a ninth guided the helm. They spring to the rocks, and form in nine companies, each bearing the image of a sainted martyr in the crusades. They approach the castle; the warder demands whence and wherefore they come?

"We celebrate the rites of knightly honour and friendship for the lady Gormhuila's father and late lover."

"In good time be ye arrived, for the lady Gormhuila weds our young chief this day."

"What! shall we grace the lady Gormhuila's bridal with the relics of her father and late lover? chivalry forbid! Each image here contains a piece of their heart, who, when alive, were dearest to your bride: but give us chapel or separate hall, where perchance our orisons may help her happiness."

Ushered to the chapel, they secure the massive portal, and on touching a secret clasp in the images, glittering brands are produced and unsheathed.

"Here I grasp a part of my heart," said Niel Oig, "and I shall lay it at the feet of her who holds my heart of hearts. Faithful Echan! shew me where my Gormhuila mourns in captivity!"

"This ponderous sabre I wrenched from a Saracen warrior," subjoined the chief of the castle; "its keen edge shall cut the bonds that enthrall my daughter."—The knights tread in the steps of their leaders; a steep spiral staircase brings them to the turret. Who can imagine the joy of Gormhuila! She sinks on the bosom of her father. He gives her to the arms of Niel Oig.—"Doubly my son!" said the aged chief; "thou didst save my life before the walls of Acre, and thou shalt give new life to my only child. Let us dismiss my

brother in peace: my bard and his son have him in durance. Ferrachar can make no resistance, my clansmen already rush to my standard; but it is the glory of knight-hood to forgive injuries, and to shew mercy to the fallen. Before the sun goes down the *quechs* shall go round in brimming healths to Gormhuila and Niel Oig, for ever joined in one."

"Now by the rood," said Sholto Dhuglas, "thou didst promise to shew me the nuptial ceremonies of the Gael; the agreement and feet-washing come before the bridal."

"So shall it be," replied Niel Oig. "In three days the faithful Echan shall be in due form betrothed to Eyriea, the daughter of my nurse. Thou shalt see water drawn from a march burn for the feet-washing; thou shalt see it warmed on faggots of juniper never moved by iron; the juniper staved or hooped vessel shall receive it; and, above all, thou shalt to-morrow behold the matronly curch on the polished brow of Gormhuila. When the sun rides high at noon we become one. The superstition of a monk has been the instrument of our dangerous separation; our own superstitions must not one day retard our union."

"This is *beltane day*, and to us the first of a year in our own natal soil," said the old chief. "The cologne shall beat when the owl sings her cronach for the departed hours."

Niel Oig and Gormhuila are cemented at the holy altar; the *quechs* go round to their healths; the *pibrochs* swell their martial melody; the bearer of the cologne takes the hide of the heifer on his shoulders, he flies on the wings of the wind and all the youths pursue, beating with staves, and the clangour is heard afar; not one foot stumbled.—"Blessings on the cologne," said the aged chief; "by pursuing it in the dark I learned to hold a steady footing in rugged ways amid the shades of night; and thus would countermine the nightly stratagems of the Saracen foe."

MANUSCRIPT SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN THE POCKET OF AN
OFFICER KILLED AT WATERLOO.

UPON the 15th May, 1816, we were several hundred miles from Halifax, standing before the wind, with a fine breeze from the westward, steering E. S. E. It blew hard near Sable Island, which put us in danger of running on it. We parted with the convoy in the gale, and have not seen them since, which we are not sorry for, as we shall get the sooner home. We keep continually going at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, which will soon bring us to Old England: though, I must confess, I feel few pleasurable sensations at the approach to my native country; for those called friends have shewn so little care for me during my long absence, that it has very much lessened the expected pleasure of meeting. How different you,

O may'st thou ever reap the wheat,
And never gather tares;
And blessings ever 'tend thy feet,
Amidst this world of cares!

Every virtue, every delicacy, all propriety have characterized your conduct to me in all your various relations; every hour you are present to my mind, and often, when my ignorant companions are wasting their time in noisy senseless mirth, do I retire to a secret part of the cabin and indulge sweet thoughts of again seeing you. Oh! if you knew all I have suffered in living so long in "hope deferred," and having no friendly bosom on which to repose my cares or griefs; no one to whom I can talk to about Mary or William; sometimes I take L——'s child and kiss its little innocent cheek for their sakes.

Steering nearly east, we fell in with numerous islands of ice, one of which we passed within a few hundred yards. It appeared about sixty yards high, conical, but divided in the middle; as we approached, it had the appearance of land lately covered with snow. It appeared about four times the length of the ship, immovable, and the sea foamed against it as against a great rock in a storm. It had very little appearance of transparency, but from the eddy around it, and the white glare under water, we considered it to be aground; and when it is considered that

ice always emerges itself one-third in water, our late soundings (being still on the banks of Newfoundland), and its height, there can be little doubt but our conjectures were right. Numerous detached pieces were seen floating about, drifting from the northward, probably Greeland, those regions of endless winter, where nature has formed those solid and insurmountable barriers to the researches of science, pursuits of avarice, or even to conjecture itself.

To leeward we observed another, apparently half a mile in extent, in shape an oblong square, seemingly very steep, probably upwards of a hundred yards, and which we were certain was aground, and hence became an island in reality. Whose sterile, frigid, and sublime appearance naturally led the mind to reflect upon the greatness of Nature in all her designs, of her wonders in the deep which they that go down to the sea in ships can' alone see. Innumerable are the stories told by the Greenlanders of hair-breadth escapes amidst these floating masses of ice, which have three characters; 1st, fields, which encircle and block up the poles; 2d, flats, or floats, of various extent, from a mile upwards, which are broken or separated by gales or concussions of nature from the vicinity of Newfoundland, Baffin's Bay, River St. Lawrence, Greenland, and that vast extent of frozen regions running towards the north pole.

But the islands above described are most commonly fallen in with, and are sometimes causes of imminent danger to seamen amidst the thick fogs that pervade these banks, and which by the concussion of any ship running upon, would cause instant destruction; though not entirely without hope of escape, as in the instance of the Lady Hobart packet, some years ago, and in that of a ship last winter fishing off the coast of Newfoundland, where, fancying themselves in perfect security, the unheedy sailors were surprised with a fragment of ice ripping up the ship's counter, which caused her so rapidly to fill that they were forced to abandon her and her cargo to the merciless

waves, and get upon a field of ice; where, by removing provisions and water, and erecting tents formed of the spars and sails of the vessel, they contrived to maintain even a comfortable existence though 700 miles from land, and at times in terror of their never being taken off, and of drifting out to the Southern Ocean (which some ice does), and there gradually perceiving their frail tenement sink from under them. But Providence sent a vessel to their relief, and they were all taken off, and arrived safe at Newfoundland, after being almost reduced to despair, though never to want of personal convenience of either food, shelter, or clothing. This, however, is only one of the numerous instances that yearly occur of such disasters.

On the 20th of May we were about 1600

or 1700 miles from England, with a fair wind. We almost daily passed vessels outward bound; I hope we shall soon speak some that will let us know how affairs go on; we are all indeed anxious to know what news the pilot will bring off—that will decide much of our individual fortunes!

30th, This day we struck soundings in 72 fathoms; towards evening saw Scilly, and at night passed the Lizard lights, and hope to-morrow to be at Portsmouth. This morning we fell in with the convoy, after having run all the voyage by ourselves.

War is not yet declared; the pilot is on board, and we expect immediately to sail again for Ostend, or where the Allies are assembling. The order is come.—Adieu! perhaps for ever!

H***

FUGITIVE POETRY.

LINES RECOLLECTED AFTER, AND APPLIED TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

O! for the death of those
Who for their country die;
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And there distinguished lie.
How beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears;
Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,
And bath'd in woman's tears.
Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
On the dear land which gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.
But the wild waves shall sweep
Britannia's foes away;
And all the monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey.
No! they have 'scap'd the waves,
'Scap'd the sea monsters' maws;
They come! but oh, shall Gallia slaves
Give English freemen laws?
By Alfred's spirit, No!
Ring! ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow!
Ye herald shout to arms.
To arms our heroes fly,
And leading on their lines,
The British banners in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.
The low'ring battle frowns
Its terrible array;
Like clouds before the mountain storms,
That thunder on their way.

The rushing armies meet,
And while they pant for breath
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.
Ghosts of the mighty dead
Your children's hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread
Rekindle all your fire.
The dead to life return,
Our fathers' spirits rise;
My brethren, in your breasts they burn,
They kindle in your eyes!
Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage;
Strike! strike the assailing giants low,
The Tartars of the age.
They yield, they break, they fly,
The victory is won;
Pursue! they faint, they fall—they die!
Oh stay! the work is done.
Spirit of Vengeance! rest,
Sweet Mercy cries "Forbear!"
She clasps the vanquished to her breast—
Thou wilt not pierce them there.
Thus vanish Britain's foes,
From her consuming eye;
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer! those who die!
O'ershadowing laurels deek
The living heroes brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck—
His children and his spouse.
Exulting o'er his lot,
The danger he has brav'd,

He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot
Which his own valour sav'd.

Daughters of Albion! weep
O'er this triumphant plain;
Your fathers, husbands, children sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

Oh! gently close the eye
That lov'd to look on you;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath, was true.

With knots of sweetest flowers,
Their winding sheet perfume;
Wash their wounds with true love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The Warrior's corse appears;
Embal'm'd by fond affection's breath,
And bath'd in woman's tears.

Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And oh! be mine the like repose,
When cold and low I lie.

Their loveliest mother Earth,
Enshrines the fallen brave;
On the dear lap that gave them birth,
They find their tranquil grave.

H.

LORD BYRON'S POEMS ON HIS OWN DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES.

Lord Byron has written two Poems, the first result of his separation from his Lady; the second seems occasioned by resentment against some female whom he supposes to have conspired against his happiness, and produced the determination in Lady Byron to leave him; it is most bitterly satirical, and in our opinion rather a gross attack upon a woman, whatever her conduct might be. It could have been no common provocation that led to the marked resentment of a Lady who is allowed on all hands to be a model of feminine tenderness, sweetness, and affability, and whose mental acquirements place her in the first rank of literary society. The following is the Poem to Lady Byron:—

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare thee well—
Even though unforgetting, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again;
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could shew!
Then, thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow—
No. 83.—Vol. XIII.

Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me;
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a careless wound?
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by low decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is press'd—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Whither—yet with thee they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainlier still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

BY LORD BYRON.

"Honest—bonest Iago!
"If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—

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Who could, ye gods! her next employment
guess—

An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander round her throws:
What she made the pupil of her heart,
None know—but that high soul secured the
heart,

And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foild was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not
blind,

Deceit infect not—nor Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion
bow,

Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive;
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below;
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.*

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Tho' all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the kind mendicity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers
with smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles:
A plain blunt shew of briefly spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd
scheming;

A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.

* These lines contain a very just eulogium on the
merits of Lady Byron.

Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze thro' her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centiped in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:

Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged;—
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy about the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!

And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create:
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven
with prayer,

Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred competitors—
And festering in the infamy of years.

FROM THE

"SCATTERED LEAVES" OF HERDER.

FRIEND of my soul, why should that tear
Thus tremble on thy downcast eye?
Why should Despair find entrance here,
When Pleasure with her bowl is nigh?

Art though the only fond deceived one,
Adoring thus, and thus discarded;
And she the only false believed one,
Who this has seen and thus rewarded?

Come drink of this—the morning ray
Streams faintly o'er yon eastern height;
And soon shall all the glorious day
Be blushing there in virgin light.

Come drink of this—for, ah! that sun
Ere yet he tinge the western wave,
May fling (our life's short journey done)
His evening beam upon our grave.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Translated from a Manuscript collection of French Songs found after the battle on the field of Waterloo.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow :
" My arm is in my country's right,
" My heart is in my true love's bower ;
" Gaily for love and fame to fight,
" Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descendant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burthen still he sung :
" My arm is in my country's right,
" My heart is in my country's bower ;
" Resolved for love and fame to fight,
" I come, a gallant Troubadour."

E'en when the battle roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he heved his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion sweep,
And still was heard his warrior lay :
" My life is in my country's right,
" My heart is in my lady's bower ;
" For love to die, for fame to fight,
" Becomes a valiant Troubadour."

Alas ! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glave,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave :
" My life is in my country's right,
" My heart is in my lady's bower ;
" For love and fame to fall in fight,
" Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

TO A LADY.

PARTLY COPIED FROM LORD BYRON.

WELL ! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too,
For still my heart regards thy weal,
Warmly as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot :
But let them pass.—Oh ! how my heart
Would hate him if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy little child,
I thought my jealous heart would break ;
But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,
I loved it for its mother's sake.

I viewed it, and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see ;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

From England, Oh ! I must away,
While thou art blest I'll not repine ;
But near thee I can never stay ;
My heart would still continue thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Would quench at length my boyish flame ;
But feel, alas ! while years do glide,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look ;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet met with no confusion there :
One only feeling could'st thou trace—
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake :
In foreign climes my tears shall stream,
For here my faithful heart would break.

IMPROMPTU LINES ON THE
DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEIN.*

STAY, traveller, stay, here take thy transient stand,

To mark the sorrows of this woe-struck land ;
In pensive silence, here attentive trace
The faded fortunes of a noble race :
Here Bourbon lived ! whose hapless course is run ;
Whose heart, now broken, weeps his murder'd son !
In blooming youth, by foulest treach'ry slain,
To brand his country with eternal stain ;
To wake through ev'ry clime, and ev'ry age,
Recoiling horror, and indignant rage,
To rouse mankind by this fell deed alone,
To hurl the monster from his blood-stain'd throne ;

To bid repentant France reclaim again,
The golden sceptre of her Louis' reign,
O, Sympathy ! here shed thy tender tear,
Bedew the cypress of brave D'Enghein's bier ;
Round the dear shade, where now his ashes rest,
Heave the sad sigh that swells thy struggling breast ;

While wailing zephyrs breathe the midnight tale,
Thy meek moans mingle with the plaintive gale ;
To deck his tomb, thy tearful tributes bring,
In chrysal drops from pure affection's spring ;
Bathe the green sod that shrouds his bright remains,

And shrine his relics with thy pitying strains ;
So shall the Muse applaud thy mournful lays,
And crown his poet with immortal bays.
Last of thy line ! O, Prince, beloved, may years
Sooth with their lenient balm thy flowing tears !
May bright Religion, with divine controul,
Stay the sad pang that rends thy aching soul !
Teach thee, that best our destiny we fill,
When most obedient to the Heavenly will ;

* This elegant and interesting poem is now privately circulated at Paris, where it is universally and deservedly admired. It was spoken by Sir George Dallas, at the Palace of Chantilly, in the bed-room of the Duke of Bourbon, on the 14th of September, 1814.

When calm submission bids the Christian trust,
That Heaven's dark ways are yet both wise and
just;

When fervent faith, combined with pious prayer,
Lights him to hope—and warns him from despair.
Raise then thy suppliant voice to Heaven's high
throne,

Alike God's mercies, and his justice own;
On-bended knee, adore the mighty hand
That snatch'd thy D'Enghien from a guilty land;
Bade his brave spirit wing its happier flight,
With sainted Louis to the realms of light;
Thus shall thy hallow'd house still boast its fame
And Roucroy's glories shield the Bourbon name.

GOOD BYE.

THE parting pang still rends my breast;
The tears of sorrow know no rest;
Remembrance sad repeats the sigh
Which heav'd when Henry said " Good bye." O fatal words! as false as fair,

Can ought be good that us shall sever?
And how should I the anguish bear,
Should Henry say " Good bye for ever?"
Why then the pang that rends this breast,
These trickling tears shall find a rest,
This bursting bosom cease to sigh,
And bid to all the world " Good bye."

FASHIONS

FOR

MAY, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—BALL DRESS.

Frock of white crape over white satin, ornamented with crape *bouillonne*, interspersed with bunches of ribband, and finished by an elegant festoon wreath of roses. Short sleeves of crape, not very full, trimmed with blond, and surmounted with imperial wings elevated. The hair arranged in bands, with very few curls, and short at the ears; a bandeau of pearls, surmounted by a bunch of full blown roses. Ear-rings and necklace of pearls, the necklace fastened in front by an amethyst ornament; broach and bracelets of the same. White satin shoes, with pink rosettes; and white kid gloves.

No. 2.—EVENING DRESS.

Frock of amber crape over white satin, ornamented with a rich silk trimming of Austrian blue; with a cordon belt to correspond. Short full sleeves of white crape and blond. Necklace and bracelets formed of two rows of large Oriental pearls. The hair arranged *à-la-Vandyke*, with a bouquet of full blown roses placed over the right ear. White satin slippers, with blue rosettes; and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

So tardy have been the approaches of the vernal season that half of the month of

April had elapsed before a bud was seen, as usual, bursting into even half expansion: our *belles*, therefore, still preserved their wintry costume. The close pelisse, the weighty shawl, with the velvet hat or bonnet, continued to shield their forms, and even muffs were not entirely exploded; while swansdown tippets were added to the splendid and warm pelisse that graced the carriage, or enveloped the well dressed female at our morning exhibitions or Bazaars.

The out-door costume now begins to consist of a gayer livery, and elegant sarsnet pelisses, with equestrian dresses, are partially making their appearance; the latter will ever form an article of high fashion for the morning promenade, being generally confined to those females who are the arbiters of taste in dress.

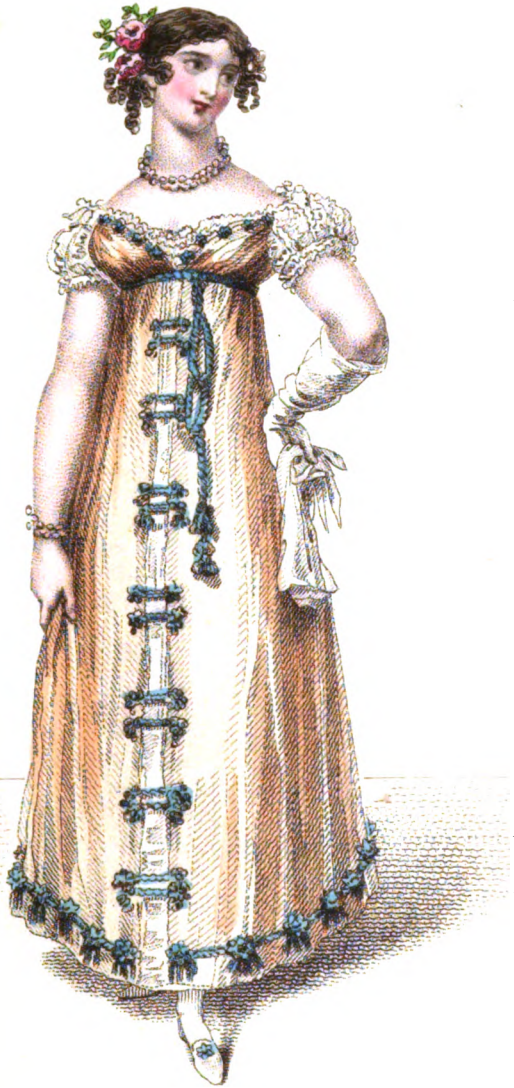
And when treating of any article which however cynics may sneer at the idea, ought to be important to that female who, desires to please, we call the attention of our fair readers, in a particular degree, to the highly tasteful *Magazin des Modes*, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, now resorted to by the *haut ton* as a morning lounge, where the eye wanders through a diversity of splendid and elegant attire, unknowing where to fix.

A morning visiting dress of fine India muslin is peculiarly striking; it is bordered with four narrow double flounces, and be-



BALL DRESS.

Engraved for 1853 La Belle Apicottie, May 1850.



EVENING DRESS

and for a small table, the well-known "May" dress.

tween each flounce is let in a superb footing lace. The sleeves are full, and confined at and above the wrist with three narrow frills, at equal distances, to answer the bottom of the dress. For evening dresses robes of crape, net, and striped gauze over satin, claim a decided pre-eminence; they have satin bodies trimmed with French blond, headed with small rows of pearl. White is much worn, either in muslin, crape, satin, or figured sarsonet. But in all dresses, how elegant soever their make, much depends on the proper display of the contour; we therefore strongly recommend to the British ladies the elastic beautiful corset invented by Mrs. Bell, called the royal corset, which imparts a grace and ease to the female form which cannot be sufficiently appreciated.

This most important point gained, we follow the modern *belle* to the adornment of her head. As Cupid is often said to ambush in a fine head of hair, so it is often yet made more attractive by a transparent covering. The inventress of the royal corset has presented to the votaries of taste and fancy an entire new article, entitled the spring hood: the ends either fastened under the chin, or gracefully depending on each side the face; the hood is surmounted by a bouquet of spring flowers.

The Parisian etiquette in the article of head-dresses, seems now to be much adopted. A cornette without flowers for home, and with a very large bouquet of flowers for dinner parties, or morning visits of ceremony; with these the hair is very little shewn. For the Opera, dress hats, toques, or turbans, for the most matronly: the same for evening parties; and flowers, diadems, and *bandeaux*, for the young. Amongst the dinner cornettes is one finished very elegantly round the crown with vandyke points of lace, and narrow blue ribband; and Parisian caps of *tulle* and blond are also much worn: they are elegantly diversified with ribband and surmounted with flowers. For the Opera, a superb hat, richly embroidered, and finished with a trimming of lilac, in the style of the Flora turban, has excited universal admiration: it is covered with a splendid plume of porcupine feathers, a new and unique article.

Next in favour is the Theresa cap, of white satin, confined with a bandeau of gold lace, with a green velvet ornament, representing laurel leaves, in front, edged with gold, and on the left side a *fleur-de-lis*, of the same material; also the Berlin cap, of white moss silk, finished with white beads, and ornamented with porcupine feathers. A favourite cap in the dress circles at the theatres is of fine black *tulle*, elegantly quartered and trimmed with blue satin ribband and blue flowers: this head-dress is peculiarly becoming, and is styled the Duncannon cap.

Hats and bonnets are still made in general in the French shape. The Valette bonnet and Cobourg hat, composed of the finest whalebone, are yet much worn in the fashionable world.

In referring our readers to the tasteful repository of fashion we mentioned above, they will find an elegant hat for the carriage worthy their attention: it is of Pomona green satin, partially turned up in front, and finished with a trimming of green and white, like the Opera dress hat we noticed above, and a plume of green and white porcupine feathers falls over the front. The trimmings for ball dresses and galas are most superb; they are composed of artificial flowers, closely copied from nature, and which are laid on white crape. Bouquets consist of spring flowers, such as early tulips and primroses, ranunculus, &c. Violets and snowdrops intermingled in wreaths are much worn by the youthful part of the modish world.

Boots are very little worn, even in walking; but we expect the nankeen, and those made of light materials, will succeed to the black sandal, now so prevalent. In dress, white satin and spotted French silk, are most in favour.

Jewellery consists of pearls mingled with amethysts, or rubies, or pearls alone, of a large size. Ornaments are, however, but little worn, and never without they are intrinsic. Rings are much out of date, except a fine brilliant guard over the wedding ring.

The favourite colours are Pomona green, drake's neck, a full light blue, spring green, pink, and primrose.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

INDEED I plead guilty to your accusation, that I was not in the best humour in the world when I sent off my last letter, or how could I have ever said a word against Parisian fashions, which I have so often declared are unrivalled in the article of taste. However, be it known to you, that amongst our *elegantes*, there are the *merveilleuses*, the *muscadines*, and the *extravagantes*; all of whom, by excess of fashion or affected singularity, infringe the laws of Taste, and render her ornaments deformities.

With some few of these I was condemned to pass the commencement of that season given to fasting and abstinence: but how mutable is Fashion! The blooming breath of Spring has renovated all her attractions; and what will you say, when I assert, that the English fair would do well were they to copy the present chastened and retired dress of the French ladies. I assure you, I am shocked at the arrival of some of the English ladies here, on their appearance at the theatres; their gowns fall from their shoulders, and the more the bust is exposed, so they seem to think themselves more *en grande costume*. A modest French lady turns from such exposure in disgust, and has not unfrequently asked, "If a lady of rank was not *une fille de l'Opera*?"

Nothing is more close than the present walking dress in Paris: a celestial blue *pelisse*, trimmed with an elegant white fringe, a large bonnet, and the throat entirely concealed, is the favourite costume for the morning promenade. Black or green velvet spencers are also very general, and *pelelines* are now worn with triple collars; with these a small half silk handkerchief is tied round the throat. Those ladies who are out late at evening parties, or on a very cold morning, when seated in a *cabriole*, envelope themselves in a *carrick*, or wrapping coat, which has now six capes. The variety of hats is wonderful: the most fashionable are of green, bound with lilac, and their sole ornament is a small bunch of that flower. On straw hats, two white

drooping feathers, with a white bow of ribband, comprise the only decorations: these straw hats are mostly bound with a ribband the colour of the straw, in preference to any other: the crowns are high, and the brims partially turned up. Yellow hats of *Gros de Naples* are tied under the chin with a half handkerchief of blue gauze. Dress hats are of white, or different colours, and are finished at the edge by a full quilling, in large plaits, of either ribband or blond: on some of these hats is seen an elegant kind of garland, composed of down feathers.

Gowns for half-dress, or social and friendly meetings, are made of fine cambric or India muslin: they are, in general, beautifully embroidered round the border, instead of being flounced, with large leaves of raised muslin, on a ground of open work; and those dresses that are flounced, have a row of this kind of embroidery between each flounce, which are generally three, at equal distances from each other. White Merino crapes, with a *corsage* of green satin, are in high estimation for evening dresses; they are made rather short, with three distinct borders of green satin ribband, each about five inches broad.

A Circassian scarf of net silk has been much worn at the sacred concerts given by Madame Catalani during the holy week: to which has succeeded a scarf of the same material, diversely striped, entitled the *Rainbow*, or *Iris scarf*: it answers three purposes, being worn alternately as a turban, a sash, or a shawl.

An elegant dress hat, made of that rare and expensive material, the white Chinese velvet, ornamented with a bouquet of light coloured ranunculus, is much and justly admired. When the head is covered with a turban, the hair is very little seen; and is arranged in bands parted from the forehead: if the turban is formed of crape, it is generally enriched with a row of fine pearls; but when it is composed of the *Iris scarf*, the pearls are twisted round the band of hair. White or rose coloured *toques*, with white plumes of feathers, are the most prevailing Opera head-dress: the youthful female seldom wears any other head-dress than a simple *bandeau* of pearls, polished steel, or black bugles. At dinner parties caps of rose or straw colour, ornamented with white blond, are most general, sur-

mounted by a sprig of real auriculas. The French ladies are very partial to the silk called *Gros de Naples*; turbans of this material, if white, are ornamented with light green gauze; if they are of pale green, the trimming is dark.

Ball dresses consist of a three-quarters frock of white crape, over white satin. The frock is trimmed with three rows of crape *bouilloné*, and fastened in long puffs by small bows of white satin ribband: a white Persian sash confines the waist, which is made very short, and terminates in a bow behind with short ends. The hair is dressed *à-la-Sapho*, and round the bow behind is a circlet of spring flowers, to suit the trimming at the border of the satin slip, which is trimmed with flowers.

The favourite colours are yellow, grass-green, buff, and Spanish snuff colour: when a dress is made of buff colour, it is trimmed with black or violet; snuff colour dresses are trimmed with Pomona green, and *vice versa*.

COSTUME OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The long black hair of the Turkish ladies is divided into tresses and anointed with precious essences: they wear, descending to their ancles, a pair of drawers under their garments, which are in summer of embroidered muslin, and in the winter of silver tissue, silk, or gold brocade. When a Turkish lady goes to the bath, she is dressed magnificently, and her long cloak and veil conceal the richest and most expensive garments underneath. Their flowing robes are bound with a girdle of that most beautiful wool, the cachemire, and which, in fineness, far surpasses the texture of silk. These girdles are valued at £25 sterling: they are generally embroidered at the ends, and though an ell wide and three long, they can be passed through a wedding ring. Two crescents of fine pearls ornament the black hair which covers their temples, and the Indian handkerchiefs with which they crown their heads are decorated with diamonds. They use a quantity of perfumes, particularly the Otto of Roses, and may be said as they walk to be surrounded with odours.

REMARKS

-ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

In Germany, and in particular at Vienna, they adopted the Spanish *costume* for full dress and visits of ceremony. The Princesses were generally clad in white or coloured robes, the border of which was of such a consistence, that it could not form the slightest fold or plait. Over this robe they wore a kind of tunic of black, which was made so open in front that all the skirt of the under garment was discovered. As to the feet, the robe covered them entirely. The head was adorned with a little hat, or cap, which was not very high, and it may be said that the Germans formerly dressed so modestly that, except the face, every other charm was carefully concealed: but to make amends, they drew all the attention of gazers by the superb chains of gold which they wore round their necks: their chief dress consisted of black robes, and very fine and beautifully white linen. Nevertheless, at the latter period of the fatal thirty years war, the pomp of dress, and the taste for fashion, arrived at a very high pitch: there was not a fashion on the face of the earth, that the Germans did not endeavour to imitate: there were no means that coquetry left untried, to give *eclat* to beauty. The German ladies had recourse to all kinds of cosmetics to smooth and embellish the skin; they placed abundance of patches on their faces, blackened their eye-brows, and made themselves artificial complexions of lillies and roses. A German lady did not fancy herself handsomely dressed if she had not very full sleeves, a large farthingale, or an immense hoop; her handkerchief enormously puffed out, her shoes with heels like stilts, a shining mask, or a veil of gauze before her face. Women of distinction would send to Paris for dolls, dressed in the newest fashion, to serve them as models: they did more; they sent thither for tailors and sempstresses, in order to procure their fashions from the right source. In a word, the Parisians were then as they are now, in possession of that sovereignty which gives laws to fashion, and nothing was thought worth wearing that did not come from France.

The same diversity which distinguished the ladies of the principal European nations in dress, might be seen also in the different state of the wives in different countries. What a difference in the lot of a Spanish, to that of a French wife! The former lived in continual seclusion like the women of Asia. The Spanish ladies were more shut up like prisoners in their own houses, than the Nuns of a convent. The wife was not allowed to receive any male visitor without the permission of her husband: when she went to take the air, she was shut up in a close carriage: at table she was seated separately from her husband and his guests, with only her children to bear her company, and it was very seldom that she received any guests of her own: she shared the affections of her husband with a chosen mistress, and even with the lowest concubine. This restraint was felt, however, more or less according to the rank of the husband: even the Queen was obliged to content herself with the society of her ladies in waiting, and her dressers, and in employing herself in embroidery, exercising herself in the duties of religion, and was seldom seen without her rosary in her hand. The ladies in waiting were, properly speaking, nothing more than the *Chaperares*, or, duennas of the Princess; and they, themselves, were often under the strict watch of the *Guardodamas*, (a kind of Kishlar Aga). But, however retired were the lives of the Spanish ladies, still the young cavaliers set a great value on the happiness of seeing them, though only for a few minutes. The tender homage felt by a Spaniard for the object of his love, could never be equalled

in delicacy by any of the sentiments professed by lovers of any other country. It must be confessed though, that this respectful gallantry was often subject to the infliction of assassination, or the administration of poison. This continual danger to which gallants exposed themselves, gave additional charms to their enjoyments; and put them, and the object of their desires, to their wits, to invent every kind of expedient to favour their meeting: a religious ceremony about to take place at such a church, a retired walk, a visit to a female friend, and a thousand other pretences often drew two lovers together. Some were reduced to the necessity of expressing their sentiments by signs; and in these they were made proficient from their earliest infancy. The lover thought himself happy in inflicting on himself corporeal punishment in the sight of his mistress: he pierced his body with wounds, or combated a wild and savage bull, running the severest danger in presence of the object of his love; while many past whole nights sighing under the windows of their adored donna. The ladies belonging to the court had each a separate lover, but they were obliged to content themselves with only beholding them from their *jalousies*; though on particular court days they had opportunities of conversing with them, but only in presence of the King and Queen. Although the Spanish ladies knew not then how to read or write, they knew how to express themselves with much elegance, and to display both wit and sprightliness in conversation.

MARCUS:

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—This theatre is now about to close until after Easter, when it is expected to open again with *Alexander and Appelles*. The managers mean to have a fortnight's recess; the other theatres will only close for three or four days.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.—*Sketch of the new Vaudeville of Fortunatus.*—Those who are in the habit of reading French romances, will no doubt recollect that of *Felime and Tangu*. The author of *Fortunatus* has not wandered from the text of

the writer of the romance. The young and beautiful *Clairette*, the daughter of a poor wood-cutter, named *Rigolo*, has been met in the forest by a handsome cavalier, whose horse has fallen under him; she runs to assist the beautiful youth, who, in recompence, gives her a ring, and promises to marry her. *Clairette* falls deeply in love with him, and *Fortunatus*, the name of the young man, has quitted his paternal home to seek his fortune: this fickle Goddess presided at his birth. She appears to *Fortunatus*, and offers to endow him with beauty, strength, wisdom, or riches: he chooses the latter, and receives a purse which will never be empty. The Goddess, however, gives him this caution—"Think well, and reflect that riches are only profitable to him that knows how to use them well."—*Fortunatus* fancies himself the happiest of mankind: in the mean time, in the midst of a forest, he has no way of spending his wealth. He is obliged to have recourse to *Rigolo*, and to take his share of the meal of a poor woodcutter.

Fortunatus soon forgets *Clairette* and his promises; he aspires to the hand of the Princess *Olorinda*, sister to the *Marquis della Longa Spada*: hence proceeds a chain of numerous adventures. *Fortunatus* presents himself at the chateau of the *Marquis*, where he is treated as an adventurer, led to prison, and deprived of his magical purse. *Clairette*, disguised as a page, delivers *Fortunatus*, who, faithful to his first love, acknowledges her for his bride. Fortune again appears, and provides amply for the youthful pair.

The versification of this piece is simple and elegant: a few hisses opposed those who applauded, but on the whole the piece went off well, and promises to be a favourite.

At the various other theatres in Paris nothing new has been introduced since the commencement of Lent, except at the Theatre de l'Opera Comique, and the Vaudeville, when at the former a heavy piece, entitled *The Incognito*, was justly condemned; and a piece at the latter, entitled *Les deux Rencontres*, met with a most formidable hissing, and was supposed to have been written by a very old actor of eighty years of age.

No. 89.—Vol. XIII.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Chronicles of an Illustrious House; or the Peer, the Lawyer, and the Hunchback. A novel, in five volumes. By Anne of Saxe. Newman and Co. 1816.

If our cotemporary reviewers will take courage to toil through five volumes, a vehicle certainly too immense for the containing any tale of fiction, they will find their trouble repaid by the entertainment and interest afforded in this publication: at the same time truth compels us to observe, that many of its characters are overstrained, and almost out of nature, and the quotations from Shakspeare, &c. produced on every occasion by the Hunchback, are too close an imitation of those of the old soldier in the late Mrs. Bennet's excellent, though somewhat prolix, novel of *The Beggar Girl*.

In the first chapter of the first volume of these chronicles, we find ourselves introduced to the hero, under the name of Montague, a protégé of the Earl of Lindermere, and this Montague, in company with his friend, Captain Auberley, a man of loose principles and conduct, yet in the end open to repentance, are entering the shop of a pawnbroker, where the Captain deposits the miniature of his intended bride. An interesting scene, requisite to the winding up of the plot, takes place at the pawnbroker's: a girl enters to pledge a cross of gold for half-a-guinea, which is refused, the man declaring the cross is not gold. Montague follows her out, and beholds her mother turned out of doors by an unfeeling landlady, for non-payment of her lodgings, he relieves the sick and helpless being, placing her and her daughter in decent lodgings, and in calling the next day to inquire after the mother's health, she discovers a letter on his thumb, impressed by gunpowder, which announces him to be Louis St. Vallory, and his extreme resemblance to his father, together with this indelible mark, convinces her it is him, and that the cross belonged to his mother, Anzoline St. Vallory, the wife of Mr. Delaval. Henry Montague, as he is still called, possessing himself of the cross, shews it to his patron, the Earl, asking him if he recollects it? The Earl, who is made as wicked

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as can be, denies all knowledge of it, but the discovery throws the gout into his stomach. Dying as vicious as he has lived, he tells Henry that this L impressed on his thumb was made by a schoolfellow of the name of Leeson, since dead, and that he, the Earl, is sorry to inform him; is the twin brother of a cobbler at Hannington, in Wiltshire; the Countess of Lindermere being travelling through that place when the old cobbler was lamenting his incapability to provide for this increase of family, she generously took Henry home, and had him educated with Cecil, her son, naming him Montague, by desire of a female friend. After this fabricated tale the Earl dies, the prey of despair and conscience-struck horror: he, nevertheless, warns his son, in a solemn manner, to beware of avarice and revenge.

Shortly after, the youthful Montague is involved in a debt of honour, and is obliged to take up his residence in the King's Bench: the young Earl of Lindermere frees him from his confinement, reminds him of their early friendship, and requests him to consider his house his home. Henry's first visit after his release is to the widow Harrowby, when, to his inexpressible regret, he finds her dead. We are next introduced to the lawyer, a worthy man, of the name of Northington, and a sincere friend to Montague, who declares his resolution to Mr. Northington to seek out and acknowledge his twin brother, in his way to Elmwood, whither the lawyer is about to take Henry on a visit to Sir Edward Trelawney: to enable him to take this journey, he receives a cheque from Lord Lindermere on his banker for a thousand pounds. This brother and his wife are the most ignorant and illiterate of their class, and though Crispin is in possession of a good and grateful heart, yet he is such by nature and habit as is sufficient for that of Montague to close itself against acknowledging him a brother. Crispin, though proud to call Henry by that title, can hardly credit the news, for he declares his brother had a hunchback and a very pointed chin; but he humourously remarks, that as London is famous for doctors, he supposes they either knew how to cure the former, or to cut it off.

In the fourth chapter we are introduced

to the lovely heroine, the Honourable Miss Fitzaubin, who proves to be the original of the picture pledged by Captain Aubertley, whose addresses are partly accepted by her friends, but he is soon rejected by the lady: and here, too, we find the Hunchback, under the name of Mullins, in the train of Lady Elizabeth Plastic, afterwards Countess of Lindermere. Mullins is supposed to be the natural son of a Mr. Jefferson, who, on account of being privy to some important secrets, extorts large sums from Lord Lindermere.

Henry and Emily Fitzaubin are not long in discovering their mutual passion, and make protestations of the same with every proper degree of delicate frankness on the part of the lady, and self-conviction of his own obscure lot on that of her lover.

In a party at a watering-place are found Mr. and Mrs. Dip, the husband a tallow chandler retired from business; but tradespeople are not now so very illiterate as this couple are made out. An important incident takes place in volume the third: Montague is attacked by a robber, who proves to be a sailor, urged on by the distresses of his niece to desperation. He turns out to be the very man who imprinted the L on the thumb of Henry, and his sister is the girl, Lucy Harrowby, who was first seen by Montague, when pledging the cross of gold.

The Earl of Lindermere, who is guilty of every modish vice, in which gaming preponderates, soon becomes a widower, and to retrieve the shattered state of his finances, he pays his addresses to Miss Dorothy Dip, the niece of the *ci-devant* tallow chandler, who is to have a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. This young lady is made out so excessively vulgar, ill bred, and illiterate, that it takes from the reader all that interest he might otherwise feel at the ingenuousness of her character, and Squire Ashberry must be a queer kind of a country gentleman to love such a being for herself alone.

Another unnatural incident is Crispin Parkins, the supposed brother of Montague, coming on a sudden in possession of sixty thousand pounds per annum, and being made a Knight: he comes to London, and evinces the goodness of his heart, by offering this brother a share of his

wealth: from accepting this offer the mind of Henry recoils. In the mean time, by an almost constant residence with the Earl of Lindermere, Montague is drawn in to make one in his Lordship's midnight orgies: his finances being inadequate to support such a way of life, he is almost on the point of contracting a marriage with a Lady Selwyn, a woman of agreeable person, but arrived at a certain age.

A discovery is now made that Mullins the hunchback, is not the son of Jefferson: Northington, at the first sight of him, had discovered in him a great likeness to the former cobbler of Hannington; and the force of blood speaks so strongly for him in the heart of Sir Crispin Parkins, that he settles on him a handsome income, when he is left destitute. The Hunchback, by no means a bad character, is pleased to be so nearly allied to such a wealthy man, is fully sensible of the obligation; and it is discovered in the end that the *ci-devant* cobbler was not mistaken, when the voice of kindred spoke to his affections.

It is utterly impossible for us to trace out the numerous characters and elucidations in this work, though all of them are requisite to the history; suffice it to say, that the father of Montague is found in India, and accompanies a Captain Ormond to England, whose wife proves to be the sister of Montague, who had been abandoned by the Dips to obtain her wealth, and who, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, had entered the situation unknown by them, after a lapse of near twenty years, as Mrs. Dip's companion, under the name of Miss Evelyn.

An explanation takes place, rather *outré*, at a rout given by Mrs. Dip, on the arrival of the father of Henry, known by the appellation of Mr. Delaval, but who turns out to be Lionel, Earl of Fitzaubin.

Amongst the documents relative to Henry's real birth, are found papers belonging to the late Earl of Lindermere, entitled his confessions. The confidential valet of the present Earl, at the point of death, sends for Montague; about to make some discovery, death arrests his speech, and all he is able to utter is, "In the library—papers of consequence—cabinet."

The total ruin of Lord Lindermere follows, and all that he retains of value comes

under the hammer: amongst other things purchased by the St. Aubin family, is the important cabinet, declared by his Lordship only to contain a few coins; here, in a secret recess, is found the important packet of confessions, wherein the Earl acknowledged that illicit love, envy, revenge, and avarice combined, urged him on to deprive Louis St. Vallory of his just inheritance: willing, however, to make all the restitution in his power, he bequeaths to him the estate which is his due, and trusts to the virtues of Cecil, his son, to make to Louis the awful discovery. It has been seen how the dying request of a parent were fulfilled. On the discovery of his guilt, ruined in circumstances, and unable to endure worldly shame, Lord Lindermere puts an end to his existence by a pistol.

The worthy lawyer, Northington, produces also other documents, and Henry, otherwise Louis St. Aubin, is established in all his just rights, which, though it diminishes the fortune of his lovely cousin, that is soon amended, by the marriage of the happy pair.

The above work is certainly above the common routine of modern novels, but it wants the pruning knife: the story of the Persian is unnatural, like that of Don Ximenes, and only serves to swell the volumes. Never before conversion did a Mahometan call any place in Christendom "the happy land of Christiauity."

After the above sketch, it is impossible for us to give any extract from so voluminous a work; it consists, indeed, chiefly of conversations, narrative, and long misspelt epistles from the subordinate characters.

The fair author, however, discovers great ease of style, and evinces throughout a well informed mind: that she has profoundly read is past a doubt, since her quotations are replete with taste and beauty, and are all aptly applied.

Mr. C. S. Gilbert will soon publish, in two royal quarto volumes, a *Historical Survey of Cornwall*, illustrated by numerous engravings, from drawings by Mr. H. Parker, jun.

Mr. J. T. James is printing a *Journal of a Tour on the Continent*, in 1813-14, com-

prising descriptions of Berlin, Stockholm, Petersburg, Moscow, &c.

Mr. Scoresby has in the press the *History of East and West Greenland, and the Northern Whale Fishery*.

Mr. Wm. Wilkins, architect, will soon publish in an octavo volume, with plates, *Atheniensiæ, or Remarks on the Buildings and Topography of Athens*.

Memoirs of the late Thomas Holcroft, written by himself, and continued to the time of his death, from his diary, notes, and other papers, will soon appear in three duodecimo volumes.

Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell and his Children, supposed to be written by himself, will soon appear in three duodecimo volumes.

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.—It is the just and laudable pride of Great Britain that professions and trades, which in other countries are looked on with scorn, are often with us a passport to wealth and independence. Even this is not confined to the individuals whose industry and economy have raised them from obscurity to affluence, but extends its beneficial effects to all, shedding its influence and its bounty upon all ages and almost upon all ranks, until the heaven-born rays of liberty and of knowledge expand through the political hemisphere, bringing every object into the same equal tint of light, yet preserving the keeping and harmony of the whole picture. We are led to this chain of thought by contemplating the progress of that highly beneficial institution, Merchant Taylors' School, which, though not the oldest in the metropolis, has existed since the year 1561, in the parish of St. Lawrence Pountney, originally established by the corporate company of that name in a house formerly inhabited by the Duke of Buckingham, and called the "Manor of the Rose," and bought by Mr. Richard Hills, then Master of the Taylor's Company, for the sum of five hundred pounds, and for the purpose of erecting it into a free school.

To foreigners it may seem strange that a society of taylors should have thus erected a literary monument for themselves; but

it may surprize them more when we recount a few of those who have accepted the honour of being ranked amongst the corporate members of a handicraft which, even in present times of liberality, is supposed to require a multiple of *nine* to put it on a footing with other occupations. Amongst the taylors of rank and eminence we have to enumerate seven kings, one queen, seventeen princes and dukes, two duchesses, one archbishop, one-and-thirty earls, five countesses, one viscount, four-and-twenty bishops, sixty-six barons, two ladies, and many others, independent of the great, the high, and the mighty, who have been enrolled of later days, and who, after thrashing the jackets of our enemies abroad, have not been ashamed to be tacked to the roll of the makers of jackets at home.

The original school met with the fate of many others by the fire of London, but it was most nobly and generously rebuilt by the patron company, and erected in Suffolk-lane, upon a liberal and elegant plan, being built of brick, with eight large Ionic pillars in front, and embracing all the additions which had been made to it before that date by Archbishop Laud.

The advantages, both for present education and for University attendance, are very great; we shall therefore go into that part of the subject at some length, in order to render this sketch as useful as possible. It is therefore proper to mention, that the establishment consists of three hundred boys, one hundred of whom are to be taught gratis, by the laws of the founders. Fifty more pay only half-a-crown a quarter, and another hundred only pay double the sum.

To educate these there is a master whose salary is only ten pounds per annua, with thirty shillings for water; but then he is allowed the quarterage of the scholars: if we add to this that the character of the school has always been very high, that classical scholars and men of personal merit have always been selected for masters, it is not surprizing that the anxious wish of parents to have their children educated here has always given such a number of additional scholars, whose payments are liberal, that the situation is both lucrative and honourable. Though the

master's salary is only sixty pounds, yet the first usher, or second master as he is now called, had from the first thirty-five pounds per annum; the last two, or third and under masters, the sum of twenty-five pounds annually for each.

But a very considerable addition to their appointments exists in their domestic arrangements, for the master has a very handsome house contiguous to the school; and in the original building there are good apartments for the other teachers, besides an excellent library. Nothing, indeed, can be more judicious than such arrangements for the education of youth; for, in the first place, we cannot expect any gentleman to go through the laborious duty of a school-master, unless his mind is completely at ease with respect to his immediate wants; but, if it shall be objected that men enjoying a certain salary too often render it a sinecure, the objection does not lay here, since exertion is absolutely required by adding private scholars to public ones, and as the private boys are necessarily distributed amongst the six forms of the school, it follows that none can be neglected, whether gratuitously educated or not.

To ensure justice, however, to all, and to maintain literary exertions by all the scholars, this school is particularly strict in examinations, for the master and his three assistants are obliged to have four annual probations, as they are called, on the 1st of March, September, and December, and on the 15th of June, unless those days fall on Sunday, when Monday is appointed.

All of these are provided for by strict regulations, the first three being of the original appointment, and the last established in 1645, on the suggestion of Mr. Dugard, who was at that time head master of the institution. This new probation was so much patronized by the first scholars and most pious divines of that period, that we find no less than five of the most eminent doctors of divinity of the metropolis, including the Dean of St. Paul's (Overall), sedulously employed in drawing up the regulations for it, which are still strictly attended to.

There is another regulation at this school, which is, we believe, unique in our scholastic annals; that is, that there are examinations for the masters, as well as for

the boys. Soon after Mr. Dugard's time, the corporate body under whose patronage the school exists, appointed two annual examinations, on the 11th and 12th of March and September, to be held in that part of the school called the chapel, and between the hours of six and eleven in the morning. To enforce obedience to this rule, it was directed that the master and wardens of the company, or any two of them, should be at the school at six in the morning, accompanied by two men of learning, and sufficiently skilled in the classical languages to enable them to make the necessary probation.

There was also another public institution connected with this school, but it is a subject of regret that for many years it has been discontinued. It was called a feast, first established in 1698, and was accompanied by collections, which were for the benefit of the exhibitions at the University, as well as for the partial solace of such scholars as became superannuated, or lost their elections. In fact, this school is said to have been intended as a nursery, or seminary, for St. John's College, at Oxford, founded in 1557, by Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London, and a man of most extensive benevolence.

That college possesses fifty fellowships, forty-three of which are to be chosen from Merchant Taylors' School, including six which are to be reserved for the kindred of the founder; and the school has now the privilege of sending six exhibitors to the college, of whom four are dependent on the foundation of the college, become scholars on their admission, and succeed to fellowships as they occur, whilst the remaining two are upon a foundation of a private individual, Dr. Andrew, who left a handsome sum in the three per cents. for the purchase of a freehold estate, in trust after the demise of some relatives, ordering at first that four scholarships should be founded for the school at Trinity College. But Trinity declining to interfere with the donation upon that plan, the matter was referred to Chancery; after an agreement between Merchant Taylors' Company and the residuary legatee; and St. John's accepting the donation, it was found fully sufficient for two scholarships.

Before we close the subject, it will not

be irrelevant to take a slight notice of the worthy personage to whom this school is so much indebted. He was a native of Berkshire, and slightly educated at Reading, from whence he was apprenticed to a taylor, in London, at the early age of twelve years; but this did not prevent him from paying due attention to his younger compatriots when fortune enabled him to gratify the honest feelings of his worthy heart. Whatever was done of a remarkable and unusual nature in those early times, was always supposed to be under supernatural influence, of course his foundation of St. John's College is accounted for upon a similar principle. It has been recorded by the early Oxford historians that he was directed, in a dream, to build his college near to the spot where he should find two elm trees growing out of one root, for which purpose he went first to Cambridge, but without success, and then proceeding to Oxford, he, after a most laborious research, discovered the object of his inquiry, on a spot between the library and the garden. Overjoyed with his discovery, he dismounted from his horse, and gave thanks to Heaven, determining there to complete his pious and liberal plan.

Finally, to expatiate further upon the regulations of this liberal endowment is unnecessary, particularly when we record the names of the present learned and energetic instructors on the establishment. These are the Rev. Thomas Cherry, M. A., together with the Rev. J. Ellis, M. A., Rev. H. B. Wilson, B. A., and the Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, M. A. all of whom are not only attentive to the affairs of the school, but are also extremely ready to give every information personally to those who are interested in making inquiries.

CHRONOLOGY.—THE IDES OF MARCH.

FROM A FRENCH JOURNAL.

EXTRAORDINARY events in all ages of the world have given fearful celebrity to the month of March: it has been long a subject of chimerical fears to some, and of guilty hopes to others. Amidst so many various sentiments, the month of March, 1816, has passed away without noise, and without disturbance, thus disappointing at

once the timid who startle at every thing, and the bold who tremble at nothing.

This month was remarkable to the nations of Italy even before Romulus placed it at the head of his calendar. At Rome they commenced the *Comitiæ* in March; in March also the Vestals renewed the sacred fire; the young men assumed the *Toga libera seu virilis*; the new magistrates entered upon office: in this month also was held the festival of the *Ancilia*, or Sacred Buckler, instituted by Numa, on the occasion of a buckler which he pretended he saw descending from heaven, and which he regarded as a sacred pledge of the eternal duration of Rome. It is in this month also, that the Emperor of China celebrates the feast of Tillage, and the Persians that of the Royal, or Imperial year.

One thing particular in the month of March is, that in France it has frequently formed part of two different years: it finished the one and began the other. Easter Sunday, which was then the first day of the year, not unfrequently divided into two parts the month of March. Charles IX. reformed the calendar; he first ordered that the year in France should commence in the month of January.

March was fatal to Julius Cæsar; and the Emperors Alexander, Severus, and Pertinax were assassinated in this month. Antoninus died on the 7th of March, and Marcus Aurelius on the 17th. Rome, in short, might have reckoned this month as the most unfortunate for the empire, if it had not also been delivered from the cruel Tiberius and the infamous Heliogabalus in the same month. If we turn our eyes to the East, we find that Saladin, the hero of Asia; Bajazet, the Nero of his age; and the great Haroun-al-Raschid, the contemporary and friend of Charlemagne, died in this ominous month.

To return to Europe, it was in March that the Sicilian Vespers chimed; that Leopold I. Emperor of Germany, erected a scaffold in Hungary, on which the noblest blood flowed for nine months. It was on the 16th of March, 1792, that the King of Sweden, Gustavus III. was assassinated; on the 10th of March, 1793, that the Revolutionary Committees were first established in France; on the 23d of March, 1803, that the Emperor Paul, of Russia, met an un-

timely end. In March, 1569, Louis I. of the branch of Condé, and uncle to Henry IV. perished at the battle of Jarnac, killed by Montesquieu, Captain of the Guards of the Duke of Anjou. In March, 1588, his son, Henry I. and the second Prince of the Condé race, was poisoned at St. Jean d'Angely. On the 21st of March, 1804, a gallant young Prince of the blood of the Condés, was assassinated at Vincennes, by Bonaparte.

Let us now hasten to ward off the anathema which is preparing on the lips of some of our readers against the month of March, by citing some more agreeable events in its chronicles. In March, the first civil war in France was terminated: the French Academy was instituted under Louis XIV.; the battle of Ivry was gained by Henry IV. over the Leaguers: it was also in March, 1594, that Paris opened its gates to Henry IV. when he made his grand entrance. In March, 1814, the Allies signed the famous treaty, by which a regular and free Government was given to France. In March, 1815, the Usurper returned, by the permission of Providence only to increase her blessings: he, and all his satellites, the disgrace of the age in which they lived, have since been banished for ever from the soil which they so long polluted. And finally, if in July the first blood flowed in France in consequence of the awful revolution, it was in July also that the Bourbons were more firmly seated on the throne of their ancestors than ever. So ends this strange eventful history.

THE BAZAARS.

THE word Bazaar in the Eastern language, signifies a market place: in the Turkish and Persian dominions, they are appropriated to the sale of goods of every description, together with the traffic of slaves, both male and female; and on stated days for horses, mules, &c. &c. In the East Indies these Bazaars are still market places, and consist chiefly in the sale of various foreign goods, the rich shawls and painted satins and taffeties fabricated in India, with small Gentoo idols, cabinets, and different articles of jewellery, &c.: but they are not altogether like the Bazaars now opened in London, and a much more appropriate

name is given to a repository for the sale of various articles in St. James's-street.

The shops, or rather stalls of the London Bazaars, have a much nearer assimilation to some of those in the Palais Royale, or to the millinery and trinket booths in the famous French fair of St. Germain, than to any thing Eastern. The best of these morning lounges is that in Soho-square, where the eye is gratified by a versatile assortment of every tasteful article, and the cravings of fancy are strongly tempted to depart with an empty purse.

While, however, we may in part lament the temporary injury these Bazaars may inflict on the established shopkeeper, yet they have this great advantage, they employ a number of females, for the shops are all kept by women; and they bring forth to the public eye those productions of taste and elegance, at a fair and moderate price, which are not to be met with in our public shops.

Though we have given our meed of preference to the Bazaar of Soho-square, yet they all have a claim to our praise for the tasteful manner in which they are fitted up: that in Leicester-square being chiefly appropriated for the sale of female apparel, wants, of course, variety to recommend it; the same may be said of that in Newman-street, Oxford-road; these two have a sameness which we do not discover in the others. That in Bond-street is tasteful, and its situation generally causes it to be fashionably attended. In St. James's-street the articles are well chosen, and the company, in general, very select. Oxford-house, in the Strand, is in the way of improvement; its situation is so central that it ought to be good; for from every part of the town it is likely to obtain a crowd of daily visitors.

COMPARISONS FOR LADIES' FORTUNES.

Extempore by a Gentleman who was called upon to compare every Lady in the room to a Flower.

You are like the rose, the queen of flowers, the first to be noticed and always the most to be valued.

You are like the blue bell, the bell (*belle*) of all other flowers.

You are like the modest primrose that peeps beneath the thorn.

You are like the sweet hidden violet which from concealment takes us by surprise, and enchants us with its sweetness.

You are like the lily, surpassing all other flowers, for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of those, for he was not innocent and you are.

You are like a polyanthus, which blushes very pretty behind the garden gate.

You are like a potatoe, you are liked every where.

You are like a turnip, that must be cut up before you can be used.

You are like a carrot, because you are sometimes mixed with other good vegetables.

You are like the sweet and chaste snow-drop, which all admire as soon as they perceive.

You are like the sweet pea, and your supporter is your husband

You are like the graceful vine, your eyes like its fruit intoxicating our senses.

You are like an apple, that a man would lose the world to obtain.

You are like a pear beyond compare.

You are like a myrtle, Venus's own flower.

H.

BIRTHS.

At the Duke of Orleans' house at Twickenham, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, of a daughter.

At his Lordship's house, in Great Cumberland-street, the Right Honourable Lady Bagot, of a son.

At Midgeham House, Berks, the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Quin, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Huntley Lodge, North Britain, the most noble the Marquis of Tweedle, to the Right Hon. Lady Susan Montague, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Manchester.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Lord Rendlesham, of Rendlesham, Suffolk, to Ann Sophia, daughter of W. Tatnall, Esq. of Leiston Old Abbey, in the same county.

Simon Marrott, cordwainer, to Sarah Thomas, both of Wisbech. The bridegroom has been both deaf and dumb from his birth, as is also his brother Jacob Marrott, and Henry Willis, who, with a large concourse of people, attended the

couple to church; and afterwards joyously spent the day with their numerous acquaintances.—The above marriage reminds us of a singular one that took place at Leicester, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; it is recorded as follows:—"Thomas Tilsey, of Leicester, to Ursula Russet; the said Thomas being deaf and dumb, for expressing of his mind, instead of words, of his own accord used these signs: first he embraced her with his arms, took her by the hand, and put a ring on her finger, and laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and to shew his continuance to dwell with her to his life's end, he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet; and pulling as though he rung a bell, with other signs that were approved."

DIED..

In Lower Grosvenor-street, aged ninety years, the Dowager Lady Hamilton, widow of the late General Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart. the last surviving daughter of Sir John Heathcote, Bart. of Normanton, Rutland, and aunt of the present Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

At Mansfield, Mrs. Unwin, widow of the late W. Unwin, Esq. This lady was at Mansfield church the preceding Sunday, and was so much affected by the shock of the earthquake, that she never recovered it, and it is supposed to have been the premature cause of her death. She had been a widow 42 years.

William Walker, Esq. of the Manor House, at Hayes, in Middlesex, whose eminent abilities as a practical astronomer, and agreeable delivery as an orator, have instructed and amused the young people of this country for many years. By the simple and agreeable mode which Mr. Walker contrived, of representing the motions and appearances in the Eidouranion, an interest was given to this divine science which could scarcely be excited by any other means; and the clearness of his delivery, joined to a selection of the parts of astronomy best calculated to please and awaken the reverence of a general audience, were such as must be long remembered with pleasure by all who have ever heard him. His conversation was extremely agreeable; and very few persons possessed more subjects of general information, and amusing anecdotes, especially of great literary and scientific men. He has left a widow and an amiable family to deplore a loss in which all his friends join with the most sincere regret.

In Bridge-street, Westminster, Dr. Duiguenan, M. P. We need not remind our readers of the long and uniform opposition opposed by the learned Doctor to the Catholic claims. He was for many years a Judge in Ireland, a Privy Councillor, and a staunch supporter of existing governments. He died at an advanced age.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A Correct Likeness of her Imperial Highness MARIA LOUISA, Duchess of Parma and Placentia, late EMPRESS of FRANCE.
2. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in the COBOURG WALKING DRESS.
3. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in a RIDING DRESS.
4. A New SONG, Composed expressly for this Work, by Mr. D. CORRI.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

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JUNE 1, 1816,



The late Empress Maria Louise.

Published by John Bell, 17, June 1816.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For MAY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND
DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-fourth Number.

MARIA LOUISA, LATE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

THE fate and fall of Napoleon Bonaparte will form an historical lesson for future ages. When the passions, the principles, and the prejudices of the present day are worn away in the lapse of time, the politician, the moralist, and the sentimentalist will contemplate our events in the same dark mirror of obscurity that we now do those of Xerxes, of Bajazet, and of Montezuma; but whilst they view the acts of Cromwell and of Bonaparte as mere counterparts of each other, without discriminating the varieties connected with each, even whilst they perhaps hold up Napoleon as an example of constancy under adversity and change of fortune, may we not suppose that some will perchance bestow a share of praise, for the same virtues, upon the late Empress of France. At present we are so warped by our own feelings, and justly too, against Napoleon himself, that we scarcely stop to pity or appreciate the sufferings or the constancy of his wife. For him she must feel; and though we may blame her judgment in voluntarily choosing such a companion, we ought to make allowances for her prejudices, and consequently to admire the conjugal virtue and political constancy of the wife and the mother. In No. 51, of this work, we have given her biography whilst an Empress; we now view her in a new character. Daughter of an Emperor, and seated on an imperial throne, nature and society could scarce do any thing further for her; beyond that there could be no worldly advancement. Now, with all the passions and all the prejudices which such an elevation must have produced, we see her hurled from a throne, separated for ever from her

husband, and though suffered to preserve her child, yet beholding that child stripped of its promised inheritance! We say not that it ought not to be; but we contend, nevertheless, that the woman who can with equanimity support such a change, deserves to be happy. Whilst Napoleon lives, however, she can know nothing of domestic comfort; for though a divorce may be followed by a second marriage for political purposes, such a woman is not likely to be happy under such circumstances.

No longer Empress of France, we must therefore commiserate her as Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla; though there are thousands who would consider such a rank as the highest blessing of ambition. Yet even in that situation she may feel comparatively happy in promoting the happiness of those placed under her care, as subjects, by the general consent of Europe. Hitherto those duchies have suffered much from political changes; first in possession of the Lombards, until Pope Paul III. bestowed them upon his son the founder of the Farnese family; then given to the Bourbon family of the Spanish branch; next occupied, plundered, and enslaved by republican France, and now placed under the Austrian dominion, for such they are in fact, the Emperor having hitherto nominally, and no doubt still absolutely, exercised the supreme power in behalf of his daughter.

May Maria Louisa give and receive, in those minute dominions, that political happiness which it was impossible she could ever enjoy or impart when seated on her imperial throne!

B b 2

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

(Continued from Page 150.)

SUPERIOR GODS.—JUPITER.

IT was in a cave called Dictea, in Crete, that Rhea was delivered of Jupiter. She committed the infant to the charge of two of the country nymphs named Melisses, who fed him with the milk of the goat Amalthæa. When Jupiter had obtained supreme authority he placed her among the constellations the same as her two kids: one of her horns, that became the horn of plenty, was given as remuneration to the nymphs. In the mean time, to prevent the cries of the babe being overheard and betraying the secret of its birth, some of the country priests, called Curetes, or Corybantes, or Idean Dactyles, would dance round the cave by the sound of drums and bells, so as to cover its voice by their tumultuous noise; they afterwards educated the youth, and the Cretans, from a sense of gratitude, placed them amongst those deities that were considered the guarantees of covenants.

Jupiter had not yet attained the age of manhood before he was told by Cybele that he might dethrone his father if he could only liberate the Cyclopes that were confined in Tartarus. The better to succeed in his enterprise, he associated with Metis, the Goddess of Prudence; who advised him to administer to Saturn a potion that made him first throw up the stone that he had devoured, and next Neptune and Pluto. Jupiter then descended into Tartarus, slew Campea, the keeper, who refused to let the Cyclopes out, and set them at liberty. From them he received his thunderbolts: they also made presents to Neptune of his trident, and to Pluto of the helmet that renders him invisible. The three brothers being thus armed, waged war against Saturn, whom the Titans endeavoured in vain to protect and assist. Saturn was overpowered, and treated by his sons as has been related in the history we have given of him. The Titans, his allies, were thrown into Tartarus, and the Heca-

tonchises, or giants with an hundred arms, committed to watch over them.

The three conquering Gods thought of dividing among themselves the empire of which they had dispossessed their father. Jupiter had the heavens for his share, Neptune the seas, and Pluto the infernal regions. Their power had scarcely been established when it was threatened with ruin by the Giants. These audacious offspring of Uranus, on account of their prodigious strength, were formidable foes, and inspired even the Gods with fear and terror.

The chiefs among them were Enceladus, Briareus, Polybotes, Alcyoneus, Porphyrio, the two Aloides, Ephialtes, Otos, Eurytus, Elytius, Tityus, Pallas, Hippolytus, Agrius and Thaon, Typhæus also joined them, whom the prince of poets represents as more formidable than all the other giants put together; he was said to be born of Juno and the vapours from the earth. This monster had a hundred heads, and from his hundred mouths issued devouring flames and such horrid roaring that they frightened both men and Gods. His enormous stature reached from the earth up to the sky; the upper part of his body was covered with impenetrable feathers, and the lower part wrapped up in hideous serpents. He had married Echina, half a woman half a serpent, by whom he had issue the Gorgon, Geryon, Cerberus, the Hydra of Lerua, the Sphinx, and all the monsters mentioned in mythology.

The Giants heaped up mountains upon mountains, and threatened to scale the heavens in order to dislodge the son of Saturn. Most of the Gods were alarmed, deserted Olympus, and disguised themselves in the shape of the vilest of the brute creation; Jupiter himself was frightened. An oracle had foretold that the Giants could be overpowered only by means of the assistance of a mortal; Jupiter accordingly called his son Hercules to aid him. Bacchus, in the shape of a lion, signalized himself

also in that war. The Giants were finally defeated, some were crushed under the mountains that they had been heaping up; Briareus was buried in the abysses of the seas, and the rest were thrown into Tartarus.

Typhæus alone still offered resistance, in hopes of avenging his vanquished associates: he advanced against Olympus; but the bolt which Jupiter shot at him only grazed his plumage: in his turn he seized the God round his middle, and with a scythe made of adamant lopped off his arms and his legs, and confined him in a cave, where he was guarded by a monster half a female half a serpent. Mercury and Pan, however, surprised the vigilance of his keeper, and restored his mutilated limbs. The God instantly recovered his strength, mounted his car drawn by winged steeds, pursued Typhæus so vehemently, and struck him so repeatedly with his bolts, that at last he threw him, and buried him under Mount *Ætna*, from whence the monster, tortured with impotent rage, continually vomits burning flames.

Jupiter, in consequence of his victory, remained tranquil possessor of the world: he was worshipped as sovereign and father of the Gods and men, as supreme God, to whom all other deities were subordinate; his temples accordingly were more numerous than those of any of the rest.

The private life of Jupiter, if the expression may be used when speaking of the actions of a God, and the anecdotes that are related of him, are very little consonant with those sublime ideas. He had married seven wives; *Methis*, of whom we have already spoken, *Themis*, *Eurynome*, *Ceres*, *Mnemosyne*, *Latona*, and *Juno*, his sister, who was his last, and was looked upon as his only lawful spouse. From this union, that was far from being conducive to happiness, were born *Vulcan* and *Hebe*, the Goddess of Youth. *Juno* bore with the utmost impatience the infidelity of Jupiter, who had a prodigious number of children either by his wives or the beautiful mortals whom he seduced. They were, however, all ranked among the Gods or demi-gods; but all, without exception, the same as their mothers, were persecuted by *Juno* with unrelenting animosity. The ill treatment of the God was not calculated to

soothe the rancour of the Goddess. She finally entered into a conspiracy against him, assisted by *Neptune* and *Minerva*, and loaded him with chains. But *Thetis*, a *Nereid*, brought the formidable *Briareus* to help him; the God recovered his liberty, and forgave his deliverer for the share he had taken in the rebellion of the other Giants his brothers.

The adventures of Jupiter are considerably increased in number owing to the multiplicity of the Gods that bore the same name, likewise of the kings and princes who usurped it, and whose deeds have been ascribed to the Jupiter of the Greeks and of the Romans. They reckon nearly three hundred that were worshipped in different countries and by various nations. The chief were Jupiter-Ammon among the *Lybians*, Jupiter-Serapis among the *Egyptians*, &c. &c. Jupiter went also by a multiplicity of surnames according to his different functions or exploits, to the benefits which the people imagined he had bestowed upon them, and to the places where he was worshipped.

His most famous temple was that of *Olympia*, in the city of *Elides*, in *Peloponnesium*, from which he is often surnamed *Olympian*. The building was sixty-eight feet high, ninety-five wide, and two hundred and thirty long; none but stones of exquisite beauty had been used for the construction; all around it was erected a colonnade of the *Corinthian* order, and the roof was of the most beautiful marble, cut in the shape of tiles. Amongst the riches and monuments of art which the temple contained, that most admired was the statue of the God, the masterpiece of the celebrated *Phidias*, an *Athenian* sculptor: the statue was made of gold and ivory. Jupiter was represented seated on a throne, with a wreath of olive branches round his head; in his right hand he held a miniature statue of *Victory*, and in his left a sceptre surmounted with a spread eagle, on which metals of all kinds shone conspicuously. This said statue was reckoned one of the wonders of the world.* Such was the ap-

* The other wonders were:—2. The *Colossus* of *Rhodes*, a huge brass statue, erected in honour of *Apollo*: it was hollow, and measured one hundred and five feet high; it rested on two elevated pedestals placed opposite to each other,

pellation given to the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, that were seven in number.

Every five years solemn games were also celebrated at Olympia, to which all the different people of Greece resorted. The period of their celebration, called an Olympiad, was used to keep an account, or date, of time; and was continued down to the 340th Olympiad, which ended in the year 440 of our present era.

The most usual manner of representing Jupiter is in the shape of a majestic looking man, seated on a splendid throne, or on the clouds; a thick bushy beard overshadows his chin, and the upper part of his body is naked. In his right hand he holds his bolts figured by lighted fasces armed with two or three arrows, or by a log of wood burning at both ends; sometimes he is represented holding both, but most frequently he supports with his left hand a statue of Victory that rests on his knee. The eagle is one of his most constant attributes, and it was in the shape of that bird that he carried off the son of Tros, the beautiful Ganymedes, whom he made his cupbearer.

The ancient monuments represent him in many different ways: for instance, with a bushel on his head he was meant to be Jupiter-Serapis; and when Jupiter-Ammon his forehead was armed with horns, or they gave him a ram's head surmounted by a dove. Justice, and sometimes the Graces and the Hours accompanied the figure of Jupiter. As the source of all benefits, he was represented without his bolts, holding

at the entrance of the harbour of Rhodes, so that the ships, with all their canvas out, could steer between the legs of the Colossus.—3. The Pyramids of Egypt, that are still extant, prodigious masses, intended for the sepulture of the Kings of Egypt.—4. The walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis.—5. The gardens of that same city, which Semiramis had constructed on the roof of her palace, and which seemed to be suspended in the air.—6. The tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, sacred to his memory, erected by his widow Artemesia, who had previously swallowed the ashes of her husband.—7. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, which was set fire to by a madman, or rather a villain, called Erostratus, who committed the rash offence in order to perpetuate his name, and has really succeeded, although the Ephesians had prohibited his name ever to be uttered.

in one hand a cornucopia which he had just been emptying on the earth, and in the other a cup. Romulus had a temple erected to him on the Capitol, under the name of Jupiter-Stator (who stops), because in a battle against the Samnites he had stopped the Romans in their flight. The statue of him in that temple held a Roman pike in its right hand, and the thunderbolts in its left, &c. &c.

Lastly, Jupiter is represented in Olympus (the name given to the celestial court).† The God seen in front is seated on his throne, holding his bolts in his left hand, and in his right a long sceptre or a spear; Mars and Mercury are both standing by the sides of him, and the eagle at his feet, the throne rests on a veil filled up with wind and held by Neptune; the other Gods appear in divers attitudes analogous to their respective functions.

JUNO.

THIS Goddess was, as we have said above, the daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and twin sister to Jupiter, who wished to marry her, after the example of Saturn and Uranus, who had married their sisters. In order that the nuptials should be more magnificent, Mercury was commissioned to invite all the Gods, besides mortals. A nymph named Chelone, was the only one who scorned the invitation, and ridiculed the union. Mercury, in consequence, threw her and her house into the river on the borders of which it was situated, metamorphosed her into a turtle, sentenced her to keep eternal silence, and to carry her house on her back. This marriage became the source of continual disputes between the two parties concerned; the implacable Juno, exasperated at the numberless infidelities of Jupiter, persecuted with raging jealousy both the guilty and unfortunate objects of his amours and their issue. Jupiter wished to protect them, and matters were carried so far that one day the God, to punish his wife who had excited a tempest with a view of destroying his son Hercules, suspended her in the vacuum be-

† From thence were the twelve superior Gods called Olympians: Olympus is also the name of a mountain in Thessaly, become famous during the war of the Giants.

tween the heavens and the earth, with an anvil fastened to each of her feet. Vulcan, her son, who had come to rescue her, received from the father of the Gods a kick which hurled him down to the earth.—Jupiter's brutality some have strived to excuse on account of his wife's ill temper, who herself has been accused of some occasional irregularities; notwithstanding, she was known to abominate women of a loose character, who were not even allowed to make their appearance in her temple.

Her adventures with Ixion affords, at least, presumption in her favour. This Ixion was King of the Lapithæ: subsequent to some family dissents he perfidiously threw his father-in-law into a fierce oven, where the good man lost his life. Tortured with remorse, and at a loss to expiate his crime, Ixion applied to Jupiter, who through compassion, admitted him at the table of the Gods. The ungrateful Prince became enamoured of Juno, and even dared to make her a declaration. The Goddess complained to her husband, who, unwilling to credit such an excess of folly, determined to try the man. He accordingly threw in his way a cloud under the shape of Juno, when Ixion, deceived by the illusion, manifested his criminal designs. Jupiter at first thinking he was deranged, merely banished him from Olympus; but soon after, Ixion having boasted of the offence he had intended to commit, he was slain by a thunderbolt that precipitated him into Tartarus, where Mercury fastened him to a wheel encircled with serpents, which he was to turn unceasingly without being allowed any relaxation. The cloud brought forth the Centaurs, monsters half men half horses.

Juno, piqued at Jupiter for having issued forth from his brain Minerva armed, determined to go into the East, there to learn the secret of getting a child that should belong to herself alone. During her journey, being nearly exhausted with fatigue, she sat down close to the temple of Flora, to whom she imparted the object of her pregnancy. Flora shewed her a flower that grew at no great distance from the spot, and which would produce the wonderful desired effect. Juno gathered it and gave birth to Mars the God of War.

Juno had two children by Jupiter, namely, Vulcan, and Hebe, the Goddess of Youth. The office of Hebe, in Olympus, was to pour out to the Gods their divine beverage called Nectar. One day as she was hurrying to perform her office she happened to fall down, when Jupiter angrily dismissed her from his service to make room for Ganymedes, whom he loved on account of his extraordinary beauty. Hebe, nevertheless, continued her functions and waited on the other Gods. When Hercules was admitted into Olympus she married him, and at his request restored to youth Iolaus, his nephew and intimate friend. This is nearly all that mythologists tell us about Hebe.

Juno, amongst other appendages, had the distribution of empires and of riches; she also presided at the toilet of the sex, and was the Goddess of marriages and of births. In this last case she was called Lucina, and Moneta, as being the dispenser of wealth. The terror of her implacable resentment, of which she had shewn so many instances, had occasioned altars and temples to be erected to her in all countries and almost in every town: the most famous were at Argos, Carthage, and Samoa. She contended with Minerva and Venus for the apple of beauty, as we shall mention hereafter.

Juno is represented as a majestic matron, seated on a magnificent throne; her head most artfully adorned, and her dress most splendid; sometimes she holds a sceptre in one hand and a looking-glass in the other. She generally wears a radiant crown on her head: the peacock, her favourite bird, stands by her, but is never seen with any other Goddess.

Iris, the messenger of Juno, must naturally be introduced next to that Goddess. She was the daughter of Thaumás and of Electra: her mistress placed her in Olympus to reward her services, and perhaps also that she might be at hand to continue them. The method to which she was indebted for making her fortune has frequently been adopted since. It consisted in never being the bearer but of good tidings; which, whether true or not, are always well received. Besides attending the toilet of Juno, which was her parti-

cular charge, and going about her numberless errands, Iris was commissioned to cut the fatal hair on which it was thought that the lives of females depended, neither could any one die without her intervention. As such frequent messages must have proved very fatiguing, she was supposed to ride on the rainbow, with which the poets have often identified her.

Iris is represented as a young maid mounted on the rainbow, with wings resplendent with all the colours with which it is composed. She commonly holds in her hand a stick crooked at one end, which indicates a messenger; she sometimes carries on her head a basket full of flowers and of leaves.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MARGARET BEAUFORT, MOTHER TO KING HENRY VII.

THIS illustrious and pious lady was well known and admired all her life for the good and charitable deeds she continually performed. She kept constantly in her house twelve poor people, whom she lodged, fed, and clothed. Patroness also of learned men, she was like a mother to the young students of both Universities. In 1505, she founded Christ's College, and that of St. John's, at Cambridge; and after a life passed in a series of good and public spirited actions, she departed this life at the age of sixty-eight. Her monument is yet to be seen in the Chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey: it is built of black marble, with her effigy of copper gilt, lying incumbent in her robes, as wife to the Earl of Derby, her third husband; her robes are lined and trimmed with ermine, and her brow encircled by the coronet of a Countess.

DAUPHINESS OF FRANCE, MOTHER TO LOUIS XVI.

THE Dauphin had never ceased to lament the death of his first wife, when he consented, for the welfare of France, to wed the present amiable subject of this anecdote. On the night of their marriage, as he looked on the toilette, and several other articles belonging to the deceased object of his tenderest affections, he could not avoid bursting into tears. The Dauphiness said to him, "Ah! Sir, seek not to conceal your sorrow; think not that it can possibly give me offence; on the contrary, it proves to me what I may expect from such a mind, should I be happy enough to deserve your esteem."

Her situation with the Queen of France

was truly embarrassing. She could scarce refrain from trembling in the presence of her mother-in-law, whose father had been dethroned by her's. The third day after her marriage, according to court etiquette, she ought to wear the portrait of the King her father. Although the Queen and her daughter-in-law were on the best terms imaginable, yet it may easily be conceived how galling it must be to the daughter of Stanislaus to see the portrait of the triumphant Augustus displayed before her eyes. The day was almost at an end before any one dared to cast an eye on it. The Queen took courage, and said, "Well, my dear, let us see your father's picture."—"O yes, mamma," replied the Dauphiness, extending her arm to her Majesty; "see what a charming likeness it is!" It was the picture of Stanislaus; and this delicate mark of generosity was so highly appreciated by the King and Queen, that they ever afterwards regarded her with all the fondness and affection they would have accorded to a child of their own.

During the last sickness of her husband she nursed him with the most assiduous care. The physician said to one in waiting, "Who is that little woman that is so attentive to the Dauphin? I wish I could find such nurses." When told who it was, Oh, oh!" said the Doctor, "I think I shall make some of our fine ladies ashamed of themselves, who pretend to have too much feeling to come nigh their sick husbands, when I tell them of the conduct of Madame la Dauphine."

She fell a victim, however, to her extreme tenderness. As she never quitted the pillow of her husband the disorder on his lungs attained her own from the confinement of air under his closed curtains:

she survived him but fifteen months, and died a memorable example of conjugal duty and affection.

She was remarkable for a beautiful and exuberant head of hair, otherwise she was not much indebted to nature for personal attractions. The Dauphin took much pride in her hair, and to please him she wore it in ringlets and of a prodigious length down her figure, though then not the fashion at Court. After his death she had it cut off. A lady of quality observing to her that it was a pity, for though the fashion was singular it became her—"Him," replied the Dauphiness, "for whom I conserved its beauty is no more, and I no longer take any pride in it."

ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

HER contempt and dislike of Oliver Cromwell were so great, that she despised him and rejected his favour even when he was at the very height of his power. Of a high and lofty spirit, she scorned owing any obligation to the man she hated; and when she found herself under the necessity of resorting to law to recover a part of her property, she haughtily refused the mediation offered her by the Protector, saying, she would never accept it while any law was to be found in England. "What!" added she, "does he imagine that I who refused to submit to King James, will yield to him?"

This dislike to Cromwell had in it, however, nothing of party spirit; it was principle alone that guided her actions. She had the same dislike to Charles II. when she beheld the manner in which he governed. On being pressed by her friends, some time after the restoration, to go to court—"By no means," said she, "unless I may be allowed to wear blinkers."

The general tenor of her conduct was heroic, noble, generous, yet properly economical: and she was the most virtuous and prudent lady of her time.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

As this celebrated female wit was walking through the gardens at Stow with a party, her good sense and temper were
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severely put to the test by an impertinent young coxcomb, who was continually teizing her with some foolish remarks on what he saw. On coming up to one of the temples, over which there was an inscription, Lady Mary requested him to be kind enough to explain it to her. "My Lady," said the young gentleman, with an affected air, "I really cannot tell what it means, for I see it is *dog Latin*."—"How very extraordinary it is," said Lady Mary, "that *puddies* do not understand their own language!"

MADAME DE FLEURY.

ONE new year's day the Count d'Artois, now Monsieur, together with the Duke of Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, amused themselves with making out a list of seven columns, in which they classed every lady that was that day presented at court, and which columns were headed in the following manner—*Beauties, Pretty Women, Tolerable, Ugly, Frightful, Infamous, Abominable*. One only was found inscribed in the first column, and two in the second. Some mischievous noblemen at court took care to get copies of this list, and informed the ladies how they were designated, and among them was the Marchioness of Fleury, ranged amongst the *Abominables*: but if nature had been a niggard in bestowing on her personal attractions, she had been most bounteous in mental endowments, and in affording her a fine and sterling wit. A few evenings after, she was invited to supper at the Duke of Orleans's palace; and it must be recollected how unsuccessful the Duke de Chartres had been in his attack on Gibraltar, and the confusion caused by his signals. The Duke now, to shew honour to his father's guest, was very assiduous in paying his court to Madame de Fleury, who, however, received his attentions with much coldness. The Prince begged to know the cause of this; on which Madame de Fleury explained, saying at the same time—"Fortunately the judgment of your Royal Highness may be called in question, for it is well known you are not better versed in *signaling* than in *making signals*."

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR,

FORMERLY the beautiful Madame d'Étiolles, and born amidst the lower class of the French people: her father was a man of the name of Poisson, a low-minded, vulgar being, though not void of a good natural understanding. He was a butcher, and contracted to furnish meat for the hospital of invalids, and in which contract he made a great deal of money, so that he was enabled to give some portion with his daughter, when she married a rich farmer of the name of Etiolles. The mother of this lady, and who might be said to found that character of the Marchioness, so well known, and so detested thereafter in France, was an abandoned woman, who, once beautiful herself, had made an illicit traffic of her charms, and frequently declared that her daughter was a *morsel fit only for a King*: this first inspired Madame d'Étiolles with the desire of becoming the acknowledged mistress of the monarch. A ball being given to the public, at which Louis XV. appeared, gave her an opportunity of throwing herself in his way, and attracting his attention by her looks and gestures; nor was it long before she attained the height of her ambitious wishes. Formally separated from her husband, she soon obtained from her royal lover the title of Marchioness de la Pompadour, the name of an ancient family long extinct.

Naturally devoted to literature and the fine arts, she was always followed, even when only Madame d'Étiolles, by authors and learned men. Voltaire was of the number, and her favour attached this great poet still stronger to her person and interests. Louis was entirely devoted to her, she governed his people instead of him; but when France was at peace she felt the weight of the burthen she had taken upon her: she found that the King, whom the bustle of camps and the dissipation of travelling had rendered languid and melancholy in the inactivity of peace, must have something to amuse his mind, and fond of the arts, she called in their assistance to her aid, and provided her infatuated lover, through them, with a source of varied enjoyments.

She persuaded the King to establish a manufacture of China at the castle of Vincennes, and from thence to transfer it to Sevre, where she caused an immense building to be erected near the entrance of Versailles: accompanied by the King, she continually inspected the manufacture, and encouraged the work by her presence.

Madame de Pompadour had great theatrical talents, and plays were often performed in the King's private apartments, where the most illustrious and distinguished characters cultivated the histrionic art in order to pay their court to the monarch. To the Marchioness France stands indebted for that scenic taste which distinguishes that kingdom, and which seems eagerly pursued alike by princes, nobles, and the middle class of people, which penetrated even into convents, poisoning the innocent minds of early youth, by creating an incessant longing after public amusements. Madame de Pompadour took upon her the management of the Opera, and inspired the King with the mania of building lofty edifices; and while the public treasure was lavished in administering to the new fancies of the monarch, she persuaded his Majesty to continue those taxes unavoidably resorted to during the war.

It was from no affection for the person of Louis that Madame de la Pompadour had broken through the sacred ties of wedlock to become the King's mistress; pride and ambition were the predominant features in her character, and the servile court often using her as a mediator between the King and some of the most illustrious nobles, she was lifted up to a degree of arrogance, seldom equalled and which was not decreased from her idea of soon attaining the rank of Duchess. Then her views took a loftier aim, and to be lodged agreeably to her expected destiny, she consecrated about six hundred thousand livres for the purchase of the Hotel d'Evreux. Her Squire was a Knight of the order of St. Louis, and a young lady of ancient family her waiting-woman.

After living with the King above eighteen years, and when his love, in search of new objects, was for her entirely at an end,

her ascendancy over him knew no diminution; but might rather be said to increase; it was her, in fact, who wielded the sceptre; the monarch had only the shadow of authority: he seemed, as it may be said, delighted to be rid of the cares of a crown, and in order to support them, Madame de Pompadour had of late made politics her only study: she created ministers, generals, received ambassadors, and held correspondence with foreign states. But at length the King judged proper to preserve a little more decency and privacy in these transactions; in consequence, all the private entrances to her apartments were blocked up; she was appointed Lady of the Queen's Palace, and presented as such by the Duchess de Luynes, one of the most austere women at court, and a decided favourite with her royal mistress.

Madame de Pompadour, to keep up this prudish farce, persuaded the King to retrench his expences and discharge a part of his household: it was decided that there should be no more plays acted at court, and the works at the Louvre were suspended. The favourite was soon after attacked with a serious illness, in a party of pleasure she had made in an excursion to Choisy; this indisposition brought on a decline, which threatened a speedy death. A bulletin of her health was sent every morning to the King, yet, though their connection had lasted twenty years, he received the tidings of her death with perfect indifference, and stationed himself at the windows to see her funeral procession pass by, which he regarded with a *sang-froid*, almost incredible, and which, after a connection of twenty years, reflects no honour on his feelings as a man.

The character of Madame de Pompadour is easily summed up: she never loved the King for himself alone; she was the detestation of all the French people, and not without cause, for she was only actuated in her conduct by the most insatiable am-

bition; she had a fine understanding, but it was accompanied by a meanness of spirit; and every action of her life, every feeling and passion she possessed, were all marked by this littleness of mind. She was covetous of money, and looked forward only to its more easy acquisition, by being exalted to the high rank in which she found herself placed, and the facility it afforded her of satisfying her inclination for luxury and frivolity. If ever she encouraged the fine arts it was solely with this view; and whatever she did encourage was only as they were analogous to the taste of her sex. She might be said to govern France, because she had to do with a Prince who wished to be disembarassed from state affairs, and thought they could not be in better hands than her's. Having but little energy of character herself how could it be supposed that she would give much to the imbecile mind of Louis XV.? She was, therefore, the most dangerous mistress he could have, and the most fatal both for him and his people, for from this connection proceeded all the anarchy, disorder, and evils which shortly after fell upon France.

It will scarce be expected that a woman of this character should be capable of meeting death with firmness and even with heroism. Her retirement, the turn of the King's mind, with other circumstances, caused her to prepare for the last awful moment, and to fulfil those duties required of her by her religion, and which she performed without parade or fear. She publicly asked forgiveness of her family and of all the courtiers assembled in her presence, for the scandal she had brought upon them. On that day, when she expected that every moment would be her last, the curate of the parish of St. Mary Magdalen came to see her, and when he took leave of her she said, "Yet a little longer, Sir, and we shall depart together."

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

M. DE TINSEAU, BISHOP OF NEVERS.

M. DE TINSEAU, a canon of Besançon, the capital of Franche-Comté, being deputed by his Chapter to attend a law-

suit of great importance, which they had pending at the time, in the parliament of Paris, set off in one of the public conveyances to reach the metropolis. There

happened to be in the same vehicle three other passengers: one of them, a friar of the order of St. Bernard, called Feuillants, who was returning to his convent, and the other two were young men who had just been taking their degrees at a provincial university, to become qualified to purchase, and of course to fulfil, an office of magistrature. The decent, modest, and humble demeanour of the monk, instead of commanding the respect of the two bucks, suggested an idea that he was to be made the standing object of their jests and ridicule. They did not even stop there, but carried matters so far that at length M. de Tinseau thought proper to interfere. He remonstrated on the indecorous language used by the youths, which he urged was still more unbecoming when addressed to a man whose religious garb should be a palladium against all manner of abuse.

The young men, to whom M. de Tinseau was not unknown, finding that he was determined to become the champion of the friar—apprehensive also lest he would report them to their parents on his return to Besançon, and that their pocket money might in consequence be abridged, began to apologize, and disclaimed every intention of giving offence.

When our travellers alighted to get their dinner, the Feuillant, in a most affectionate tone, returned his sincere thanks to the canon for his kind interference, an obligation which he vowed he would never forget; and the latter having acquainted him with the purpose of his journey—"Sir," said he, "if, when you have reached Paris, you will take the trouble of calling at the convent of the Feuillants, rue St. Honoré, and ask for brother John, I have several friends belonging to the different courts of justice, to whom I shall feel very happy to introduce you, in hopes their acquaintance will prove serviceable to you."

During the remainder of the journey the utmost harmony prevailed between our travellers. On the second day after his arrival, M. de Tinseau called at the Feuillants, and inquired after brother John; when, to his utmost surprize, instead of seeing a subaltern, he was introduced to the superior of the convent, for so the supposed brother John in reality was. After having presented his new friend to several

presidents and counsellors of the court—"Now," said the reverend father, "I must beg of you to accompany me to my brother's, who is anxious to thank you for the service you have done me, though an entire stranger to you."

Now this brother of the superior of the Feuillants was no less a personage than the secretary of state, who kept the list of the livings in the gift of the King. He welcomed M. de Tinseau as the benefactor of his nearest relative, and the see of Nevers happening to be vacant, he offered it to that ecclesiastic, who could hardly be prevailed upon to accept of so high a favour, alleging that from his humble birth he was not a proper person to be at the head of a diocese. However the grateful brothers would not put up with a refusal: M. de Tinseau's nomination took place, and he lived to so advanced an age, that for many years he was the senior prelate in France.

It could never be ascertained from what motive M. de Tinseau, whose episcopal palace was richly and elegantly furnished in every other respect, always objected to mirrors or pier-glasses being placed in any of his apartments.

THE VISCOUNT OF MIRABEAU.

THE character of the Viscount of Mirabeau being outrageously impeached in a late publication, in which he is accused of having wanted courage, we think it is but justice to the memory of one of the bravest men that ever existed; to relate the following anecdote:—

The Viscount (then Chevalier) de Mirabeau, was only a Captain in the regiment of Touraine, of which he was since Colonel, when playing a game at billiards with one of his brother officers, his most intimate friend, the latter happened to use an expression which some of the bye-standers were pleased to construe into a gross offence. The motive of the animosity of the officers of the regiment against the two friends being foreign to the present narrative, it shall be suppressed, suffice it to say, that the said officers informed the Chevalier that he must either fight his comrade or leave the corps. To this intimation the Chevalier replied, "I did not feel affronted,

and of course have no satisfaction to demand; neither would I fight my best friend. However, gentlemen, in order to evince that my refusing to comply with your desire proceeds not from cowardice, I am ready to fight you all by turns.

In fact he challenged and fought alternately the three eldest Captains. Being wounded by the third, he was forced to keep his bed, when the Major of the regiment coming to pay him a visit, happened to mention that the body of officers were satisfied with his conduct, and required no more proofs of his courage.

"The body of officers," returned the Chevalier, "may be satisfied, but I am not; and I am determined, as I said before, to fight every one of them in due succession, unless one officer of every rank come as a deputation to make a proper apology." Five officers, and the Lieutenant-Colonel at their head, effectually went to him the next day, and all matters were settled amicably.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

WHEN this skilful versifier was surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Louis XIV. painted by Le Brun, he was asked whether the King of England's palace was so ornamented? "The monuments of my master's actions," replied Prior, with great quickness, "are to be seen every where but in his own house."

When he was Ambassador at Paris, being one night at the Opera, in the same box with a nobleman who, a great amateur, sang louder than the performers, Prior burst out into invectives against the actor, and on the nobleman asking him his reason for railing at one of the finest singers in all Europe, Prior said, "That certainly may be, but how can I have patience with a fellow that makes such a noise that I cannot have the pleasure of hearing your Lordship."

When Prior drew near the close of his life he became deaf, or rather fancied he was so. A person once asked him if he had ever found himself deaf when he was in office? "Faith," replied he, "I was then so much afraid of my head that I had no time to attend to my ears."

OF A CURATE OF ST. NICOLAS.

M. ELI DE BEAUMONT, a celebrated lawyer in Paris, in the eighteenth century, was not less distinguished for his romantic patriotism than by the institution of the *Fête des bonnes Gens*, of which he was the founder, at his estate at Canon. He sent one day, as a present to the curate of St. Nicolas, which was his parish, a basket containing eight red-legged partridges, to which he subjoined a note, requesting him to distribute them amongst the poor, on which the curate wrote him the following reply:—

"Paris, Jan. 23, 1778.

"SIR,—I received the eight red-legged partridges, which you directed me to distribute among the poor. You attribute to me, without doubt, the talent of our blessed Saviour, who, with five loaves and two small fishes, fed a thousand of the multitude. Nothing short of such a miracle could divide eight partridges between near twenty thousand poor individuals, whom I have the care of. There is not an anatomist who would undertake to divide these birds into just portions. Besides, if you do not mean to furnish my poor continually with this succulent food, it would be using them very ill to let them taste it, and then make them return to their coarse black bread and soup *maigre*. I have, therefore, Sir, had your game served up at my own table, and I have substituted in its place eight crowns, which I have bestowed on the poor as an alms; but I hope, Sir, in future, you will not send me partridges at so high a price. Keep that delicate taste, that originality which distinguishes you for your literary productions and your social meetings, and be more truly generous in your charities. Permit me in quality of your pastor to recal to your mind that beatification of the Gospel—*Blessed are the poor in spirit*.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

GARRICK AND STERNE.

THE celebrated author of *Tristram Shandy* had the reputation of using his wife extremely ill, yet no man dealt so largely in fine sentiment; and one day he was holding forth to Garrick, in praise of conjugal

love and fidelity, adding, "The husband who uses his wife unkindly deserves to have his house burnt over his head."—"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

LOUIS XV.

THIS monarch, desirous of encouraging the manufacture of the *Sevre* China, established by Madame de Pompadour, would have different articles of this beautiful ware brought to the gallery at Versailles, where the nobility would frequently become purchasers. The Abbé de Pernon, a young counsellor belonging to parliament, was once there among several others, admiring some exquisite specimens, when the King passing by said to him, "Why do you not purchase that, Abbé? See how beautiful it is," shewing him a most beautiful set of china.—"Ah, Sire," replied the young man, "I am neither noble or rich enough to obtain such china."—"Take it, take it," said the King; "a good Abbey will soon pay for it;" and immediately his Ma-

esty sent for his Almoner, and desired him to keep the presentation to the first vacant Abbey for Monsieur de Pernon.

THE PREACHER AND THE TAR.

WHEN Mr. Whitefield once preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon, a British sailor, who had strolled into the meeting, observed some persons take plates, and place themselves at the door, upon which he laid hold of one, and taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers. This being told to Mr. Whitefield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast there," said Jack, "it was given to me, and I shall keep it."—"You will be d——d," said the parson, "if you don't return it."—"I'll be d——d if I do," replied Jack, and sheered off with his prize.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

SIR PETER LELY.

HE was born at Westphalia in Germany, in the year 1617, and came to England in 1641, where he followed the natural bent of his genius; painting landscapes with small figures, and historical pieces: finding face painting, however, much encouraged here at that time, he turned his study that way, and so well succeeded, that he surpassed all his contemporaries in Europe. Prevented in his ardent wish of visiting Italy, he employed the most industrious and indefatigable care to procure from thence the best paintings, prints, and drawings of the first masters. He obtained what he sought after, and had, perhaps, the finest collection ever seen in England.

In his correct drafts, and peculiarly fine colouring, Lely was scarce ever equalled; in the graceful air of his heads, the elegance of his postures, the ease and lightness of his draperies, he was most excellent; and his portraits will be a lasting pattern to every succeeding artist. Critics say he was too

great a mannerist, and that all his countenances have a certain languish peculiar to them; but they yet allow that all his works are admirable, particularly his crayon pieces.

He was recommended by Philip, Earl of Pembroke, to King Charles I. whose picture he drew when prisoner at Hampton Court. At the restoration of Charles II. that monarch made him his chief painter, and knighted him; a title which could confer but little honour on one whom it was hard to pronounce which he could be most considered, the first painter or the most finished gentleman of his time. He was deeply enamoured of a beautiful English lady, and after some years courtship, married her: she resided always with her children at his estate of Doe, in the county of Surrey, whither he retired at the latter part of his life. He died of an apoplexy, in London, in the year 1680, in the 62d year of his age, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, where a marble monument with his bust was raised to his memory.

LEONARDO DI VINCI.

BORN of a noble family in Tuscany, this great artist did honour to his progenitors, in every endowment of mind, talents, and person: his morals were exemplary, and his body beautiful. His talents were such that they embraced all the arts; but his great variety of knowledge did not extinguish, or in the least degree weaken his great proficiency in painting, but rather strengthened it to become supereminent: for never did, or will, any painter come after him but what will regard him as a fountain from which many good things are to be drawn. He painted at Florence, at Rome, and at Milan, and several of his pictures are dispersed through every part of Europe. The picture of our Saviour's last supper, which he drew for the refectory of the Dominicans, at Milan, is reckoned one of the most exquisite efforts of the art of painting: the war broke out in the Duchy of Milan, and Leonardo, obliged to fly, left the head of our Saviour, and that of Judas, unfinished; the former because he could not find a model equal to that expression of divinity and meekness that he had pictured in his own breast: but the prior of the convent, eager to have such a painting finished, pressed Leonardo so much to have it done, that he drew the head of the importunate friar, and placed it on the shoulders of Judas.

Always busied in the reflections produced by his art, Leonardo spared no pains to arrive at perfection in it, always solicitous to express the passions of the soul, which he looked on as the most requisite thing in his profession. The Duke of Milan made him director of an academy of painting established in the capital of his duchy; and it was in this city he wrote his admirable book on the art of painting, published in Paris in 1651. When Francis I. took Milan, Leonardo retired to Florence, where he painted the Great Hall of the Council: he found the reputation of Michael Angelo well established, and this caused much emulation between the two painters. On the

election of Leo X. to the Popedom, Leonardo went to Rome; Michael Angelo did the same; and their jealousy increasing, Leonardo left Italy and went to Paris, where he was cordially welcomed by Francis I. from whom he received every mark of esteem and friendship. The King visiting this great artist in his last sickness, Leonardo endeavoured to raise himself up to thank his Majesty for this peculiar honour: the King kindly embracing him, obliged him to lie still: that very moment Leonardo was taken speechless, and expired in the arms of the monarch, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His pictures are to be seen both in the cabinets of Princes and private men; they all of them contain but few figures, but they form a world of beauties, and evince the wonderful skill of the artist's taste, correctness, and nature, are more to be distinguished in them than antiquity; for he avoided all affectation in his designs: he knew how to give his objects proper, speculative, and agreeable character, while he exalted that of majesty into divinity. His expression was managed always with that interest which sets imagination to work, and he took care rather to leave something in his works to be desired than to crowd them with a confusion of objects, too much the fault of laborious painting. In his admirable and famous piece of the Lord's Supper, at Milan, he has represented the Apostles in places that suit with them, and our Saviour in the most honourable, in the midst, having nobody near enough to press or incommode him. His attitude is grave, his arms are in a loose and free posture, to shew the greater grandeur; while the Apostles appear agitated by their disquietude, in which, however, there is no meanness or vulgar expression. Wonderful indeed is the skill of a painter who can thus, as it were, give life and character to the canvass, which seems to breathe under his touch, and in whose works we may read the different dispositions, and various workings of the human mind!

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.—A TALE.

Al! cursed Fortune! Thou art still more ungrateful than fickle; thou hast no eyes to do good; but art clear-sighted to do mischief. Most frequently we meet without seeking for thee, and thou fliest away when we go in search of thee.

Never was any one so partial to the Goddess as Oriphilus: his particular hobby was an unsatiable relish for inheritances, as he thought they proved the most innocent and less troublesome manner of getting rich. Whenever he met an individual dressed in black, and with mourners, the sight would give rise to his cheerful ideas; this person, thought he, is an heir, perhaps to a large estate; and the very word heir, to his ear, was the most harmonious in the English tongue.

Oriphilus had an uncle and an aunt: they were both rich, and from each he received an invitation to come and live with them. Which shall he give the preference to? So delicate a point he postponed deciding upon, till he had had due time to weigh the matter in his mind. Unwilling to have any thing to reproach himself with, he spared neither pains or researches. Not satisfied with having ascertained their age, and the amount of their property, both moveables and immoveables, he had applied to the faculty to be informed of the real state of their healths. However, he decided in favour of his aunt, because, although her fortune was no larger than that of his uncle, she was older by twelve full years. It must be confessed, from this determination, that Oriphilus understood how to take the odds.

As soon as he had joined her, he put into practice the first principles of the art of pleasing; he made it his study to get acquainted with the old lady's temper: the success was not easily to be obtained, but his anxious desire to succeed supplied him with the means. He was continually on the watch to show her every attention, and was indefatigable in his exertions. Mrs. Erbina (so was the widow lady called), was very fond of reading, but as her eye-sight failed her, and she did not wish it to be known that she wanted to use spectacles, she would have her nephew read to her continually, alledging that he performed

it so remarkably well. Poor Oriphilus, therefore, was compelled to read aloud without interruption, in the day time for the entertainment of his aunt, in the evening to lull her to sleep, and almost during the whole night, because Mrs. Erbina, who could not go to sleep unless she heard the voice of her lecturer, would awake the moment he interrupted his reading.

Never was the nephew allowed to go and meet a party: he must not leave his post, for there were other relatives besides himself, and near relatives too: in short, Oriphilus was no better off than if he had been sentenced to confinement and hard labour. True indeed Mrs. Erbina spoke in the highest terms of her charming nephew. Charming he was in his own estimation, as heir to a considerable estate. He had learnt how to bow with grace, to be particular in his attention, and apparently sincere: he would praise ancient manners, and ridicule those of the present day: he only was pleased in the company of aged people, and disliked that of all young folks. He would also say, "That two out of the four ages of man ought to be retrenched; that we should have made but one leap from childhood to old age; that the interval between those two periods of the human life, was so much time lost, since it was invariably employed in contriving nonsensical plans, or following rash pursuits:" similar reflections the good lady was delighted with, nay, rather too much so for the interest of Oriphilus, for the satisfaction she derived had a powerful influence on her constitution, which improved daily. Oriphilus lamented in secret the too happy success of his attention: "How cruel! What a sad thing," would he say, "that an honest fellow cannot prove deserving of inheriting a fortune, without using such means as retard his getting into possession."

Whilst he was pondering over those sad reflections, he received a letter, by which he was informed that his uncle was so very ill that the faculty had given him up. Oriphilus, ever true to the same cause, again held counsel with himself, and concluding, as he summed up the whole, that he must leave his aunt to go and attend on his

uncle; from the sound reasoning that a younger person lying on a sick bed was naturally nearer making his exit from this world than an older one that enjoyed a good state of health. His conscience, moreover, would have upbraided him had he long hesitated; for it is obvious that a man who is ill demands more nursing than one who is in good health. He accordingly wrote a note to his aunt, taking his leave of her; she complained bitterly upon the occasion, but it was of no avail, Oriphilus was gone.

Let us call the uncle Hermigny. Oriphilus found means to apologize in a satisfactory manner for not having joined him before; and shewed so much zeal to serve him, that his present attention obliterated the recollection of his former neglect. He soon gained the confidence and friendship of his uncle. "My dear nephew," said the latter to him one day, "if you had always been with me, I would not be in the situation I now am!" Oriphilus might fairly have answered, "Neither would I be with you now, were you not in the situation you are."

Hermigny, however, who had been given up by the faculty, applied to a quack doctor, who, either through skill or mere chance, happened to restore him to health. This *cureur* had long been, and was still in search of the philosopher's stone. Hermigny enquiring of him one day "By what means he had operated so wonderful a cure?" the other replied, "It was by means of certain secrets that he had discovered when he had studied alchemy." The parties soon became intimate, and the alchemist, who dealt *bona fide*, revealed to his friend part of his discoveries.

Hermigny one morning entered his nephew's apartment with a formidable look of good health. "My dear Oriphilus," said he, "in an effusion of joy and tenderness, I am going to impart a piece of news which, I am certain, will give you great satisfaction. You know the man to whom I am indebted for the return of my good health?"—"I do, Sir; and I know likewise how much I feel obliged to him for so great a service."—"Oh!" resumed Hermigny, "you are not yet apprized of all the benefits he has conferred on me." Oriphilus, who was aware of the alchemist's

pretensions, imagined at once that he had communicated to his uncle the secret of making ingots, and enquired with anxious eagerness, "Whether he had taught his uncle how to make gold?"—"Better than that," replied the uncle.—"How so? I do not comprehend what you mean"—Hermigny then, thinking his doating nephew would be overjoyed at the intelligence, told him in a whisper, "That the alchemist had made him a present of a cordial which was to prolong his life for several centuries." One may easily imagine what an impression this unexpected information made on the affectionate nephew. It was so much the better calculated to alarm him, that Hermigny's sudden recovery rendered the success most probable, and induced the uncle to give credit to the alchemist. At any rate Oriphilus was so fearful of the event, that, he instantly bade adieu to his uncle, wishing him to enjoy sweet immortality.

Till such time as he could negotiate a reconciliation with his aunt, he hired apartments in a house where there was another lodger, called Ophisa, a superannuated widow lady, of a very large fortune, but entirely disabled by many infirmities. Oriphilus, in his desponding state of mind, would not have taken any notice of her, had he not heard accidentally that she had not one single relation left alive. This intelligence awoke his interested spirit: "What a pity," would he exclaim, "that this good old lady has not a nephew to attend to her." Through common civility, as an inmate, he went to pay her a visit: as he met with a kind reception, he soon paid another, and by degrees returned so often, and so successfully, that, without any explanation having ever taken place between them, he was soon considered as future heir to the good lady, and very near being complimented as such.

For some time back a youth of most pleasing address had become a constant visitor, at which circumstance Oriphilus felt rather alarmed. One day that the latter happened to be alone with Ophisa, "My dear Oriphilus," said she to him in a most affectionate tone, "I have received so many proofs of your disinterested sentiments towards me, that I can no longer postpone imparting to you a determination I have fixed upon." At these words Oriphilus

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already thought he saw a lawyer engaged in filling up with his name the last will and testament of Ophisa, when she added, "I am going to be married: you know the young man who visits here frequently, I have chosen him for my husband, and will settle all my property on him."

At this piece of intelligence, equally as acceptable as that he had heard from his uncle, Oriphilus was struck dumb and motionless; "Why do not you congratulate me on the occasion," said the lady, "you are a well wisher of mine, and no stranger to the young man's amiable disposition or merits?" Oriphilus, in return, stammered out a compliment that had neither head nor tail; a moment after bade her farewell, and left the house the very next day. I shall not attempt to describe the expression of his rage, especially when he was informed that, in addition to his present disappointment, his aunt would not even allow his name to be pronounced in her presence. It must be confessed, however, that hitherto Oriphilus was irreproachable, and though he had not yet attained the degree of heir, he had neglected no means to obtain it.

He felt so vexed at not having succeeded so far, that he had sworn to renounce all pursuits of the kind, when a new incident revived in him his relish for hereditary possession. He read an advertisement in one of the newspapers, to the following purport:—"An individual much advanced in years, and who has amassed abroad a considerable fortune, would wish to know whether any of his relations are still living, &c. &c."

The advertiser's name happened to be the same as the maiden name of Oriphilus's late mother, and the disappointed young man accordingly began to conceive the most sanguine hopes. He introduced himself to the stranger as his kinsman; I know not whether he really was so: but, how-

ever, he produced such evidence as proved satisfactory. The old gentleman requested he would stay with him and close his eyes: Oriphilus, affectionate kinsman like, readily granted the request: neither was it long before he ingratiated himself with the old gentleman, who was remarkably good natured: in short, Mr. Valmount shewed and really felt for Oriphilus all the affection of a father. After having manifested his tender sentiments upon several occasions, he finally had his will drawn up, and bequeathed the whole of his property to Oriphilus. This once, at last, he had attained the completion of his wishes: he was appointed sole heir and executor to Mr. Valmount, who might have been thought to have acted intentionally, for he had scarcely signed his last will and testament, when on a sudden he was taken seriously ill. Thus had dame Fortune apparently relented in favour of Oriphilus, who neglected nothing to be deserving of his prospects of happiness.

Mr. Valmount, meanwhile, had a lawsuit, which though of very little consequence in the origin seemingly, turned out so disastrously as to threaten entire ruin. Valmount finally lost it, I mean Oriphilus, for the other had died a quarter of an hour before the decision of the court was made known. Oriphilus was acknowledged right heir to the deceased: but as it was his doom to be disappointed for ever, the loss of the suit absorbed above the whole property of the testator; so that Oriphilus having, in his capacity of sole heir and executor, more to pay than the bequest came to, was obliged legally to disclaim the succession. No better off in his pecuniary circumstances than when he had started in his hopeful career, he felt the inward consolation, however, that if he had so often miscarried, he had nevertheless neglected no means of being successful.

THE LISTENER.

A VERY young lady of my acquaintance who is kind enough sometimes to pass a few of her youthful moments in the society of an old man like myself, and who almost makes me vain enough to fancy myself a second guardian, giving advice to his spark-

ler, called on me the other day with her governess, and as she knows I always love to listen to her lively and sensible prattle, she placed herself before my looking glass, and asked me, "What was beauty?"—"Look there," said I, "and you will soon

learn." As it could not be suspected that an old man of eighty would be paying compliments of gallantry to a child of thirteen, I spoke from the impulse of the moment, till I soon recollected the sex I was speaking to from the deep blush which mantled over her cheek, and the archness of her reply.

"Your answer, Sir," said she, "is more polite than sincere."—"And why should you suspect, my dear," said I, "that I would be guilty of so odious a fault as flattery?"—"Why Mamma, who, I am sure does not spoil me, whenever she is angry with me calls me an *ugly creature*: certainly the displeasure I cause her cannot alter my features!"—"My dear young lady, it is with beauty, as it is with valour; we often say of such a commander, 'How brave he was on such a day: we say the same of a female, 'Ah! how beautiful she looked yesterday!'"—"However, Sir, it is impossible for a person to be handsome one day, and ugly the next."—"Certainly not, my dear Emma, it is not that her outward grace is destroyed, but that what surrounds it is lost, as the frame of a picture may augment or lessen its price. Mr. Kean is not of a commanding height, neither is his face remarkable for beauty of countenance; but whether he plays Hamlet or Richard, he equally enchants, and we hear the audience exclaim, 'How charming, how exquisite!' And this is because he is at home in every character he plays, and feels how it ought to be performed: but if he was a mere inanimate beauty, who would be pleased with his acting? An unbecoming head-dress worn by a pretty woman, coarse stockings

with a handsome new gown, a bad gait, an awkward manner, fidgeting about, not knowing what to do with the hands, making faces; all these things serve to disfigure nature, and take from a woman every pretension she may otherwise have to beauty: a coarse way of speaking destroys every charm of a beautiful mouth; and a foolish remark destroys at once every illusion which an easy address had excited.

"Madame de Sevigné speaks of a visit which she received from a President of Bretagne. "He had with him," she says, "his son, who was about twenty years of age: and, without exception, he was one of the handsomest young men I ever saw. I was telling him how well I recollected him when he was about five or six years old, and I was expressing my admiration to think, how, in a few years, he should have attained his present height; when, with a most disagreeable voice, he destroyed all the charms of his handsome face, by saying, with a foolish grin—'*Ah! ill weeds grow apace.*' I looked at him again, and thought he was a fright."

"But, to return to what so nearly touches you, my amiable little friend, I fear, that your excellent mother, when she calls you ugly, has discovered, at the time, some symptoms of ill-temper in you; or that you have not shewn yourself sufficiently sensible of her unwearyed care and kindness towards you. Take care, in future, that the effects of such faults may not entirely destroy your beauty, and make you *generally* regarded as an *ugly creature*."

THE LISTENER.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

In a preceding lecture we have shewn, from incontrovertible experiments, that the properties of soils, or rather the gases which render them prolific, may be extracted by a dry heat, or by infusion. But it may be allowed us to offer one or two conjectures connected with this subject which, at least, must have the charm of novelty, having never yet been started either by botanical or geological inquirers.

We strongly suspect that not only the fertility of earth, or mould, depends upon the presence of the gases already enumerated, but that even their external appearance and form of adhesion proceed from the same cause. This hypothesis would at once explain philosophically the mode and manner in which aridity curses the soils of interior Africa, where whole regions consist only of sandy wastes, and perhaps

account also for the quantity of sand which occupies so much of the bottom of fathomable seas; the sun in the one instance evaporating that which the action of water dissolves or extracts in the other. That different kinds of soil afford different kinds of gas, has been clearly ascertained by experiment; why may not then the converse be true, that different gases produce different soils? Should that converse be proved by experiment, a new field will be opened for philosophy; and chemistry has of late become such a fashionable study, that it is far from impossible that some fair botanist in the leisure of summer retirement may discover that which Linnæus himself might have been proud of.

With those of our fair readers whose conservatory and laboratory are adjoining to their dressing-rooms, and several such we know there are, the application of gases, chemically extracted, to the geranium and the myrtle, is facile, and might be productive of much amusement. Experiments already tried, have shewn that black earth, particularly coal, produces the carbonic acid, oil, and ammoniac. Other experiments are supposed to prove that the best mould for vegetable purposes contains two parts of calcareous earth, one of magnesia, four of clay, and three of sand. Some soils contain salts of different kinds; others again are totally devoid of them, and require a small portion, artificially acquired from manure, to prompt them to fertility; but a larger portion of salt is so hurtful to vegetation, that it has been a practice, particularly in the ancient style of gardening, to pour brine in large quantities over gravel walks, in order to preserve them from grass and weeds.

It is our anxious wish, in the course of these lectures, to give as popular a view of the subject as we possibly can, thereby to prompt our fair readers to a source of amusement when time hangs on their hands in country retirement, when cards disgust, and whenever books and music become tiresome. A taste for investigation of this nature will soon become a source of greater entertainment, and even of interest, than they may at first imagine; as a proof of it we shall briefly shew how much curious analysis will arise from the chemical decomposition of common earths,

and that by a process which requires nothing more than a few chemical glass vessels, whose appearance would even be ornamental if introduced in a boudoir. An Italian chemist, whilst analyzing some common fertile soil in Piedmont, discovered an extractive, gelatinous matter which soon became putrid; the residuum, after evaporation, was combustible, burning both with flame and smoke; its cinders effervesced with acids, similar to calcareous matter; and the crystallized salts were decomposed by potass. When the impregnated water was filtered before evaporation, there remained a calcareous substance, which was soluble in sulphuric acid, forming a salt that was again decomposed by the saccharine acid. Distillation yielded a pure water, which first changed its colour to yellow and then to brown, and an oily matter which swam on the top, but without any appearance of the presence of ammoniac. The distilled water changed the tincture of tournsol to a red colour, and deposited a calcareous sediment when mixed with lime water; if mixed with spirits of wine, a yellow matter was produced, which appeared resinous. The sulphuric acid changed it into sulphurous acid. When the earth itself was exposed to the action of fire, much air was disengaged; of this one-third was carbonic acid, and the remainder consisted of hydrogen gas carbonized with azote.

How much amusement arises here from that which, at first sight, is supposed unworthy of notice? The very ground we tread on contains wonders whose investigation would require the life of an Antediluvian patriarch merely to ascertain the first principles; yet this ought not to deter our fair readers from investigation, for any process of this kind is simple, its results interesting, and the whole operation perfectly compatible with propriety of dress and the amusements of the morning parlour. It is indeed perhaps too true, that we must remain ignorant of the exact process by which nature gives to plants their fluids, solids, taste, smell, and colour; but it is much if we can ascertain the substances with which she performs this daily miracle, and thus much is clearly known, that all fertile soils consist of a

mixture of three or four simple earths, the nature of the soil differing as the kinds and proportions vary, but all without exception united by means of carbonic acid, or by some substance capable of producing it by chemical synthesis or analysis. This is a most curious fact, and the time may come when a carbonizing process may be conducted on a large scale; nay, it is already begun, for that whole system of paring and burning which our fair readers must often witness in the vicinity of their rural abodes, is nothing more than a mode of adding carbone to the soil, and is always rewarded by increased fertility. But we must not suppose that the gases contained in any portion of earth are of themselves sufficient to produce fertility. Indeed some skilful chemists have formed an opinion that the fertility of soil depends upon the quantity of water it is capable of absorbing, in order to procure the addition of the hydrogen and oxygen, which are the component parts of water. In short that water is as necessary as light to the growth of vegetables. It has been ascertained that clay will absorb more than twice its own weight of water before a single drop will exude; that magnesia, the earth so called, will absorb more than its own weight; and silicious, or flinty earth, about one-fourth. From this naturally follows the deduction that the fertile combination of water with earth ought to enable the latter to contain a little, but not much more, than the vegetation on it requires. Thus no soil can be fertile, particularly in the torrid zone, that does not receive a supply of moisture either by rain or dew, to counterbalance the evaporation. Thence plains in hot climates are always sandy, nay, even in colder situations, because there are no hills to attract the clouds; but when plants can be introduced in their borders which require but little moisture, these operate like alembics, gradually absorb both oxygene and azote from the air, and gradually extend fertility around them. Upon this principle it is that sand is unfertile, because that water percolates through without being retained; and upon this principle it is that the *Sirocco*, and other deadly winds in Egypt and Barbary, as well as the *Sirocco*, in Sicily, became so deadly in their effects; for

the air, which consists of oxygene and azote, in passing over these barren tracts of soil found in the centre of Africa, loses all its oxygene by the chemical absorption of the soil, and thus becomes nothing but a blast of deadly azote, suffocating often the weary pilgrim, not by its heat, but by its unfitness for breathing. When this exhausted breeze passes from Africa to Sicily, as may be seen described at full length in Brydone's tour to that interesting island, it loses part of its caloric, its heat being absorbed by the sea; but it acquires not any portion of oxygene, as it would if passing over land, and therefore possesses nothing of the vital stimulus. The natural result is, that the Sicilians are forced to take as much pains to guard against its entrance into their houses, as miners in a coal pit to avoid the deadly blast; but with all their care a certain portion is inhaled, and the consequences are lassitude, and often suffocation.

That these sandy deserts should thus have become so from the want of rain is not surprizing, if we recollect that on a plain of common fertility there often falls twenty-four inches in height of rain in the course of a year, part of which evaporates, and the remainder is absorbed by the soil. It is beautiful to consider the mode by which kind nature regulates the quantity of water necessary for different soils, a regulation which perhaps marks the beneficence of an all-intelligent power as much as any other fact of philosophy. To produce fertility a certain portion of water is required, and this may either be obtained by the soil retaining much of a small portion of rain, or by a larger quantity of rain falling where the soil is not so tenaciously absorbent. Now it can be easily shewn that this is the exact process of nature, and that not a drop of water falls from the heavens that is not measured out by the hand of Providence for the wants of man! Here is a simple fact:—in Piedmont there is twice as much rain falls annually as at Paris; of course the former would have too much, or the latter too little, were it not that the nature of the soil precisely regulates the quantity as applicable to regulation, for in the neighbourhood of Paris, there being much chalk, it retains a sufficient quantity of a smaller supply of

moisture, whilst in Piedmont the soil is so stinty that less water is retained, and thus a due equilibrium is preserved, and an equal power of vegetation.

We have thus seen that the simplest flowret of the meadow is an instance both of divine wisdom and goodness. Its beauty, odour, and colour depend alike upon a due proportion of moisture to ren-

der it an alembic for the analysis of gas upon light and heat, and the power which particular soils have of absorbing or reflecting them, and upon the general state of the atmosphere also for the supply of the carbonic and other gases—but we must refer our observations on that subject to a future lecture.

GRIEF AND JOY.—A TALE.

“FILIAL piety, my dear children, is so natural a sentiment that amongst all nations it is more or less innate. Life being the chief benefit that nature will allow, or can afford, he from whom we receive it is our chief benefactor. Although I had not that precious title to claim, I might claim a reward for the care I have bestowed upon you from your earliest infancy; the fears and pleasures even which you have occasioned me, are as many acts of benevolence that entitle me to your gratitude. The only return I require from you, however, is that you should consent to be made happy by me. Experience is a faithful and trusty guide, but is not to be procured without great expence; avail yourselves of mine as if it were your own property, and if it be of any service to you I shall not regret what it has cost me. You have attained that age at which the destiny of your whole life depends on the first step you take. Reason, which in itself is so weak, seldom has the start of the passions that are so strong; far from its power increasing in proportion to the dangers with which it is threatened, it seems, on the contrary, that the more youth advances towards rationality the more it stands in need of assistance from the reason of others. Yes, indeed, you would have run less risk in your childhood, had I given you up to your own guidance and discretion, than you would be exposed to at present if I were to withdraw my attention from you. However, my heart is still the same; rely on my affection as I do on your docility: love each other, love me, and we shall all three be happy.”

Thus had Florimon been addressing Frederic and Matilda, who were both nearly of the same age. His advice was salutary

no doubt, but was not equally adhered to. Frederic was possessed of those high spirits which are so engaging in a child notwithstanding they create alarm. He had been brought up under the eyes of Florimon, who was at a loss to divine whether the boy's defects and imperfections were the result of his education or to be attributed to his natural disposition. A similar doubt must prove grievous to the heart of a parent. Meanwhile young Frederic, although he seemed to bear a fraternal affection to Matilda, would sometimes treat her as if he loved her not. Many a time did he make her shed tears; his ill usage of her prejudiced most people against him, for Matilda was so good natured and so kind towards him, that in all their quarrels and contentions the arbitrators felt inclined to give it in her favour before either of them had been heard.

Matilda, amongst other good qualifications, was endowed with peculiar candour and simplicity; but her simplicity was not that which is as much the result of want of instruction as of innocence; it was rather, if I may call it so, that ingenuousness of the heart which proceeds from excessive sensibility; what from another would have been considered a mere operation of the mind, from her was a sentiment. Common propriety, or the opinion of others, were of no consequence to her; she had never dreaded unjust suspicions, as she imagined not that an innocent action might be deemed criminal; she could foresee no danger when there was no bad intent.

Matilda would never tell a lie, not from principle but from disposition; not that she hated lying, for she knew not what it was: although she might have planned an untrue story, she never could have told it,

because as she spoke from the heart truth would have issued from her mouth before she had thought of suppressing it.

Well, this Matilda, who was so averse to falsehood, would sometimes tell an untruth to prevent her brother being found fault with; but though she was not conscious of deceiving Florimon, she only wished to exculpate Frederic. She loved her brother so affectionately, and was so prepossessed in his favour, that she really believed him to be endowed with all the virtues her own imagination formed.

This same amenity, this candid simplicity it was, however, that aggravated Frederic's offences in the mind of Florimon, who, though he had a feeling heart, was nevertheless of a severe disposition, and more just than indulgent. Possessed of an immense fortune, he had it in his power to make a handsome settlement on them both, but he wished that his benefits should be merited; he delighted in acts of benevolence, but was apprehensive lest he should have to reproach himself with weak indulgence.

He had frequently warned Frederic of his errors, and alternately used intreaties and menaces, encouragement and privations. The youth, sensible of his having acted wrong, would blush and feel remorse, but did not amend. Florimon, who knew how valuable talents were, wished to have Frederic practice the most agreeable ones; but the young man was more sensible to the constraint attending study than to the advantages of a cultivated mind. The complaints of his masters added to Florimon's dissatisfaction; perhaps they were exaggerated, for the want of application or neglect of the pupil will often serve as a pretence to the teacher to screen his own ignorance or want of proper attention. But at last a capital offence was productive of an authentic rupture, and led to a discovery which plunged Frederic in affliction, and cost Matilda floods of tears.

Frederic had been guilty of a slight offence, and Matilda was remonstrating with him in a most gentle manner; he, however, listened to her with impatience, flew in a violent passion, and at last, either intentionally or through accident, he happened to give her a blow. Matilda involuntary cried out; when Frederic, seeing her bleed,

affected at once with fright and remorse, was driven beyond himself, and instead of confessing, aggravated his offence by leaving the house; Matilda was more grieved at his departure than at the hurt she had received.

Florimon flew in a violent passion upon hearing of this piece of intelligence; and although, upon second thoughts, he grew more easy, he was by no means appeased. He formed a resolution so much the more dreadful that it was the result of mature reflection.

Frederic, after having wandered for a couple of days all over the surrounding country, at length sought a refuge in the house of one of Florimon's relatives. This gentleman apprized Florimon of the young man's arrival; the consequence was that he was instantly sent for; and on his return introduced into Florimon's library together with Matilda. Frederic entered the place with downcast eyes; Matilda appeared no less trembling upon the occasion. Florimon bade them both be seated, and after keeping silence for a moment, less to prepare what he had to say than to summon all his fortitude, he looked steadfastly at Frederic, and addressed him in the following words:—"Frederic, you have always found me to be a kind father to you. I have wished to inspire you with sentiments which your heart could never harbour. I do not pretend to urge useless charges against you, or to reproach you for not having repaid my bounty; but you have compelled me to repress it for the future. I have been struggling very hard before I came to a determination which, however, is irrevocable. You may see that I bear no menacing countenance, and that I do not speak to you under an impression of anger, which is but too frequently subject to relent; I only yield to the persuasion of my unalterable reason. I must, therefore, reveal a secret that I had wished to keep to myself; Frederic, you are not my son, I am not the author of your being."

Florimon indeed spoke the truth. Both Frederic and Matilda were struck with such astonishment that neither of them could speak a word. A gloomy senseless silence alone was expressive of their chagrin, and Florimon resumed his discourse.

"You are a forlorn orphan; I had just lost a son of your age; I adopted you with a view of finding some consolation in appointing you a substitute for my departed child. Nature has sported with my design; in vain I adopted you, you could not acknowledge me as your father. It is time we should both shake off the yoke; that I should free myself of the sorrow of having misplaced my affection, and you, most probably, of bearing the title of my son without being able to entertain the sentiments which that name required. We are going to part for ever, and this is my last adieu. Matilda, who has hitherto been your sister, will pardon my having bestowed upon you part of that affection that belonged to her alone. It is in order that I may restore her property, and break asunder all manner of bonds between us, that I have wished her to be present at our interview. Henceforth I have only a daughter, and you are fatherless. I shall have you conducted to a place where you will be told what you are intended for. It will rest with you to conform your sentiments to your situation, and to make yourself as happy as you can, since you have not been willing to let me promote your happiness. From this moment forget your former errors and my kindness to you, as I relieve you from the burden of gratitude."

Florimon having spoken those words, proceeded no farther, and indeed had he been inclined to say more, the tears and sobs of both youths would have prevented his being heard: one might have thought that each of them had lost a father. Florimon himself, who, notwithstanding his fixed determination, could not have withstood the sight of their grief, retired, or rather ran away, without feeling sufficient courage to part them.

What a painful situation were Frederic and Matilda left in! Their sorrow was too deep, the cause of it too sudden and unexpected to allow them to utter a word. Neither of them attempted to comfort the other, for they thought themselves equally wretched. They silently fell into each other's arms, unable to part. Frederic was no longer the same; the sudden survey of his past conduct had presented to his view, and exaggerated all his faults; nay, that simple survey was so painful, that it expiated all his offen-

ces. He now received the intelligence that a carriage was waiting for him at the door. Humble and confused, he offered not to utter a syllable, but prepared to obey with a kind of composure which might have been mistaken for courage; but was, in fact, only despondency and shame: one might have said that he parted with indifference from a loving sister, whilst his heart was ready to burst: he dares not look either at those whom he leaves, or at those who were carrying him away. Matilda was unable to follow him, for whilst Frederic was getting into the carriage, without inquiring whether they were going to take him, she had fainted away, and it was some time before she recovered the use of her senses.

Meanwhile, Frederic alighted at the house of an humble mechanic: here he was clad in a manner becoming his new situation; here he was informed that he neither had friends or property, and that in future he would have no other means of subsistence than the produce of his labour. Florimon had paid in advance for his apprenticeship, and had provided all that was necessary for the time; he had also directed his new master to let him know, that the profession he was going to learn would be his last and only resource; Florimon being determined never to allow him any farther support.

Whilst Frederic underwent many hardships, not presuming even to complain, the kind and unhappy Matilda summoned all her fortitude to go and speak to her father. Notwithstanding she felt much hurt, she abstained complaining of his severity, and only approached him to solicit him to go and see her brother: yet she had hardly pronounced that dear name when her sorrows were revived, and her tears flowed in abundance. Her father, although determined to answer in the negative, wished, at least, to soften his refusal; he therefore embraced her most affectionately, saying, "That he had particular reasons not to suffer her to see Frederic."—"Well then, father," replied Matilda, "go you and see him."—"No:" answered Florimon, "he was unwilling to be my son, neither will I be his father against his inclination."—"But," resumed Matilda, "how can I cease being his sister?"

Matilda perhaps should have inquired first where Frederic was gone, but having

been refused leave to see him, it was too late for her to ask Florimon a question. She therefore applied to the servants, who, most likely had been permitted by their master to tell her, and accordingly gratified her curiosity; so that she had no more difficulty in going to see him, than she had had in discovering the place of his abode.

I have already stated, that ever sure of her own intentions, she relied on the good opinion of others; she imagined not that one could think ill of her, such an apprehension never occurred to her mind. Matilda ever acted with that security which is the constant companion of innocence; she therefore hesitated not in going to meet Frederic. Notwithstanding they were both in the age of inspiring and feeling love, she did not think that her visit would be interpreted as an offence against common decorum: Frederic had been her brother, and she considered herself still as his sister. As soon as she drew near him she clasped him in her arms and kissed him with the most lively tenderness, but at the same time with such candour, that it would have been a crime to suspect her caresses. Frederic himself only felt ashamed of not having always done justice to Matilda.

Matilda would frequently go to see him: how interesting she appeared in the midst of the workmen! She attentively observed what they were doing; and appeared inclined to share in their labour: she would inquire of the men what was to be done, as

if by learning the profession herself, Frederic's time would be sooner over.

One day she accosted him more cheerfully than usual, saying: "Frederic, a thought occurred to me this morning as I awoke: since my father is not yours, we are no longer brother and sister. I have felt grieved at recollecting (for I had not given it a thought before,) that my fortune would no longer be yours; that I should be rich, and that you would be poor. Yet I derived some consolation from another idea that started in my mind; listen to me: a husband and a wife are not united in consequence of birth, but of their own choice. Some take a husband, some take a wife; whereas I shall choose a brother, you will take a sister; and all our property then will be in common. You can easily do without a wife, I can do without a husband; but I am sensible that I cannot live without having you for my brother."

Matilda, as it appears, spoke not a word about love, neither did she think of it. As she had begun loving Frederic as a brother, she did not imagine she could love him otherwise. However, that habitual friendship had been converted into love, which last sentiment had gained so much more strength in her heart, that she had never thought of guarding against it. A circumstance which I am going to relate, at length was conducive to make her acquainted with her real sentiments.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SECOND TOUR TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

EVERY discovery made in the new world cannot fail of affording an interesting subject to our numerous readers; as through these infant discoveries we may hope to be able to achieve those which may be of the highest importance both to the inhabitants of Sidney and to the world at large. Happy in the extent of our correspondence, that affords us the pleasure of gratifying the mind imbued with a love of science and investigation, we have the satisfaction of laying before our readers an account of a second tour to the Blue Mountains to that of which we gave an account in our Magazine for February last.

While his Excellency the Governor was
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at Bathurst, he found himself so impelled by an anxious desire to render his discoveries of the Blue Mountains of importance to the mother country, that he gave Mr. Evans instructions to proceed from Bathurst, and pursue his discoveries as much farther westward as his means of carrying with him provisions, the nature of the country through which he had to pass, and concurring circumstances would permit. Mr. Evans performed his tour with safety, and returned, with those who had accompanied him, in perfect health. The following brief account is extracted from his journal.

On the 13th of May, 1814, Mr. Evans,

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commenced his tour of discovery. On the 2d of June, when his provisions were inspected, it was found impossible that they should hold out so as to suffer him to proceed farther; he, therefore, began to retrace his course back to Bathurst, where he arrived on the 12th of June, having been absent thirty-one days.

The tour had been rendered delightful by the view of rich and fertile vallies, with a succession of hills well covered with timber, and which consisted chiefly of the stringy bark and the pine. Ponds and gullies of fine water diversified the scene, and displayed the bounties of the great Creator: and what seemed to promise a discovery highly important was, that Mr. Evans met with a large river which he doubted not but might be made navigable for boats at the distance of a few days travelling along its banks, as he conjectures from its course that it must join its waters with those of the Macquarrie River; and he had little doubt but that their joint streams would form a navigable river of very considerable size. When the party had arrived at about sixty miles distance from Bathurst, Mr. Evans discovered a prodigious chain of hills, the points of which ended in perpendicular heads, from thirty to forty feet high, of pure lime stone of a misty grey colour. Here, as also through the general course of the journey, was seen sporting the arch and playful kangaroo; waterfowl abounded on the bosom of the waters; and the new river, to which Mr. Evans gave the name of the Lachlan, was plentifully stored with fish, although from the coldness of the season he was not able to take any of them.

In the course of this tour a discovery was made of a very unusual and extraordinary production, which we should be led to imagine was the same as the manna found by the Children of Israel in the wilderness. It possessed the sweetness and flavour of manna, but is totally different in its appearance, being very white, and having a

roundish irregular surface, not unlike the rough outside of confectioners' comfits, and in size equal to the largest hailstones. Mr. Evans could not consider it as the production of any tree or insect; the most probable conjecture therefore is, that it is of the same nature as that found in Arabia, which falls like dew from heaven, and is called by the Arabs, "wild honey, or the bread of angels;" and undoubtedly the manna of the Children of Israel, as we venture to opine, though we have no such authority from Mr. Evans. It seems to form a chief article of food for the kangaroo, as where this provision was to be found those creatures assembled in immense flocks, and wildfowl were hovering near it, in equal abundance.

The population of this part of the country seems more immense than at Bathurst; numbers of natives were every where to be seen, but in a most wild and savage state, and apparently so much alarmed at the sight of a white man, that no intreaties could compel them to approach any one of the party of discovery, nor would they hold any intercourse with Mr. Evans.

A good level country was discovered at the termination of this tour; its soil rich, and its whole appearance interesting. Mr. Evans conceives that there can be no barrier to prevent the travelling farther westward, to almost any extent which could be desired. The distance travelled by him on this occasion was 142 measured miles out; which, with his digressions to the southward, made the total distance 159 miles from Bathurst. He adds, also, that finding himself enabled to take a more direct line back to Bathurst than that by which he left it, he made the distance then only 115 miles; and he observes that he is very certain that a good road may be made all that length without any considerable difficulty, there not being more than three hills which may not be avoided.

(The remainder, consisting of an Appendix to the Governor's first Tour, in our next.)

THE COWARD CONVERTED TO A BRAVE MAN.

WHEN DON Rodrigo de Bivar, so much celebrated in Spanish history by the title of the Cid, first laid siege to the city of Valencia, then in the possession of the

Moors, he had amongst his Knights one of the name of Martin Peleaz, who, with great advantages of person, and an uncommon degree of muscular strength, was

nevertheless a terrible coward. The Cid, who had heard of his pusillanimity, was very sorry when he joined his standard, but he would not dismiss him without assigning the true reason, and he was too generous to do so. Compelled thus to retain him in his service, the Cid resolved to try whether it was not possible to conquer his constitutional defect; and accordingly he took care that he should be engaged in the first encounter between the Moors and the Christians. Rodrigo was exceedingly careful that his new Knight should be particularly well mounted and armed. But no sooner did the encounter begin than Peleaz fled from it; and supposing his cowardice unobserved, presented himself boldly before the Cid, when all the Knights assembled at dinner time. It was the custom of Rodrigo to eat at a high table alone, and his Knights had tables placed for them in another part of the hall. At the first table sat all those who had distinguished themselves by valiant feats of arms; their accommodation was sumptuous, and they were waited upon with the utmost respect and observance. At the second table those of inferior fame, and those who had not yet distinguished themselves, were served in an inferior manner. By this means the Cid raised amongst his people a spirit of emulation which was of considerable service to his cause, as all those who sat at the second table were ambitious of raising themselves to the first, which they knew they could effect only by their prowess in the field. When Martin Peleaz entered the hall he was about to take his seat at the table of honour, but the Cid advanced towards him, and taking his hand said, "You are not worthy to sit with these Knights, for they are better men than you or I; but you shall take your place with me," and he seated him at his own table.

Upon this Martin Peleaz, who was not, as it appears, overburthened with understanding, fancied that he was placed at the Cid's table to exalt him above the other Knights, never considering how extremely improbable it was that a warrior like Rodrigo, equally renowned for justice as for bravery, should thus give a preference

which must have appeared the result of private partiality.

The next day the Cid took care that Martin should be placed in front of the Knights who charged the Moors: he attacked them courageously enough, but the moment he saw an opportunity he quitted the combat as he had done the day before. The Cid observed what passed attentively, and when the Knights were about to seat themselves at table, he took Martin Peleaz by the hand, "You must eat of the same dish that I do, for you have deserved better to-day than yesterday." At these words, pronounced in a significant tone, Peleaz was greatly abashed, hung down his head, and began to ruminate upon them. A little reflection convinced him that his cowardice was known to the Cid, who, instead of putting him to open shame, had taken this delicate method to reprove him. Struck with an instance of delicacy and generosity which, considering the manners of those times, might be termed sublime, Peleaz, who, though a coward, was not destitute of feeling, resolved to prove to the Cid that his noble forbearance was not thrown away. And when he next encountered the Moors, he behaved with so much bravery that some of the boldest of the Infidels were intimidated by his prowess. The Cid, who saw all that passed, rejoiced exceedingly at the valour which he displayed; and when the Knights, as usual, assembled to dinner, Rodrigo taking his hand, placed him at the table of honour with these words:—"My friend, take your place amongst these true and approved Knights; for the feats which you have this day performed in the field, render you a companion worthy of them."

History says that Peleaz conducted himself ever after with such bravery that the Cid kept him always near his person, and gave him such opportunities of distinguishing himself that he soon acquired a name in arms inferior only to that of his great master; who, loving the Knight for the valour which he himself might be said to have created, took him into his confidence, and continued to honour him with the most distinguishing marks of his friendship till his death.

ZERAH COLBURN.

ZERAH COLBURN was born at Cabot, in the county of Caledonia, and state of Vermont, on the first of September, 1804. In the early part of his infancy, and until he was a year old, his parents considered him very much inferior to the rest of their children, and sometimes fearfully anticipated all the trouble and sorrow attendant on the maintenance of an idiot. By degrees he seemed to improve, and they began to conceive better hopes; but he was more than two years old before he was supposed to possess that degree of intelligence which usually falls to the share of our species. After this, his progress became more apparent; and although all who saw him declared he was very eccentric in his manners and amusements, yet all acknowledged that he was shrewd and intelligent. No one, however, had yet discovered in him any inclination to the combinations of arithmetic, and no one remembers that he ever made any inquiries about numbers, or their use. As he always lived in a frontier town of Vermont, where education meets with little encouragement, and as his father's resources were few and trifling, he had received no instruction, and was, in fact, ignorant of the first rudiments of reading. It was, therefore, with unqualified astonishment, that his father overheard him multiplying different sums merely for his own amusement; and on investigating the extent of his powers, found he could multiply any two numbers under 100. This happened about the beginning of August, 1810. Immediately on this discovery, the father sent him to a woman's school, such as is usually kept in the back settlements of America during the summer season. There he remained until the latter part of September, and was taught to read a little; but is still completely ignorant of figures and our method of using them. The want of artificial symbols does not, however, seem to embarrass him in the least. Instead of them, he employs their names, and without any other assistance, performs mentally all the common operations in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic. He can add a column of figures four in height and three in width. He can subtract five figures and divide four. He can

multiply any number under one thousand by any number under one hundred, or a series of three questions each of whose factors do not exceed one hundred. He has also learnt, by inquiry, several different kinds of measure, and now reduces miles to rods and feet, and years to days, hours, &c. His most remarkable operation is that of discovering the several multipliers of a given number; and this he does with such astonishing rapidity, that the hearer cannot note them down so fast as he utters them:—*Ex. gr.* when asked what numbers multiplied together produces 1224, he replied instantly, 2×612 , 4×306 , 8×153 , 3×408 , 6×204 , 12×102 , 24×51 , 9×136 , 18×68 , 36×34 , and 17×72 . In this, and similar operations, he probably discovers the two first factors by division, and afterwards multiplies and divides these factors to procure the next set, and so on until the series is exhausted, when he recurs to the original number, and, making a new division, proceeds as before: in multiplication he finds the multiples of *one* factor and multiplies them successively into the *other*. Thus, in multiplying 32 by 156, instead of taking the common mode, he says, $13 \times 32 = 416 \times 13 = 4992$; because $12 \times 13 = 156$. But if the hundreds proposed will not suffer this process, he first multiplies the hundreds, and then the tens, and discovers the aggregate by addition. His facility in multiplication arises in a great measure from the extent of his table, which, instead of comprising only one hundred and forty-four combinations, probably comprises ten thousand, as he evidently answers all questions whose factors are less than one hundred, from recollection, and not from computation. His memory is prodigious, and appears capable of almost indefinite cultivation. In his general disposition, he is uncommonly docile and affectionate, although he discovers considerable pride of opinion, and is chagrined when detected in an error. He is remarkably inquisitive, and is never satisfied with a superficial examination of any new object or fact. Music excites him powerfully; and, next to this, pictures. His person is strong and well proportioned, except his head, which is much larger than usual.

This circumstance has raised suspicions, that he had been subject to the rickets; a disorder which has been supposed sometimes to produce a prematurity of talents; but the father declares that the child has always been healthy, and particularly denies that he ever discovered any appearances of this disease.

Considering all these circumstances, the present appears to be an unparalleled instance of the early development of mind. It is preposterous to compare him with the

admirable Crichton, or the blind Dydimus; because their faculties were drawn forth by the usual artifices of education; while the youth of this child, the ignorance of his parents, and their relative situation in society, preclude the possibility of his having attained his present powers by any use of the ordinary means of improvement. It is certain, therefore, that he has made himself what he now is, the most astonishing instance of premature skill in arithmetical combinations that the world ever saw.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL genial Spring! sweet season of delight!
At thy return all nature smiles serene,
Fair blooms the landscape on the ravish'd sight,
And new-born glories heighten ev'ry scene.

The gentle zephyrs breathing o'er the floods,
Dissolve the north wind's adamantine chains,
And chase fell Winter from our native woods,
To Alpine hills, or Zembla's frozen plains!

From yonder grove where late tempestuous driv'n,
Loud howl'd the blast o'er many a leafless spray;
Soft on each whisp'ring gale upborne to heav'n,
In strains melodious swells the grateful lay.

No ruthless gunner, with un pitying eyes,
Now spreads wide havoc thro' the echoing meads;
But free as air each feather'd songster flies
Where pleasure beckons, or where fancy leads.

Soon as deep-ting'd with orient streaks of red,
The blushing East proclaims approaching dawn,
The skylark warbling leaves his grassy bed,
And springs exulting on the wings of morn.

Yes, halcyon Spring! thy blessings unconfin'd,
Thro' all creation varied charms impart;
Hush to sweet rest the passion-ruffled mind,
And whisper pleasure to the drooping heart.

Say who could view the glorious scenes around,
Nor breathe warm praises to His bounteous hand;
Who scatters plenty o'er the verdant ground,
And pours such blessings on a smiling land!

Whether at eve my wand'ring footsteps tread,
Where forests wave in ev'ry gale that blows;
Or where slow winding thro' the flow'ry mead,
In gentle murmurs soft the streamlet flows;

Parent of God! alike my soul adores
The matchless bounty ev'ry scene displays;
And fir'd with rapture high exulting soars,
In joyful hymns of gratitude and praise.

J. A.

THE EVENING STAR.

WHERE the last blush of day declines,
Now sweet the Vesper Planet shines—
Perhaps that evening's brilliant star,
Refulgent gleaming from afar,
Where daylight lingers for a while,
O'er many a cloud-form'd fairy isle,
May be that land of endless bloom,
That realm of bliss beyond the tomb,
Where suffering virtue finds a home,
And grief and pain no more shall come.
Delightful thought! perhaps, ere long
When life ebbs fast, and death's last pang
Shall close thine eye on mortal care,
In this dark world to weep nae nae,
Thy soul, above wi' sweet delight,
To that fair land may wing its flight:
From pain and grief for aye to sever,
To dwell in rosy bowers for ever.

THE VILLAGE MANIAC.

SEE you yon form so lovely fair,
That wanders by the river's side,
Whose loosen'd tresses sport in air,
Whose steps the rustling reeds divide?
Oft times at rosy morn she's seen,
The deep'ning glade with care to pace;
Or range the daisy painted green,
For flow'rets sweet her hair to grace.

Sometimes at eve reclin'd along
A flow'ry bank, or elm's broad root,
Sweetly she pours the plaintive song,
Whilst list'ning Philomel is mute.

Alas! sweet maid, thy promis'd hour
Of fair felicity is flown;
Chill mis'ry nipp'd thy budding flower,
And frenzy claim'd thee for her own.

In earlier days thy blue eye smil'd,
With sweet content, and lively joy;
Ere falsehood and seduction wild,
Combin'd thy prospects to destroy.

Near gentle Severn's sedgy side,
Her aged parents liv'd retir'd;
She was their only joy and pride,
And all their love of life inspir'd.

Like summer's eve their close of day,
Declin'd with prospect warm and bright,
Gilded with many a glorious ray,
And blushing deep with roddy light.

As travellers with weary tread,
Slow wind some hill's steep woody side;
The summit reach'd, abrupt see spread
The glowing prospect stretching wide.

Joyous the milder beam they view,
Paint the high mount and distant spire,
While streaming clouds of various hue,
Clothe the blue arch with robes of fire.

The sinking orb no more is seen,
Black turn the clouds erst while so bright,
Thick flock the shadows o'er the green,
And dark and gloomy falls the night.

Suddea the rushing blast is heard,
Sure presage of approaching storm;
To covert fly the frighted herd,
And rolling clouds the sky deform.

Loud bursts the thunder o'er their heads,
Athwart the gloom blue lightnings glare,
The pathless wild before them spreads
Its doubtful passage, dark and drear.

Thus, gentle pair, too soon you dream,
Of happiness for ever fled;
Of flatt'ring hope no distant gleam,
Down life's decline shall cheer your tread.

The morn serene with cheerful ray,
The howling tempest puts to flight,
But ah! no cheerful dawn of day,
Shall e'er illumine your lasting night.

Near to their cot a lordling dwelt,
Who came with manner specious, fair,
And proffer'd friendship never felt,
Their daughter's virtue to ensnare.

For he the beautiful maid had seen,
With youth elate, and pleasure gay,
Dance sprightly on the village green,
When sports proclaim'd the festive day.

Her graceful form his eye admir'd,
Her smile where love in ambush lay,
Her mien by modesty inspir'd,
Adorn'd with virtue's purest ray.

As the fell snake in wreathy fold,
With many a glittering colour gay,
Deep hid in flowers, close watch doth hold,
The unwary footstep to betray.

So he his wily scheme pursu'd,
And watch'd his prey with eager care;
And mask'd beneath appearance good,
Betray'd at length the guileless fair.

Too late his treachery is found,
He scornful, leaves the weeping maid,
To run gay fashion's giddy round,
And boast the ruin he has made.

What tho' he's great in wealth and name,
And lenthen'd ancestry he shews;

Him sacred honour must disclaim,
Whose deeds a villain's heart disclose.

Who makes his infamy his pride,
Yet falsely does her name affect;
Each virtue boldly dares deride,
And ruins where he should protect.

Let him review his vaunted deed,
Then call reflection if he dare;
Poor Ellen's reason's ever fled,
Her parents plung'd in deep despair.

Unhappy pair, your drooping age,
No comfort ever shall command;
She who should cheer your waning days,
Wanders a maniac through the land.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WHO WISHED HER LOVER TO SWEAR TO HIS
TRUTH.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its looks are so shifting and new,
That the oath I may take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

The arch Loves that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye,
Such as your's may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on thy lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower,
Both the dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose it so sweetly in air!

But clear up the heav'n of thy brow,
Nor fancy my faith but a feather,
On my heart I will pledge thee my vow,
They both must be broken together.

THE ARCHDUKES TO THEIR BROTHER THE EMPEROR.

From Par-house to Play-house, we've seen ev'ry
sight,

We've stray'd, like Ulysses in Homer,
And find that no lawyer can London indict,
Each street, every lane's a misnomer.
We find Broad St. Giles a poor narrow nook;
All copper, no gold, Golden-square is;
Duke-street cannot muster the ghost of a Duke;
So London's one link of contraries.

We went to Cornhill for a sample of wheat,
And sought it in vain ev'ry shop in;
The Hermitage offer'd a tranquil retreat
For the Jolly Jack Hermits of Wapping.

No cavalry's quarter'd in Horsemonger-lane;
Milk-street is denuded of dairies;
The Serpentine River's as straight as your cane,
And London's one link of contraries.



RIDING DRESS.
Invented by M^{me} Dollé, 208 Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.
Registered for La Belle Assemblée, 27th June 1850.



THE COBOURG WALKING DRESS.

Invented by Mr. Bell, 21 Charlotte St. Bloomsbury,
England for Wm. La. Bell, Guelph June 6. 1840.

Swift's Gulliver seems back to life to advance,
 And London's the spot he has hit on;
 One Lilliput monarch may awe Petty France,
 Another command Little Britan.

Battle-bridge cannot boast of its martial frays;
 'Change-alley, we're told, never varies;
 In Quality-court not a nobleman stays,
 So London's one link of contraries

Spring-Gardens, all wintry, appear in the wane;
 Sun-alley's an absolute blinder;
 And the best of the joke is, that Bearbinder-lane
 Has neither a bear nor a binder.

From Baker-street North all the bakers have fled,
 And Green Arbour-court bleak and bare is—
 Now, brother, we think we have prov'd what we
 said,
 That London's one link of contraries.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THEY, who content on earth to stay,
 To earth their views confine;
 With rapture, Miller, will survey
 This paradise of thine!

I, too, my willing voice would raise,
 And equal rapture shew;
 But that the scenes which others praise,
 For me are much too low.

I grant, the hills are crown'd with trees,
 I grant the fields are fair;

But, after all, one nothing sees
 But what is really there.

Fine taste ideal prospects feigns,
 Whilst, on poetic wings,
 'Bove earth, and all that earth contains,
 Unbounded fancy springs.

To dwell on earth's gross element,
 Let groveling spirits bear;
 But I, on nobler plans intent,
 Build castles in the air.

No neighbours there can disagree,
 Or thwart what I design;
 For there, not only all I see,
 But all I wish is mine.

No surly landlord's bow I want,
 To make or pull down fences;
 I build, I finish, drain, and plant,
 Regardless of expences.

One thing, 'tis true, excites my fear,
 Nor let it seem surprising;
 Whilst ministers, from year to year,
 New taxes are devising;

Lest earth being tax'd, as soon it may,
 Beyond what earth can bear,
 Our financier a tax would lay
 On castles in the air.

Well with the end the means would suit,
 Would he, in these our days,
 Ideal plans to execute,
 Ideal taxes raise.

FASHIONS

FOR

JUNE, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—COBOURG WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of fine French cambric under a pelisse of amber shot sarsnet, elegantly ornamented in a novel style with blue satin ribband. Oatlands hat to correspond with the pelisse, tied with a chequered ribband of blue on white, and the hat surmounted with a bunch of tuberoses or Passion flowers. Morocco shoes or half boots of light blue the colour of the pelisse trimming. Limerick gloves; and the hair dressed forward in curls.

No. 2.—RIDING DRESS.

Of fine blue Merino cloth, embroidered and ornamented round the bust and cuffs in a novel and unique style. This new equestrian costume, by fastening on the

back of the shoulder, preserves all the contour of the form, which habits, in general, are apt to destroy. A full double ruff of fine Vandyke lace is separated from the shirt collar by a Chinese silk handkerchief of blue and white. Small round hat of fine beaver or of moss-silk. Half boots of blue kid; with Limerick gloves worked and seamed with blue.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

It is now that summer is about to enter, clothed in her robe of verdure, and ornamented with her gayer hues of variegated

colour, and that Beauty attires herself at the mirror of Taste; we eagerly, therefore, follow her as she issues forth from being adorned by the hand of the Graces.

As we were about to close our fashionable intelligence for this month, the visit of a correspondent, who ranks high in fashionable life, to the Fashionable Repository in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, furnished us with an account of the following elegant article for carriage costume, it is styled *Spenser à-la-Duchesse de Berri*, and is made of pearl coloured satin, with a rich cordon trimming of pink and white: a pelerine cape, trimmed with crape, terminates in a kind of scarf of white crape, which crosses over the bust. Next in estimation are spensers of variegated, or white satin, or a carriage pelisse of light blue sarsnet, ornamented in a style entirely new, and which trimming consists of satin and tulle, leaves of satin being laid on tulle: the bonnet generally worn with this dress is large and transparent, the whole formed of white patent net, ornamented with blue ribband, and a plume of blue and white porcupine feathers. A new fancy Leghorn bonnet, invented by Mrs. Bell, cannot be sufficiently admired; its shape is elegantly retired, modest, and yet strikingly elegant; it is trimmed with rich brocaded ribband, and surmounted by a bunch of lilacs.

Morning dresses are made of striped or plain muslin, or cambric; some of which are beautifully finished by a temporary body of cambric richly embroidered, and formed of detached pieces; it is requisite to see these ingenious *corrages* to appreciate them properly; suffice it to say, that there is a grace and elegance attached to this appendage which we have seldom seen equalled. For evening dresses frocks of tulle are reckoned most elegant; they are worn either over white or coloured satin, with a tasteful body of satin, either variegated or of a colour to answer the slip, and which body is superbly trimmed with patent net and blond.

French caps, lined with pink and ornamented with a beautiful bouquet of roses and heartsease, are much admired for dinner parties. The *cornette à-la-Diane*, surmounted with a crescent transparent kind of hat, is the most prevailing head-dress for morning visits; while the Cobourg cap of

silver tissue and lama, is the most elegant article for the Opera or for evening dress. Straw, chip, and Leghorn hats promise to be very general, ornamented with feathers or flowers. The waists are worn very short, but the skirts of dresses longer than usual. The favourite colours are blue, lilac, pink, and pearl colour.

DRESSES OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

As we have been gratified with a sight of the wedding dresses of this amiable and illustrious female, a particular yet concise account of them cannot but be acceptable to our fair readers.

The Royal Bride, happy in obtaining him whom her heart had selected, and whom consenting friends approved, wore on her countenance that tranquil and chastened joy which a female so situated could not fail to experience. Her fine fair hair, elegantly yet simply arranged, owed more to its natural beautiful wave than to the art of the *friseur*; it was crowned with a most superb wreath of brilliants, forming rosebuds with their leaves.

Her dress was silver lama on net, over a silver tissue slip, embroidered at the bottom with silver lama in shells and flowers. Body and sleeves to correspond, elegantly trimmed with point Brussels lace. The manteau was of silver tissue lined with white satin, with a border of embroidery to answer that on the dress, and fastened in front with a splendid diamond ornament. Such was the bridal dress, and to which we subjoin the following, which have been made on this happy occasion.

2. A gold lama dress over a white satin slip, with body and sleeves to correspond with the embroidery on the border of the dress; the whole trimmed with gold blond net *à-la-Vandyke*. Gold tissue manteau lined with white satin, and trimmed with a border of net work and shells.

3. A silver lama dress, embroidered on net over a white satin slip; body and sleeves trimmed with silver blond lace; with manteau to correspond: fastened in front with diamonds.

4. A blue and white silver tissue dress, trimmed with a full trimming of lama on net, tastefully interspersed with silver, orange blossom, and corn flowers. The

body and sleeves, trimmed with lama and silver blond lace.

5. An embroidered gold muslin dress with an India gold border; above the border two elegant flounces of fine Mechlin lace, with which the sleeves and body are richly trimmed.

6. A superb Brussels point lace dress, trimmed with point lace over a slip of white satin. This dress alone cost eight hundred Guineas.

7. A rich white satin dress, trimmed with blond, with a satin and net trimming above the blond; body and sleeves full.

8. A clear muslin dress worked on sprigs, trimmed with Mechlin lace, and to be worn over a white satin slip.

9. A rich figured satin dress, elegantly trimmed with blond.

10. A travelling dress of white corded silk, trimmed with flounces at the bottom of Brussels lace; with ruff and cuff to correspond: over this, as dress the 11th, the bride wore a white satin pelisse, trimmed with ermine; and 12th, an elegant white satin hat ornamented with blond, and a beautiful plume of white feathers, after she had divested herself of the court dress in which she was married, and accompanied her happy bridegroom to Oatlands, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of York.

The jewellery of the royal bride is most superb; beside the wreath, are a diamond cestus, ear-rings, and an armet of great value, with a superb set of pearls.

The court dresses worn by the royal family and nobility on this occasion were particularly splendid; we are sorry our limits will not allow us to enter into particulars, but we cannot forbear noticing the singular taste and elegance displayed in the superb lama dress, so beautifully wrought with silver lilies, of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley; we have never before witnessed so charming a combination of classical taste, splendour, and touching simplicity.

COPIOUS PARTICULARS

OF

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

A copious account of the splendid Drawing-Room held by her Majesty to receive the congratulations on the marriage of her

No. 84.—Vol. XIII.

Royal Grand-daughter with Prince Leopold, cannot fail of being interesting to our illustrious and numerous subscribers; we receive peculiar gratification in being able to attest that it was one of the most splendid assemblages of royalty, nobility, beauty, and fashion that has ever been witnessed in this kingdom. Of which we shall leave our readers to judge by a perusal of the following sketch.

A guard of honour marched into the court-yard, preceded by the band of the third regiment of Guards. The crowd collected round the Palace by eleven o'clock, and soon after twelve it was so great that the Palace was scarcely accessible, till a numerous assemblage of police officers arrived under the direction of Sir N. Conant, as well as the marshalmen, the porters, &c.

Although the Drawing-Room was not announced to commence till two o'clock, the company began to arrive a little after twelve, and continued coming till past four at all the different entrances. The distinguished characters who came to Court were kept in their carriages an uncommon time in the regular ranks; the carriages frequently reached to Oxford-street, and some who resided in St. James's-square had to go as far as Oxford-street before they could get into the rank; but notwithstanding the immense collection of carriages scarcely any accident happened, every thing being extremely well regulated. The pressure of the company at one time was so extremely great, that there was a stoppage under the covered colonade for an hour.

The grand object of attraction, the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, arrived at a quarter before two in state; their carriage being preceded by three others, in which were their full suites: Lady Emily Murray, Lady John Thynne, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Cotes, Sir Robert Gardiner, Col. Addenbroke, Baron Hardenbrocke, and Mr. Percy, escorted by a party of the Life Guards. The Prince Regent, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by his Royal Sister, came in state with their full suites, with escortes of the Life Guards. The Duke of Sussex came with his full suite of attendants.

A few minutes after two o'clock her Majesty, with her usual punctuality, en-

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tered the Drawing-Room with her numerous and illustrious family, all looking in extreme good health; they moved according to their age and rank with their respective suites. The Queen took her usual station, her Chamberlain, Vice-Chamberlain, and other attendants standing on her left, and the Royal Family on her right. Her Majesty then proceeded to receive the congratulations of the splendid and distinguished throng. They passed from the Queen to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; and all appeared to vie with each other in their compliments and good wishes.

The exterior of Buckingham-House, as well as the interior, had the most splendid and fascinating appearance. The company, after paying their congratulatory respects to the Queen, were unable to quit the Palace as their carriages could not draw up till all the company had sat down. The windows of the Palace were, in consequence, filled with *elegantes*, others promenaded the Palace court-yard and the grass-plot; and such an assemblage, in such splendid dresses, parading in the open air, have rarely been seen in England upon any occasion. The effect of the whole was considerably heightened by the excellent accompaniment of some charming pieces by the band.

The contrasted and dignified assemblage in the open promenade consisted of Bishops and Clergy in their full robes, the Judges, the Lord Chief Justices of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Justice Park, Mr. Justice Abbot, Mr. Justice Holroyd, Mr. Justice Burroughs, Mr. Justice Richards, Mr. Justice Dallas, who have lately been promoted to the Bench; and also Messrs. Warren, Scarlet, Harrison, Cook, Raine, Benyon, Agar, Bell, &c. who have lately been appointed King's Counsel, in their full-bottom wigs and robes; the Naval and Military Officers in their uniforms; the Nobility, Ladies, and Gentlemen, in their splendid Court dresses, with the royal servants in state dresses, the servants of a number of the Nobility in their state liveries, rendered the whole such a scene not to be described. The view from the Palace was of a very diversified description; the top of the Queen's guard-house covered with respectable persons, several trees filled with per-

sons, and the whole Park filled with people and carriages.

The Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold left, with their suites, in the same state as they came. The guard of honour duly saluted them, the bands playing *God save the King*, in the same manner as they had received them on their arrival, as well as the Regent and the Royal Dukes. The Bishops and Judges, and other distinguished characters formed a line for them to pass through in the court-yard, bowing and curtsying to the Royal pair as they passed: the Prince and Princess bowed in return; and on their entering the Park they were received with loud huzzas by the populace. The company had not left the Palace till near seven o'clock.

PRESENTATIONS.

The company were so extremely numerous that we have only attempted to give some of the principal personages who were present. The following were among the presentations:—

Mrs. Henry, by her aunt, Viscountess Lake. Mrs. Territt, on her arrival from abroad. Miss Seymour, by the lady in waiting. Capt. A. R. Kerr, R. N. on being made a Companion of the Order of the Bath. Miss Otway, by her mother. Viscount Kinnaird, on his coming to his title. Capt. Toser, on his promotion. Miss Hudson, by the Marchioness of Townsend. Major Raitt, 79d regt. on his return from the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Raine, on his being appointed King's Counsel, by Earl Percy. Miss Mary Caswall, by her mother. Lady Katherine Walpole, by Lady C. Walpole. Mr. G. Idle, by Lord G. Murray. The Rev. Mr. Blackburn, by his father. Miss Calvert, by her mother. Lady Caroline Powlett, on her marriage, by the Viscountess Barnard. Major-General Sir William Catrol, on his receiving the honour of knighthood. Lady Grenville Temple, by Lady Octavia Law. Miss Harlet Nortbey, by her mother. The Misses Fox, by the Countess of Farnham. Colonel Thomas, of the Bengal army, by the Marquis of Wellesley. The Hon. Mrs. Prettie, by Lady Duually. The Hon. Miss Clifford, by her mother. Mr. W. Harrison, as Solicitor General. Capt. H. Heathcote, R. N. on his return from service. Mr. Bell, on being made King's Counsel. Lieut.-Col. Chey Greys, on promotion. Sir Simeon Smart, on his marriage. Lieut.-Col. Marsack, of the Guards, on promotion. Capt. R. N. on his marriage.

Rear-Admiral Sir Byam Martin, on being appointed Comptroller of the Navy. Sir Wm. Herschell, on being created a knight of the Guelphic order. Lord Harris, on coming to the Peerage. Lady Nicholson, by Lady T. Cradock. Dr. Territ, judge of the admiralty court at Bermuda. Mrs. George Jackson, on her return from abroad. Dr. Tierney, on being appointed Physician in ordinary to the Prince Regent. Miss Howard, by the Countess Dowager of Harcourt. Lady Arbuthnot, on coming to her title. The Hon. Mrs. T. Erskine, on her marriage. Mrs. General Ramsay, on her taking leave to go abroad. Miss Katherine Nicholl, by her mother. Miss Ann Fox, by the Countess of Farnham. Dowager Lady Lismore, by Lady George Cavendish. Lady Charlotte Duncombe, by Mrs. Hinchcliffe. Miss O'Callaghan, by Lady G. Cavendish. Mrs. T. Duncomb, by Mrs. Hinchcliffe. Miss Porter, by her mother, the lady of the Bishop of Clogher. Miss Cochrane, daughter of Sir Alexander Cochrane, by her mother. Miss Tufnell, by the lady in waiting. Count W. Linsingen and Countess, by Count Munster.

Among the Nobility and Gentry present were:—

Dukes—York, Kent, Sussex, Gloucester, De Bourbon, Orleans, Dorset, Devonshire, Norfolk, Montrose, Somerset, Athol.

Duchesses—York, Leeds, Buccleugh, Montrose, Northumberland.

Marquises—Winchester, Stafford, Angelsea, Thomond, Ormond, Bath, Buckingham, Donegal, Worcester, Winchelsea, Hertford, Wellesley, Headfort, Cholmondeley, Salisbury.

Marchionesses—Winchester, Townsend, Salisbury, Thomond, Buckingham, Worcester, Dow, Lansdowne, Cholmondeley, Bath, Tavistock, Blandford, Camden, Clanrickard.

Earls—Charleville, Compton, Spencer, Dalhousie, Aboyne, Percy, Craven, Shaftesbury, Talbot, Bolton, Shannon, Pomfret, Harewood, Perceval, Carysfort, Foley, Carnarvon, Verulam, Brauenlau, Dartmouth, Besborough, Limerick, Darnley, Nugent, Roslyn, Roseberry, Mount Edgecumbe, Orford, Lonsdale, Westmorland, Ilchester, Suffolk, Farham, Digby, Harcourt, Macclesfield, Paulet, Mexborough, Mulgrave, Bathurst, Breadalbane, Harrowby, Kingston, Effingham, Fitzwilliam, Aylesbury, Portsmouth.

Countesses—Dalhousie, Pembroke, Jersey, Aboyne, Athlone, Roslyn, Mayo, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Craven, Boulton, Clonmel, St. Martin d'Agile, Shannon, Farnham, Rothes, Orkney, Dartmouth, Guildford, Aylsford, Il-

chester, Grey, Fauconberg, Munster, Winterton, Harcourt, Newburgh, Lursenger, Belmont, Clare, Malmesbury, Mulgrave, Bridgewater, Verulam, Chichester, Suffield, Galloway, Delawarre, Lemassen, Winterton, Breadalbane.

Viscounts—Milton, Kinnaird, Fielding, Sidmouth, Bulkeley, Newark, Barnard, Carlton, Torrington, Stopford, Kirkwall, Duncannon, Gage, Bridport, Castlereagh, Dudley and Ward, Melville, Melborne.

Viscountesses—Newark, Lake, Hartwarton, Barnard, Kingaton, Bridport, Mountjoy, Duncannon, Gage, Andover, Middleton.

Lords—Teigamouth, Elliot, Lyndock, A. Beauclerk, J. Murray, Raneliff, Ashtown, B. Binning, Douglas, Granby, Lovaine, Clive, Somers, Mannors, St. Helens, Stanley, Keith, Erskine, Dundas, Arden, Bridport, Ellenborough, Milington.

Ladies—C. Powlett, Dunally, Kerrison, C. Howard, Grenville Temple, Octavio Law, Arbuthnot, Teigamouth, Charlotte Eyre, Harris, Stuart, Ashtown, Stanley, Cotton, Strong, R. Price, Rolles, Dowager Welby, Mildmay, Call, Page Turner, C. Stuart, Drumore, Eldon, C. Damen, Keith, Holland, Popham, Somers, G. Cavendish, Bowes, Anstruther, Antrim, Ellenborough, Collingwood, Colville, Strachan, C. Fielding, Nichol, Hippeley, Gordon, Saltown, Rich, Fludyer, C. Macleod, Bromley, Acland, Marsham, L. Percy, Beresford, Ashley Cooper, Astley, Walpole, Blackwood, Burrell, Bentick, Murray, Thyne, Waterpark, Gibbs, Duncan, Cockerel, Jane Coventry, Barbara Coventry, Celia Buggin, Hyde Parker, Mary Leslie, H. Budget, Rowley, Webster, Dawson, Legge, Budget, Bobinson, Shelly, L. Harvey, Dalrymple, C. Forrester, Godrington, Hardy, F. Compton, three Finches, Rouse, two Greys, Ridley, C. Wortley, Rodney, Dallas, Stanley, Langhan.

Right Honourables—Addington, W. Dundas, G. Rose, N. Vansittart, Huskisson, Sir William Scott.

Honourables—A. Shore, E. Monckton, Mrs. R. Tournour, Mrs. James Stuart, Dr. Sloane, Miss Kinnaird, Blanchard, T. Byng, Miss Craven, Phipps, C. Rice, J. R. Pidar, Dawsons, Mrs. Calvert, Capt. Dawson, Mrs. Prittie, Miss Calthorpe, T. Erskine, Miss Clifford, Mrs. P. Fraser.

Ambassadors and Ministers—Spanish, American, Portuguese, Russian, Sardinian, Neapolitan, Turkish, Austrian, French, Danish, Swedish, Wirtemberg.

Bishops—Ely, Oxford, Exeter, Gloucester, Clogher, London.

Archdeacons—Markham, Dorset.

Deans—Westminster, Arches, Cork.
Reverend Doctors—Halcombe, Price, Pett, Burton, Holland, Mildert, Magee.
Doctors—Franklin, Somerville, Maton, Heberden, Latham, Baillie, England, Territt, Tierney.
Rev. Messrs.—Louth, Chapman, Starkey, Northey, T. Blackburn, North, Thos. Prince, Thos. Co'er, Keysall.
Serjeants—Heywood, Vaughan, Best, Frere.
Aldermen—Birch, Cox, Heygate.
Barons—Nolken, Montelebert, Wolffe, Hardenbroke, Pfeiltzer.
Baroness—Nolken.
Counts—Munster, Woronzow, Lisinger.
Admirals—Nugent, Vashon, Sir E. Berry, Sir E. Buller, Sir R. Keates, Otway, Sir B. Martin, Sir W. Hotham, Wilkinson, Linzee, Sir J. Rowley, Sir J. Bertie, Sir D. Gould, Southby, Tyler.
Generals—Sir M. Burgoyne, Finch, Campbell, Thornton, Hyde, H. Johnston, Riall, Murray, Crosby, Sir H. White, Cookson, Fanning, Sir W. Inglis, Swayne, Sir H. Crosby, Lloyd, Cappage, Maclean, Vincent, Archdall, Spencer, De Grey, Ralston, D. Griffith, Hugoom, Pigot, Phipps.
Lieut.-Generals—Fraser, Grey, Norton, Sir J. Bradford, Dilkes, Bailey, Peachy, Ramsay, Neville, Baynes, Keith, Sir W. Nicholson, Mitchell, Sir W. Pringle, Moore, Brodrick, Seymour, Doveton.
Colonels—Bauchete, Horner, Reeves, Hughes, Mair, Frazer, Curtis, St. George, Delap, Fyers, Walker, Pack, Mowbray, Le Blanc, Tolley, Perceval, Hay, Paulett, C. Smith, Evelyn, Hawkin, Sir C. Downie, Morland, Clement, Hill, Dashwood, Arbuthnot, Brownrigg, Bosanquet, Marrack, West, Chapman, S. Waund, S. Wood, Jones, Daniell, P. Coffin, Ferguson, Herries, Howland, Sir R. Barclay, Myers, Christie, Addenbroke, Stephenson, Cheney, Davison, O'Kelly.
Majors—Raill, Bye, Pasley, Thesketts, W. Drummond, Grave, Thoyts, Elliott, Harding, Dukes.
Captains—Irby, Mowbray, Keene, Cox, Percy, Shiffner, W. Lake, Buckley, Stopford, Dawkin, Lloyd, Jones, Shirley, Salway, R. M. Fowler, Rebeau, P. Brown, Fuller, Dilkes, Haynes, Ferguson, West, Wigston, Scott (R. N.) Wetherell, Dashwood, Paulett, Teser, Young, Nelson, G. Digby, H. D. Deacon, Peechell.
Lieutenants—Nightingale, York, Berry, Wedgewood, Glanville, G. Browne, H. Browne, H. S. Blain, Saunders, Mure, Shawe, Coryton, Finling, Fairfield, Wright, Edward, Finch, Pole, Shaw, Adams, Ward.
Cornets—M. Dowall, J. Hunter, J. Farrar.

Sirs—Morris Ximenes, C. Colville, J. C. Hippisley, G. Naylor, G. Webster, T. Thompson, J. Nichol, J. Owen, H. Montgomerie, J. Malcolm, J. Cradock, M. Faulken, C. Rich, H. Dashwood, A. Hope, F. Fludyer, H. Russell, W. Curtis, G. Robinson, W. Grant, H. Howard, E. Paget, G. Shee, Wm. Elliott, E. Knatchbull, W. Rope, F. Ford, T. Plemmer, G. Buller.

Messrs.—R. H. Cox, Park, Jackson, Nicholl, Gaskell, Cawthorne, Askew, Percy, G. Holford, Agar, S. Canning, S. Murray, Pensonby, H. B. Sawbridge, H. Townsend, Baillie, Northcote, Frewer, H. Adeane, Powlett, Nugent, Macnamara, R. Hunter, Pepper, Round, Coats, St. Paul, Usborne, Donovan, W. Camac, Leigh, E. Fauquier, J. Leigh, Morgau, S. Frere, Protheroe, R. Ward, Dent, Skiffner, Lyons, Dorkins, Pennant, Banks, Harbord, Tremayne, Broadhead, G. Harrison, Madocks, Fuller, Knass, Shee, C. Brook, C. Barclay, Manning, C. Grant, Jun. T. R. Beaumont, Cholmondley, Wilmot, Vernon, Bamford, Hesketh, Wynne, Dillou, J. Cooks, Chichester, F. Newdigate, Weld, Forester, Irving, Alexander, Thornton, Lock, Campbell, Johnstone, Boothle Wilbraham, Gooch, Angerstein, Wallis, Douglas, E. Gray, Keat, Mitford, Lockhart, Champneys.

Mistresses—Lowth, G. Jackson, Gen. Ramsay Tierney, D. Griffith, Rowley, Wm. Frere, Northcote, Arbuthnot, Porter, Campbell, Mearns, Rowley, Dent, Shiffner, Rowley Lascelles, G. Ramsden, De Hany, Bruce, Dorkins, Banks, Pilkington, Spencer, Stanhope, Tremayne, Gen. Gascoigne, Broadhead, Hinchcliff, Thos. Duncombe, P. Thomson, Benges, North, Patten, Bold, Townsend, Gaskell, Beaumont, Cholmondeley, Wilmot, Leighton, Pockock, Longfield, Lock, Palmer, Otway, W. J. Ricketts, Tyrwhit, Brady, Lockhart, Davenport, Sutton, Chester, Langham, Methuen, Paget, Pierepoint, Mitchell, Fortescue, Stapleton, Poulet, Duncombe, Shafto, Hamilton, M. Sutton, Phipps, Rigby, Hughes, Calvert, Cox, Powis, Steel, Warton, Gosling, Jones, Camac, Merrick, Bethel, Porter, T. Smith, R. Joddrel, Sparks, Cuthbert, Robinson, Blackburne, Wheeler, Milner, Dugdell, Dorien, Meggaen, Buller, Acton, F. Daniel, Wharton, Keene, Leigh, Drommondely, Delap, Williams, Caswell, De Grey, Angerstein, Partridge.
Misses—Two Beaumonts, Houghton, Nevill, Harvey, three Pockocks, two Longfields, two Thorntons, Millins, Rouse, two Douglass, Davenport, Upton, two Giffords, Pole, Crew, Seymour, Otway, Harvey, Merry, Sutton, Townsend, two Macleods, Lowth, two Leendars, Porter, Coates, Calvert, Dallas, M-

Gardiner, O'Callaghan, Foxes, two Wades, two Hornes, Blake, K. Nicholl, H. Nothey, two Harris, Blunt, Courtney, Howard, Starkeel, two Morgans, two Cavendishes, Robinson, two Shiffners, Lascelles, Brown, two Benyons, Ramsden, E. Perceval, two Custs (Hon.) Trail, Bruce, three Cotterels, C. Dorkins, Spencer Stanhope, Gascoyae, three Whitsheds, Duncombe, P. Thompson, Cochrane, North, Tuffnells, two Patten Bolds; Heywood, two Rowleys, Dashwood, Tisdall, Blake, Mary Collingwood, Wood, two Trelawneys, three Nicholss, two Methueus, two Welbys, Banks, Sheldon, two Frasers, Mitchell, Acland, Hudson, Felkes, Rich, L. Rich, two Finches, Nugent, Fludyer, Cottons, Gosling, Russell, H. Ruell, Humbold, G. Humbold, M. Coswall, Cothbert, Beresford, Marshanam, M. H. and C. Walpole, Morton, Den, Blackburne, Milder, Meggs, Rycroft, Drummond, and Keene.

DRESSES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

HER MAJESTY.

A petticoat of beautiful rich green and silver tissue; the whole of the draperies were composed of a superbly rich blond lace, elegantly and tastefully designed, ornamented with rich silver bullion, confined with handsome silver ropes and tassels, finishing at the bottom with full flounces of rich blond lace to correspond, interspersed with silver tassels and bullion. The manteau of green and silver tissue to correspond, superbly trimmed with handsome blond lace and silver. The whole had a strikingly new and magnificent effect.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A petticoat of rich white satin, superbly embroidered in stripes of bright and dead gold, intermixed with shells; the draperies very richly embroidered to correspond, which were peculiarly elegant and tastefully designed, festooned up, and ornamented with rich gold ropes and tassels, finishing at the bottom with double scallop flounces of net, richly spangled, intermixed with embroidered bows and gold. The manteau of rich white, handsomely trimmed with gold, body and sleeves trimmed, Brussels point lace and diamonds. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. Her Royal Highness's dress had a most splendid appearance.

PRINCESS MARY.

A petticoat of rich blue spotted tissue; the draperies of a pale blue massy silver tissue, very superbly embroidered; the drapery confined on one side with superb silver ropes and tassels, finishing at the bottom with an elegant fulness of silver tissue, and ornamented with silver lace. The manteau of rich spotted tissue to correspond, trimmed with rich silver lace; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with Brussels point lace and diamonds. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. Her Royal Highness's dress was superbly beautiful.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

A petticoat of rich silver tissue, and draperies of net, most magnificently embroidered in silver lama, with deep borders, headed with a costly silver rollo; the draperies elegantly supported with a most brilliant cord of real silver bullion, and very superb silver tassels. Below the draperies, the dress was finished with a most beautiful and elegant *garniture* of silver lama and *tulle*, most tastefully designed. Manteau of rich silver tissue, with superb border of lama; and the body and sleeves profusely trimmed with the most beautiful Brussels point lace; rich silver band, fastened in front with diamonds. Head-dress, a most superb wreath of the richest and most brilliant diamonds, forming roses and leaves, with an elegant ostrich plume. The whole dress surpassed all conception in the grandeur and brilliancy of its effect.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

An elegant white and silver lama dress; white satin petticoat richly trimmed with a silver net flounce; draperies of net, with a massy embroidery of silver lama, and looped up with a profusion of jewels.

DRESSES OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

White satin petticoat, with rich gauze and blond draperies; striped satin train.

DUCHESS OF BUCKLEUGH.

White satin petticoat, decorated with rich white and gold stripes; purple satin train.

DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

White satin petticoat, with rich draperies of white satin and lilac; peach-colour train.

DUCHESS OF ATHOL.

A lilac satin petticoat, trimmed with red net and patent pearl; train, white satin.

MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

A rich white satin petticoat, superbly embroidered in gold lama, with full trimmings of blond lace, intermixed with gold, and suspended from the pocket holes by massy gold bullion chains and tassels; robe of white satin, with purple and gold tissue bodice, trimmed *en suite*: head-dress, profusion of diamonds and feathers.

MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.

White satin petticoat, with magnificent gold lama draperies, elegantly ornamented with gold cord and tassels; train of purple satin, trimmed with a full lama border: head-dress, feathers and jewels.

MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

A lilac satin robe; petticoat of white satin; draperies of net, superbly embroidered with silver lama, drawn up with silver tassels.

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

Satin petticoat, silver lama drapery, with a rich bordering of cornucopias, in lama work; pink satin train, embroidered with silver: head dress, feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF THOMOND.

A beautiful lilac satin robe and petticoat, with

rich French gauze draperies, trimmed with a profusion of blond: head-dress, lilac and white feather, with diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER.

Petticoat of rich white satin and elegant embroidered net; drapery of very broad rich blond lace, and fancy bunches of white roses and lilac; the trimming at the bottom of the same, flowers, broad blond, and a tasteful *ruche* of net and satin; body and train of white satin and blond: head-dress, feathers and rich diamonds.

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF LANSDOWN.

Petticoat of rich white satin, with draperies of superb gold lama, on net, elegantly supported with a most beautiful gold cord and tassels, finished with a magnificent border at the bottom of gold lama; train of white satin, trimmed with gold; body and sleeves most beautifully ornamented with gold blond lace: head-dress, rich ostrich plume, intermixed with a most brilliant display of diamonds; necklace and ear-rings of the most superb brilliants.

MARCHIONESS OF HERTFORD.

A petticoat of rich white satin, with net draperies, most beautifully embroidered in silver lama and blue floss silk, forming borders peculiar for their richness and elegance of effect; the draperies tastefully looped up with a beautiful silver cord and tassels; the whole finished at the bottom with a handsome garniture of net in rosettes; train of sapphire blue satin, profusely and elegantly trimmed with silver and blond lace: head-dress, rich ostrich feather, with most superb brilliants.

MARCHIONESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

A splendid dress of white satin, beautifully embroidered in gold lama, with wreaths of heart-ase; body and train to correspond: head-dress, feather and diamonds.

VISCOUNTESS HARBURTON.

White satin petticoat, with striped gauze, elegantly drawn up and confined with flutes of white satin and laburnums; train of figured satin, trimmed with Brussels point.

VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON.

A petticoat of white satin, with net draperies, superbly embroidered in pearls, supported with a cord and tassels of pearls and bouquets of roses, finished at the bottom with a trimming of blond; train of white satin, embroidered in pearls, ornamented with Mechlin lace.

VISCOUNTESS FIELDING.

An elegant evening primrose satin petticoat, ornamented with white patent net draperies, embroidered with white satin fleur-de-lis, looped up with white satin flowers and boughs of ribbon; robe of primrose satin, trimmed with blond lace.

VISCOUNTESS HAWARDEN.

Draperies of sprigged net, trimmed with blond lace, and festooned up with flowers over a white satin petticoat, ornamented with blond and wreaths of hyacinths and roses; body and train of pink satin.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

White and silver lama, ornamented with Brussels point lace.

VISCOUNTESS BULKLEY.

Body and train green satin, edged with foldings of white, and trimmed with blond lace; petticoat a fine silky gauze, with stripes of blond work in flowers, in foldings on a white satin, decorated with a plaiting of green.

COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

Petticoat of celestial blue satin, ornamented with draperies of blond lace, looped up with cords and tassels; train of blue satin, edged with blond.

DOWAGER COUNTESS WINTERTON.

Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of lace trimmed with point and white satin; body and train of violet silk, with white satin stripe, trimmed with point lace.

COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP.

A dress of yellow and white stripe, and figured French gauze, ornamented with white gauze and satin ribband, &c.

COUNTESS OF MORTON.

Petticoat of white crape, ornamented with draperies of silver tissue, festoons, with bunches of evening primrose and silver acorns; train of peach coloured satin, trimmed with silver.

COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Draperies of sprigged net, trimmed with blond lace, over a white satin petticoat, brown satin train.

COUNTESS ABOYNE.

Violet satin petticoat, with draperies of the same, trimmed with blond lace; train to correspond: head-dress, white and silver.

COUNTESS OF MAYO.

A white satin petticoat, trimmed at the bottom with rich broad gold trimming; drapery of superb gold lama, tastefully looped up with elegant gold cords and tassels; train of white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF COVENTRY.

Rich white satin petticoat, with draperies of net, embroidered in satin and chenille, ornamented with blond, wreaths of roses, and tassels; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

A white satin petticoat with a net drapery, superbly embossed, trimmed with silver and rich blond lace, festooned with silver cords and tassels; robe to correspond, with elegant blond sleeves, ornamented with diamonds; head-dress, ostrich feathers and magnificent diamonds.

COUNTESS OF TURNHAM.

Peach satin petticoat, with silver lama draperies, drawn in festoons, and fastened with silver bullion and tassels; garniture of tissue and satin; rouleau of peach satin, trimmed with a superb border of silver lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

Petticoat white crape trimmed with blond, with a drapery of beautiful embroidered gauze, looped up with bunches of blue and white

flowers; train, a very rich striped silk; head-dress, pearls and a plume of feathers.

COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.

White satin petticoat, covered with full gauze, and confined with a rouleau of white satin, garniture of tulle, intermixed with shells of satin; violet train, trimmed with point; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

COUNTESS OF EFFINGHAM.

A lilac and silver tissue robe; petticoat of the same, tastefully decorated with silver vandykes, &c.

COUNTESS OF ROTHES.

Robe of white figured silk trimmed with gold; petticoat of white satin, with lace draperies, intermixed with rich gold tissue sashes, &c.

COUNTESS OF ST. GERMANE.

Petticoat, apricot satin, with deep blond flounce, a drapery of silver gauze, bordered with silver net and blond, festooned with wreaths of vine leaves; sash trimmed with silver, embroidered blond to correspond, with drapery, and looped with silver; train, apricot satin, richly trimmed with blond and silver lama; head-dress, silver gauze diamonds, and white ostrich plume.

COUNTESS NEWBURG.

A blue satin petticoat, with a flounce of elegant blond lace; draperies of Brussels lace tastefully ornamented with festoons of Roman pearls; train richly trimmed to correspond.

COUNTESS GREY.

Petticoat of rich white satin, and elegant rich figured gauze; draperies of very broad blond lace and satin, trimmed at the bottom with a tasteful ruche of net and satin; body and train of white and blond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

Train of violet and white sprigged satin richly trimmed with Mechlin lace, a white satin petticoat with net draperies applique, with white satin, and trimmed with Mechlin lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF SORK.

Lilac and white striped satin, handsomely trimmed with blond lace, white satin petticoat with sprigged net draperies, ornamented with bunches of lilac, and richly trimmed with blond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN.

White satin petticoat, with white and gold draperies, and bullion fringe; white satin train.

DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LIVERPOOL.

A very rich silver tissue petticoat, with tissue train to correspond.

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CARDIGAN.

White satin petticoat, with a net drapery embroidered in gold; train white gauze:

COUNTESS OF DELAWARE.

A blue satin petticoat, ornamented with draperies of Brussels lace, with plumes of blue feathers; train to correspond.

COUNTESS OF MEXBOROUGH.

A petticoat of evening primrose satin, with

net draperies, superbly embroidered in gold lama, looped with bullion cord, and finished at the bottom with a most beautiful trimming of gold lama; train of peach satin trimmed with gold lama, and Brussels point lace.

COUNTESS OF SURREY.

A white satin petticoat, and figured gauze draperies trimmed with handsome lace, and unique borderings of amethyst, satin rouleau, confined with large bouquets of hyacinths to correspond; robe of amethyst satin, trimmed with point lace.

COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY.

Lilac satin train, white satin and crape petticoat, ornamented with blond lace, satin applique, and bunches of lilac.

COUNTESS OF MULGRAVE.

Lilac satin train, white crape petticoat, ornamented with silver lama, and ornaments to correspond, finished with blond lace.

COUNTESS OF CLONMELL.

A dress of gold tissue and blue satin, ornamented with wreaths of gold; body and train to correspond.

COUNTESS OF GUILDFORD.

An elegant dress of silver embroidery, ornamented with blond; body and train to correspond.

COUNTESS CARNARVON.

Petticoat of white sarsnet, embroidered in silver lama; train of Saxon blue sarsnet embroidered, and brought over the petticoat to form the draperies, and finished with silver cords and tassels.

RIGHT HON. LADY LOUISA CALL.

A petticoat of white satin with a deep border of silver lama, over which was suspended a drapery of rose colour and silver tissue, festooned with bows of silver lama; body and train rose-colour satin.

RIGHT HON. LADY ELIZABETH FORBES.

A light and elegant drapery of net, ornamented with clusters of roses of a pale topaz colour, over a petticoat of white satin, trimmed with a peculiar new and beautiful trimming, composed of net and roses; body and train royal purple, ornamented to correspond.

LADY BRIDPORT.

A Parisian net petticoat over white satin, embroidered in wreaths of flowers; train and body green satin, worked in silver lama.

LADY DOUGLASS.

White satin and gold petticoat, striped purple and white; satin train.

LADY G. CAVENDISH.

White satin petticoat, with white and gold draperies; purple satin train.

LADY HYDE PARKER.

A yellow and silver crape dress, trimmed with blond; yellow crape train.

LADY HOLLAND.

White satin petticoat, with silver draperies, trimmed with lama; blue satin train.

LADY DUNDAS.

Pink satin petticoat, trimmed with patent pearl; train to correspond.

THE LADIES PERCY.

White and silver petticoats, with silver tissue trains.

LADY FRANCES COMETON.

A petticoat of white satin, with draperies of embroidered silver net; train of Saxon blue satin, trimmed with silver lama lace.

LADY C. ONSLOW.

White satin petticoat, with carnation gauze and lilac flowers; white satin train.

LADY ANN CULLEN SMITH.

Petticoat of white satin, ornamented with blond lace; train of blue satin trimmed to correspond.

LADY MONSON.

A petticoat of white satin, with silver lama draperies of net, ornamented with bouquets of white flowers, and finished at the bottom with garniture in satin and net; train of white satin, trimmed with silver lama; sleeves trimmed with Brussels point.

LADY TEMPLE.

White petticoat, with figured gauze draperies, looped up with laburnums and lilac garniture, shells of white satin; train of violet satin.

LADY SMITH BURGESS.

Petticoat of yellow satin, the whole of the drapery composed of Brussels point, tastefully and elegantly designed, ornamented *à-la-Chinois*, fastened tastefully with bows of satin ribband, finishing at the bottom with a handsome flouncing of net and ribband; train yellow satin, trimmed with a *rushe* of net, interspersed with bows of ribband.

LADY BOSTON.

Petticoat of white satin, drapery of gold tissue, trimmed with gold, and ornamented with gold bullion and tassels, finishing at the bottom with three rouleaus of gold; train of figured gold tissue, trimmed with gold lace.

LADY STANLEY.

Petticoat of lama over lilac satin; silver cords and tassels.

LADY A. VANE.

Pale pink satin petticoat, lace draperies, decorated with blond lace and bunches of apple blossom.

LADY ROLLE.

A gold tissue petticoat with lama border; white satin border and train, richly trimmed with blond and gold.

THE LADY MAYORESS.

A richly embroidered satin petticoat in silver, with beautiful net draperies, looped up with silver cords and tassels; body and train to correspond, trimmed with point lace and diamonds.

LADY GLYNN.

A white satin petticoat, with a Saalfeld gauze drapery, ornamented with point lace; robe of amber satin, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, an elegant turban, ornamented with magnificent diamonds and ostrich feathers.

LADY GODFREY WEBSTER.

Petticoat of white satin and white net, embroidered with gold and crape; drapery of satin,

net, and blond lace, with gold trimming, and gold bunches of flowers; the bottom trimmed with satin, blond lace, and gold fringe; body and train of white satin, blond and gold trimming corresponding with the same.

LADY CHARLOTTE CHOLMONDELEY.

White satin robe, trimmed with blond lace and flowers; petticoat of the same, with lace draperies, interspersed with very handsome full wreaths of various coloured roses; the bottom part of the petticoat to correspond.

LADY BELL.

A magnificent silver lama petticoat, most tastefully ornamented with wreaths of full blown roses; the bottom looped up with silver leaves, and finished with rose buds; robe of pink satin, trimmed with silver leaves and blond.

LADY BARARD.

An elegant dress of white lace, tastefully ornamented with pink blossoms and beads; embroidered flounce of pink and white silk; pink train to correspond.

LADY LOUISA HARVEY.

A blue and white gauze dress.

LADY DORCHESTER.

Green silk dress, trimmed with lace and pearls.

LADY BOLTON.

A dress of pink and silver, with Brussels lace draperies; train of pink satin, trimmed to correspond.

LADY ROUSE.

Blue satin petticoat, drapery of white gauze, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with white satin boughs; robe of blue satin.

LADY SEWELL.

Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of net embroidered in silver oak leaves, and fastened up with cords and tassels; body and train of white satin, trimmed with lace and silver.

LADY CARHAMPTON.

Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of green gauze ornamented with ribbands and trimmed with blond lace; body and train of green satin, trimmed with point lace.

LADY JANE STEWART.

Pink satin train, white petticoat, ornamented with draperies of white crape and satin, finished with blond lace and hyacinths.

LADY C. CAMPBELL.

A dress of purple and white.

LADY DUNDAS.

Dress of silver lama, over white satin, ornamented with a rope of silver chain; body and train of peach blossom satin, trimmed with silver.

LADY A. M'LEOD.

Dress of white satin, with draperies of gauze, ornamented with blond; robe of lavender satin.

LADY ANSTRUTHER.

A dress of green satin and gauze, ornamented with blond.

LADY S. FITZGERALD.

Dress of blue satin and white gauze trimmed with blond.

LADY DUNCANSON.

Dress of peach satin, ornamented with pearls and blond lace.

LADY D. ROSS.

Dress of Spanish brawa, embroidered in wreaths of coloured silks; silver body and train to correspond.

LADY J. CORNWALLIS.

Dress of white net embroidered in wreaths of floize silk, ornamented with blond silk, cord, and tassels.

LADY LAKE.

Dress of British net, embroidered in wreaths of roses in floize silk, ornamented with point, and silk cord and tassels.

LADY M AND LADY P. COUTTS.

White satin dress in gauze and draperies, ornamented with blond and flowers; pink satin body and train to correspond.

LADY MILDWAY.

An embroidery of floss silk over white satin, looped up with silk ropes and tassels; drapery ornamented with blond; train of violet satin trimmed with blond.

LADY WARBURTON.

Dress of silver lama over primrose satin, ornamented with silver chain; body and train to correspond.

LADY DALHOUSIE.

White satin petticoat with festoons of gold embroidered lace, fastened with bouquets of gold convolvutuses, and ornamented round the bottom with elegant puffings, with fine gold plaits, and finished with flounces of net, edged with gold; robe pale pink figured silk, trimmed with blond lace and gold.

LADY MELVILLE.

A white satin petticoat, with full drapery of silk net, striped with leaves of amber-coloured satin, and ornamented round the bottom with wreaths of flowers of the same colour, nearly half-yard deep; robe of amber-coloured satin, trimmed to correspond with the petticoat.

LADY TEIGHMOUTH.

Coast petticoat of peach satin, with blond flounce; draperies of sprigged blond net, trimmed with Cobourg rouse, and confined with boughs of peach and white satin; body and train peach satin and Brussels point.

LADY ELDON.

Dress of white and gold lama, and a royal purple robe.

THE THREE LADIES LYGOW.

Dresses of white crape, ornamented with blond lace, and bunches of pale blush rose.

LADY G PAGE TURNER.

A yellow satin dress, ornamented with crape blond and flowers.

THE LADIES M AND C GORDON.

Green satin, ornamented with wreaths and bunches of laburnum; trimming the same.

LADY C CAVENDISH.

Lilac satin petticoat, ornamented with embroidery in pearl, pearl ropes and tassels; train lilac satin, with pearl frings.

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LADY G. TOWNSEND.

A lama dress, draperies suspended with silver ropes and tassels.

LADY C. DAMER.

Violet silk petticoat trimmed with net, interspersed with silver rouseau, with a border of silver lama; robe to correspond.

LADY NICHOLL.

White satin petticoat, drapery of embroidered net, trimmed with bead fringe, tassels to suit; train blue satin, ornamented with blond lace.

LADY NICOLSON.

A body and train of pink satin trimmed with blond, drapery of figured gauze looped with pale blush roses, over a white satin petticoat, trimmed with a trimming of net and roses.

HON MRS C. CHURCH.

Petticoat of white satin, with silver lama draperies, tastefully confined with silver cords and tassels; train of white satin, trimmed with silver and point lace.

HON. MRS. WORTH.

Dress white satin, with draperies of blond, ornamented with pearl; robe trimmed to correspond.

HON. MRS. FRASER.

Dress of white satin and gauze, ornamented with silver body and train of peach blossom, trimmed with silver.

HON. MRS. BASKINE.

Dress silver lama over white satin, ornamented with chains of silver, with blond.

HON. MRS. H. WYNDHAM.

White satin body and train, ornamented with pearls, and trimmed with blond; petticoat white satin, covered with white crape, embossed trimming, placed diagonally across, terminated by bunches of pearls; the bottom encircled by a fancy trimming of satin and crape, interspersed with pearls.

HON. MRS. A. EGERTON.

Petticoat of white satin, over which were draperies of net embroidered in silver lama.

HON. MRS. SLOANE.

White satin petticoat, ornamented with draperies of gauze and blond lace, with bunches and wreaths of white lilacs.

MRS. SCOTT MURRAY.

Splendid dress of silver lama, over white satin, ornamented with silver chain and tassels.

MRS. GEN. GWYNNE.

Dress of silver lama over white satin draperies of lavender colour, with silver body and train.

MRS. POCKOCK.

Dress of gold lama over white satin, ornamented with gold chain, and wreaths of white and gold oak; body and train to correspond.

MRS. COX.

White satin petticoat with draperies of net embroidered in silver draperies, ornamented with silver, and tied up with silver cords and tassels.

MRS. DRAY.

Purple sarinet dress covered with draperies of

G g

lace, and trimmed with the same; draperies ornamented with beads and satin.

MRS. DE GREY.

Petticoat of primrose satin, covered with crape; draperies tied up with ribbands and bunches of tuberoses; body and train of primrose satin, trimmed with point.

MRS. ANGERSTEIN.

White petticoat, with gauze draperies, trimmed with a wreath of Chinese roses; train to correspond.

MRS. LOCKHART.

White satin petticoat, ornamented with border of silver; draperies and train of white lace, bound with silver, and looped up with silver stars and tassels.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

Draperies of net festooned with bunches of roses and lilies of the valley, over a white satin petticoat, bordered with a trimming of net, intermixed with lilies and roses; body and train of pink satin trimmed to correspond.

MRS. BROADHEAD.

Silver lama dress over white satin, with a drapery of white gauze tied up with bunches of silver tassels; robe of white satin, fastened by a girdle of diamonds.

MRS. HORACE BECKFORD.

Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape, trimmed with blond and bouquets of flowers and ribbon bows, finished at the bottom with a garniture *en tulle*; train of lilac figured satin, trimmed with Brussels point.

MRS. FRANKS.

Petticoat of white satin, with net draperies embroidered in ribbon and *tulle*, forming festoons, looped with bouquets of flowers, composed of roses and honeysuckles, finished at the bottom with a trimming of blond in rosettes; train of figured peach satin, profusely trimmed with Brussels point lace.

MRS. BOEHM.

White satin petticoat, bordered with French trimming; draperies blond, interspersed with rosettes of blue satin and blond, looped up with bouquets of fancy flowers; train blue and white striped satin, bordered with net and blue satin.

MRS. GEN. ST. LEGER.

Evening primrose satin petticoat, with a flounce at the bottom embroidered in burnished and dead silver, with silver embroidered drapery on white net, looped up with silver cords and tassels.

MRS. HUKISSON.

Figured satin train trimmed with blond, white satin petticoat covered with net, tastefully appliqued, with a wreath of blue and white roses.

MRS. TIERNEY.

Evening primrose satin petticoat, flounced with blond lace, ornamented with patent net draperies, trimmed with blond lace to correspond, and looped up with bunches of tuberoses; robe of primrose satin, trimmed with blond lace.

MRS. DANIELL.

Petticoat of white satin, elegantly embroidered

in silver shells, with draperies of silver lama, tastefully tied up with silver bullion and tassels; train of evening primrose satin, trimmed with silver and blond lace.

HON. MISS T. SMITH.

White satin petticoat, trimmed at the bottom with gold trimming; drapery of gold lama, looped up with gold cords and tassels; train of blue satin.

HON. MISS TOWNSHEND.

Petticoat of white satin, embroidered border of green wreaths, draperies of white net, embroidered in green satin sleeves, and ornamented with blond lace, and white and green flowers.

THE HON. MISSES ADDINGTON.

White satin petticoat, trimmed with gold fringe, silver flowers and lace border, draperies of gold tissue, embroidered with silver, ornamented with green and silver flowers; train of gold tissue.

MISS WOOD.

An elegant white dress, trimmed with beautiful lace, tastefully ornamented with festoons of flowers.

HON. MISS POWIS.

White satin petticoat, embroidered net draperies, decorated with wreaths and bunches of peach blossoms; train of white satin and blond lace.

HON. MISS MURRAY.

A gold tissue robe, petticoat white satin, with a gold net drapery.

HON. MISS CAROLINE VARNACK.

White satin petticoat, with draperies of rose-leaf gauze, festooned with bunches of white and coloured lilacs.

MISS MARY BUSHNOT.

White satin petticoat, trimmed with blond and rollo of white satin, draperies of white brocaded gauze, trimmed with blond, and tastefully made up with bows of white ribbon; blue satin train, trimmed with blond lace, and rollo of white satin.

MISS PAGE TURNER.

A beautiful primrose satin, with Paris net drapery, ornamented with red and white lilacs, and white roses and blond.

TWO MISSES NICHOLL.

White satin petticoat, drapery of figured gauze, trimmed with blond lace, looped up with bunches of lilac; train of lical satin superbly trimmed.

MISS K. NICHOLL.

White satin petticoat, drapery of figured gauze, trimmed with blond lace, looped up with bunches of white roses; train of white striped satin.

HON. MISS FINCH HATTON.

White satin petticoat, with draperies of blond net, studded with rosettes of white satin, fastened with bunches of mixed flowers; train to correspond.

MISS STARKIE.

Petticoat of white satin, covered with a drapery of lama work; draperies drawn across and supported by cords and tassels.

MRS. CRAWFORD BRUCE.

Draperies of sprigged net, trimmed with blond

lace, festooned with flowers, over a white satin petticoat, ornamented with blond and wreaths of hyacinths and roses; body and train of pink satin: head-dress, a plume of pink feathers, and a profusion of pearls.

MISS THORNTON.

Robes of pink and white striped satin, trimmed with blond lace; petticoats of white satin with pink gauze draperies, festooned with bunches of variegated flowers.

MISS CUTHBERT.

White satin and net petticoat, festooned at the bottom with silver trimming and boughs; draperies of white silver lama, trimmed with silver blond, roses, and jessamine, in bunches; a pink striped satin waist and train, trimmed with silver blond and fringe.

MISS GARDNER.

Lilac satin petticoat, covered with full blond and confined with rouleaux of white satin, twisted with lilac, garniture of blond and satin, train silver, trimmed with blond.

TWO MISSES RUMBOLD.

White satin petticoat, with flowered gauze drapery, caught up with roses and myrtle; train of lavender satin.

MISS BLAKE.

A white satin petticoat, net draperies, embroidered with bunches of heath and primroses.

MISS HEYWOOD.

An evening primrose crape dress, embroidered in silver, with draperies looped up with silver cords and tassels; the bottom ornamented with silver cord. Head-dress, white feathers and pearls.

TWO MISSES HOME.

A pale pink satin petticoat and train, with flounces of white net, with silk embroidered net draperies, looped up with ribband. Head-dress, white feathers.

MISS DASHWOOD.

White satin petticoat, ornamented with lace and roses; body and train white satin; trimmed with point lace.

MISS FITZROY.

Petticoat of white satin, draperies of figured French gauze, ornamented with blond lace; train of green gauze trimmed.

MISS BURRELL.

A dress of lilac satin and white gauze draperies, trimmed with blond and cords and tassels; robe, white satin, embroidered in silver. Head-dress feathers and pearls.

MISS CHESTER.

Petticoat of white satin, with draperies of crape tied up with bunches of roses and knots of ribband; train of white satin and blond lace; head-dress feathers and pearls.

MISS WEST.

Petticoat of white satin, trimmed with draperies of blue figured gauze fastened up with bunches of roses; train of blue figured satin, trimmed with blond lace.

THE MISSSES BENYON.

Petticoat of white satin, trimmed with draperies of gauze, festooned up and trimmed with blond lace, tied up with morning and evening primroses; train of primrose satin, trimmed with lace.

MISS E. LONG.

White satin petticoat, with gauze draperies, and bunches of lilac; gauze train.

MISS HODGON.

White satin petticoat, with gauze draperies, and pink and blush roses; gauze train.

MISS COX.

White satin petticoat, with gauze drapery, decorated with bunches of violets; purple stripe gauze train.

MISS ROSE.

White satin petticoat, with floss silk net draperies; train to correspond.

MISS F. DUNCOMBE.

White satin petticoat, with gauze draperies, and white arcania; white satin train.

MISS S. FITZGERALD.

Dress of white satin and gauze, ornamented with roses; body and train to correspond; head-dress feathers and pearls.

MISS DAVENPORT.

White satin petticoat, with carnation gauze draperies and white roses; white satin train.

The head-dresses consisted chiefly of feathers and diamonds, and the bodies and sleeves trimmed with lace.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Orphan of Tintern Abbey. A novel in three volumes. By Sophia F. Ziegenhirt. Newman and Co.

This is a simple, unaffected story, though compounded of many improbabilities; the fair author has, however, so candidly thrown herself on the mercy of

the public, that severity finds herself disarmed, and in a manner compelled to be silent on what may strike the reader as inimical to the ordinary occurrences of real life.

A worthy and illustrious character, assuming the name of Belmont only, has retired into Wales, with his maiden sister,

in order to finish in seclusion the remaining years of a life deeply marked with domestic sorrow. Here he forms two very agreeable acquaintances, which become ripened into lasting friendships; one with a Sir Charles Middleton, and Mrs Clarendon, his sister, a widow, the other with the family of the Glendowers, of ancient Welsh pedigree.

Mr. Belmont, in one of his evening walks, is stopped by the mournful cries of a child, who stands weeping over a gentleman, lying speechless, and in the agonies of death. After the awful event takes place, Mr. Belmont, in presence of proper witnesses, takes possession of his keys, with an inventory of his effects, and adopts the little female orphan, until he shall hear some tidings of her parents: he discovers, from her artless answers to his questions, that her name is Paulina de Mellincourt, that the name of the dying gentleman was De Mellincourt, and that her mother also died before she left France. Miss Belmont is at first displeas'd at this little intruder, suspecting it to be some illegitimate offspring of her brother's, but she is soon convinced to the contrary, and acts the part of a tender mother and guardian to the interesting orphan.

When Paulina is about fourteen, her beauty, accomplishments, and sweetness of manners charm every eye and heart. In an excursion to Bristol, she accompanies Mr. and Miss Belmont to the theatre, where a maniac, with a deep scar on his cheek, says to her, "Thy countenance, child, acts upon my visual organs as a basilisk." In alarm, they quit the theatre, and Mr. Belmont in vain endeavoured to gain tidings of this mysterious personage. From hence they go to visit an estate belonging to Mr. Belmont in the north of England, and every one is struck with the likeness of Paulina to a full length picture in one of the apartments of Glenmurray Abbey. Previous to leaving the north, the ladies take an excursion to the Abbey, and in the library they meet with a gentleman reclining on a sofa, who inspires the ladies with a peculiar and undefinable interest: this gentleman is about six-and-thirty years of age, and proves in the end to be a near relation.

Mr. Belmont now, at the repeated in-

quiries of Sir Clifford Middleton, sends him a narrative of his life, wherein he discovers himself to be the Earl of Eglinton, married to the daughter of the late Earl of Glenmurray, Lady Almeida Merton, who is a rigid Catholic, yet for five years the youthful pair are the happiest of wedded beings, and are the delighted parents of a lovely boy and girl: after this period a visible change takes place in the manners and disposition of Lady Eglinton, and though she doats on her children, she seems far from happy. Her melancholy is increased by the loss of her son, whom they have every reason to believe is drowned, and soon after the daughter is snatched away by a fever. After the lapse of a few years Lady Eglinton again becomes a mother. The exhortations of the dying Countess of Glenmurray, and the continual persuasions of a spiritual director, cause Lady Eglinton to imagine that the loss of her children is a punishment from heaven for her hereay. She thinks to save this child by separating herself and it from her heretic husband, and taking her infant with her, quits her home and country. She writes to her husband, assuring him that all search after her will be in vain; and, after traversing France and Italy in fruitless search of her, her unhappy Lord returns to England.

About the middle of the second volume we are again introduced to Mr. Dormer, the gentleman who was seen on the sofa at Glenmurray Abbey; he is the supposed son of a Mr. Dormer, a rich man of the East, but he turns out to be the son of the Earl of Eglinton, supposed to have been drowned; the truth being that the nurse of Mr. Dormer's child had, through carelessness, when the boy was bathing, been the cause of his being drowned, and fearing her master's displeasure, she embraced the opportunity of substituting the young Lord Belmont. Soon after this interesting discovery Mr. Belmont waits on the present Earl of Glenmurray, and re-assumes his title of Earl of Eglinton.

One evening as Paulina, like all other heroines of romance, is wandering alone amongst the ruins of an old Abbey, she finds a ring, wherein is her mother's picture, so like herself, and so like the Countess of Eglinton, that it reasonably agitates

all the Belmont family. Paulina knows the ring, and is sure it must have been dropped by her father, when he was a momentary resident in Wales.

As we arrive near the conclusion, the Earl of Eglington receives a very interesting note from a Sir Herbert Beaumont, who happens to be the maniac, restored to reason, that addressed Paulina at the Bristol theatre. He is now struck by a peculiar locket he saw depending from the neck of this young lady at the Opera, and her uncommon likeness to her mother, of whom he had been the rejected lover, she having given her heart and hand to the Duke de Mellincourt, the bosom friend of Sir Herbert. Amidst the victims of the French Revolution, the mother of Paulina had perished by the guillotine, for her attachment to the Princess de Lamballe. Sir Herbert then informs his eagerly attentive auditors, that De Mellincourt and his daughter arrived safely at Bristol, and he died shortly after he reached Wales.

Lady Eglington, cured of her bigotry, arrives also in England, and is again clasped to the heart of her husband with undiminished affection. Paulina and the young Earl of Merton, before they were acquainted with the near alliance of their noble houses, entertained a mutual regard for each other. They are wedded in the last volume; while Lord Belmont, the long lost son of the Earl of Eglington, leads a charming lively Scotch girl of quality to the altar.

The characters are, for the most part, well drawn; the fashionable Miss Polwarth, the methodical Lady Danvers, with every member of the Glendower family, and the scandalous remarks made by every fashionable *coterie* on the flight of Lady Eglington, are natural, and strictly in character.

The Life of the late William Hutton, of Birmingham, including a history of his family, and an account of the riots at Birmingham in 1791, is preparing for publication under the auspices of his daughter.

Abbé J. Dubois, missionary in Mysore, has in the press, in a quarto volume, a *Description of the People of India*, with particular reference to their separation into casts.

An *Historical Account of the House of*

Saxony, will soon appear, in a crown octavo volume, embellished with portraits.

Dr. J. Clarke, of Cambridge, is about to publish (by subscription) two sets of Songs, Duets, or Gleees, with *Original Poetry*, written expressly for the work, by Mrs Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, William Smyth, James Hogg, John Stewart, Esqrs. and Lord Byron.

Annual Gleanings of Wit and Humour, in prose and verse, consisting of a selection of Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Epigrams, Enigmas, and Epitaphs, with some choice Receipts, Toasts, Sentiments, &c. chiefly gleaned from the numerous periodical works and journals of the day, with many original pieces by a celebrated wit of the age, in two volumes 18mo. royal paper.

Mr. J. Dallaway will soon publish, in imperial octavo, *Statuary and Sculpture among the Ancients*; with some account of specimens preserved in England; embellished with numerous etchings.

The Rev. Dr. Trevor will soon publish a volume of Sermons.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe, in four volumes, with a portrait, will soon appear.

Sir George Buck's *History of Richard the Third* is printing from the original MS. in the possession of the editor.

Mr. Aston has in a state of forwardness a *Picture of Manchester*, embellished with wood-cuts of the principal buildings.

A work on *Scripture Genealogy* is in the press, consisting of thirty-five engraved tables, exhibiting the genealogy from Adam to Christ.

The Franklin Manuscripts are preparing for publication. They consist of the Doctor's life, written by himself to a late period, and continued by his grandson, his private and familiar correspondence, essays, &c. &c.

WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES WITH PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE COBOURG.

A GREAT concourse of persons were attracted on Thursday, May the 21, in consequence of the royal marriage. The crowd was particularly great from Charing-cross to the neighbourhood of Carlton House and the Queen's Palace.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales at four o'clock went in a carriage to the Queen's Palace, and had the windows down to gratify the curiosity of the crowd in Pall Mall, but they were found to be so extremely numerous, that the coachman could not with safety drive through them, he therefore returned and went through the Park. Her residence was again thronged with distinguished personages.

Prince Leopold had a select party to dinner, at half-past five, at Clarence House.

The Prince Regent had a party to dinner at Carlton House, consisting of the Duke of Clarence, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Exeter, the Right Hon. John M'Mahon, Sir B. Bloomfield, Mr. Chancellor Leach, the Rev. Mr. Blomberg, Sir E. Nagle, &c.

The Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, and the Princess Charlotte of Wales, dined with her Majesty at her Palace. The Princess Charlotte dressed at the Queen's Palace.

A full guard of honour of the grenadier regiment of foot guards, preceded by the band of the Coldstream regiment of guards, marched from the parade in St. James's Park, into the court-yard of Carlton House.

A party of Life Guards marched into Pall Mall with Sir N. Conant and Mr. Birnie, the Bow-street magistrates, at the head of about fifty officers and constables; and had it not been for their joint and great exertions, it would have been impossible for the coaches to have drawn up, as the street, and those adjoining, were literally choked up with people. The hall of the Queen's Palace was filled with ladies and gentlemen, elegantly dressed, most of them keeping their carriages, so that the Park had a similar appearance to a drawing-room, all being anxious to see the lovely Princess and the royal family pass upon this memorable occasion.

About half-past seven, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester arrived at the Queen's Palace, to join her Majesty and the Princesses. The Princess Charlotte came down the grand staircase a few minutes afterwards, conducted by the Princess Augusta on her right, and Colonel Stephenson on her left, and proceeded to the entrance of the grand hall, where she was met by the Queen. The Queen, the Princess Char-

lotte, the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth went in one carriage, and the Princesses Mary and Sophia of Gloucester followed in another. They were escorted by a party of life guards. The crowd in the Park exceeded all description. The people cheered her loudly all the way to Carlton House, but the greatest order and decorum prevailed.

They entered Carlton House by the garden gate, where they were received by the Prince Regent. They arrived exactly at eight. Prince Leopold left Clarence House a little before half-past eight. He was preceded by a carriage in which were Lord James Murray, his lord in waiting, Baron Hardenbroke, his secretary, and Sir Robert Gardner, his equerry. The Prince was attended in his carriage by Baron Just, the Saxon minister, and Mr. Chester, the assistant master of the ceremonies.

On his coming out to get into his carriage, he was assailed by a number of females, patting him on the back and giving him good wishes. His Serene Highness arrived at Carlton House at half-past eight, when the band struck up *God save the King*, which they did also on the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Kent, &c.

The royal family, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and Prince Leopold were conducted to the royal closet. The royal attendants proceeded from the door of the closet to the great crimson room, where the marriage was solemnized, and which had been previously fitted up for the occasion with a temporary altar, covered with crimson velvet, the crimson velvet cushions from the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and also the prayer book, &c.; the large mahogany candlesticks from Whitehall chapel. Mr. Howse, the serjeant of the Chapel Royal, attended with his vege.

The Prince Regent's family, including all his attendants, and those of the younger branches of the royal family, were conducted into the three rooms next to the throne-room. The Queen's family, including attendants, were conducted into the west anti-room, together with Lady John Thynne and Lady Emily Murray.

The whole of the foreign ambassadors and ministers were specially invited by R. Chester, Esq. the assistant master of the

ceremonies, according to usage and etiquette, to be witnesses to the solemnization of the nuptials, to enable them to report the same to their different courts; their ladies were also invited. They all proceeded to the great crimson room. At the time appointed for her Majesty to leave the closet, her full attendants were conducted across the grand hall, and also the full attendants upon the Prince Regent's establishment, except those in waiting upon the Queen and Prince Regent. The Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold remained in the closet. After the procession moved towards the suite of rooms towards the altar.

The whole being assembled, and the ceremony being ready to be proceeded on, the Lord Chamberlain gave notice to Prince Leopold, who took his station in front of the altar. The Lord Chamberlain then gave notice to the Princess Charlotte, who was led to the altar by the Duke of Clarence. The Prince Regent took his place by the side of the illustrious pair. Behind the royal Dukes stood the Lord Chancellor, Lords Castlereagh, Sidmouth, and Melville, the Earls of Westmoreland, Harrowby, Mulgrave, and Bathurst, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Bathurst, and Mr. Pole, the cabinet ministers. On the other side of the altar was the Queen, for whom a chair of state was placed. On her right hand were the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary, the Duchess of York, and her Highness Princess Sophia of Gloucester. Behind her Majesty were her Lord and Vice Chamberlains, and the ladies of the household. On the left of the altar stood the royal Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent (the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, were not present). The Archbishop of Canterbury was close to the altar, and behind him the Archbishop of York. The Bishop of London was on the right of the altar, the Bishop of Exeter, as clerk of the closet, and the Bishop of Salisbury, the preceptor of the Princess Charlotte.

The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the foreign ambassadors, and the great officers of the household, stood in front of the altar at some distance. Two crimson velvet stools were placed in front of the altar, which was covered with crimson velvet. There was some ancient royal communion

plate on the altar, with two superb candlesticks, six feet high:

The illustrious personages had all taken their stations by a little after nine o'clock, when the service began. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. It concluded at half-past nine, when the happy event was announced to the public by the Park and Tower guns.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte advanced to the altar with much steadiness, and went through the ceremony, giving the responses with great clearness, so as to be heard distinctly by every person present. The Prince Leopold was not heard so distinctly.

The Princess Charlotte was given away by her royal father, the Prince Regent. His Royal Highness appeared in excellent health. He was dressed in regimentals, and wore all his orders. His Royal Highness handed the Queen to a state chair, to the right of the altar, where her Majesty sat during the ceremony. At the conclusion the royal pair retired arm in arm, and received the hearty congratulations of all present.

As soon as the ceremony was concluded, the Princess Charlotte embraced her beloved father, and went up to the Queen, whose hand she kissed with respectful affection. Each of the Princesses her Royal Highness kissed, and then shook hands with her illustrious uncles. The bride and bridegroom retired arm in arm, and soon after set off for Oatlands, which they reached at ten minutes before twelve.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.
MODERN LANGUAGE AND CONVERSATION.
FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE
BARONESS A— AND THE CHEVALIER
B—.

Baroness. You were not at the Opera Buffa last night; the burlesque was a *chef d'œuvre*; all the world was there; and the singing of Catalani was absolutely *miraculous*.

Chevalier. I went like a fool to the Theatre Francais, to witness a *debut*: a serious opera gives me the *spleen*. It is *inconceivable* to me, to find people so *unceasingly* crying up such *musical nonsense* which we

suffer our ears to listen to, without the consent of our hearts or minds. It is enough to weary one to death.

Baroness. But my soul is so thinly covered that I declare to you the Italian music has an effect upon me like a bath of melody; it so refreshes my nerves, the irritation of which is the cause of all I suffer. But let us have done with that; you say you witnessed a *debut* at the Theatre Francais: tell me how that went off.

Chevalier. The new candidate is a very pretty woman, of a pleasant countenance; but she has mistaken her forte; her gestures are too restless, and her speeches are too long drawn out; her talents do not appear above mediocrity.

Baroness. What would you have? It is the very seal of the present time: nothing is above mediocrity. There is nothing on which we can fix the epithet of good or bad. There is no GRANDEUR in any one thing. It is utterly impossible to admire or criticise, to weep or to laugh; we therefore take a medium, and yawn. Talents are now bounded, virtues are insignificant, and vices mean. Great men become every day more rare; and women drag through their existence without perceiving that the season of youth is gone.

Chevalier. But you must except such as yourself, who are only in its first bloom.

Baroness. And those, too, who will not own their's is faded.

Chevalier. They must, however, resolve to give it up, for neither you or I shall take the pains of compelling them—apropos of pains, and you really, then, Madam, suffer much from your nerves?

Baroness. O do not speak on that subject: I am so prodigiously nervous, that I thought I should have died last night, because my waiting-woman had left a bunch of daisies on my dressing table.

Chevalier. But permit me to observe that I think you are very wrong in complaining of an organization, which has something in it *etherial*, and which certainly evinces your exquisite sensibility, a most delicate

taste, and that fine sensation which is given you by peculiar favour.

Baroness. Upon my honour, Chevalier, I wish it was in my power to decline those praises which cost me so much to merit. It is really a punishment to me to be continually in contact, without having any report to the things whereby I am surrounded. Not to be able to bear the fold of a rose leaf under me, while so many others can run barefoot amongst the thorns, and cannot comprehend either one's griefs or pleasures.

BIRTHS.

At Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Holt, of a son.

In Brunswick-square, the lady of G. Darling, Esq.

MARRIED.

At St. James's Church, the Hon. and Rev. G. Neville, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and youngest son of Lord Braybrooke, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Legge, second daughter of George, Earl of Dartmouth.

At St. George's Church, the Hon. H. Grey Bennet, second son of the Earl of Tankerville, to Miss Russell, daughter of Lord W. Russell, and niece to the Duke of Bedford.

DIED.

At his seat at Allerton Park, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Charles Philip Stourton, Baron Stourton. His Lordship's family were elevated to the peerage by Henry IV May, 13, 1448, and there are only six Barons whose creations are of an earlier date.

At Presteigne, in his 79d year, George Harding, Esq. First Justice of the Brecon Circuit, and Attorney-General to the Queen.

Sir Simon Le Blanc, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, in the 67th year of his age. He was a most admirable and upright Judge, and by his kind and conciliatory manners endeared to all who knew him.

Lastly, in the prime of life, sincerely regretted by all his friends, Mr. Samuel Stevens, of the Excise Office, London.

At Cambridge, in the 61st year of his age, J. Mortlock, Esq. of Abington Hall, who for many years was in the habit of filling the principal office of the magistracy of Cambridge, and in 1784 was elected one of its representatives in Parliament.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BRING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

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2. A beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURE in a WALKING DRESS.
3. PARISIAN PROMENADE HATS, as worn in the Month of June, 1816.
4. A New SONG, Composed by Mr. BROMLEY, of the Theatre Royal, Norwich, and set to Music by Mr. G. PERRY, expressly for this Work.

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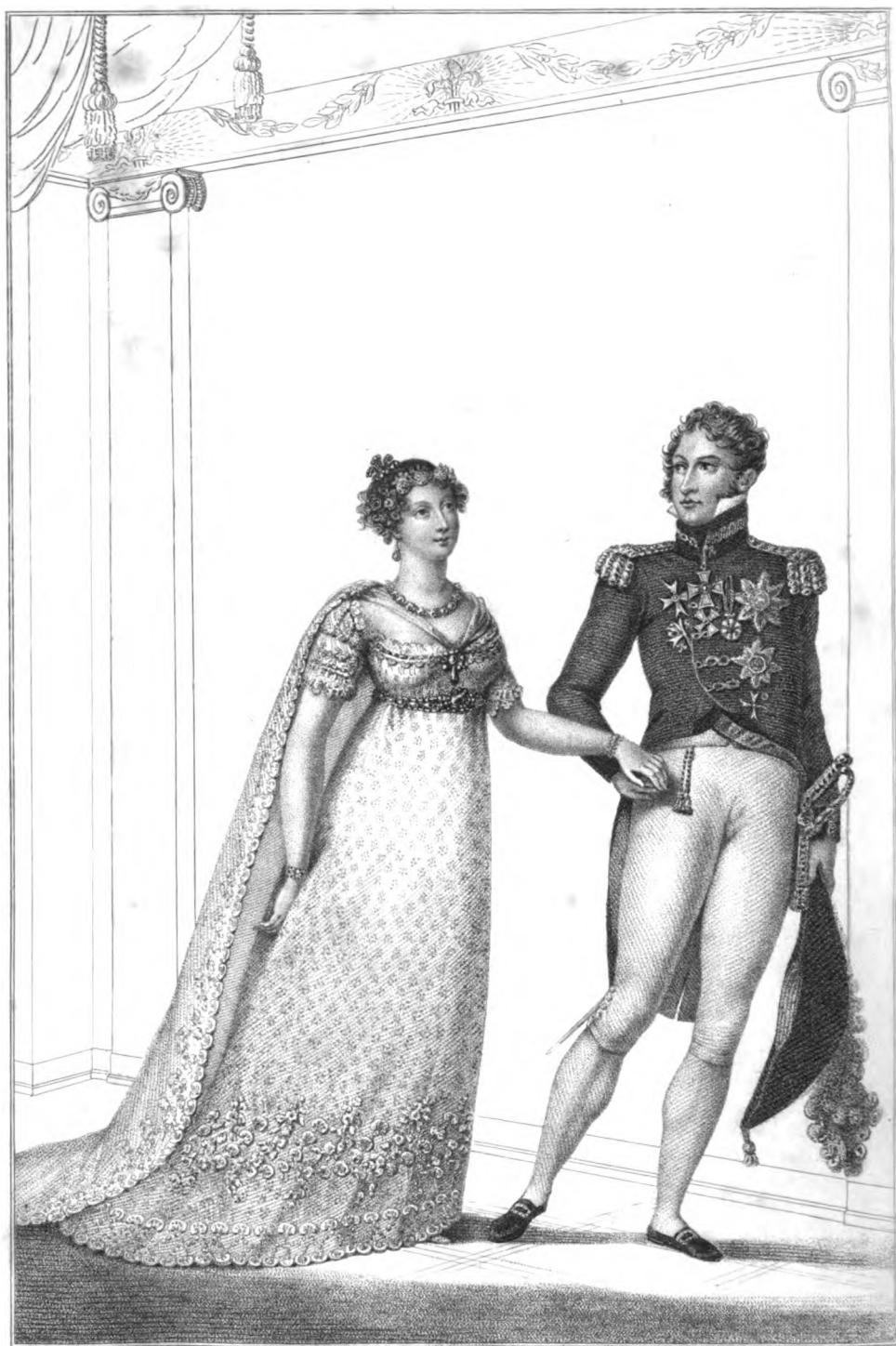
TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

An anonymous Correspondent left a literary Essay, requesting at the same time an interview; if he will be pleased to leave a note at the Office, appointing his time, the Proprietor of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* will be happy to see him.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £3 19s. per Annum; to all parts of the Continent, Malta, Gibraltar, Sicily, Madeira, Brazil, and Holland, at £3 10s. per Annum; to France, at £3 4s. per Annum; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders, Post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, and of the *Weekly Messenger*, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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JULY 1, 1816.



*The Princess Charlotte of Wales, & Prince Leopold of Coburg,
returning from the Altar, after the Marriage Ceremony.
London, Published for J. Bell, Proprietor of La Belle Assemblée, July 1 1816*

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A New and Improved

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... where we may find **sturdy and increased esteem!**
H h 8



*The Princess Charlotte, Wife of Prince Edward, Duke of Coburg,
returning from the Altar, after the Marriage Ceremony.
London, Published for J. Bell, Proprietor of La Belle Assemblée, July 1816*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For JUNE, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND
DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-fifth Number.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE COBOURG.

—“ Where consenting wishes meet,
“ And vows reciprocally breath's confirm the tie,
“ Joy rolls on joy, an inexhaus less stream,
“ And Virtue crowns the sacred face with peace.”

THOMSON.

It is but too often that state policy, in seeking to aggrandize and strengthen a government by wealthy and splendid foreign alliances, devotes its princely victims to receive and pledge the solemn vows of love and honour to those unto whom the heart is a stranger, as much as the eye and mind is to the person, disposition, and manners, which are often utterly unknown to both: hence proceeds indifference, languor, irksomeness under fetters from which Love flies affrighted, and which compulsive tie but too often ends in mutual distaste.

What a charming contrast we find in the picture of wedded harmony which we have the satisfaction of presenting our readers with this month! Here we may

find a happy exception to this hitberto imperious rule. Both young, both amiable, endowed with personal and mental qualification, with every grace, and all the powers of pleasing, their mutual affection seems to promise them every felicity which the circumscribed limits of earthly happiness can possibly confer.

Long may this charming Princess and her illustrious Partner continue to enjoy that delightful unison of sentiment, and that unchanging love which they pledged at the altar! And may the silken and flowery bands of Hymen be every succeeding hour more firmly entwined by the strong and indissoluble ties of mutual constancy and increased esteem!

H h 2

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

(Continued from Page 200.)

MINERVA, OR PALLAS.

JUPITER having married Metis, as we have said before, learned from the oracle that she was destined to be the mother of a son that would become master of the universe. In order to prevent it he swallowed both the mother and the child that she was big with. A few months after, feeling great pain in his head, he called Vulcan to his assistance, who with a hatchet cleft Jupiter's head. Minerva issued armed from his brain, and already qualified to assist her father against the giants. Not long after her birth, she and Neptune had a warm contention about giving a name to the city of Athens: the twelve superior Gods were appointed arbitrators, and decided that the privilege should be granted to either of the candidates that should produce the most useful article for the city; Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and immediately sprung up the horse Arion, the symbol of war: Minerva brought forth the olive branch, and was declared to have obtained the victory.

Minerva also contended with Juno and Venus for the prize of Beauty; she was considered as the most noble production of Jupiter; she alone shared in his divine essence and partook of his own omnipotence. Under the name of Minerva she was worshipped as the Goddess of Wisdom, or as divine wisdom itself; and such men as were renowned for their prudence were directed by her; Ulysses during the course of his long voyages had no other guide: to her men are indebted for all the grand and useful inventions relative to the arts; she built the first ship, and was the inventor of the helm; she also presided over the occupations of females, was the guardian of their chastity, and taught them the art of drawing and painting with their needle by the introduction of tapestry: Juno's famous cloak was of her making.

Minerva was known to be very jealous of her superiority in that branch of in-

dustry, as was experienced by the unfortunate Arachne, the daughter of Imon, an inhabitant of Colophon, in Lydia. This young virgin surpassed all her companions by her skill in working tapestry: proud of her abilities, she had the audacity to challenge Minerva, who, in the shape of an old woman, was come to pay her a visit. The Goddess accepted the challenge; but, angry at Arachne's superior skill, she struck her with her shuttle, and turned her into a spider.

Under the name of Pallas she was worshipped as directing just wars, which the passions of men often render indispensable, and therefore are not foreign to prudence. A miraculous statue called Palladium represented the Goddess in this latter character; it was said to have dropped from heaven, and the city in possession of it became impregnable: for a time it protected Troy, neither could the Greeks become masters of the town till they had carried off the statue. The Romans, however, pretended that they had only seized upon a counterfeit, and that the real Palladium brought over to Italy by Æneas, was kept at Rome in the temple of Vesta. Other mythologists pretend that Abaris, a Scythian, had constructed the Palladium of the bones of Pelops, and had sold it to the Trojans. This Abaris having suag the journey of Apollo through the Hyperborean country, had been appointed high priest to that God, who endowed him with the gift of prophecy, and made him a present of a golden arrow on which he rode through the air. Abaris likewise enjoyed the faculty of suppressing storms, and of removing pestilence; it was also thought that he could live without taking any kind of food or sustenance.

Minerva was chiefly worshipped at Athens, of which city she was the titular patroness and deity. The Athenians had established in her honour festivals that were called *Atheneas*, or *Panatheneas*, and

which attracted a prodigious concourse of people from all parts of Greece.

Minerva was never married. As Goddess of Wisdom she is represented seated: simplicity and modesty, a noble gravity and majestic countenance, are the characteristics of her beauty. She always wears an helmet on her head, the formidable ægis covers her breast; in one hand she holds a spear, in the other a shield; an owl, and divers instruments of sciences, are by her side.

As Pallas, she is commonly represented standing: in this posture, and armed as above, was seen the Palladium. The ægis served the Goddess as a cuirass, it was made of the skin of the monster Ægis whom she had slain; some poets have given that name to her shield, perhaps because the head of the Gorgon Medusa was seen on both. A dragon most generally accompanied the representations of Pallas.

MARS.

WE have seen in what manner Juno gave birth to Mars; she entrusted Priapus with the care of his education. This tutor, who was one of the Titans, taught his youthful pupil the use of arms and all sorts of military exercises; he patronized ambitious wars, and his history accordingly only presents a long series of acts of violence and licentiousness.

Summoned to appear before the Gods in council for having murdered Alcyrothius, the son of Neptune, who had come to protect his sisters against his brutality, he was acquitted. Intoxicated with his former successes, he attacked the Alloides, two monstrous giants, but he was taken prisoner, loaded with chains, and confined for fourteen months in a brazen cage, from which Mercury liberated him. At the siege of Troy he sided with the Trojans, and was wounded in his hand by Diomedes; Minerva herself directed the spear. The pain he endured caused him to utter a dreadful yell, as loud as the clashing of two contending armies, but the physician of Olympus soon cured him. His amours with Venus form a considerable part of his scandalous history: detected and exposed to the ridicule of the Gods by Vulcan, the husband of the Goddess, he metamorphosed into a cock his equerry Alectryon, whom he had

appointed to watch that he might not be seen by Sol. Mars was worshipped all over Greece, and one of the favourite deities of the ambitious Romans.

He is uniformly represented as a warrior armed *cap-a-piè*, sometimes with and sometimes without a beard; by his side are military trophies; he is accompanied by a cock, which occasionally serves as a crest to his helmet; he is also represented in a car drawn by two fiery coursers that are conducted by Bellona.

This Bellona was also one of the deities that patronized warlike achievements; she was said to have married Mars: it was she who put the horses to his car and guided them: in battle she would run between the ranks and promote carnage. She is represented armed with a cuirass and a lance, her hair dishevelled, wild looks, and brandishing a bloody whip; she is attended by Discord armed with her torches. Bellona is, properly speaking, the Goddess of unjust bloody wars.

VENUS.

THE blood issuing from Uranus's wound mixed with the froth of the sea, gave birth to Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, who was born in the vicinity of Cytheris. Cupid, her son, the Sports, and the Smiles were born at the same time. Flowers would grow up under her footsteps; the Hours brought her to Olympus, where all the Gods, smitten with her charms, demanded her in marriage. After many disputes, the unfortunate Vulcan, the most deformed amongst the Gods, obtained the honourable prize. Her numberless infidelities made her husband miserable. Olympus was not the only theatre of her intrigues, several mortals partook of her favours, and far from concealing her irregularities, she openly protected with true maternal affection, all the children she had by them.

Æneas was one of the most renowned; he was the son of Anchises, a Trojan Prince. Rescued from Troy in flames by Venus, Æneas escaped, bearing his father and household Gods upon his shoulders, and holding his son Iulus by the hand. The hero embarked to go in quest of Italy, where Fate had prophesied that he was to be the founder of a powerful empire. For a long time he wandered over the wide

extent of the seas; the implacable Juno pursued him with unremitting perseverance, but the affection and power of Venus protected him against all the perils which his enemy threw in his way. Æolus, God of the Winds, at the request of Juno, let loose his dreadful subjects; the abysses agitated from the very deep, were ready to devour the fleet of Æneas, but Venus applied in his favour to Neptune, who with one single word silenced the roaring winds, with a look becalmed the raging waves, and with his trident disengaged the ships that were bound between the rocks. A delusive apparition sent by Juno deceived Palinurus, Æneas's pilot, who, thinking he had reached Italy, put in on the coast of Africa; where Dido, who had fled from Tyre, was building the city of Carthage. Venus disposed the heart of the Queen in favour of her son; put young Iulus to sleep, and carried him to the groves of Idalia. Cupid, under the features of the youthful Trojan, took his place, was introduced to Dido, and his treacherous caresses kindled in the heart of the Princess a passion ruinous to Æneas. The two lovers were soon united; but the Trojan hero was forced to leave his new spouse in order to fulfil his destiny, and Dido, in a fit of despair put an end to her existence.

Once more was Æneas exposed to the mercy of the waves; and after having surmounted all the perils that had besieged him, landed at last in Italy. Venus succeeded in prevailing on her complaisant husband to forge for her son an immortal armour which rendered him invincible. After a succession of bloody battles Turnus was finally killed; the conquering Prince married Lavinia, and founded the city of Lavinium, which the Romans considered as their cradle.

However, of all the lovers of Venus, Adonis, the son of Myrrha, was the one she most tenderly cherished. He was a young Syrian of most uncommon beauty. His mother, daughter to Cinyras King of Cyprus, had been changed into the tree that bears myrrh, which opened to give him birth, and he had been brought up by the Nymphs in the grottoes of Arabia: Venus first saw him at Biblos, in Phenicia, and from that moment deserted Olympus

and the company of the Gods to follow him; she preferred the forests of Libanus, where Adonis pursued the chase, to the groves of Idalis, Amathonte, and Paphos. The caresses of the Goddess could not induce him to relinquish his favourite amusement, which at last proved fatal to him. Mars, prompted by jealousy, assumed the shape of a wild boar; so noble a prey tempted the ardour of the youth, and the combat commenced: Venus, alarmed at his impending danger, came running to succour him, and her delicate feet were lacerated by the thorns, her blood ran and tintured the roses, from which they have retained their colour; but alas! she came too late, Adonis was no more: Venus collected his scattered limbs, which she concealed under some lettuces, and metamorphosed his remains into an anemone. The history of Adonis does not end here. When he descended into the infernal regions he captivated Proserpine: Venus wished to restore her lover to life, but the Queen of Hell opposed her design, till at last it was agreed upon that he should alternately remain six months with each of the Goddesses: but Venus soon after violated the treaty, in consequence of which transaction Jupiter ordained that he should live four months with each of the rival Goddesses, and be free the other four months. This event was celebrated throughout the East by annual festivals that lasted eight days; during the first seven days mourning and lamentations prevailed; the women wandered over the fields in search of the body of Adonis, but on the eighth it was supposed that his resurrection had taken place, and licentious mirth succeeded to funeral solemnity.

In this fable Adonis is meant for the sun, and Venus is the emblem of the fecundity of nature; she is affectionately attached to Adonis because it is to the vivifying beams of the sun that she is obligated for the productions of which she is so lavish. Adonis killed by a wild boar, means the approach of winter, represented by the season for the chase, and which damps the fires of the powerful luminary; he descends to hell upon his quitting our horizon, and yields the empire of nature to winter; the time of his stay with Proserpine indicates the

duration of the winter season, which has not always been the same because the fable has been adapted to different climates, or to new systems of astronomy. Lastly, Adonis's restoration to life is expressive of the periodical return of the sun towards our hemisphere.

Among the most remarkable incidents of the history of Venus, we must reckon her contending with Juno and Minerva for the apple which was to be the prize of beauty. This famous quarrel took place in consequence of the following occurrence.

Thetis, the most beautiful among the Nereids, being on the point of marrying Peleus, King of Phthia, in Thessaly, all the Gods and Goddesses were invited, with the exception of Discord; but she would go uninvited: angry at such a gross affront, she stole unperceived into the banquet room, and threw on the table a golden apple, with this inscription—*to the most beautiful*. Goddesses are no less ambitious of that title than mortal females; each of them claimed the apple, and the assembly became a scene of confusion. The beauty, or most likely the superior rank of Juno, Minerva, and Venus, caused the other Goddesses to withdraw their pretensions, but the three rivals on that account contended not with less violence; each of them appealed to Jupiter for his decision, but the God, very wisely, refused to interfere in so delicate a case, and without any reason being assigned, it was agreed that Paris, a shepherd of mount Ida, should give judgment. This Paris was the son of Priam, King of Troy; the oracle having foretold that he would occasion the ruin of his country, his father had given orders to smother him as soon as he was born; but Hecuba, his mother, being more tender hearted and compassionate, had given him in care to some shepherds, among whom he was brought up.

The three Goddesses, conducted by Mercury, presented themselves on mount Ida, before Paris. Juno called to her assistance all the refinement of dress; Venus the arts of coquetry; but Minerva could find no other method of improving her complexion than to take a long run. The three can-

didates, thus prepared, appeared before their judge.

In order to bribe him Juno made him an offer of the titles, dignities, and riches that she had at her disposal. Minerva promised to endow him with learning and wisdom. Venus offered him the possession of the most beautiful woman in the world. Paris pronounced in favour of Venus, and thus drew upon himself and his country the implacable hatred of the two other Goddesses.

Venus had worshippers in all parts; her principal temples, however, were at Amathoute, Paphos, Guido, Cythera, and Idalia.

She is represented rising from the bosom of the waves: two Tritons support a shell of dazzling whiteness in which she is seated; the Nereids sport around her; with both her hands the Goddess presses her wet hair, the frothy transparent liquid drops through her delicate tapered fingers; the Zephyrs aid her progress; Cupid and the Smiles hover before her; and the Hours, holding each other by the hand, point out to her the seat of beauty that awaits her in Olympus.

Venus is more frequently seated in a car drawn by swans, doves, or sparrows; her golden tresses are encircled with wreaths of myrtle or of roses; she wears no other veil than her cestus or her marvellous girdle, which contains all the powers of seduction. She expressed herself the merits of the talisman when she lent it to Juno, who wished to put it on that she might regain the affection of Jupiter.—“Receive,” said she, “this web, and conceal it in your bosom; it contains all that you may wish for; and by means of a secret magic which cannot be explained it will ensure you success, whatever you may be pleased to undertake.”

Venus is also represented in a light short dress, roving about the fields, but then she generally carries a bow and a quiver, as Venus huntress. Artists have vied with each other in representing this Goddess; in modern works she is almost always attended by Cupids and turtle doves,

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE, DAUGHTER TO
GEORGE II.

WHEN this Princess was left a widow she applied all her time and thoughts in the duties of religion and the education of her children, without neglecting the affairs of state: possessed of a heart the most firm and magnanimous, her principles were steadfast and invariable; she held vice in abhorrence, and detested every species of artifice or cunning. When she lost her beloved and illustrious consort, she laid her hand on her heart, as if to stifle its murmur, and said, "I have a state to preserve, young innocents to educate; I have made a solemn promise to him whom death has just now deprived me of, not to abandon myself to useless grief; let us exert ourselves, and shew the power of religion and resignation."

Her duty after this made her forget her despair, and no vexatious accident or disappointment could make any impression on her when she was conscious she was performing her duty: but her body, too weak for so strong a mind, bent under these severe efforts; never did she permit, however, the least complaint to escape her. Her self-command was so great that she persevered to the last moment her ease and cheerfulness of manner, inquiring often of her attendants if they found her temper changed? Ready to quit life, and to leave the other half of herself, her beloved children, she addressed them as follows with a firm and steady voice:—"Why do you weep? where is that resignation which you owe to the master of the world? These tears and sighs are they the fruit of all you have learned? Do as I have done. I have, as much as I was able, kept my heart clean and my lips undefiled. I fulfilled my task with cheerfulness and resignation, and therefore death does not appear to me dreadful. I fear not its approach, but I feel the comfortable hope of going to experience in the bosom of my Creator the reality of those good things which he has assuredly promised to those who love him in sincerity."

This admirable woman put every thing in order, and forgot nothing: while the

shrieks of her sorrowing family were only to be heard, she received death as a friend, and committed her spotless soul to her Creator. She was one who esteemed not negative virtues, the active only she thought were productive of real good: her constant maxim was, that little objects should never affect the heart; and to sum up all, this illustrious female was the glory of the state, the delight of society, the ornament of the age, and the honour of her sex.

LADY DAMARIO MASHAM.

To the care of the great Mr. Locke this lady owed much of her acquired endowments, and her skill in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, philosophy, and divinity; as Mr. Locke was an inmate of her house, so she returned the obligation with the most unexampled benevolence; her inviolable friendship always prompting her to treat him with marked generosity and respect. As she sat by his bed side the night before he died, he exhorted her to regard this world as only a preparation for a better. Lady Masham requested him to suffer her to sit up with him, but he would by no means permit her. The next day she read the Psalms to him in a low voice; he desired her to read louder, and he was very attentive to her till death prevented him. He then desired her to read no more, and in a few minutes after expired. As a testimony of her gratitude and regard to his memory, she drew up that account of him which is printed in the great Historical Dictionary, and survived the subject of it only three years, when she surrendered her soul in the same pious and collected manner as her valued and truly revered friend.

LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

THIS Lady, who was niece to the celebrated William Pitt, took a voyage to the Levant during the continental blockade, and inhabited for sometime a house in the suburbs of Constantinople. Being very desirous of making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, she had the misfortune of being shipwrecked near Rhodes. Cast away on a

barren rock, she must have perished if an English vessel had not happily appeared in sight the next morning, and which took her on board. After disembarking at Syria, she traversed that country entirely through with Mr. Bruce as her guide, the same gentleman who has lately been tried at Paris. She passed several days in wandering over the ruins of Palmyra, Hieropolis, and in the valleys of mount Liban, her only nourishment being rice and water. Be-

coming insensibly accustomed to the abstinence of the Orientals, she was not long before she was as robust as herself, though she had been of a remarkably delicate and tender constitution. Her last letters to her friends inform them, that she is at the head of three tribes of the Bedouin Arabs, who regard her as a being of a superior order. She is of a delicate and slender make, and a most excellent horsewoman.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

THE DUCHESS DE GRAMMONT.

AMBITION formed the principal feature in the character of this haughty female, who, after the death of the Queen of Louis XV. elevated her hopes to the ascending the throne of France. Though neither young nor handsome, the example of Madame de Mailly, who first tempted Louis to violate his conjugal vows, in some measure justified the Duchess for attempting the conquest over the heart of this weak Prince, for she was certainly more attractive than Madame de Mailly.

As perseverance made a part, and that not a trifling one, in the character of the Duchess de Grammont, she was, though sensibly chagrined at the influence of Madame du Barri, not yet dismayed, nor did she give up her ambitious scheme; her own pride, however, caused all her brilliant projects to evaporate in a very short time.

A powerful party was formed amongst the ancient nobility against the favourite; after her public presentation at court this fastidiousness on their part began to wear off, especially after the cringing complaisance of Madame de Mirepoix and a few others, who might vie in rank with the Duchess de Grammont, who still remained inflexible, while she continued to throw out every lure to entice the King.

But the influence of Madame du Barri yet increased: parties were made and fetes given her of the most splendid kind, even at the hotel of the Prince de Condé, where his Highness welcomed the favourite, and handed her himself through the then superb apartments of Chaulilly. From these

parties the Duchess, bursting with rage and vexation, saw herself excluded. In the cards of invitation sent round by Louis her name was purposely omitted; Madame du Barri was not likely to insert it when she was called on to name those she chose to be of the party: once, however, when the favourite knew that the young Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, was to make one, a certain sentiment of female arrogance, for which no one could blame her, prompted her to the desire of shewing herself in all her glory to her humbled enemy, and being desired by the infatuated monarch to name some persons she would wish to be invited, she wrote down the name of the Duchess de Grammont. Louis instantly erased it; and this marked neglect coming to the knowledge of Madame de Grammont, she affected ill health, and took a journey to the Spa in Germany, in order, as she said, to drink the water; but it was merely to impose on herself a voluntary exile from that court over which she had raised her views to be the Queen, and from whence she found herself excluded, without one sigh of regret even from her own party.

MADemoiselle CHOIN.

WITHOUT any delicacy of sentiment, or even of gallantry, the Dauphin, like his father, Louis XIV. had several mistresses, and finished like that monarch, by a marriage of conscience, if we may be allowed the term. On the subject of this memoir he fixed as the end of this promiscuous and unsatisfactory amours.

Mademoiselle Choin was one of the ladies

of honour belonging to the Princess Conti-Vahère, natural sister to the Dauphin. She was by no means pretty, but she had much wit and a most excellent character, so that she was loved and esteemed by all who were acquainted with her. Her house was far from being splendidly furnished, she had no equipage, and she was contented with an humble lodging at the house of the Receiver-General of Finance. Her connection with the Dauphin remained long unknown, though not unsuspected: when he came to court, Mademoiselle Choin went to Paris in a hired coach, and returned back in the same manner when the Prince went to Versailles.

Notwithstanding this simple demeanour of an acknowledged mistress, every circumstance seemed to prove a private marriage. The King, who had become a devotee, and who had at first evinced some displeasure at this connection, now made the offer to his son of receiving Mademoiselle Choin openly, and even of giving her an apartment at Versailles; but she constantly refused it and persisted in following her usual way of living. Yet at Mendon she appeared all that Madame de Maintenon was at Versailles. She kept her chair of state even

in presence of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and the Duke of Berri, who often went to visit her. The favourite of Meudon had all the manners of a mother-in-law to these Princes, and as insolence made no part of her character, it was natural to conclude that she was privately married to the Dauphin.

But the disinterestedness of this amiable woman's character can never be sufficiently admired. The evening before the Dauphin went to join his army, he gave her his will to read, in which he had ensured to her a considerable fortune: she immediately tore it in pieces, saying, "While Heaven preserves your life, I am sure I shall never want; and if I am wretched enough to survive you, a thousand crowns a year are quite enough for me." This she proved at the death of the Dauphin; for she immediately retired to her former lodging at Paris, where she passed near twenty years in the practice of every virtue; living amongst a few real friends, and freed from a crowd of insignificant court flatterers, who quitted her society without common civility or regard to decency. She died in the year 1730.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

THE COUNT DE BONNEGUISE.

M. DE BONNEGUISE, Bishop of Arras, notwithstanding he never attempted to write homilies that might lull his pious diocesans to sleep, would render them more essential service by relieving them of certain tythes which his predecessors had always claimed. Although he exacted the most regular conduct from his dependent clergy, he himself was by no means very scrupulous in setting them a bad example. Monsieur de Bonneguise was a notorious *bon-vivant*, loved his bottle, and was a desperate gambler. As there were never less than three or four regiments garrisoned at Arras, the military, in greater number, and more frequently than ecclesiastics, were welcomed at the Bishop's table. His palace, in fact, was the rendezvous of the first company of Arras, besides the gay visitors who would, now and then, resort thither

from the neighbouring country, or even from the metropolis.

The considerable expence which M. de Bonneguise had been at to keep up for several years a princely establishment, and the immense sums which he occasionally lost at play, had often compelled him to have recourse to all the money lenders in his diocese; for he preferred paying usurious interest to being obligated to any of the respectable inhabitants, merchants, manufacturers, or others for a loan. These circumstances being known, it is not to be wondered at if upon M. de Bonneguise's demise he was said to have died insolvent.

Notwithstanding it was rumoured that this prelate had been carried off by an apoplectic fit, the truth is that he was killed in a duel. Several officers of the regiment of Piedmont after having partaken of the good cheer which the Episcopal palace

always abounded with, sat down to cards. The Bishop, being rather flushed with the juice of the grape, and out of temper at a run of bad luck, grossly insulted one of the Captains, who instantly retorted that if his Lordship were not a member of the church, he would require satisfaction. M. de Bonneguise immediately withdrew, but soon returned in his shirt, with a naked sword in his hand—"Sir," said he to the Captain, "you see me now before you, not as a clergyman, but as a gentleman like yourself, who is come to give you the satisfaction you demand." In vain did the company interfere, the Bishop would fight, and fell.

From the report of M. de Bonneguise's insolvency, all his relatives refused coming forward as heirs at law. However, one of his nephews, who had been educated through the care and at the expence of the Bishop, to whose interest he was obligated besides for having been appointed Colonel of the regiment of l'Isle de France, and having married a rich heiress, presented himself to claim the succession of his uncle, with the real intention dictated by gratitude, to discharge all the debts that he might have left behind. This liberal disposition finally met with its due reward, for it so happened that the Bishop's circumstances had been widely misrepresented, and that all his debts having been paid, the generous Count inherited fifteen thousand francs per annum.

GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

Not long after a peace had been concluded in 1763, between England and France, Mr. Garrick went to Paris, where he soon became intimate with Prévaille, the best comic actor that ever graced the *Theatre François*.

For many years back it had been customary, during the three last days of Passion-week, to go to Longchamps, there being an abbey of that name in the Bois de Boulogne, where indeed were seen the most elegant carriages, with new liveries and brilliant cavalcade. It would be needless to say that all the fashionable *belles* made it a point to attempt outshining each other upon the occasion, and that of course all the dress-makers, milliners, embroiderers, florists, plumassiers, and the long list of

female accoutrement makers, were busily engaged for more than a fortnight prior to that procession taking place.

Garrick and Prévaille not satisfied with merely going to Longchamps on horseback like many more, proposed shamming being drunk. This plan they actually adhered to, and in such a manner as to alarm all the beholders. Most of the ladies would scream out in great agony; nay, some were seen to faint through fear whilst the two horsemen were galloping at a desperate rate between a triple row of vehicles of every description both on the right and left. From this consideration they were induced to put an end to their frolic, when Prévaille, addressing his friend, said, "Well, my master," for so he always called him, "how do you think that I have performed my part?"—"My very good friend," replied Garrick, "your body was very drunk, but your legs were sober."

During his stay in Paris, Mr. Garrick would go to the *Theatre François* every time that Prévaille performed; and he has been heard to say that he never could discover the least fault in him, except his left knee being rather too stiff when he made his appearance in the character of a drunken man.

DR. FRANKLIN.

WHEN Dr. Franklin was deputed by the American Congress to go and solicit assistance from the court of France, his stay in that capital was but of a short duration, whether he apprehended lest a youth who attended him (either his grandson or his nephew) should catch the infection of corrupt morals, so prevailing in that capital, or that he himself was tired with the uninterrupted noise and bustle of the French metropolis: the Doctor accordingly settled at Passy, a small handsome village near Paris, in a most eligible situation.

It is well known how much, at all times, the French people are influenced by *fashion*, and it so happened that in those days the *insurgents* (the only appellation by which the French would call the Americans) were the *fashion*; no wonder then if all the fashionables, of a certain class, were anxious to go, under a pretence of treating political concerns or paying their respects, to gratify

their curiosity, and to have it said that they had had an interview with the *Ambassadeur des Insurgents*. In addition to these, several hundred officers went to make a tender of their services, although very few met with encouragement or were accepted.

Meanwhile, the time at which the new Ambassador was to be presented at court drew near; the Doctor, in consequence, now thought of bespeaking his court dress, and applied to a nobleman requesting he would recommend him to his taylor and peruke maker. "What occasion have you for either?" asked the Lord.—"Must not I be presented to his Majesty?"—True! but for God's sake give up the idea of sporting a peruke, for if you wish to succeed at our court, you must not look like another man."—The Doctor took the hint, and we all know what has ensued.

OF A PRUSSIAN OFFICER AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

A PRUSSIAN officer expressed an earnest desire to be quartered at the house of a lady in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. This request was complied with, and on his arrival at the lady's dwelling, he was ushered into a small, but comfortable apartment, with a handsome bedchamber adjoining. He expressed much dissatisfaction, and required that the Countess should give him up all the first floor, which she occupied herself, and which was very elegantly furnished. She remonstrated, but the officer was absolute, and insisted on being shewn into the new apartments. The lady had no time to remove any of the articles belonging to her own boudoir, and was obliged to retreat to the second floor.

Scarce had she retired thither, when another message arrived from the officer that he had destined the second floor for his aide-de-camp, and that it must be instantly got ready for his reception. This produced an angry remonstrance from the lady; she urged not only the inhumanity of such a proceeding, but also the impossibility of compliance. The officer furiously replied, "Obey my orders, or take the consequence:" and at the same time he sent to the guard-house for a file of men.

He then threw himself in his dirty boots on a handsome sofa, and ordering the cook

to be summoned, ordered an excellent dinner at his appointed hour, as he had invited several officers to dine with him; and he warned the butler to furnish his table with the best wines the cellar afforded.

He went out, and returned at the hour he had named, alone. Dinner was served. He complained that it was execrable, dashed the bottles on the floor, and bottle after bottle was spilt on the beautiful *parquet*.

When he had, by this caprice, wearied both himself and the domestics, he ordered the lady to be brought before him. She trembled and obeyed. He received her with great respect, and addressed her as follows:—"You have, no doubt, Madam, been shocked at my conduct since my entrance into your house. Have you not thought me cruel, disgraceful, and barbarous?" The lady, fearing some new insult, hesitated what to reply. "I beseech you to answer me candidly:" he added, "have you not thought me a complete savage?"—"Indeed," answered the lady, "I was not prepared to receive such treatment, and since you compel me to speak, I do think it disgracefully barbarous."—"Have you not a son, Madam, in Prussia?"—"I had a son there, but he has perished."—"No, Madam, he has not perished, and I am not the savage you imagine. Your son was quartered at the house of my infirm mother; and, during three months, he inflicted on her those sufferings which you have endured but a few hours. I swore to avenge her: I have kept my oath; I am not a barbarian. It was with inexpressible reluctance I schooled myself to act the part I have done. Resume your apartments, Madam, I will seek a lodging elsewhere. Your son will soon be in Paris: tell him, that I meant to have required of him a strict account for the sufferings of my poor mother; but I have avenged her in a nobler way. I cordially forgive him."

THE DUKE OF H——.

THE Duchess of —, in the early bloom of beauty, had to sustain all the severe trials of prudence and fortitude, inevitably recurring, where elevated and firm principles determine a wife to fulfil coun-

bial claims, however a dissipated husband may have forfeited a right to those endearing duties.

A respectable widow, who waited on the Duchess, deservedly obtained a considerable share of her Grace's confidence. Mrs. S—— accidentally learned that, under a fictitious name, the Duke had retreated to an hotel of inferior note, where a quack undertook speedily to cure his odious distemper, and that his Grace's profligate valet so neglected him as to permit days to pass without affording a change of linen to the noble invalid.

"I will go to my Lord," said her Grace; "and you, dear S——, by your years and spirit, will protect me. We shall be masked, and nobody can know us."

The purchase of ready-made linen and other necessaries was soon effected, and in a hackney coach the Duchess and her faithful attendant drove to the hotel, where they found the Duke unprovided with the most essential soothers for his calamity. Mrs. S——, in a feigned voice, spoke for the lady, whom no importunity could induce to articulate even a monosyllable; nor could his Grace prevail with the speaker to reveal either of their names. Though languishing under an incurable malady, the ruling passion flattered his Grace to believe the incognito was some *belle*, who, actuated by romantic love, persevered in ministering to his comfort. He became quite tractable, abstaining from inebriating liquors, and accepting the medicines furnished by the lady, whose Duenna paid and dismissed the quack. The unfeeling menial who left his Lord to pine in solitude, while he caroused at his expence, happened, when much intoxicated, to meet the sober and attached valet of the Marquis of ——, and more than hinted where the Duke of —— was doing penance for his gallautries. The valet informed his Lord, who, with the benevolence which invariably distinguished all his actions, immediately repaired to the place, beseeching his Grace for permission to send him the best medical practitioners; but his Grace said, that the most charming physician and sick nurse in the world floated like a pitying angel into his bed-chamber at an hour when Morpheus sealed all the bright eyes in London, except those that,

more brilliant than stars in the concave of gloomy night, sparkled through a black velvet mask to gaze on him. The elegance of her form and deportment, and the elasticity of her movements, assured him she must be high bred and youthful; and her unwearied assiduities implied the tenderest concern. The Marquis might have ocular demonstration, by coming before eight o'clock next morning, to take his stand behind the bed-curtain. Suspecting this fair one to be some artful Cyprian, who intended to make a prey of the helpless patient, his Lordship concerted that while she and her colleague were engaged in making up the bed, the Marquis should cut the ribbands that fastened her mask. Imagination can but imperfectly represent the Duke's astonishment, shame, and contrition, when, in his persevering pitying angel, he beheld his injured spouse. The impression made on the Marquis by these instances of conjugal virtue, led to an offer of his hand, when the expiry of her Grace's widowed mourning permitted the proposal; and her amiable feelings had delightful expansion in an union where high rank and uncommon personal attraction were transcended by qualities of the heart and head, rendered the Marquis and Duke of —— beloved in private, and revered in public life. During her second marriage the Duchess received a *billet deux* from the late Duke of ——, to which her Grace made no reply.

The Earl of —— was persuaded to solicit the determination of his Royal Highness's fate, and to beg a regular epistolary correspondence might be established.— "Tell his Royal Highness," said the Duchess, "that if another letter shall come to my hands on the same subject, the Marquis of —— shall acknowledge it."

THE LATE LORD K——.

THE late Lord K—— established the reputation of a wit by many delicately pointed *bon mots*; but after free libations to the convivial powers, his Lordship was apt to be more raging than witty. At a large party in the city of Edinburgh, his Lordship singled out a plain and rather antiquated lady as the subject of his ironical adulation, which she bore with calm

good humour, and returned, with a few slight encomiums on his Lordship's taste and politeness. At that time it was customary to toast novels after supper. The lady asked Lord K—— to help her to the name of some fashionable publication, as she never read novels. His Lordship protested that it must be impossible as she had not the most intimate acquaintance with whatever might be deemed sentimen-

tal, tonish, and elegant, and he insisted she should name some celebrated fiction. "Indeed, my Lord," said she, "I can only say I have seen the *Fool of Quality*."—The company felt how much Lord K—— had provoked this retort, and his Lordship from that time shewed a high respect for the lady's spirit, good sense, and intelligence.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL.

THIS gentleman, who was father-in-law to the celebrated Hogarth, was born of an ancient family in Dorsetshire, at his father's estate, in the year 1676. The father of Sir James was a learned man, and aspired, from his peculiar taste for antiquities, to be the first antiquarian of his time; unfortunately his conduct did not keep pace with his learning, for being by extravagance compelled to sell his estate, young Thornhill, the subject of our present sketch, was obliged to resort to some business or profession for his future support: he inherited a taste for antiquities from his father, and delighted in visiting remarkable places, copying old monumental inscriptions, and making himself acquainted with the history attached to them. His uncle was the famous physician Sydenham; to him he applied, when he came to London, telling him the great desire he had to be a painter. Dr. Sydenham supplied him with the requisite assistance, and though he studied only under a very middling master, who could be but of little use to his pupils, his own native genius and taste were sufficient to supply this important defect, and the progress he made in painting appeared like something supernatural. He travelled through Holland and Flanders, and thence into France, where he made purchases of some productions of the best masters, amongst which was a famous virgin of Annibal Carrache, and the History of Tancréd, by Poussin. The merit of Thornhill soon raised his reputation to the highest pitch; and had he but visited Italy when he was abroad, he would no doubt have adapted more softness to his compositions,

the only fault for which his paintings are distinguishable, being a portion of incorrect harshness: but such was the fire and boldness of his designs, that Queen Anne appointed him to paint in the dome of St. Paul's the history of that Saint, and this he executed in the most grand and beautiful manner on eight pannels, in two colours, relieved with gold. He was also nominated first historical painter to her Majesty. At Hampton Court he painted an apartment where the Queen and Prince George, her husband, are represented allegorically: the same subject is also treated, but in a different manner; and this last mentioned piece is painted entirely on the wall. These paintings established that fine reputation yet more firmly than it was before, and he was much employed by people of the highest quality and fortune. His master-piece was the refectory and saloon in the Hospital at Greenwich.

Judgment and knowledge, true genius and taste, distinguish all the works of this painter, yet the eye of the artist and of the skilful amateur cannot help discovering a species of incorrectness, whether owing to the want of perfect instruction, Sir James early received, or from a fault he has shewn in crowding too many figures into one piece, has not yet been decided; but his talents have been acknowledged by all the art to have been productive of grand and rich compositions.

As he had acquired a considerable fortune, he laid out part of it in buying back the estates his father had sold, and in rebuilding a beautiful house to which he was accustomed to retire in the summer. He was knighted by King George II. but by

some iniquitous proceedings he was turned out of his public employments, in company with the great Sir Christopher Wren, to make room for persons of far inferior talents and abilities. Seated, however, behind his easel, he yet found a source of amusement to repay him for the treachery of mankind; but it sunk on his mind, and visibly impaired his health. After a lingering illness of twelve months, he died at his seat in the country in 1732, aged 56.

He had been several years in parliament, and had been chosen F. R. S. His countenance was most prepossessing, and he was one of the best made men of his time, while his well informed mind and constant good humour rendered his conversation always pleasing.

SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK.

THE biography of this interesting painter, whose productions excite so high a degree of admiration, has been eagerly sought after, though the distant period in which he was born, and his having experienced none of the vicissitudes of poverty and difficulty, so often attendant on great genius, have rendered many researches fruitless as to his domestic life, and we must, like others, confine this sketch chiefly to the detail of his merits as a painter.

He was born at Antwerp, in the year 1599, and may be said to have had the happiest pencil that ever painter was blessed with, Corregio only excepted. Vandyck was pupil to the celebrated Rubens, and assisted him in the performance of most of his considerable pieces. He went to Italy, then to Venice, where, from that place and Rome, he skimmed as it were the cream from the best works of the Roman and the Venetian school, as his pictures now to be seen at Genoa fully evince. His fame resounded through all Europe, but his paintings from the life were beyond all that had ever been yet seen; his heads were so exquisite, and his likenesses so striking, that we find peculiar pleasure in contemplating the portraits drawn by his hand of princes and beauties, whose histories are replete with interest, such as are to be seen at Windsor and Hampton Court, where we imagine they yet breathe and animate the scene with life wherein they are placed. This talent of

taking likenesses, and which nature seemed in a peculiar manner to have bestowed on him, and which had never been equalled in any degree, for he gave character as well as features to the copy from each original, caused Cardinal Richelieu to invite Vandyck to France; but the painter wanted no favour from any man, and not exactly liking the way he was treated, he made but a very short stay, and departed for England. Charles I. received him most graciously, and he was so much employed in taking the portraits of all the princes, noblemen, and ladies about the court, that during his stay in England he had not time to paint one historical piece. Charles I. conferred on him the honour of knighthood, presented him with his own picture, set round with diamonds, assigned him a considerable pension, and sat to him very often for his portrait. Vandyck being asked one day why he did not paint some fine historical piece, the painter replied, "I worked a long time for reputation, and I do it now to keep a good table." He acquired great riches in England by his profession, and married one of the most beautiful ladies belonging to the English court, a daughter of the Lord Ruthen, Earl of Gowry. He grew weary towards the end of his life of the troublesome sameness continually attached to face painting, and being desirous of immortalizing his name by some grand and sublime undertaking, he went to Paris, in hopes of being employed in the grand gallery of the Louvre. Not being successful he returned to London, and proposed to the King to make cartoons for the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. The subject was to have been the institution of the Knights of the Garter, the procession of the Knights in their habits, with the ceremony of their installation, and St. George's feast. He demanded for the work eight thousand pounds; but the King thinking this unreasonable, while he was treating with him for a less sum, the gout and other distempers put a period to the life of this justly celebrated painter, in 1641, in the forty-second year of his age. It is probable that a too great application to business shortened his days. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, where his monument was consumed in the memorable fire of London.

GRIEF AND JOY.—A TALE.

(Concluded from page 217.)

FREDERIC, free from ambition, had applied himself entirely to the business he had been taught, and was become proficient. He had gained the friendship of his master, who now wished to be his benefactor. Having discovered that his daughter was partial to Frederic, instead of opposing her rising passion, he seemed to view it with pleasure, and even gave the young man to understand that when the time was come he would be glad to have him for his son-in-law. As he surmised not Matilda's real sentiments, and that besides her disproportionate rank and fortune would not allow him to imagine that a union between her and Frederic was intended, the good honest man was not apprehensive of introducing the subject in her presence. Matilda heard him with great discontent, and even with a kind of ill humour that she could not dissemble. Surprised at what she felt, she wished to ascertain the cause of her feelings, and for the first time in her life called herself to an account.—“What!” said she, “they think of marrying Frederic, that marriage can secure his happiness; I love him, and yet I am sorry at hearing of it!” With a view of removing an idea that grieved her, she would also reflect that she might, without injustice, complain of not proving sufficient to her friend when that friend was sufficient for her. Yet, when she afterwards thought of the happiness that awaited Frederic, she upbraided herself for being displeased at it. She no longer felt her sentiments to be disinterested; but what completely opened her eyes was, that the sight of the young person designed for Frederic inspired her with emotions she had never experienced before. How a person whom Matilda, who was so good natured and affectionate, could behold but with a kind of involuntary repugnance, must prove to be a rival; in short, her jealousy informed her of the real situation of her heart.

Now that Matilda was convinced of the nature of her sentiments, she was of too frank and candid a disposition to keep them a secret; she doubted not but her love

must be manifested as openly as her sisterly affection had been. She therefore hurried to apprise Frederic of it, though not without shedding tears: in truth, she did not weep on account of the tender avowal, but through fear lest Frederic should not repay her sentiments, or that her rival alone should be the object of his tenderest affections.—“I confess it,” said she to him; “I am well aware that the proposed union can make you happy, and yet I have not a proper command of myself to see you form that union without extreme regret. I did not believe so at first, but I am certain of it at present; Frederic, I love you.”

I have not as yet said that Matilda was a complete beauty, for any one might have loved her although she had not been handsome in her person. How then could Frederic have remained insensible to her numberless accomplishments? Affected at an avowal that so much ingenuity rendered still more endearing, he dropped as involuntarily in her arms, and bathed her with tears.—“What!” said Matilda, “has any one then awakened your sensibility Frederic?”—“Alas!” replied he, “I should not be less miserable and guilty if that were the case.” He then explained to her the obstacles which Florimon would undoubtedly oppose to their union: he even spoke against his own interest, and begged she would not disclose the matter to her father, towards whom his new sentiments would make him appear still more criminal, protesting at the same time that never any one of her sex, besides herself, should take possession of his heart. The silence which he prescribed was, no doubt, grievous to Matilda, but his promise was a motive of consolation.

Florimon having forbidden Frederic's name ever to be mentioned in his presence, Matilda's secret could not so easily escape her. However, one day while conversing with her father, without naming Frederic, either accidentally or on purpose, she introduced a subject which unavoidably brought back the recollection of the young man. Incoherent mutilated sentences involunta-

rily escaped Matilda which gave rise to her father's suspicions, or perhaps only afforded him an opportunity of making known those he already entertained, for he abruptly put such direct questions to her that he soon got the whole truth out of her. Florimon, although severe, was a man of feeling; he had always cherished his daughter, and now loved her with so much the more affection that since he had given up Frederic his affection centered in her alone. Besides, the good character he had constantly heard of late of Frederic was an additional motive for him to adopt a plan which he soon brought into execution, as we are going to relate.

Notwithstanding Florimon was not so angry at Matilda's confession as she had apprehended, nevertheless parental dignity required that he should at least appear displeased at her disobedience. However (here he began to act according to his new plan) he concluded the conversation, by granting her leave to go and see Frederic for the last time, with an injunction to inform him that she had made an open confession of their amours.

She delayed not in availing herself of the permission she had obtained, and went attended by a confidential friend of her father's. It may easily be conceived how sad was the interview. Frederic could no longer perceive that sweet joy which used to overspread her countenance, and to sparkle in her eyes when she came near him.—“What ails you?” said he; “am I threatened with some new misfortune?”—“Ah! Frederic,” answered she, “my father knows all, and I am come to see you—.” “To see me!”—“For the last time!”

The wretched Matilda could hardly utter those last words, to which succeeded a torrent of tears. Frederic inquired how her father had got the information?—“From myself,” returned she. “Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed he, with an accent of grief, “you are come to see me for the last time and it is you who have been my accuser!”

Whilst speaking thus his looks were expressive of bitter reproach. Matilda was stung to the quick, and Frederic in return seemed more grieved at the chagrin he had occasioned her than at his own distressful situation. He threw his arms round her neck, saying:—“Pardon me, despair

renders me unjust. Alas! I am so unfortunate! Providence for a time seemed to have intended me for rank and fortune, but now I am reduced to the most humble situation! I am cherished by the most lovely of her sex, and, how hard my lot! I must renounce the possession of such a treasure!”

The gentle Matilda was so grieved to see him suffer, that she attempted to console him, as if she herself needed no consolation. “My dear friend,” would she say, “those ills are not without a remedy. We may still love one another; and with regard to fortune, is not mine your own since we are lovers.”

Meanwhile Frederic could not indulge such flattering expectations.—“What happiness can await me,” he replied, “when my duty prescribes, nay commands me, to reject the kind offers of my adored Matilda? If she continues faithful to me, I must be guilty of a new offence towards a benefactor whom I shall ever respect notwithstanding his severity; and yet I feel that I must die if those obstacles which divide us are not removed.”

Such were the painful struggles which the person who had attended Matilda witnessed during the interview between the two lovers; but in their present situation they had nothing more to conceal or worse to apprehend; and indeed he who listened to their bewailings sympathized too sincerely in their sorrows to attempt interrupting them.

Florimon was made acquainted with all the particulars of the interview, and in all probability was not a little pleased to hear that Frederic, even in the excess of his grief, had not lost sight of the gratitude and respect he owed him.

On the next morning Florimon, with a most sorrowful countenance, entered Matilda's apartment. “My dearest child,” said he, “behold me this once the bearer of sad tidings, and on your account especially I do grieve. I congratulated myself upon being possessed of a large fortune, in hopes of being able to secure your happiness. Well, I am left destitute! A document exists, by virtue of which the whole of the estates and property that I enjoyed are to be restored to the right owner. The deed, which has but recently been found out, is indisputable. Yesterday we were

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in affluence, my child, to-day we are reduced to beggary."

As he uttered these last words Matilda could not help rejoicing inwardly at the dreadful event, as in her opinion her reduced circumstances brought her more on a level with her lover. However, when the idea of her father's distress occurred to her mind, she felt remorse at having suffered for a moment love to prevail over nature.

The news of Florimon's overthrow soon reached the ears of Frederic, and it would be useless to attempt describing the young man's feelings upon the occasion. He spent the whole night in the most perplexing agitation, incapable to procure one moment's rest. The object of his most tender love and his benefactor, both reduced to indigence, haunted his dejected spirits; but when he rose in the morning what was his surprize upon receiving a piece of intelligence of a very different nature to that which had made him so miserable. A letter was delivered into his hands informing him that his father, who had hitherto wished to remain unknown, and was thought to have been dead long since, had just discovered himself on his death-bed, and that out of an immense property he had ordered a pocket-book, containing ten thousand pounds in bank notes, to be instantly carried to his son.

When recovered from his first surprize, Frederic fell into a deep reverie, and on a sudden an idea started from which he promised himself inexpressible satisfaction, yet it must be dearly purchased in consequence of the sacrifice it would require; neither could he suppress a deep sigh expressive of his racking sensations. However, the die is cast, his fate is determined.

He dressed himself in a hurry; he wanted to see Matilda; nay, he must see her immediately. He therefore hastened to go and solicit an interview, offered money to the servants who would deliver the message, and promised a reward to such as would bring him a favourable answer: he would have given any thing—when, within two minutes, he was informed that Florimon being absent at the time, Matilda was waiting for him in the front parlour.

He advanced with apparent composure, however, and kept silent for a moment

the better to recollect himself, until at last he addressed her in the following words:—"Matilda, I have been apprized of the loss you have sustained. Whilst fortune was overwhelming you, on account of a most extraordinary circumstance, she had in reserve for me a most unexpected favour, a most dazzling favour, indeed, for an unfeeling heart, but yet which cannot suffice to make me happy. Notwithstanding the love which unites us, the illegitimacy of my birth, my offences towards my benefactor (for I must be guilty since he has thought himself bound to punish me), every thing, in short, opposes our union. I must renounce the sweet hope of making you mine. Could wealth comfort me for the loss of you? Matilda, by the love I bear you, let me intreat you to consent to what my heart inspires me, or dread the effects of my despair. As we cannot all three be happy, let one of us make the other two so. This pocket-book and its contents I have inherited; obtain from your father, who has also been mine, to accept of it. He might scorn to receive it as a token of my gratitude, let your ingenious tenderness contrive means to disguise the source from which it is issued. To me will be left still the resources of the profession the knowledge of which I am indebted for to his bounty; they will be more than sufficient to supply the wants of a sad life that I am doomed to spend far from your society. Farewell, Matilda, adieu all."

So far Frederic had strived to speak in a firm tone, but at the word adieu, his courage failed him, and he instantly burst into tears. However, he soon recovered his spirits enough to tear himself away from Matilda's arms, and was preparing to leave her, when on a sudden Florimon, who from a hiding-place had seen and heard all that had passed, made his appearance.

"No," said he, "you shall not go. Take back your pocket-book, it is the marriage portion of Matilda. It was I who had occasioned to be rumoured the false report of my ruin; it was I also who have wished to try the experiment of the pocket-book; you have proved deserving of me and of my daughter: she is your's. With a good heart, a good stock of love, and virtues, you can amply redeem the misfor-

tune of your birth and your want of fortune. Pardon me, my children, for having put you to so severe a trial; you will love each other the better for it, and at any rate be made more sensible of your happiness."

In vain would I pretend to describe the transports of the two lovers, which they themselves attempted not to express.

"Dear father!" was the only word that Florimon could hear. The marriage ceremony was performed without loss of time. The good father lived with the new married couple, and all three were as happy as they deserved to be. Frederic especially, who, taught at the school of adversity, had been made happy in consequence of a meritorious deed.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY;

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

In the course of preceding lectures we have shewn the extraordinary facts of a constant chemical process going on in the midst of what has generally been considered by the early philosophers as inert matter. We have endeavoured to clothe this in language as popular and as free from technical terms as the subject will admit of, and we trust that the present system of expanded education, amongst our fair readers, has rendered every part of it perfectly intelligible. But there is one important and curious fact that is well deserving of notice, yet must, in that notice, go rather beyond the limits we had fixed to our use of scientific terms. This is, that it has been ascertained that the sulphuric acid, if poured upon the earth, becomes sulphureous acid, a distinction well known to chemical students; in this process it loses a portion of its oxygene, absorbed by the carbonic and oil in the soil, a circumstance too which proves that iron and magnesia are in the earth in the form of oxide, for they do not appear to be there in a metallic form.

We thus see that the carbonic acid, when absorbed by the leaves of trees and other vegetables, deposits its carbone there previous to evaporation. We know that water, impregnated with the carbonic acid gas, is favourable to vegetation. How, then, can we hesitate a moment to believe that the water, which is combined with earth saturated with this acid, formed constantly and without ceasing from the gelatine of fertile soil, must have the power of dissolving not only earth, but iron and magnesia, which it meets with, and is thus absorbed by the roots of plants; after

which it becomes fixed in those vegetables by a union with the vegetable acid contained in them.

This beautiful theory is not very old, but it most elegantly, nay, most eloquently, shews how plants are nourished during winter, when they appear dead to all vegetation, and also from whence that nourishment comes which enables their buds to expand under the influence of a vernal sun. But other facts place this even beyond conjecture, for Senebrier, a most intelligent Swiss botanist, asserts, that he has discovered the carbonic acid floating in the air as soon as the earth began to thaw in the spring, thus furnishing to plants, particularly to evergreens, the means of preserving their vigour, and to others the facility of preparing in silence for the operations of spring, notwithstanding the hopeless lethargy in which they seem plunged and doomed to expire.

We are fully aware that many of our fair readers have already begun to reason and to reflect upon this subject; and we are fully prepared for an objection on their part to this theory. We even now hear some juvenile philosopher inquire how it happens that the same sort of soil does not answer for all kinds of plants, since in all soils water may be found, except in the arid plains of Africa, deserts? They ask us whence comes it that one plant requires a clayey, another a calcareous soil? why some plants will only flourish in the sand on the sea shore, whilst others must be cultivated by means of vegetable or animal manure? why some require abundance of water, and why others only delight in a dry situation? We confess that there is

much apparent force in these objective questions; and we will add to their importance by recounting an important fact—that the great Linnæus himself, in the climate of Sweden, and in the botanical garden of Upsal, was repeatedly disappointed in his attempts to cultivate that plant called *Nitraria*, and was only able at length to succeed by means of a nitrous salt, which is invariably destructive of all other plants! We will endeavour to answer these objections, and will do so in the plainest language possible.

It must first be noticed that the water which is absorbed by plants is not purified of all extraneous matter, but is strongly saturated with carbonic acid, and with earth. This cannot be doubted when we recollect that seeds sown either in sand or in purified earths, grow presently by means of the aliment which their cotyledons furnish, and that they perish instantly, as soon as they are obliged to nourish themselves solely by the juices absorbed by the roots. It is clearly ascertained that the roots of all plants are of the same nature with their respective stems; and therefore, since plants differ much in their nature and properties, their roots must do the same. This difference of roots is of itself a sufficient reason, proceeding from their forms and qualities, why a certain difference should exist in the soils fittest to nourish them. Besides, we know, at a glance, that clay, calcareous earth, or sand, whether pure or mingled in different proportions, do not contain equal quantities of water, neither do they present it to the roots of plants in the same manner, or in the same abundance, nor even saturated with the same substances. Here, then, the very fact itself seems destined to explain its own philosophy, for it is evident that plants which require a great supply of water would be totally out of place in a sandy soil, where little of it is retained, whilst those that only require a moderate quantity will be properly situated when planted in a clayey soil, which retains a certain portion of water, and is sometimes in possession of a greater, though sometimes suffering under a diminished supply. In addition to this, it has been clearly ascertained that the roots of all plants suffer when the superior parts do

not meet with the aliments necessary for their development, or when those aliments are not presented to their absorption in a suitable manner; for thus it has been proved that the leaves tend as much to the nourishment of the roots as the latter do to support and maintain the former.

It is indeed true that most plants flourish well or ill in all species of soil, when all the other circumstances necessary for their vegetation are united; but it is as true that the difference in their vegetation is then occasioned by the mode of existence which the roots may possess in the soil in which they are placed. Let us suppose a plant whose roots require a great development, and whose nature is to set forth a large series of fibres, shall be placed in a soil of stiff clay, we see at once that its roots cannot expand themselves, and that their bunches of small fibres cannot possibly insinuate themselves into such a compact mass. The plant, then, thus misplaced from local circumstances only, or rather from mechanical ones it may be said, must naturally droop and die. Now this may be applied also to the different quantities of carbonic acid which they may require; also to the different quantities of water necessary for each, so that it requires no stretch of faith to believe that, although different soils furnish different plants with the same juices, still ought those soils to be mechanically fitted for the different organization of the plants that we wish to cultivate in them, merely in order that they may find the aliments necessary for them exposed to their use and absorption in the manner most convenient for their properties, powers, and conformation.

This, then, is plain and simple, yet we do not say that it meets every objection, particularly as different kinds of manure are evidently favourable to different plants. Even this, however, may at some future day be satisfactorily explained, for at present it must be confessed that both chemistry and vegetable philosophy are much at a loss with respect to any thing like a decent knowledge either of the theory or practice of the effects of manures, under which name we combine whatever substance or practical process is favourable to vegetation. Water is, however, the grand

necessary, either as a means itself, or as the vehicle by which the means are conveyed, for almost all plants contain earth, and that they can only imbibe from the soil in which they are placed by means of water, saturated with carbonic acid, acting as a powerful solvent. Yet it must not be forgotten that there are plants which will grow in pure water only, all of which have the same properties as others of the same species and genus when cultivated in the ground. From this it may at first sight be inferred by some fair philosopher, that earth is not absolutely necessary for their vegetation. But we again turn round to the simple facts themselves as the best reasons for our opinion, for if we ascertain that most plants contain earth, it is not an unfair indication to believe that it is essential to the well being of those that do contain it, particularly since we also know that those which grow in water are not deprived of it, and that source of supply may be found even in the atmosphere, when we see much dust or particles of earth floating in the sun-beams, as well as in water evaporated from the

earth, which is never perfectly pure. Rain water has been repeatedly analyzed, and found sometimes to contain a very remarkable quantity of calcareous earth; nay, it has been found in the dew, and in water which had perspired from the leaves of trees, &c.: even in distilled water it has been discovered.

Plants which absorb the water of the atmosphere by means of their leaves, also imbibe the earth contained in it. In distilled water, indeed, the progress of vegetation is very slow, particularly when it has not been exposed to the open air, or is not placed so as to communicate freely with the atmosphere, though that progress may be evidently hastened by an impregnation of carbonic acid.

To consider those subjects seriously requires not the eye or mind of a philosopher. The humblest understanding may comprehend them; nay, there is scarcely an individual amongst our fair readers that may not prove them by experiment with the greatest facility. In an ensuing lecture we shall detail some curious floral notices respecting both air and water.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS

NO. II.—THE EMBLEM OF A LAW CASE.

WILLIAM having received a letter from Sarah, written by Charles, shewed the same to Roger, who upon perusal said he wondered that Richard should be so indiscreet as to quarrel with James about Abigail, who was so extremely ugly, and consequently shocking; because Edward had refused, though asked, to go to the play with Catherine, whereupon Philip, falling into a passion with Titus, swore he would be revenged on Patrick, and therefore called Thomas rogue, rascal, &c. Stephen, who it was thought was an eye witness to the abuse, and being Christopher's friend, slyly tripped up Rowland's heels, and broke Jeremy's head. Cuthbert on this levelled his stick at Edmund, and Archibald, trembling, with much ado recovered his fright, re-assumed his natural intrepidity, and in a cold perspiration snatched Gilbert's pistol from Laurence, and cracked his blunderbuss at Paul; whereat

John being amazed, secretly advised Samuel to apply to Leonard, with the help of George, privately to make an affidavit against Arthur, to take out a writ against Henry and Rachel, at the suit of Timothy, executor of the last will and testament of Jacob. But Peter objected to it, wisely alledging that Robert being sick, sent word to David, who was lately married to Hannah, to desire Jeffery, who had been taken, secreted in Mark's green-house, to send his grandson, Ralph, to his cousin, Bridget, earnestly to intreat his nephew, Joshua, to go along with his brother, Frank, to make up the matter amicably with his aunt Susan. But she refused to go with Hezekiah, yet nevertheless recommended Frederick and Humphry to Andrew, Simon, and Luke, who, after a long and grave consultation, ordered the music to play brisker, and then went unanimously to Bartholomew. So that having drank plentifully at Ned's, until they were all in-

toxicated, and having nothing to pay the bill with, they drew their swords on Dick, the landlord, stabbed Robin, fell upon Launcelet, lamed Isaac, and had it not been for Solomon, had slain Cornelius. Thereupon Nat rushed forward, and swearing at Marmaduke, who had been asleep all the time on Harold's great coat, so incensed Walter and Martin, that Miles and Zéchariah, without any regard to Matthew, threw bottles, glasses, &c. at one another's heads, at which Abraham, who was Mary's friend, being enraged, took Benjamin civilly by the nose, kicked Theophilus gently down stairs, picked Abel's pocket, while he was paying his addresses to Eleanor, and at the same time, in the highest fury imaginable, smiling calmly, sent Barnaby, Toby, and Giles to the watchhouse, at which Anthony, half drunk, soberly started up, and having first reeled two or three times round the room, put on an important wise look, made a fine speech nothing to the purpose, and then asked what was the matter? Whereupon Bryan, in a low voice, loudly whispered

Aaron, and perceiving that Alexander was strangely astonished at their silent noise, told Francis that his great grandfather, Joseph, was dead, at which unexpected news Nicholas awoke, and being in an ill humour, wrote a tender love song, whistled an opera air, and then withdrew to a neighbouring coffee-house, to drink chocolate with Dudley, which exasperated Job in such a surprizing manner, that none of the company wondered at it; only, indeed, Valentine, in the height of his resentment, could scarce forbear hanging himself. However Allan ran unceasingly to the gaol, in order to let out the aforesaid prisoners, and having without any noise broke open the doors, freed Gerard, Margaret, and Betty, who being apprehended at King's, by the timely assistance of Bernard, were carried next day to Justice Noodle, who admitted them to bail, and the whole affair was happily determined, which is the most exact account that can be given thereof by your humble servant,

OLIVER PUZZLECAUSE.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE interest excited by the tour taken by the Governor to these mountains, urged his Excellency to publish some particulars which were omitted in his first account; the importance only of the discovery was thought of; but the curious reader of voyages, who, with careful eye and deep reflection, ponders over man in his uncultivated and savage state, will, no doubt, be gratified by the following observations respecting the natives.

When the Governor arrived at Bathurst, on the 4th, of May, 1814, he found there three native men and six children standing with the working party: they appeared very much alarmed, particularly at the horses—this terror, however, soon ceased, and they became quite familiar; very readily partaking of whatever food was offered them, and appearing very proud of any little article of dress bestowed upon them. They seemed delighted with the friendship of these civilized Europeans, and frequently during the Governor's stay at Bathurst, men and boys came in by small parties, and

they always were supplied with meat, several articles of slop clothing, and with tomahawks: this latter present was peculiarly gratifying to them, and they seemed to set immense value on this article, so useful, in various respects, to a savage. The natives differ little from those of Sidney, except that their countenances are somewhat more prepossessing, and they are also better made and appear to be endowed with more strength. What appeared rather extraordinary, the greater part of them were blind of one eye; though not always on the same side: but as their language is totally different to that of the natives of Sidney, it was utterly impossible to learn from them how they became thus blinded, whether it was owing to any established custom amongst them, or merely accidental: there is little doubt, however, whatever may have been the cause, but that it owes its origin to some civil or religious ceremony, as accident, alone, could scarce have effected such a loss amongst so many.

A native of Sidney who attended the,

Governor, seemed very much alarmed at the appearance of the stranger natives, but afterwards perceiving that they had no disposition to injure him, they became more familiar, and the Governor's attendant endeavoured to enter into conversation with them; but this was found impossible, as there was not the least similarity in their languages, nor could they understand a single word spoken by each other.

The dress of these stranger natives was very singular: both men and boys were covered with the skins of different animals, very neatly sewn together: the fur was worn next the body, and on the skin side, which was worn outwards, were wrought the most curious devices. The outer garment was in the form of a cloak, or mantle, and on one of them was wrought the complete figure of a St. George's cross; though it could not be connected with any circumstances which might lead the Governor to believe it had any approximation to any thing religious. The manner of forming these figures seems to be by the throwing up a slight part of the skin with some sharp instrument round the outlines of the figure. If we may judge from the extreme neat-

ness of the sewing and work on these cloaks, these natives must be much farther advanced in comfort and civilization than those of Sidney. They are perfectly harmless and inoffensive, and seem by no means warlike; few of them having with them any other weapon than merely a stone axe, which they make use of for cutting steps to enable them to climb up trees in pursuit of the little animals which constitute their food.

The Governor was not able to form any opinion of the females, as the natives never brought but one of them, who was very old, blind of the left eye, entirely toothless, and was, altogether, a most wretched looking creature, being merely skin and bone.

His Excellency, on his return over the King's Table Land, was gratified with the sight of a cataract of most stupendous height; it fell over a precipice little short of one thousand feet down into the Prince Regent's Glen, and it forms, perhaps, one of the grandest sights that the world affords: four gentlemen belonging to the Governor's party had discovered it, on which his Excellency gave it the name of one of them, and it is called "The Campbell Cataract."

A GAELIC LEGEND.

It may be necessary to premise the translator's acknowledgement of inability to exhibit, in an English dress, the graceful and flowing drapery that clothed the original ideas, though imparted by an old woman who, living in a glen till past her seventieth year, had never heard of a printed book, and could hardly be made to conceive how a sheet of paper could convey new thoughts to the human mind. Such traits of ignorance will appear incredible to those who, from their earliest years, have mingled in society; but in remote situations, where pastoral habits prevail, there are individuals almost in a state of nature; particularly if, during childhood, as in the case now cited, a personal defect has precluded locomotion.

Some explanations of the customs to which the legend alludes, may render it more intelligible; and the translator hopes it will not be out of place to observe, how strikingly the ascriptions of the Gael to

their feudal lord, are accordant to the sentiments which every candid mind must entertain respecting the commander-in-chief of the British army; whose spirit-stirring regulations formed our troops for the achievements that have covered them with unfading glory.

The Berseker, are supposed to be a gigantic Scandinavian race. In the original of our tale, they are called giants of the ice-bound north. Berlins were rowboats of six, eight, ten, or twelve oars; and currochs were skiffs, constructed of wicker-work, lined with skins, and navigated by paddles. Seats with high backs and arms, curiously carved, were used in ancient times as chairs of state. An admirable relic of that kind is still in good preservation at Darnaway Castle, the northern residence of the Earl of Moray; and at Tulligorum, a chair and an ambry were fine specimens of ingenious decoration performed by a common knife.

The bare-legged bare-headed serf points his arrows, whets his pole-axe, or fashions paddles for his curroch, chaunting a *luinag* while cheerily resting with his sun-burnt spouse and half-clad little ones beside a bickering fire of splintered pine. And lo! the redoubted lord of woody Appin, in his lofty hall, knits a gloomy brow, as with a heart dead to joy he listens to his victorious warriors, though they ascribe to him all the pride and praise of their hardy deeds, since by his wisdom they were trained and directed to conquest; and if the infirmities of lengthened years made him absent in body, yet his spirit was the soul of their achievements.

A winding horn gives a voice to deep toned echoes among a range of caverned hills within sight of the castle. The sounds, deep, awful, and continual, announce the Berserker prophetess, whose knowledge of past incidents in a foreign country claimed unbounded confidence in her prescience of events yet to come.

"Shall we reverentially hail the seer as she crosses the court?" said a grey haired son of fame who sat next the chief.

"She is the boding raven of dark and dire futurity," replied Murrach Dhu.

"But sacred is her person, and her malediction blasting as the frost of her never thawing waters," interposed Gluechas, the aged counsellor, whose words were the breath of caution.

"Let her have what honours you will," said Murrach Dhu in surly accents.

The loftiest stature of the clansmen dwindled as the marvellously gifted daughter of the north slowly presented herself in their assembly. Her head-gear of the brightest chequer half veiled her features, yet more shaded by the sable plumes of some tenant of the air unknown in Appin. Her robe, glossy as the wild duck's neck, was partially enveloped in tartan drapery; but Murrach Dhu could hardly govern his ire when he beheld the colours of Claugillian on the bosom of the venerated female, secured by a silver broach embossed with the ensigns of that hostile name. Many other precious gifts from mainland and island chiefs decorated her person; and three uncouth beings with the wrinkled front of age, and the limbs and trunk of infancy, followed her footsteps. The first

bore in his right hand the volume of Apostolic truth; the second carried a crucifix and rosary; and the third was loaded with an enormous brand which few arms could wield.

Each hero strove to do honour to the prophetess; even the haughty soul of Murrach Dhu bent before her as he craved excuse for the decrepitude of age that confined him to his chair.

"For the sake of thine heir I pardon thy contumelious thoughts," said the seer.

"For my sake, lady!" mildly returned a boy, beautiful as the first smile of summer, who at the feet of his frowning uncle occupied a carved bench. "You are pleased to remind me no deed of fame or good works hath yet marked my prime."

"But thou hast done no evil," responded the prophetess. "Thou art not stained with the pure blood of Rivinvana."

The chieftain's eye of fire was for a moment quenched in tears; he dashed them away with a furious gesture; and his grey orbs shot the glare of lightning as he exclaimed, "His demouical agency has the power to harrow up the soul of Murrach Dhu. Seize! bind the sorceress! convey her to the donjon." Instantaneously the ponderous sword was unsheathed with ease and dexterity by the hand of the prophetess.

"Inviolable are the rights of hospitality," said she; "and invulnerable the breast of a heaven-illuminated being endowed with the faculty of vision that can penetrate the mists intervening between mortals and unborn time. They stand fearless amid the sons of strife, who, however divided by feud or fraud, all unite for their protection, except one, whose brutal impiety must be ruled by this point now levelled at his withered and petrified heart. Let him or his vassals move hand or foot against me, and this keen edge shall rid the world of a monster guilty of the murder of his spouse and of his only child."

The boy sunk on his knees.—"To me, lady, be thy weapon fatal," said he. "I am not of age to defend my uncle, nor to avenge the indignities offered to him, but I can die in his stead if intreaty in his behalf should fail."

"Set thy noble mind at rest, generous boy," said the prophetess raising the child;

"no harm shall befall thy uncle if he conducts himself peacefully. Ourskalla be thou the organ of my thoughts."

In shrill unearthly intonations Ourskalla proceeded:—"In the land of lovely maids and undaunted youths lived a chief, cold, blighting, and obdurate as the barren rock. He had buried three broken-hearted partners of his bed; when, in the winter of his days, he compelled a less powerful neighbour to redeem his country from fire and sword by giving up his young and beautiful daughter to preside in joyless grandeur at a tyrant's board. All the issue of his former marriages had perished in the deep or fallen in bloody fields, but the sweet victim of policy brought him five sons and one daughter, the soul-delighting image of her mother. Disease laid a heavy hand on her tender frame; and the chief, who had often disregarded, and even tortured her feelings while in health, would have purchased fresh colour for her cheeks at the price of half his possessions. He sent Rivinvana and her brothers in a twelve-oared berlin, filled with rich donatives, and to pay vows for their parent's recovery before the shrine of St. Columba. The angry spirits of the wind rose into fierce contention with the spirits of the waves; they overset the berlin; and all her freight sunk to deck the castles that glitter beneath the world of briny waters. No life escaped except Rivinvana; thrown upon an insular rock, where the seal could hardly find a resting place, the dashing billows roused her senses; but unable to stand, she held up her white hands in supplication to Heaven, till quite exhausted, her mind lost all recollection, though her stiffened arms remained in the attitude of prayer.

The tempest abated; and the berlins of Allan Clangillian came from a creek where they rode in safety during the hour of peril to all less experienced on the coast. Allan kept a look out to shun the dangerous rock, while his sworn brother, the chief of the Turrets, guided the helm.—"I see a female on that speck of land," said Allan; "we must not leave her to perish;" and he stripped while he spoke.

The female lay insensible, but the power of beauty in distress penetrated the manly heart of Allan. "This lovely form is so encumbered by her costly array, now drench-

ed with wet, that I must disrobe her," said Allan, "else I cannot bear her through the adverse waves. Do you, my friend, return to the berlin; have my plaid ready to wrap her from all but the eyes of faithful love. I shall return with her to St. Columba, and make her mine at the altar.

The chief of the Turrets, with averted looks, received Rivinvana in the plaid, till Allan, clothed and furnished with cordials, took her to his bosom, where her lovely head long reclined before any consciousness of her situation appeared. She bewailed her brothers; and on discovering the loss of her garments the burning blushes of maiden delicacy could not be relieved by all the soothing language of honourable passion, and all the promises of knightly faith. She had heard the name of Allan Clangillian, inferior only to the renowned Oscar in personal grace and valour, and beloved as the redresser of wrongs, the shield of the friendless—but he was the hereditary foe of her father's house. Yet what maid in the soft age of fifteen could behold Allan, or hear unmoved the music of his fond protestations? Rivinvana blamed her own heart that grieved when the berlin touched the shores of St. Columba, and she must leave the arms that carried her in a plaid to the Abbot's cell, and solicited his holy benediction on their heaven-directed union.

"I see the hand of Providence hath ordained you for each other, my son," said the Abbot. "The bands of wedlock alone can heal the wounded modesty of this blushing virgin, or reconcile two houses whose liberality to our Abbey ought to endear both." The lay sisters supplied Rivinvana with a garb spotless as her own innocence; and as the wife of Allan she received the homage of his rowers, who welcomed her to the berlin with a nuptial song. Favouring gales wafted them within view of her native castle. Clangillian appointed his vassals to proceed to Dowart to prepare for the worst, in case his marriage with Rivinvana should not be sustained by her father. He and his companion, the chief of the Turrets, passed themselves as southern mariners to all but the lady; to her Rivinvana disclosed the full extent of her adventures.

"Alas! my child," said she, "I dare not

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hope thy father will receive Clangillian as a son; but thy fate is fixed. Thou and thy Allu may sleep securely in the inner chamber; while my couch, spread across the outside of the door, debars intruders; and the chief of the Turrets shall guard the passage."

A boatman of the clan craved immediate audience of Murrach Dhu. He had seen Allan Clangillian when a youth, and recognized him in the stranger who conducted Rivinana. The chief silently armed a chosen band: they explore the castle. Allan is not to be seen, nor was Rivinana on her pillow. As the moon gleaming through the clouds, a dim apprehension of the truth passed through the chieftain's mind; and he eagerly hastens to impart those alarms to his lady. At the entrance to her apartment, the chief of the Turrets, clad in armour, strode along the gallery, with his spear at rest.

"What doest thou here? and where is thy comrade?" said the raging Murrach Dhu."

"I should ask thee for my friend," intrepidly returned the youthful knight; "he is under the protection of thy walls; and dost thou not know that mariners, who have been shriven at St. Columba, pass in turns from midnight to sunrise under arms?"

"Prevaricating traitor, thou knowest my daughter is with thy comrade."

"Were she the daughter of M'Callumore she could not be more honourably mated; and, but for her sake, this steel should cram the traitor in thy throat."

A shower of deadly blows fell at once upon the friend of Claugillian. The ruffians burst into the chamber, headed by their maddened lord, and, unaware that the lady lay upon the couch, they trampled her to death; for the massive walls had prevented disturbance from reaching the sleepers. Allan and Rivinana were prisoners ere they awoke. The faithful wolf dog ranges every where for his master; and at length his infallible instinct led him to the small air hole of the donjon, where Allan leaned, revolving plans for escape. Murrach Dhu's grief for his lady, and indignation against his daughter, engrossed him and his retainers, while the four footed follower of Allan exerted his strong claws to undermine the rubbish that gave way at the foundation of the donjon. A sunbeam piercing through, directed the prisoner to the

spot, and his mighty arm removed a huge stone. He breathed at liberty, gained the port, leaped into a berlin, cut the cable, and put to sea, burning with impatience to raise his vassals and friends to demand Rivinana, and to wreak the death of his sworn brother with ten-fold vengeance. The wolf dog crouched at his feet; but often looked up, as if to speak regret for his want of power to give further aid, while a south east gale defied every art of seamanship to gain the coast of Mull. Spent with grief and fatigue, Allan sunk to the bottom of the boat, and no idea gave light to his soul till the faithful partner of his dangers dragged him over snow covered mountains to a hut in an isle, where mountains vomit flame, and columns of boiling water ascend to the sky. Here perchance he still wears his sight to catch a passing sail, or, having found means to convey himself to the land of his fathers, prepares long delayed retribution. "Woe! woe! to him who murdered the mother of his offspring!"

"And embittered the lip of his only surviving—," subjoined the prophetess: but Murrach Dhu interrupted her words, groaning out—

"St. Kilda! St. Kilda." Immoveable as stones in the sandy beach, his fixed eyes told the agony that had benumbed his feelings. The prophetess opened his closed jaws; and pouring some cordial drops upon his tongue, said, "He may live to bless Rivinana. To St. Kilda let the valiant of her race repair with me." All with one accord offered berlins and personal services; all had bewailed her disappearance, though none knew that Murrach Dhu had himself travelled with his daughter to the lands end, and compelled her to enter a boat hired to bring her to St. Kilda; where he set her on shore, and left her to live or die. For the honour of her name she concealed this unnatural outrage, but told the good people she was the wife of a chief, forced away by lawless violence; yet would her dear Lord seek the surface of land and sea to find her. The humane islanders built her a hut, and shared with her their rude comforts. They brought the finest feathers to form a couch for her expected babe; and when a son and daughter appeared, they prognosticated favourable omens. All her sorrows would be overpaid by redoubled joys. She tenderly

reared the pledges of disastrous love; and in pathetic songs taught them the high deeds of Allan, and the story of Rivinvana, to prove their birth if they should ever have opportunity.

The armament for St. Kilda ply their oars with heart and hand; a light guided them to the curve of a sandy bay. They drew up their berlins on the beach, and followed the torch to a cottage; where a tall female, graceful even in homely attire, rose to receive them.

"The tartans of my clan!" she exclaimed, sinking into the arms of the prophetess, who rushed forward to embrace her. The tumult of voices awoke two children: "Our mother! our dear mother!" said they. The prophetess laid Rivinvana on the bed, and, throwing off head gear and robes, appeared a knight in shining mail.

"My Rivinvana! my children!" said he.

"We are the children of Rivinvana and Allan Clangillian," they replied.

"The voice of Allan," feebly articulated Rivinvana, clinging to the neck of her be-

loved: "Oh! I shall soon forget seven years of mourning."

"Think now only of joy, my Rivinvana. The heavenly power that miraculously discovered to me thy place of exile, will bless our future years. I shall tell thee all on our voyage to Appin."

The sun rose and set five times ere the berlins again touched the borders of Appin. Bright and cherishing shone his beams when Rivinvana entered the portal of her native castle. The aged chief raised his hands; but his tongue had lost the power to bless his only child; and dust soon covered the body so long a terror to his enemies, and the scourge of his own people. The daughter of Allan married her cousin, the young heir; and a feud which for many ages had ravaged both countries, was converted into an eternal bond of friendship. Allan protected the widow and children of his friend, the chief of the Turrets, and both families had but one interest, cemented by intermarriage, and by the never dying memory of mutual good offices.

 THE LISTENER.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—When you last paid a visit to your native county of Suffolk, you were pleased to make some very favourable animadversions on my manner of living in the country: let me tell you, Sir, that I was for some time an inhabitant of London, and fluttered round all the goddesses of fashion and beauty; but now I am become a complete country gentleman, and no one can distinguish by my present appearance that I have been a dashing buck of the town.

I always used to breakfast at the St. James's or Spring Garden coffee-house; I swore at the waiters, amused myself by making holes in the damask breakfast cloths with my fork; and out of ten different plates of ham, prawns, anchovies, potted laver, sausages, &c. though I tasted of them all, I disdained to eat of any. If I called in at the Smyrna, to take a luncheon at three o'clock, I found fault with the flatness of the wine, though fresh brought out of the cellar, threw the contents of my glass out of the window, and called for coffee, which I declared detestable: to see me now, and as you saw me, when I last had the plea-

sure of seeing you, you would little imagine I had possessed an appetite so depraved. I can now attack a venison pasty with that keenness of hunger given by the sports of the chace, and even when I see my servant cut the bread with hands not over clean, I fall too, without taking time to reprove him, and drink off a good half-pint tumbler of home-brewed ale, though the mark of his thumb may be visible on the glass.

I believe at one time I had as many as ten favourite ladies, and every one of them, perhaps, had as many lovers. I, however, made them the most solemn protestations of fidelity, which they returned with equal ardour; and if, by chance, I seemed to wear a suspicious air, they directly began to assume such dignified and consequential manners, which, though I was not their dupe, I pretended to believe them innocent: but such innocence! Now, you found me a married man, farewell to my mistresses; I declare to you, that my wife is the only woman I really love: I have no occasion to repeat continually my vows to her, she sees what my daily conduct is towards her, she knows the inmost thoughts

of my heart; I divine hers; and our life is a series of mutual confidence, happiness, and concord.

I had a *telegraph* in town as light as a fly; the best calculated in the world to throw any one out. One day, in a narrow street, I came in contact with a villainous hackney coach, and I was thrown out on the pavement: I happened to have a lady with me, whose delicacy was much put to the blush by the disorder into which she was thrown; and I, without paying any attention to her, began to horsewhip the coachman; while I was belabouring him over the arms, legs, and face, the poor lady was in a state of despair; I went to her assistance, helped her to arrange her dress, we again ascended my fashionable vehicle, and recommenced our ride as if nothing had happened. Now I have a good solid Yarmouth cart, which is never overturned, let the roads be ever so bad. The carters of the village all know me, and turn out of the road to leave it free for me, as they take off their hats till I pass: in the mean time, if my horse, which is naturally very steady, makes the least false step, my wife wishes to get out, and I am obliged to exhort and persuade her to sit still; for I am so happy as not to be married to one of those intrepid daring ladies I once admired, styled women of spirit: I admired them only from fashion, for I never yet could love a woman that was not afraid of any thing.

Tailors, were once in my eyes men of high importance. At the commencement of every season I used to have very long consultations with them about the make and colour of my coat, and how many buttons I would have on my waistcoats. In my pantaloons, the exact shape of the knee must be preserved; and my coat made tight at the bottom of the waist: all this was an affair of consequence, and with which, when finished, I was never satisfied. Now I am very easily pleased; my wife's dress-maker makes all my waistcoats and pantaloons; and this young woman, who is very clever, comes every six months and stays with us a fortnight, during which time she mends and makes our clothes for the next six. My coats are big enough for me, and made as easy as possible, of very light materials in summer, and very warm in the winter. In these I hunt, I course, I garden, I ride on

horseback, go on the water, and fear neither sun nor rain.

Although naturally I despise ceremony, I was once obliged, nevertheless, to pay and receive visits; be civil to those I despised, speak well of those I thought ill of, and even, O excess of weakness! sometimes speak ill of those who deserved the good opinion of all: and all for fear of committing any thing against the laws of fashion. Now, repenting of my errors, and regretting those hours I lost in attendance on great men, and in aping their manners, my heart is divested of ambition, and only the repository of tender sentiments; I live free from care, and I am employed alone in those useful occupations which preserve me from idleness.

I was once crazy after public amusements; the cold performance of the chambermaids characters, the grimaces of the footmen, and the inflated language of the lovers, together with the *outré* characters of the heroes of the opera, and the colds caught by attending behind the scenes, could not prevent my indefatigable attendance at the theatres: every night I used to run from one to the other in hopes of being amused, till it became an absolute fatigue. No matter; I returned home between twelve and one, and never could recollect the next day any pleasure which the preceding evening had afforded me. Now I find the most beautiful spectacle is the rising and setting of the sun, the beautiful hills and vallies, the verdant carpet, and the glassy current: but I am running into a kind of rhetorical style; it is time to stop; I flatter myself I shall again behold you in my rural retreat, which, in enjoying, I take delight in speaking of: you, who are such a general Listener, must have found that all happy people are given to prating, us well as your sincere friend,

RUSTICUS.

This gentleman, who signs himself Rusticus, I met with on my last visit to the place of my nativity; he is a fine handsome man, in the prime of life, and enjoys every happiness of the English country gentleman, that enviable station now so little known, of affluent and independent ease; his letter needs no comment; the fashionable loungers of the present day would do well to read it and profit by it.

THE LISTENER.

THE DREAM.

ARE dreams only the recollection of what is past? Is it true, as a wise man has often told me, that they are only owing to those ideas which float in our brain the preceding day, which have made a lively impression on our mind, and still offer themselves to our fancy in the hour of sleep? What happened to me lately, totally contradicts this theory. I am entirely ignorant in what ambition really consists; my wishes are as bounded as my fortune, and never even raise themselves to the situation of an under clerk in a counting-house: and yet, notwithstanding my moderation, I dreamed last night that I was Prime Minister and Secretary of State.

This will no doubt surprise my readers, but it surprised me more; whatever passed around me, whatever I saw, or thought I saw, whatever I heard, or fancied I heard, gave me no room to doubt of my elevation. The Chancellor came to notify to me the orders of his Majesty, and every one complimented me upon the reward, however tardy it had been, that had been given at last to my distinguished merit. Even those, who but the evening before scarce returned my bow, or only returned it because they did not know what they were about, now no longer proud and disdainful, bent themselves down to the ground the moment they saw me appear, though at an immense distance. My fortune must have changed indeed.

Others, more familiar, treated me as a very old acquaintance; and pressed my hand with cordial affection. I cannot now forbear laughing, when I reflect that I was obliged to ask these dear old friends their names. One of those originals amused me more than all the rest put together. He pretended that we were related, because he said he was just on the point of marrying my cousin, whom I left a great deal older than myself twenty years ago, at the village I was born in. I would not contradict my merry cousin, for I recollected my female cousin had many times been disappointed of marrying. Homage of every kind, however, was addressed to me, which my modesty will not suffer me to repeat. It is a well known meanness. Who does

not know that a minister never wants friends, that his cousins drop from the clouds, and that these are friends and cousins which disappear with his fortune. Now, as a faithful minister, I owe to my administrators, or rather, to my readers, the faithful account of my administration; I am about, therefore, to relate it, and acquaint them with my actions during my ministry: they will read, no doubt, of some follies I committed, but they will pardon me now they find that I am awake, and will not condemn me while I only dreamt, with too much severity.

I cannot describe the consternation which took place in my ministry as soon as I was installed. Imperious circumstances, the obligation of diminishing the expences, rendered it necessary to turn out the fifth part of those in place. Every one thought himself threatened, every one trembled, and principally those who had no other recommendation than their labour. We all know the torments of suspense, and the evils which we expect are far more keen than those we really experience. Full of this idea, I immediately gave notice to all the public offices, that the number of those who would be turned out would not be so great as was imagined; that equity alone would direct my choice, and that, in the end, I should be the protector of all those who wanted patronage. This notice, which cost me but little, was productive of the happiest effect; it calmed, if it could not entirely quiet the uneasiness of those in place; their sufferings were diminished, for they were upheld by hope.

We poor ministers are not sufficiently pitied. We are never our own masters for a minute. Just as I was employed for an instant in a most delicate and painful undertaking, a carriage stopped at my door; it belonged to Madame de —, who, eager to see me, forced her way into my closet without being announced.

“My Lord, I think you are very young for a minister; but I am delighted to find you so, you will the more willingly oblige me. You know M. de Blinval.”

“It is the first time I have heard his name.”

"Is it possible? what! you do not know Blinval? A charming young man, who keeps the first company, and is seen at every fete. Surely you must have remarked him at the last ball given by the Ambassador: he dances admirably."

"So agreeable a talent, Madam, ought not to be disregarded."

"This is not all; Blinval has a most enchanting voice. Ah! how delightfully he sings a sentimental romance, the subject of which I furnished him with. What tones! what expression! my husband can never hear him without being sensibly affected. It goes to the very heart. But let us speak of something else. Is there a vacancy for a commander of a division? Blinval is your man; he is a perfect treasure: but he is so modest, he is insensible of his own worth, and he would be content to enter the world at the head of some public office. But at all events, my Lord, you will give me your promise that you will advance him."

"So then, Madam, I must take away from an honest man, who now occupies it, the place you ask for M. de Blinval! There now is a fresh misfortune; I have enough to do already, and it is not without sincere regret that I am forced to separate myself from a part of this family. Though M. de Blinval was my own son he could not obtain what you ask for him."

"I should have thought, Sir, that the recommendation of a woman of my rank, would have been sufficient to have removed every obstacle."

"Urge me no more, Madam; while I can scarce attend to the pleadings of humanity, shall favour force itself to be heard?"

"My Lord, what you say is sufficient, and I wish you a good morning."

At these words I suddenly awaked, and found myself in my humble lodgings very far from the situation of Prime Minister.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE MARTIAL MAID.

FROM THE OPERATIC DRAMA OF THE "CHILD OF CONCEALMENT."

Performed at the Theatre Royal, Norwich.

RECITATIVE.

O! mark me when I pace th' embattled field,
And whirl my jav'lin 'midst the fierce array;
Then, rushing on, my glittering sword I wield,
And share the glory of the well-fought day.—
I'll wear my laurels with a blushing grace,
And swell, with tales of battle, the sweet song of
pence.

AIR.

Young Julian was a gentle swain,
He lov'd a maid of high degree;
But her stern sire, with haughty mien,
Tore him from love and Rosalie!
'Twas then he heard the trumpet's call—
He rush'd into the battle's fire—
Cried "Rosalie, for thee I'll fall,
"Or with rich laurels win thy sire."

The battle rag'd—a Surancen
'Gainst Julian aim'd th' envenom'd dart;
But a brave Knight stepp'd in between,
And caught it, quiv'ring, in his heart!
He threw his blood stain'd helmet down—
'Tis she! it is fair Rosalie!
She sigh'd—"Now, Julian, I'm thine own—
"For thee I liv'd—for thee I die!"

Poor Julian drank her parting breath—

"Spirit of Rosalie, oh stay!"

He cried,—"till the black wings of death

"Shall, join'd with thee, bear mine away!"

He sprang, like lightning on the foe—

He heard the shout of victory—

Too late—poor Julian's life-drops flow—

He dies for love and Rosalie!

LINES FROM THE TURKISH.

BY LORD BYRON.

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added, sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserv'd the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in ev'ry link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restrung the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert chang'd, they alter'd too ;
 The chain is broke, the music mute :
 'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

SONG.

FROM THE "ASSOCIATE MINSTRELS."

How bright the sun's declining rays
 Glitter on yonder ivied spire !
 How sweet the evening zephyr plays
 Through yon old trees that seem on fire !
 Beneath those trees how oft I've strayed
 With Mary, rapture in mine eyes !
 But now, alas ! beneath their shade,
 All that remains of Mary lies.

Oh ! can I e'er the scene forget ?
 'Twas such an evening—this the place,
 Where first the lovely girl I met,
 And gazed upon her angel face.
 The west at Sol's departure blushed,
 And brightened to a crimson hue ;
 Her cheeks with kindred tints was flushed,
 And ah ! her sun was sinking too !
 She died !—and at that very hour
 Hope broke her wand, and Pleasure fled !
 The dream of life has lost its power—
 The enchantress of my day is dead !
 That sun, those scenes, where oft I've stray'd
 Transported, I no longer prize ;
 For now beneath yon yew tree's shade,
 All that remains of Mary lies.

ON A YOUNG LADY

TAKING THE VEIL CONTRARY TO HER
INCLINATION.

FAINTLY, sweet maid, Religion's voice
 Can soothe thy deeply wounded heart ;
 And Bigotry alone rejoice,
 To claim the victim of its art.
 Compassion's tears bedimn mine eyes,
 To see thy pale, thy faded cheek ;
 Mark the deep-drawn convulsive sighs,
 That silent agony bespeak.
 The shrine where thou with trembling frame,
 And half-closed lips thy vows exprest,
 To thy sad view thy tomb became,
 Though blooming flowrets form'd its crest.
 One beauteous rosebud to the ground,
 Had fallen unheeded by the throng ;
 With leaves all crushed the bud I found,
 And sigh'd to think its beauty gone.
 Sweet maid ! that rosebud to my mind,
 Seem'd emblematic of thy fate ;
 Forsaken thou ! by friends unkind,
 Who may repent ; but ah ! too late.
 Deprived of every vision gay,
 Thy youthful fancy pictured fair ;
 When fitting years seem'd but a day,
 And stranger to thee aught of care.

Now doomed by Superstition's rod,
 And friends misguided by its sway,
 To dedicate thy life to God,
 And prayer and penitence obey.

Those friends though slaves of bigot fear,
 Can never dare the thought impart ;
 That God the vow constrained will bear,
 Accept the praise without the heart.

Acceptance at that gracious throne,
 Nought but the prayer sincere can find ;
 Nor praise or penitence atone,
 Unfelt its influence o'er the mind.

Thy soul abhors the silent gloom
 That in monastic walls must dwell ;
 And nightly vespers that thee doom
 With listless steps to quit thy cell.

The organ's loud melodious swell,
 In thy sad heart no joys can raise ;
 While on thy trembling lip doth dwell,
 With sweetest sound, the hymn of praise.

On Morn's bright beams thy mournful eyes,
 Will gaze with undiminished woe ;
 And though the sun in splendour rise,
 Too chill'd thy heart to feel its glow.

Ah ! hapless maid, may soothing Time,
 And Resignation's gentle voice,
 Bid thee the tear of woe resign,
 And in thy present state rejoice.

May Discontent and baneful Grief
 Thy saddened heart no more controul ;
 But mild Religion bring relief,
 Its heavenly prospects fill thy soul.

LINES,

UPON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL INFANT SLEEP-
ING ON THE BOSOM OF ITS MOTHER.

UPON its native pillow dear,
 The little slumb'rer finds repose,
 His fragrant breath eludes the ear,
 A zephyr passing o'er a rose.
 Yet soon from that pure spot of rest,
 Love's little throne ! shalt thou be torn ;
 Time hovers o'er thy downy rest,
 To crown thy baby brow with thorn.

Oh, thoughtless ! couldst thou now but see
 On what a world thou soon must move,
 Or taste the cup prepared for thee
 Of grief, lost hopes, or widow'd love :

Ne'er from that breast thou'dst raise thine head,
 But thou would'st at breathe to heav'n a pray'r
 To let thee in thy blossom fade,
 And in a kiss to perish there.

TO MISS —, OF DOCK.

THE melting sigh, the trembling tear,
 That bend at Beauty's sacred shrine ;
 Were never to my soul so dear,
 As — one sweet look of thine.

The smile that wantons o'er thy cheek,
 The envied kiss with joy to share,
 Appears as tho' it came to seek
 The rose so sweetly blooming there.
 Were I that smile how sweet I'd sleep,
 Beneath thine eyes of heavenly hue;
 At midnight to thy pillow creep,
 And bring thy sylph-like form in view.
 For in that form such graces beam,
 So much of sweetness do I see,
 That oh! it is my constant theme,
 To think of —, nought but thee.

ON SEEING AN ASS GRAZING IN A
 COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Poor victim of oppression! and is this,
 This all the choice thy tyrant master leaves thee?
 This all thy home, poor outcast? Com'st thou
 here,
 Weary with labour and the day's hard task,
 As to thy resting-place? In truth, poor ass,
 Well hast thou chosen it; the rest thou seek'st
 None here shall interrupt—none here insult
 The passive tameness of thy nature—'tis
 Infirmity's hereditary home;
 Welcome, partake the tranquil boon it offers;
 Enjoy its flesh-fed verdure, thou poor beast!
 And as thou feapest at Death's table, think
 ('Tis Mercy's highest privilege, the thought!)
 Thou feapest at the table of a friend.

EXTEMPORE ON THE LATE WAR.

WHENE'ER contending Princes fight,
 For private pique, or public right,
 Armies are rais'd, the fleets are mann'd,
 They combat both by sea and land.
 When after many battles past,
 Both tir'd with blows, make peace at last.
 What is it, after all, the people get?
 Why, widows, taxes, wooden-legs, and debt!

REFLECTION,

IN THE MANNER OF LORD BYRON.

How sweet it were, methinks, awhile,
 To quit this weary load of clay,
 To wanton in the summer smile,
 Tenuants of air and boundless day!
 How sweet, how passing sweet, to rise
 Afar from grief, afar from care,
 And sail at will the fleecy skies,
 Light as the cloud that hovers there!
 Vain wish! would guilt, would passion fly,
 When the free spirit soar'd above?
 Would grief melt in the sunny sky,
 Or winds disperse the vapour love?
 No, no—the soul's in native place,
 Its own unquill'd lord or slave;
 No sport can elevate the base—
 No change depress the truly brave?

THE BEE.

BY PROFESSOR SMYTH.

THOU cheerful Bee! come, freely, come,
 And travel round my woodbine bower,
 Delight me with thy wandering hum,
 And rouse me from my musing hour;
 Oh! try no more yon tedious fields,
 Come taste the sweets my garden yields;
 The treasures of each blooming mine,
 The bud, the blossom—all are thine!
 And careless of this noon-tide heat,
 I'll follow as thy ramble guides;
 To watch thee pause and chafe thy feet,
 And sweep them o'er thy downy sides:
 Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
 And all thy envied ardour ply;
 Then o'er the stem though fair it grow,
 With touch rejecting, glance, and go.
 O Nature kind! O labourer wise!
 That roam'st along the summer's ray,
 Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
 And meet'st prepared thy wintery day!
 Go, envied go—with crowded gates,
 The hive thy rich return awaits,
 Bear home thy store, in triumph gay,
 And shame each idler of the day!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG
 LADY.

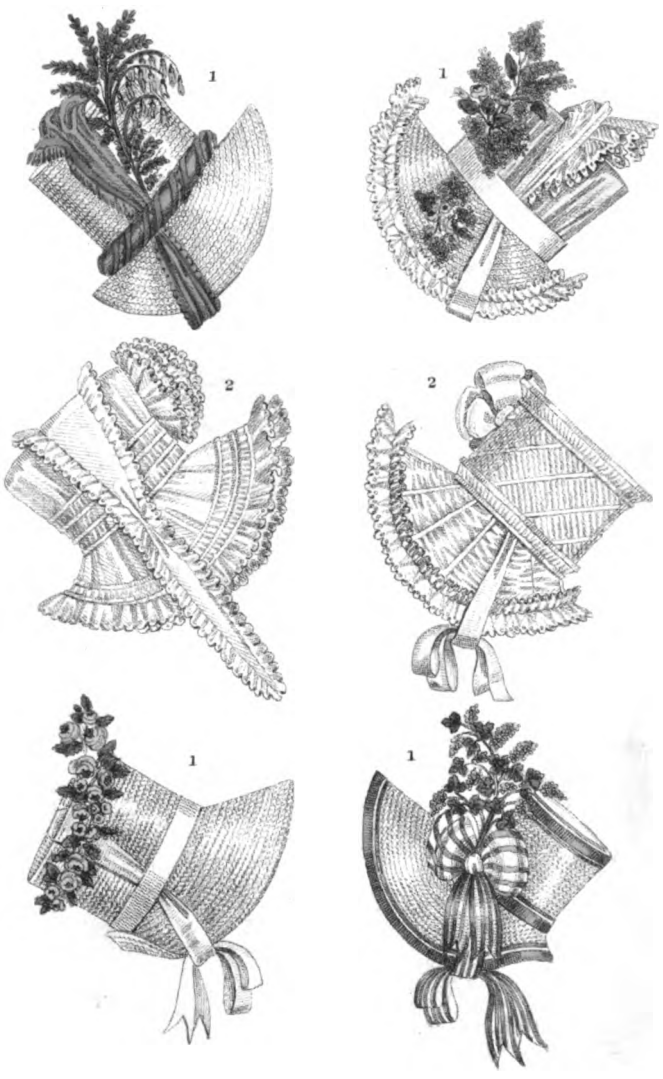
Oh! sweet are the zephyrs at earliest dawn,
 And sweet are the flow'rets which bloom in the
 morn;
 Oh! sweeter the odour—and sweeter the flower,
 The more evanescent and fleeting their hour!
 How often breaks the gladsome day,
 When ev'ry cloud is chas'd away,
 All around is blithe and gay,
 And nature bails a holiday.
 But scarce the sun has cleared the ocean,
 Danced upon its rippling motion,
 When from beneath the clouds arise,
 And darken all the azure skies;
 The tempests roll, the light'ning's glare,
 And shout along the troubled air;
 Nature 'frighted droops away,
 The frenzied elements close in the day.
 Such was the morn, and such the day,
 When Emma breath'd and pass'd away.

L. L.

EPITAPH.

*The following curious Inscription appears on a
 Grave-stone recently put down in Doncaster
 church-yard.*

these 2 youths, were by misfortan Seron
 nded.
 one died of his Wounds, and the other
 was, Drowned.



PARISIAN PROMENADE HATS.

London. Published by John Bell, 17 July 1840.



BRITISH WALKING DRESS.
Invented by M^{rs} D. C. Walker & Co. of Bloomsbury.
Registered for the Belle Alliance Lane, 57 & 59, 1861.

FASHIONS

FOR

JULY, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—BRITISH WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of fine French cambric; newly invented spenser of white satin and spring green; *cornette* of fine lace under a white satin hat, surmounted with three superb ostrich feathers of a correspondent colour to the spenser. Parasol of blush colour, with boots of green kid, and Limeric gloves.

No. 2.—PARISIAN HATS.

No. 1, represents straw hats, some having coloured silk crowns, some tied *à la Marmotte*, with silk or lace half handkerchiefs or with ribband; all ornamented with flowers formed of Indian corn and chicory, lilac intermingled with roses, a full wreath of roses or vine leaves mingled with sprigs of maiden hair. No. 2, represents the *capote*, or morning bonnet, made of fine clear muslin, ornamented with rich embroidery, fine lace, and white ribband.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THOUGH the season is so far advanced, the public breakfasts have not yet commenced. Hyde Park, Vauxhall, and the English Opera display to our view a versatility of attire, but wherein simplicity, blended with elegance, seems most prevalent, and *grande costume*, in a great measure, exploded.

For the promenade we refer our readers to the Print, which represents the most elegant dress for the morning museums or public walks. Next in favour are pelisses of sarsnet, but nothing is more general than a coloured sarsnet skirt, and with it a Spanish spenser of fine cambric. This elegant advantage to the female form, is made in a peculiar manner at the repository of fashion in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square. It has a small jacket, divided only from the shape

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part by a letting in of lace: its manner of setting to the waist is exquisite. This tasteful article is finished by a full Spanish *Infanta* ruff of either fine lace or muslin richly embroidered.

The most favourite hat for walking is still the fancy Leghorn: we have also remarked a straw hat, elegantly trimmed with pearl coloured satin ribband, and finished at the edge with a novel trimming of the zephyr kind, made of the satin and gossamer straw, which form a beautiful contrast. The most fashionable carriage hat is of jonquil satin, with a superb plume of white feathers, and French streamers of puffed satin ribband.

The riding habit, which fastens on the shoulder, and of which we gave a Print in our last Number, is now, as excursions to the country become more frequent, in high favour for the promenade as well as for equestrian costume: it is made of a lighter material than cloth; but with this dress the royal corset is an absolute requisite to preserve the *contour* of the form in all its beauty.

Dresses of Venetian gauze, a peculiarly elegant article, over white satin are most in favour for evening parties, and coloured bodies are yet much worn over robes of crape and *tulle*. Muslin spensers, with a profusion of lace let in, are much in request at the English Opera; though some ladies prefer an elegant dress of sarsnet, made partially low, with which they wear the *Infanta fichu*; a newly invented, modest, and beautiful covering to the female bust.

Amongst the novelties for head-dresses is the Princess Mary cap, for half-dress, made of blond or fine lace, encircled by a chaplet of blue convolvulus. Cornettes, *toques*, and turbans, have experienced but little change since last month.

Pearls are the favourite ornaments in jewellery.

M m

Boots for the promenade to answer the colour of the pelisse, habit, dress, or spenser, are now again very general. They are made to lace at the side.

The favourite colours are peach blossom, spring green, and ethereal blue.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Your pages last month were, as I thought they would be, amply filled with the royal wedding and court dresses. I now send you the following observations on our spring fashions, in addition to the few I last sent, and which are yet worn.

For walking costume sarsnet spensers are in high favour; they have a sash to correspond, and under the waist of the spenser peeps out a trimming of the same materials as the gown, forming a frill round the waist. Large chains of gold, two or three rows twisted, are indispensable bust ornaments over these spensers. Pelerines are next in favour for the promenade.

Pamela hats are worn with a deep blond at the edge, and are trimmed round the crown with a double garland of flowers, composed of roses and lilac leaves. Some hats are ornamented with ears of Indian corn, the silk beards of which have a most beautiful effect. A hat, like a *capote*, formed of a coloured silk handkerchief, is very becoming to a lady possessed of small features, which are totally obscured in a large straw hat. All straw hats are lined, either with the same colour or with pink; but a lilac lining is most in favour: when ornamented with feathers they are of two different colours, and striped like the zebra, from whence they are called zebra feathers, and are either lilac and white, or green and white. A very favourite band has appeared on the hats of some *muscadines*, composed of peacock's feathers, with a *bouquet* of two different kinds of flowers; and some very whimsical flowers are worn by a few belonging to the higher classes: they represent moss roses, but are half white, and the other half is the colour of the inner coat of the chestnut; these roses have generally the leaf of the thistle added

to them to complete the heterogeneous mixture. The small spring tulip forms a much prettier *bouquet*, grouped together with branches of maiden-hair. Dress hats are made of straw, coloured crape, or satin, and are ornamented with full blown roses, or a plume of the zephyr or down feathers.

The *cornette à-la-lingere* is the favourite head-dress for breakfast; it is made of fine India muslin, spotted, and is trimmed with a profusion of lace. The sempstress cap is also much admired for *deshabille*; it is made entirely of fine clear muslin, the crown drawn with two rows of narrow pink ribband next the head-piece, and it is bound round the head with a pink brocaded satin ribband.

Toques are at present but little worn in full dress: a half-handkerchief of silk or lace, put on tastefully with flowers, is more prevalent; and a dress hat of lilac crape, ornamented with a wreath of yellow jessamine, has been just introduced, and has excited much admiration.

White dresses are now become general, and several gowns have appeared made of superb India muslin of exquisite texture, with half sleeves, embroidered in colours, and the border of the robe ornamented in the same manner. Many ladies wear evening dresses of clear muslin, or white crape, with the full part of the sleeve next the shoulder, styled the *Mancheron*, made of coloured sarsnet, and festoons of the same material round the border to correspond.

Ball dresses are of striped gauze, trimmed with a border of artificial flowers, with a wreath encircling the hair to answer the ornament on the dress. The newest flowers are the cherry blossom, the Chinese lily of the valley, and the Indian tulip.

A pretty little dress has been lately sported by some very young ladies at evening parties, or private dances; it is called *robe à-la-Joconde*: it is of white crape, trimmed with rose-coloured sarsnet, and is something in the style of the curricie robe, worn over a very short petticoat: it is made open before, and slightly fastened on the left side with a full blown rose: the same flower ornaments the head, which is covered with a silk handkerchief, *à-la-Madras*.

Dress shoes are chiefly made of lilac kid; in half-dress they are of a damson colour.

In jewellery gold ornaments are at present most prevalent.

The favourite colours are lilac, straw colour, pink, sea green, blue, and jonquil.

Since I closed this account I have been favoured with a sight of some very elegant articles from the magazine of Madame Leroy, amongst which I must notice some dresses made of India raw silk, not for their elegance but for their novelty. The robe is of lilac, rose-colour, or green, with a deep border of Scotch plaid, which being always of colours which look well with the ground, they are not so ridiculous as may be imagined, and they bear the stamp of high fashion.

Transparent hats are very general, either of *tulle* or coloured crape; they are truly becoming.

Allow me now to say a word or two on the court dresses of the Duchess de Berri.

1. A rose-coloured manteau, enriched with jewels and silver lama; the train of rose-coloured *tulle*, with an embroidery to correspond.

2. A scarlet velvet manteau, embossed with mother of pearl and gold; robe of white satin, with similar ornaments.

3. A splendid shawl of Cachemire, the ground of scarlet elegantly embroidered in gold.

COSTUME OF PARMA.

The ladies of this duchy have greatly improved in their style of dress since the interesting Maria Louisa became their sovereign, and seem very closely to copy after that peculiar elegance in attire for which, without making it an important study, that Princess has been so justly famed.

A robe of silver muslin, embroidered in small stars, with a white satin body, and the sleeves of the same material as the dress, is the most prevailing fashion for full dress: the sleeves are short, and in the frock style, confined round the arm by a white satin ribband. The hair is beautifully arranged in curls, and the ringlets on the forehead are classically confined by a *bandeau* of pearls or precious stones, with

superb Florence earrings, to answer the *bandeau*, and a necklace of the same. Before we dismiss this article we particularly call the attention of the fair fashionist to the imperial wings, invented by the tire-woman of Maria Louisa, and peculiarly adapted to the fine falling shoulders of that Princess. They are stiffened at the edge by a thin wire-ribband, and when worn elevated give a beautiful finish to a dress, appearing something like the ruff of Queen Elizabeth; but the head and throat are not buried in this ornament, like that worn by the virgin Queen; on the contrary, it gradually slopes off from each shoulder behind, until it terminates in a narrow point at the back; and when the wings are laid down they appear like those worn by the Light Infantry. A scarf of lace is sometimes thrown over this dress, which forms a most elegant and attractive costume.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY

JUST LAUNCHED OUT INTO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD, TO HER FRIEND.

MY DEAR LOUISA,—I have just received the most beautiful corset that can be imagined, which justly claims the appellation given it of *Royal*. You cannot conceive the graceful fall it gives to the shoulders, or the elegance it imparts to the female shape. I ventured to bespeak two of them for you, before you set out for Ireland; and I must particularly request you to wear one at the next ball given by your Lord Lieutenant; and, above all things, I beg of you not to go without your *tulle fichu*, surmounted by a double ruff of blond, exactly as if you was a Spanish *Infanta*.

Your father is like my own, occupied in all the pleasures of a man of fashion; and resolved to live all the days of his life, he allows his daughter to dress as she pleases: why then should not you follow implicitly, as I do, every mode which fashion and opulence authorize?

I expect Sir Charles — to be at a ball to which I am invited next week; where I am determined he shall come to a serious explanation. Is he to forsake me and follow your chariot wheels? If so, why does he not confess at once that you suit his

M m 2

taste better than I do? Is he fearful of throwing me into a state of despondency, or making me pine away in secret sorrow, like the heroine of a romance? Poor fellow! if he thinks to effect any thing like that, he has not a grain of common sense. Oh! if you did but know how superior I am to any thing of that kind! Only be as happy in each other as possible, my dear friend, that is all I wish I assure you.

To-morrow I have a crowd of company; the glass I know will circulate, when I leave the table, both to your health and my own. About a week ago papa made me a superb present all diamonds; and he has fitted up for me a most charming boudoir, hung all round with pier glasses; where, let me turn myself which way I will, my eye is gratified with all the charms of my face, figure, and fashionable habiliments: I consider my lovely pearl-coloured satin spenser *à-la-Duchesse de Berri*, made by Mrs. Bell, and the drapery of my Saxe Cobourg robe; I see, in my charming bouquet, roses and lilies of the valley multiplied in every mirror. The zephyr and the porcupine feather float gracefully over the ringlets *à-la-Ninon* or *à-la-Vandyck*; while sometimes the tulip tree of India, with the scarlet flower of Cashmere, lend their branches to my tresses, arranged according to those of the Indian priestess of the Bramins. This is the way, my dear Louisa, that I employ, at least, six mornings out of the seven.

I have been but to four private masquerades since we parted. I found them all stupid, particularly the last; for I chose, in order that my beauty might be better appreciated, to go in the disguise of a French milliner of the last century, my mask plastered with rouge and patches: when I took it off, that wretch Lord Henry —, turned round to his companion and said, with a loud laugh, he did not perceive any very striking difference. But you know he is a poor, drawling, cold-hearted, crazy-headed creature. In fact, there are no gallant men in this age like those my grandmother speaks of in her time. Modern beaux are both impolite and flattering in the same breath; nor when they do pay a compliment do they ever think what they are doing: the reign of love is at an end as well as the age of chivalry. I am sure that

both you and I have each a pair of very brilliant eyes, but there is not one knight-errant who will come forward to defend their beauty against those of all the dull or squinting orbs in the universe.

I must confess, at the same time, that our sex too, is somewhat changed: we should hate a fellow in a bag-wig, embroidered coat, and red-heeled shoes, with golden clocks to his stockings: hateful Goth! Nor should we admire that hyperbolic flattery once in vogue. No, no, we had rather see some masculine roughness, and something which savours of the soldier or the sailor; but then we wish to be the conquerors of those who have helped to subjugate the world.

Do not wear any more, I beseech you, a French half handkerchief over your spenser; but over your new saraset pelisse which I send you, of the colour of the drake's neck, throw your rich chain of gold given you by your uncle, the mayor of Dublin; the chain is certainly beautiful, but is it not very odd, my dear, that the shop predominates in every thing? When my father was gentleman usher of the black rod, he was incessantly threatening to whip his children. You bought, when you was in London, striped gauze ribbands enough to freight a ship with; but let me tell you they are going out of fashion as fast as possible, and plain or brocaded ribbands are already reckoned the most elegant. You are fond of embroidery; go to work then, and work borders of flowers in different colours for your dresses of the finest India muslin that can be procured.

I am going to the Opera this evening, where I shall, at full leisure, contemplate the fashion of the day, for I am not one of those violent amateurs who can sit devouring and thinking of nothing else but all the fine symphonies and ariettes of the best Italian masters; oh! it is all mighty fine, but I often wish it was over.

I always, as you well know, took pride in the fine head of hair with which nature has adorned me; but what a vexation! last Saturday, when I went to the Opera, every modish dame except myself had a *toque* or a turban on her head: and while I was remarking this to my aunt, an old musical amateur in the next box cried out, "Hist! hist! silence there, let other people hear if

you do not chuse to listen yourselves!"—
The old brute!

It was too true that we were accompanied by that wild fellow, Colonel —, whose tongue is a perpetual clapper, and who being acquainted with almost all the audience, was relating to me all their histories, at which I thought I should have

died with laughing, even when T—— was in some of his finest cadences.

The ladies were most elegantly dressed; the most prevailing colours of their robes and their ornaments were spring-green and celestial blue.—Farewell, dear Louisa, papa is now waiting in the carriage for your affectionate friend,
LAURETTA.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—*Debut de Madame Toussaint-Maixières.*—This is the season for debuts; and this actress appears to be well acquainted with the stage, and is excellent in comedy. She is admirable in the character of *Beliza*, in Moliere's piece entitled *The Learned Ladies*.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.—*Tancrede, for the benefit of the poor.*—M. Larive, at the age of sixty-eight, and a martyr to the gout, has very lately performed one of those characters which requires strength and vigour of mind. He simply repeats, without any affectation, what is composed and only fit for recitation, and keeps all his warmth and energy for those passages where the person is overcome by the feeling by which he is actuated, or carried away by passion. He was listened to with the most profound attention; nature reclaimed her rights in every heart and mind, and the triumph of this veteran actor was complete.

Ambitious of doing honour to this solemn and interesting benefit, Mademoiselle Duchenois, in the part of *Amenaïde*, sang in such a manner as almost to make the audience imagine she must belong to the Opera Seria instead of the Theatre Francais. To *enoui* and fatigue succeeded much gaiety; and many ironical praises accompanied, at times, the accommodating recitation and the *arias* of this new singer!

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.—*Sketch of a drama in three acts, written in blank verse, and entitled The Secret Discovered, by Monvel.*—M. de St. Vallery, the elder, has received in his castle an old friend, whose deranged affairs, in which his honour and his fortune are comprised, have obliged

him for some time to be an exile from his native land. *M. de Meslan* (the name of this friend) has at length triumphed over calumny and injustice; his innocence has been acknowledged, and he is restored to his country; he is only waiting at the house of his friend for the necessary forms of law to reinstate him in his former wealth. In the mean time, this change of position has not dissipated the cloud of melancholy which hangs over his brow. His mind, torn by painful recollection, his lamentations are unceasing to the memory of an adored wife, who perished with an infant at her breast when she was just about to join him in England. The adventure of *Marianne* is not yet known, it is related in the second act by the father who adopts her as his own. Thus the confidence of *M. de Meslan* is adroitly managed to give an insight into the truth, to awaken interest, and excite curiosity: it is one of those traits in which we behold an author acquainted with stage effect, and who knows how to work on the springs of the human heart.

The love of young *St. Vallery*, his obstinate resistance to his father's wishes, the rage of the father when he finds out the motives for his son's disobedience, fill up all the two first acts. To conquer the young man's opposition it is found requisite to send *Marianne* out of the way. He is grieved to act this rigorous part, but it is indispensable. *Marianne* is so beautiful, so mild, so well educated, that her departure causes infinite regret to the whole family. To soften the apparent severity of this action, the good farmer himself takes upon him to intimate it; he arrives, and being informed of the love of *Marianne*, and the disorder she has caused in the family, he exclaims, in pro-

sence of *M. de Meslan*, that she is not his daughter. This has escaped him in the first transport of his indignation, but it brings on an *éclaircissement*, and the farmer relates the adventure of *Marienne* and her mother. *M. de Meslan* finds it is his own child, and resolves to unite her hand with that of young *St. Vallery*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Account of the Tower and Castle of Vincennes. Paris.

THERE is scarce any place more memorable than this habitation of the first kings of France: the mania for antiquities in the present age is such, that many an amateur departs for Rome, in order to prostrate himself before a monument raised by Augustus Cæsar, but, if a Frenchman, he scarce deigns to stop in one province of his native land to observe the traces of Cæsar's sojournment there. A few honest citizens of Paris, however, who take a walk on a Sunday to Vincennes, may learn of us, with a degree of interest and veneration, that the wood of Vincennes existed before the birth of Jesus Christ, and at that epoch was the promenade of the inhabitants of *Lutesia*. The Romans had there established a temple, dedicated to the God *Sylvanus*, the ruins of which are still to be seen, occupied afterwards by hermits, and next by monks. The first of the French kings built a kind of castle in the wood of Vincennes as a hunting-house. It was Philip Augustus who first inclosed it round by wooden railings, and it was but of narrow circumference: it was, however, the first park which is spoken of by historians.

Under Philip de Valois, in 1330, the foundations of the tower were laid, but it was not completed until under Charles V. and this tower was for a long time the most beautiful of all the palaces belonging to the kings. Catherine de Medicis drew out, in 1630, the plan of the new castle, which was immediately began to be constructed, as well as the gallery of paintings by Mary de Medicis, during her regency, who also constructed some new buildings on the side next to Paris. Louis XIII. laid the first stone in 1610, and Louis XIV. in the beginning of his reign, finished the

two great sides of the building situated on that of the park. It was only under the reign of this Prince that the court ceased to inhabit or to make excursions to Vincennes. Cardinal Mazarine breathed his last in this royal palace, which since has been made use of only as a dwelling for the Governor, to whom the care of prisoners shut up in the tower is confided.

The second and third volume of this work are taken up with the history of the different prisoners who, since the death of Louis XI. to the present time, have groined out their days in this tower: but the author does not seem to have made those requisite researches which could alone enable him to afford the public any thing new and interesting on this head: he has contented himself with collecting together all that has been already written, either in voluminous histories or in recollections. The materials are ready made to his hands, and it would be easy for him to procure them; it only requires time and an earnest desire, to produce a good work; but authors are too apt to speculate only on the profits of a bookseller. Notwithstanding these remarks, which we offer *en passant*, we must confess that the work in itself, and from its subject, is extremely interesting, and cannot fail of drawing the reader's attention. So many woes have succeeded each other in this abode of sorrow, that we feel a heartfelt joy in thinking that in future this prison will remain empty, or only be inhabited by those who are truly criminal. How can we sufficiently love? or how can we sufficiently thank the sovereign to whom France owes such unbounded gratitude?

In the year 1816 the walls of Vincennes confined together the jailer and his victim!

Rhoda, a novel in three volumes. Second Edition. By the author of "Things by their right Names," "Plain Sense," &c. Colburn.

THE heroine of this tale, Rhoda Strickland, is an orphan of good family, possessed but of a very slender income; her father dies abroad, and leaves his daughter under the care of a poor soldier and his wife, who accept the trust, knowing that the child has wealthy relatives, on

whom they build the most sanguine hopes. When, however, the infant is brought to England, she is rejected by them all, except an old uncle, who promises to protect her; but just as she attains her sixteenth year he is snatched from her, bequeathing to her a very small income, totally inadequate to her future support. During the time of her uncle's life, while she resided under his roof, Rhoda has contracted a friendship with Frances Wyburg, the daughter of a worthy and learned divine, in whose house she becomes an inmate, after her uncle's death, and is acquainted there with a Mr. Ponsonby, who is a pupil of the clergyman's.

During the life time of her uncle, Rhoda had lived entirely a stranger to her other relatives, but the old gentleman, notwithstanding some family disagreements, had urged a cousin, and that successfully, to promise her his protection. This cousin had married a lady of fortune and fashion, and Rhoda was to be consigned to the care of this dissipated couple, by whom she is received in the mortifying manner of a humble dependant. Mr. Strickland is a sordid character, and his wife expensive and profuse; at the same time her artifice and hypocrisy make her affect, to gain her purposes, an exact congeniality of thinking with her husband, and as pleasure is her sole pursuit, she resolves to make Rhoda the instrument of its gratification, by pretending it is absolutely requisite to introduce her beautiful cousin into all the gay scenes of fashionable life.

Rhoda finds herself, too, obliged to depart from the usual candour and sincerity of her character. From the interest of the small inheritance left her by her uncle, the mean Mr. Strickland has insisted on her furnishing her own wardrobe. It is impossible she can do this in a manner befitting the splendid circles she is obliged to mingle with, and she is tempted to run in debt, and to adopt the artful plans of Mrs. Strickland.

Her beauty, the general frankness of her manners, soon render Rhoda the admiration of the opposite sex; her ears are open to the bewitching poison of flattery, and she is led away by the stream of pleasure. Her artful conductress leads her on to give her consent to a marriage of interest. Of

all her admirers two are the most assiduous, Lord William St. Quintin, an accomplished and fashionable young nobleman, and Sir James Osborne, a Baronet of forty-six. Lord William is a refined libertine, Sir James, though the dupe of his passions, and a prey to a disposition of a resentful cast, is, nevertheless, possessed of an excellent heart; with this gentleman Mrs. Strickland endeavours to bring about a match for Rhoda. She reluctantly yields, and becomes the wife of a man whom she soon discovers is not calculated to make her happy; she rushes into scenes of dissipation, and forces her husband to reflect that he has made a foolish choice. He discovers that the heart of his wife was given to another long before their marriage, and he is also jealous of the marked attentions of Lord William St. Quintin, who is plotting the ruin of Rhoda, in conjunction with an unprincipled relative, Lady Emily Grantham, who was formerly in love with Sir James Osborne, and now resolves on revenging the neglect he formerly shewed her, on her unoffending rival. A billet sent by Lord William to Lady Osborne falls into the hands of her husband; this produces a duel, in which Lord William refuses to return his adversary's fire, who, in despair, shoots himself through the head.

His widow now takes a sad retrospect of her former errors: the publicity of her sorrows bring together those friends whom in her days of pleasure and prosperity she had forsaken and almost forgotten; they vindicate her virtue from the aspersions thrown on it by calumny and fashionable malevolence, and by the pure morality of their own characters, they elevate her again to that height in society from whence, through her thoughtless indiscretion, she had been almost discarded. But Ponsonby, after the marriage of Rhoda, has united himself to Frances Wyburg, whose mind is the seat of every virtue.

We have scarce ever perused a novel which may lay more claims to excellence than *Rhoda*: the character of the heroine is natural, not perfect; weakness and irresolution are her only faults, in that early season when the character can scarcely be said to be formed. Every other character is well drawn; the venerable Mr. Wy-

burg, the seductive libertine, Lord William St. Quintin, and the artful and dissipated Mrs. Strickland, are all admirable specimens of the author's graphic abilities.

In the press, a Third Part of the *Popular Models*, containing many characteristics of the Gael, which never have appeared in any book; by Mrs. Grant, late of Duthil. Dedicated by permission to his royal highness the Prince Regent of Great Britain.

Mr. Creswell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has in the press *A Treatise on Spherics*, comprising the elements of spherical geometry and spherical trigonometry.

Mr. George Kerr, of Aberdeen, will soon publish *Observations on the Harveian Doctrine of the Circulation of the Blood*.

On the first of August will be published *A Companion to the Ball Room*, by Mr. T. Wilson, Dancing-master. And also Mr. Wilson's *Description of the correct Method of French and German Waltzing*.

Mr. Donovan is printing *An Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Galvanism*, with a statement of a new theory.

The author of *Botanical Dialogues* will soon publish *The Florist's Manual, or Hints for the Construction of a Gay Flower Garden*, with directions for the preservation of flowers from insects, &c.

Memoirs and Remains of the late Rev. Charles Buck, collected and arranged from his papers, with a brief review of his publications, by Dr. John Styles, are printing.

Dr. Hughson is preparing a work relative to the privileges of London and Southwark, as confirmed by charter.

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

HARROW SCHOOL.—Amongst the various public scholastic foundations that do honour to the British name, there are none that bear a higher character than that of Harrow-on-the-Hill, which has not only a number of scholars on its original establishment, but has always been much frequented by the sons of the nobility and gentry both of England and Ireland, though with very few from our sister kingdom north of the Tweed.

This place possesses many advantages, independent of the celebrity of the school

itself, as a place of education. Only ten miles from Tyburn turnpike, and standing on a lofty hill, it is conspicuous from all the western environs of the metropolis; its lofty church spire arresting the view in every direction, whether passing along the turnpike road, or floating on the canal leading from Paddington to Uxbridge. The hill on which it is situated appears quite insulated from those in its neighbourhood, and rises from the bosom of a rich and fertile vale, inhaling the health-inspiring breeze, and presenting to the eye a variety of extensive prospects; a situation that must, of itself, have a greater effect in invigorating the youthful body and mind, than can be expected from the dull atmosphere of the metropolis. To the stranger also who chuses to visit this delicious spot, either from curiosity or for the purpose of inspecting the progress of youthful science, Harrow presents many charms in the beauty of its views. To the north, indeed, these are not very extensive, being bounded by the undulating high ground around Harrow Weald and Stanmore, where the latter village, and the Marquis of Abercorn's seat at Bentley Priory, stand conspicuous; but in the opposite direction the eye reaches to the hills of Surrey, until vision is lost in the faint purple of the distant horizon. The metropolis, overtopped by the majestic dome of the Episcopal church, forms a noble and interesting object to the east; whilst on the west and south-west there is an extension of prospect that cannot be surpassed, even if equalled by any other spot in the immediate vicinity of London; if we except, perhaps, the view from One-tree-hill, in Greenwich Park. It is difficult to decide whether this view is most remarkable for its extent or its beauty, particularly if examined from the churchyard, as the ground declines rapidly from that eminence to Roxeth Common, which presents a variety of most pleasing scenery. The eye, delighted to rest upon those beauties of the foreground, is at length tempted to explore the distant outline, where not only can much of Bucks and Berkshire be seen, but even the noble towers of Windsor Castle plainly distinguished when the atmosphere is favourable. This view may also be seen from an elegant little villa, surrounded by a beautiful garden and shrub-

bery, which is on the brow of the hill descending to Sudbury Common. Such are a few of the local advantages of this celebrated seminary, which claims antiquity as early as the reign of Elizabeth.

The founder of the school, whose name deserves to be recorded in capitals, was JOHN LYON, whose rank in life was no higher than that of a wealthy yeoman, at Preston; but whose soul aspired after better things than worldly honours, and may be said, without a pun, to have erected for himself the loftiest and most conspicuous monument in the kingdom. During great part of his life he had been distinguished for judicious charity; and for many years before his death, not waiting for that awful period when wealth can no longer be used or prided in, he expended the sum of twenty marks per annum in the education of poor children. Two years previous to his decease, in 1590, he seems to have completed his intentions respecting this seminary, by drawing up, with his own hand, the statutes which he intended should there be observed, and to these he added full and perspicuous instructions for the disposal and management of the estates and property with which it was to be endowed, together with other charitable purposes. His great object was to build a school-house, to which should be joined comfortable dwelling-houses for the master and usher; and for that purpose alone he appropriated the sum of three hundred pounds; a large grant in those days. This he intended to expend himself, if he lived, if not, it was to be laid out in the three years ensuing after his decease. He displayed considerable judgment in all these arrangements; drawing up the statutes for the school with much attention to the comfort and well doing of the pupils, and precision as to the various regulations; specifying not only the forms into which the scholars should be divided, but also the books and exercises for each; together with the modes of correction and discipline, the hours of attendance in the school, the vacations and play days, and even the nature of the amusements in which he wished the scholars to indulge, but confining these to what, no doubt, he had been fondest of himself when a boy, "driving a top, tossing a hand ball, running, and shooting." So fond was he of this latter amusement, that

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he left the most absolute instructions respecting its observance, requiring all parents of the scholars when admitted, to furnish their children with "bowstrings, shafts, and bresters, to exercise shooting;" and the amusement has been retained through the lapse of ages (until the year 1765) on the 4th of August annually, when a public exhibition of archery took place, and a silver arrow was shot for. At the period already mentioned, this exhibition was changed in its nature, though the custom was preserved, by substituting a display of public oratory in stead. This may certainly be the most useful of the two, yet so much are we attached to *good* old customs, even though their usefulness may not be very apparent, as to regret the substitution, though approving of the thing substituted; but which might, with propriety, have been added to the other without deteriorating the educative principles of the foundation.

By the original settlement it was ordered, that a *competent* number of poor scholars shall be educated freely; meaning, no doubt, *competent*, with the amount of the endowment; but, in addition to these, leave was given to the master to take as many other children as he could properly instruct, subject, however, to a discretionary controul on the part of the Governors. It was also expressly stipulated, that no girls should be received into the school; a regulation which the customs of the present day render unnecessary. Nor were the views of the beneficial founder confined to the school itself; since he attempted to provide for the further extension of education to a certain number, by appropriating the sum of twenty pounds for the support of four exhibitors, two of whom were to be placed at Gonville and Caius College, at Cambridge, and the other two in any College at Oxford. He moreover directed, that in the choice of the exhibitors, the advantage should first be offered to those of his own kin who might be qualified, then to natives of Harrow, and finally to "such as are most mete for towardness, poverty, or painfulness." In the reign of Elizabeth, such a sum, amounting to five pounds per annum for each scholar was, no doubt, a handsome support, and was allowed for eight years; but the change in the value of

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money has obliged, whilst the rise in the value of lands has enabled, the Governors to raise the allowance to twenty pounds for each.

The founder directed that the Governors should be six in number, and of high respectability; at present they consist of noblemen, gentlemen, and divines. They have a common seal, and have the power of superintending the entire management of the endowed estates; they also elect the master and usher, together with the surveyors and other officers. The master, when elected, acquires certain powers equal to those of the Governors, his consent being requisite in any discretionary alterations or arrangements which the welfare of the school may from time to time require. A judicious regulation on the part of the founder, whose good sense seems to have pointed out to him the absurdity, nay, impossibility of attempting to legislate irrevocably for future times, thereby saving the expence of acts of Parliament, when alterations become indispensable.

The salary of the head master was originally fixed at twenty pounds; and that of the usher at half that sum; but that is now of very little consequence, for since the period when Doctors Thackeray and Sumner raised the school to its pitch of eminence, at which it has been carefully preserved by Dr. Drury, and other learned and pious divines, the number of extra-scholars has always been considerable, and therefore highly advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, seldom being less than one hundred and fifty in number.

Many of our most distinguished nobility, gentry, and literati have been pupils of this school, particularly of Doctor Sumner, whose reputation for classical learning, as well as for elegant composition in Latin, was of the first order. Amongst these we can enumerate Sir William Jones, the Orientalist, who, in his treatise on Asiatic poetry, has paid some high compliments to his old master; the present Mr. Sheridan; the learned Doctor Parr; Doctor Bennet, the late Bishop of Cloyne, and several others.

The course of education combines all the classical attainments, with sufficient opportunities of acquiring all the modern elegancies; and the discipline has always been most excellent; uniform in general, though

tinged, at times, with the peculiarities of the masters. Of Dr. Thackeray, in particular, it was a singular trait, that he never applauded even the best compositions of his scholars, from a notion that he had adopted, that praise only tended to make them vain and idle. After going through the drudgery of the lower forms, a boy of taste and genius has many opportunities of improving himself even in the higher branches of literature, as they are occupied not only in reading, but also in imitating the best Greek and Latin authors; whilst every facility and assistance are given by the gentlemen at the head of the school to such as choose to direct their attention to Hebrew, and even to the Oriental languages. It is also a principle of this school, that the excellence of particular scholars shall produce a reward not only for themselves, but for the enjoyment of others; as was frequently the case during the period when the late Sir William Jones was a pupil, who thereby became very popular with his schoolfellows, in consequence of the frequent holidays procured for them by the beauty of his compositions.

It is a judicious regulation in this school, with regard to health, that their limits of recreation are extensive. We cannot illustrate this better than by a little playful anecdote recorded by Lord Teignmouth in his life of the amiable Orientalist already mentioned, whom he describes as having invented a political play, or game, in which he was assisted by the present erudite Doctor Parr, and the late Bishop of Cloyne. For this purpose these sons of the muses divided the fields in the vicinity of Harrow, according to a map of ancient Greece, into kingdoms and states, each being assumed by one individual as his empire or republic, under an ancient appellation. Others of their schoolfellows adopted the character of barbarians, made the necessary arrangements for the attack of these sons of ancient freedom, when a regular system of warfare, took place, conducted by alliances, political meetings, embassies, &c.; and accompanied with a due proportion of classical harangues, messages, and other public documents, drawn up with all the fire of former ages, and exercising their youthful minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In a school where such amusements

are permitted and fostered, there will always be room for the expansion of intellect.

The funds of the school have increased considerably since its first foundation; amounting at present to upwards of six hundred pounds per annum, which the Governors very judiciously apply to the several purposes of paying the master's salaries, and the exhibitions, to the education of poor children, as well as to the relieving of decayed housekeepers, the repair of roads, and other useful purposes.

The worthy founder was interred in the church, which is a very ancient edifice, but apparently rebuilt about the fourteenth century. His tomb has a figure in brass, but is nearly covered with a pew. The inscription deserves to be recorded.

"Heare lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston, in this Parish, Yeoman, deceased the 11th day of October, in the yeare of our Lord, 1592, who hath founded a Free Grammar School in the parish to have continuance for ever, and for maintenance thereof, and for releaffe of the poore, and of some poore schollars in the Universities, repairinge of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a Corporation granted for that purpose— Prayers be to the Author of all goodnesse, who make us myndful to follow his good example."

With a hearty concurrence in this prayer we close this subject; and in the ensuing month shall attempt a popular sketch of the royal foundation, *Eton College*.

INFANTINE INSTITUTION.

If the charity of the British fair required a stimulus to exertion we might expatiate on the heavenly principles of that virtue; happily, however, it is only necessary that objects of it need to be known to be patronized, relieved, or encouraged. That virtue is its own reward has been so often urged by moralists as to render commentary useless also; and yet it is pleasing to point out paths for charity in which even worldly rewards may be said to terminate the prospect of the heavenly ascent. Of these one is peculiarly evident in what may literally be called an infant institution, being a "universal dispensary" for children of both sexes, and at various

ages. The relief intended primarily is, of course, for the poor only, but we can foresee many practical benefits that must result from it to the rich. Who is there amongst us that has not seen the cheek of beauty glistening with the tear of sorrow? Who is there that has not seen the lovely and juvenile maternal bosom heaving with anguish for the sudden loss of a darling infant? called indeed to another but better world, but yet whose life might have been saved for years of happiness if a full and sufficient acquaintance with infantine complaints was actually part of our modern *materia medica*. That it is not so is no censure upon the medical world, for their experience, from the nature of things, cannot extend to a minute acquaintance with the feelings and the symptoms of little darlings that are unable to express their own sufferings; but, as this proposed institution will absolutely extend the sphere of observation upon an almost unlimited scale, it is not too sanguine a hope to give way to, that in a very short time its beneficial effects will be eminently felt in the higher circles, and that the hopes of many an anxious family will be preserved from shipwreck by means of the additional knowledge now to be acquired respecting the complaints of children, particularly of infants. The whole plan is proceeding so rapidly that it may soon be put in force, particularly as it is now patronized by the Duke of Kent, and may perhaps be fortunate enough to claim the notice of our new married Princess. In short it is a plan which every new made bride ought to patronize, not only from a principle of feeling, but also of propriety. If maternal anxiety begins to fix its seat in her bosom, how god-like to recollect her poor fellow-creatures whose little ones are too often born in sorrow, nursed in poverty, and early victims to want and disease!

BIRTHS.

At Bath, the wife of Mr. Welsh, hair-dresser, of three children. Mrs. Welsh, aged 42, was married about a year ago; on Sunday she was delivered of twins, a boy and a girl, both of whom died the same day; and on the following Saturday she was delivered safely of another child, who likewise did not long survive the birth, but the woman is likely to do well.

At Islington, of a daughter, the lady of W. Shirely, Esq. of the East India Company's ship Surrey.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Vigors Harvey, Esq. of Killiane Castle, county of Wexford, Ireland, to Frances Margarita, only daughter of C. Shakerley, of Somerford Park, Chester, Esq.

At Hackney, Captain Charottie, of Brunswick-square, to Miss Lloyd, of Upper Homerton.

At Bath, G. H. Griffies Williams, Esq. eldest son of Sir George Griffies Williams, Bart. to Mary Anne, only daughter of Joseph Shawe, Esq. of the Circus, Bath.

DIED.

At Paris, at an advanced age, Sir Herbert Croft, an English author of some celebrity, and one of the few remaining literary friends of Dr. Johnson; he had resided for the last fifteen years in France. Dr. Johnson, in his Biography of the Poets, acknowledges himself indebted to Sir Herbert, then Mr. Croft, for the life of the Poet Young. All the biographers of Johnson speak in high terms of the literary and social talents of his friend Croft.

At Bombay, George William A. T. Grant, Esq. an only son, whose premature excellence has been faithfully though feebly portrayed by maternal veracity in the *Popular Models*. Some young minds may imbibe a generous emulation when assured that the virtues ascribed to Edwin Selby, to William Campbell, and the Elphinstones, appeared in the daily actions of an individual now enjoying their eternal reward.

At Furnham, Salisbury, Lady Mills, relict of Sir Thomas Mills, niece of the late Countess Dowager of Elgin, and co-heiress of Andrew Moffatt, Esq. of Cranbrook House, Essex.

Lately, Mr. William Duncan, baker, Knightsbridge.

At her home, Coldbath-square, at the very advanced age of 116 years, Mrs. Jane Lewson, commonly called Lady Lewson, from her very eccentric manner of dress. In recording this instance of unusual longevity, some account of her may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to our readers. Mrs. Jane Lewson was born in the year 1700, during the reign of William and Mary, in Essex-street, in the Strand, of most respectable parents of the name of Vaughan, and was married at an early age to a wealthy gentleman of the name of Lewson, then living in the house in which she died. She became a widow at the age of twenty-six, having only one daughter living at the time. Mrs. Lewson, however, being left by her husband in affluent circumstances, preferred to continue single, and remained so, al-

though she had many suitors. When her daughter married, being left alone, she became fond of retirement, and rarely went out, or permitted the visits of any person. For the last thirty years she had kept no servant except one old female, who died ten years ago; she was succeeded by the old woman's grand-daughter, who got married about three years since; and she was succeeded by an old man, who attended the different houses in the square to go errands, clean shoes, &c. Mrs. Lewson took this man into her house, and he acted as her steward, butler, cook, and housemaid, and with the exception of two old lap-dogs and a cat, he was her only companion. The house she occupied was large and elegantly furnished, but very ancient; the beds were kept constantly made, although they had not been slept in for about fifty years. Her apartment being only occasionally swept out, but never washed, the windows were so crusted with dirt that they hardly admitted a ray of light. A large garden in the rear of her house was the only thing she paid attention to; this was always kept in good order, and here, when the weather permitted, she enjoyed the air, and sometimes sat and read, of which she was particularly fond; or else chatted on times past with any of the few remaining acquaintances whose visits she permitted. She was so partial to the fashions that prevailed in her youthful days, that she never changed the manner of her dress from that worn in the reign of George I. She always wore powder, with a large *ttie* made of horse hair on her head, near half a foot high, over which her hair was turned up; a cap over it, which knotted under her chin, and three or four curls hanging down her neck. She generally wore silk gowns and the train long, with a deep flounce all round, a very long waist, and very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff, or frill. The sleeves of her gown came below her elbow, from each of which four or five large cuffs were attached; a large straw bonnet quite flat, high beeled shoes, a large black silk cloak, and a gold headed cane, completed her every day costume for the last eighty years, and in which she walked round the square, on which account she was known by the name of Lady Lewson. Her manner of living was so methodical that she would not drink her tea out of any other than a favourite cup. She always enjoyed an excellent state of health, and never had, until a little previous to her decease, any her illness. She enjoyed all her faculties to the last, when she became weak, took to her bed, and refused medical aid: her conduct to her few distant relations was exceedingly capricious, and she would never see any of them. She was buried in Bunhill-fields burying-ground.

"WHAT A CHANGE IS HERE"

Composed for N^o 85 of La Belle Assemblee

BY

D. CORRI.

SECRET
MUSIC

Once my youth-ful brow was clad with

locks of au-burn flowing And in my cheeks a

sprightly lad The rose was aye a blowing Now I'm wrin
ad lib: Slow

bled with grey sprinkled What a
Tempo

change is here what a

change is here. Sym:

Straight upon my legs I stood
 Bold and manly looking
 Girls I had them at a word
 And no denial brooking
 Cramps o'ertake me
 Limbs forsake me
 What a change is here.

Sweet my voice I sung with ease
 Mellow then and pleasing
 For CUDDY'S Song none else could please
 The Girls were aye a teasing
 Now I alter
 Tremble falter
 What a change is here.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE, July 1846

FOR JULY, 1846.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

We have received a letter with the Post mark *Barnstaple*, signed "A WELL WISHER." We are obliged to any one for his friendly hints, and where we find it requisite we shall take care to be guided by them. Nevertheless, we are not to be threatened into an alteration of our present plan, as we have the gratification of knowing it is such as to give general satisfaction to the majority of our most respectable and highly distinguished Readers.

N. B. All anonymous Letters must be Post paid.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £3 19s. per Annum; to all parts of the Continent, Malta, Gibraltar, Sicily, Madeira, Brazil, and Holland, at £3 10s. per Annum; to France, at £3 4s. per Annum; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months.—Orders, Post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to if addressed to JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, and of the *Weekly Messenger*, Clare-court, Drury-lane, London.

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AUGUST 1, 1816.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY.

Engraved expressly by order of her Highness the Princess Mary, by J. G. Kneller, Esq. of the Royal Academy, and published by J. G. Kneller, Esq. of the Royal Academy, at the Royal Academy, Pall Mall, London, on the 1st of August, 1841.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE ;

For JULY, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-sixth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

As this amiable and interesting Princess has so recently entered the marriage state, a correct likeness of her, which embellishes our Number of this month, cannot fail of being highly acceptable to our readers.

Princess Mary is the fourth daughter of our most gracious Sovereign, and was born on the 25th of April 1776. Endowed with a most pleasing and prepossessing form and countenance, her Royal Highness is an adept in music and painting, to which charming accomplishments she devotes all her leisure hours. Copying drawings in chalk has been pursued by her with an ardour that has caused her to attain to a proficiency in that style which has been rarely equalled, and scarce ever excelled.

Affability forms a chief trait in the character of the Princess Mary: attached to the charms of domestic life and domestic virtues, she is exemplary in the fulfilment of every duty and affectionate tenderness which a parent has a right to claim from a child. This is a certain and never failing proof of what she will be in a more tender relation; the example held out to society by the unsullied union of her illustrious and royal parents must have acted powerfully on the minds and affections of the younger branches; we look forward, with pleasure, to the alliance which has now taken place with his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester; and we sincerely and ardently hope that the illustrious object of

our present biography may, with the partner of her affections, experience a series of happiness without alloy.

This auspicious and interesting marriage between an English Prince and Princess took place on Monday, the 22d of July. The persons invited to its celebration were precisely those who were invited to the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, with very few exceptions, as it was deemed a private wedding.

A superb altar was erected in the grand saloon of the Queen's Palace: the new throne which was put up there directly over the principal door to the grand entrance, for the Queen to receive the addresses upon the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, formed the back of the altar, which gave it an additional splendid appearance. The whole was formed of crimson velvet and gold lace, principally from the Chapel Royal and Whitehall Chapel. The gold communion plate was the most massy and costly that ever was displayed on one occasion.

The foreign ambassadors, with their ladies, first entered the saloon, followed by the cabinet ministers and their ladies, who proceeded to the right. The great officers of state, and those of the royal households, except those in immediate attendance, took their stations to the left. The Queen placed herself on the left of the altar, in a state chair prepared for her: Princess Augusta, Elizabeth, the Duchess of York, and

the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, went to her left, with their female attendants after them.

The Prince Regent took his station on the right of the altar, with his royal brothers near him. Every thing being properly arranged, the Lord Chamberlain retired to introduce the Duke of Gloucester, and present him to the altar.

The Lord Chamberlain then, with the Duke of Cambridge, introduced the Princess Mary and the royal Duke, and presented her Royal Highness to the Prince Regent, who gave her away in marriage to the Duke of Gloucester. Her Royal Highness looked most lovely. Her head-dress was without feathers, and she wore a brilliant fringed necklace: a bandeau of brilliants forming a wreath of roses, encircled her forehead; a row of brilliant crescents, with light sprigs, as if issuing from their centres, formed a coronet, and was placed on the crown of her head. Her earrings were of pearl, and her girdle of brilliants, to correspond with the bandeau. Her bracelets of brilliants formed a chain, with flowers in the clasps, and a brilliant flower brooch adorned her bosom.

At a quarter before ten o'clock the bride took off her nuptial ornaments, and arrayed in a white satin pelisse, with a white satin French bonnet, she set off with her royal husband to Bagshot, amidst the blessings and good wishes of her family, and the loud huzzas of the multitude assembled on the happy occasion.

The following is a correct account of the wedding dress of the Princess Mary, and other dresses made on the occasion for her Royal Highness:—

1. The wedding dress, a very rich and elegant silver tissue, with two superb borders of scalloped lama flouncing, elegantly worked in pine apple pattern, each border headed with three weltings of rich lama work; the body and sleeves to correspond, tastefully trimmed with most beautiful Brussels point lace; the robe of rich silver tissue, lined with white satin, and trimmed round with superb scalloped lama pine apple border to correspond with the dress, and fastened at the waist with a very brilliant diamond clasp. Head-dress, a superb wreath of diamonds.

2. A very rich lama and net dress, elegantly embroidered and bordered with rich lama flouncings, trimmed with blond lace, over a rich white satin slip; body and sleeves embroidered to correspond, and trimmed with rich blond lace, and plaitings of the same.

3. An elegant sprigged silver tissue train dress bordered with rich silver lama, vandyke work, above the border fullings of silver gauze, tastefully finished with narrow silver vandyke trimmings; the body of silver tissue, the sleeves silver gauze, richly ornamented with silver roses and blond lace.

4. Elegant rich blue and silver tissue dress, with two rich lama flouncings, each flounce headed with broad borders of blue and silver trimming; body and sleeves to correspond, ornamented with blond lace.

5. Elegant silver muslin dress, trimmed with broad flounces of Mechlin lace, headed with silver borderings; body and sleeves richly trimmed with Mechlin lace to correspond, and superb embroidered belt, over white satin slip.

6. A very superb Brussels point lace dress, of the most superior pattern, with flounces of the most elegant point lace, over a white satin slip. The beauty and elegance of this dress it is impossible to describe.

7. An elegant rich pink satin dress, with flounces of broad Brussels lace, headed by a border of rich satin roses; the body and sleeves composed of Brussels lace, tastefully looped up with roses to correspond.

8. An elegant blond lace dress, of the most beautiful pattern, with three broad flounces of the same, each flounce headed with a handsome border; body and sleeves to correspond, with a plaiting of blond net, worn over a rich white satin slip. This dress had a most beautiful appearance.

9. A rich white satin wedding pelisse, trimmed round with broad Mechlin lace, and cape full trimmed to correspond.

10. A rich sarinet dress, to wear under wedding pelisse, with three broad flounces of Mechlin lace, headed with white satin tulle; sleeves and ruff to correspond.

11. An entire Mechlin lace bonnet, elegantly trimmed with bows of Mechlin lace and tulle of white satin, with superb plume of white ostrich feathers.

12. A rich white satin dress, elegantly festooned with broad blond lace, tulle of satin, and large bows of white satin ribbon, sleeves composed of full satin and blond lace, quillings of blond lace round the top.

13. An elegant white figured satin dress, with broad flounces of blond lace, each flounce headed with plaitings of blond net and tulle of white satin; body and sleeves to correspond.

14. An elegant lilac and white striped satin dress, with three broad flounces of blond lace, each flounce finished with a narrow heading to match; sleeves very full and handsome, tastefully ornamented with blond lace, and rosettes of satin.

15. Elegant blue figured gauze dress, broad blond flounce, with beautiful patent net, and blond trimming; sleeves striped with tulle of satin and blond lace, and plaitings of blond net.

16. Elegant evening primrose satin dress, elegantly trimmed with blond lace.

17. 18. Two very fine and beautiful thin India muslin dresses with Mechlin lace bodies, and flounces of the most beautiful Mechlin lace, worn over satin slips, white and pink.

19. 20. Two very fine India sprig book muslin dresses, let in with broad joining, laced and trimmed with broad flounces of fine Mechlin lace; bodies of Mechlin lace over white satin slips.

21. A very fine bobbin lace morning dress, with broad borders of tucks, each tuck edged with Mechlin lace, with full frills and cuffs to correspond over white satin dress.

22. A very fine India sprig morning dress, tastefully let in with broad Valenciennes joining

lace, flounces of the same; body and sleeves of French Work, and Valenciennes lace, worn over white sarsnet slip.

23. A very elegant Japan muslin morning dress, borders of broad French work, trimmed with broad Valenciennes lace; body and sleeves composed of French work, and rich Valenciennes lace, over sarsnet slip.

24. Rich white corded sarsnet pelisse, trimmed round with elegant broad Valenciennes lace, and rich white satin bonnet, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and elegant plume of ostrich feathers; to wear with pelisse.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

(Continued from Vol. XIII. Page 347.)

LOVE, OR CUPID.

ALTHOUGH Cupid be not one of the superior Gods, he was one of the most powerful, and we did not think it consistent to separate him from his mother of whom he is the constant companion. This offspring of beauty was born and admitted into Olympus at the same time as his parent. This God, the most beautiful of all the immortals, had very few adventures of his own, notwithstanding he bore such a share in those of others: his eternal childhood rendered him a stranger to the tortures he occasioned, yet he has been represented, in a particular instance, as a most accomplished youth, and burning with all the fires he was wont to kindle.

Psyche, the most beautiful of all mortals, captivated Cupid unknown to herself. An oracle had predicted that she was to marry an immortal monster, more mischievous and perfidious than a viper, a general dispenser of strife and discord, the terror of the human race, formidable to the Gods, and dreaded even in the infernal regions. In order to avert those sinister predictions, her parents had exposed her on the summit of an inaccessible mountain, hanging over a precipice. Zephyr, the confidant of Cupid, was ordered to carry her off, and he transported her into a sumptuous palace. Psyche's alarms soon made room for surprise and amazement; she found herself alone in an enchanting asylum, her eyes

wandered from wonders to wonders, a sweet melody detains her, she is overcome by her own sensations; invisible agents hurry to attend on her, her wishes are anticipated, her curiosity alone is not gratified although the most predominant. Night came on; a voice, which conveyed confusion and disorder into her mind, at the same time solicited her hand: Psyche was unable to refuse it; and as a token of that mysterious union she received a band that Cupid no longer wished to wear after having seen her.

In this same manner did several days pass, Psyche receiving at night the visits of her invisible husband. She might have been happy had it not been for the prediction of the oracle, but the idea of the monster that was intended for her embittered her enjoyments; doubt and uncertainty excluded easiness of mind, and curiosity banished sleep; she could no longer exist without knowing the object to whom she was united. At the approach of night she slyly concealed a lamp, and waited impatiently till her husband should be fast asleep. His irregular breathing soon apprized her of the moment being arrived; with trembling steps she advanced towards the couch on which he reposed, when, instead of the hideous monster she had been apprehensive of seeing, she beheld the most beautiful of the Gods. The lamp began to waver in her unsteady hand, a drop of oil

fell on Cupid and awoke him; he instantly flew away upbraiding her for her curiosity. Psyche on the following night received no visit from her husband: overwhelmed with grief she attempted to put an end to her existence with the fatal band that had been given her as a token of a too transient union, but an invisible hand stopped her. The delightful palace in which she resided lost all its attractions, Cupid had deserted it, she also left it to go in quest of him. She successively applied to all the Gods that he might be restored to her, she even solicited Venus, who was no less exasperated against her than jealous of her beauty. Habit, one of the Goddess's attendants, dragged poor Psyche to the feet of Venus, who vented her rage in the bitterest reproaches and the most opprobrious language: the unfortunate victim was next committed to the care of Solicitude and of Sadness, who received strict injunctions to torment her; yet this was only a prelude to the trials that awaited her. The Goddess imposed upon her the most absurd and most dangerous undertakings; one time she would send her to draw a bucket full of stagnant water from a well guarded by two fierce dragons; another time to fetch from an inaccessible spot a flake of gilt wool. An invisible agent triumphed over all those difficulties, and the rage of Venus was made impotent. Another time again she commanded her to divide, within a short interval, each particular sort of grain from a heap in which they were all mixed. Psyche despaired of ever accomplishing her task, but on a sudden the grains all divided and sorted of themselves. The most difficult and perilous of all the labours imposed upon her was, most fortunately, the last. Venus had ordered her to descend into the infernal regions, there to demand of Proserpine part of her beauty, and to bring it to her in a box. Psyche this once imagined that task too difficult to be performed even by the God who had hitherto assisted her. She knew not which way to go, besides how could she expect to obtain from Proserpine a favour that no female would be inclined to grant? However, a voice, which she recognized, acquainted her with what she was to do to succeed in her dan-

gerous enterprize, but warned her at the same time to beware of opening the box she was to be entrusted with. Psyche executed with great punctuality the first part of her instructions; she had already left the gloomy abode, after having obeyed her orders, and was proceeding over a desert, when, tired to an extreme, she sat down on a rock and began to examine the fatal box: her breast is agitated with the desire of stealing part of the valuable treasure, curiosity prompts her, and she yields to the temptation. A soporific vapour instantly issued from the box, Psyche fainted away, and not one succouring mortal was near at hand; but Cupid kept watch over her, one of his shafts grazed the delicate skin of the imprudent offender and restored her to life; the deadly vapour returned into the box, and Psyche proceeded on her journey. Cupid immediately directed his flight towards Olympus, and begged of Jupiter to call a meeting of the Gods.—Venus was ordained to consent to the union of Cupid and of Psyche, whom Mercury was commissioned to convey to Olympus, where she was received and ranked with the immortals. The nuptials were celebrated with more joy and mirth than splendour, for they were the nuptials of Love. Voluptuousness was their only issue.

Psyche, in Greek, signifies soul, and on that word is the allegory founded. She is represented with a butterfly's wings, which were the emblem of the soul; and those wings were used in the representation of spiritual beings. When Cupid accompanies her he appears as a youth of celestial beauty with wings, his bow and quiver lie at his feet, he wears no band, but his eyes are fixed on Psyche.

Except in the above particular episode, Cupid is represented as a child, naked and with wings; sometimes he holds a bow in his hand and carries a quiver on his back; he is either blind or is blindfolded; he is also represented as a child shooting at animals. It is pretended that Jupiter, aware of the mischief he would occasion, had invited Venus to get rid of him; that the infant accordingly was exposed in a forest, where he first was taught the use of arms.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

**EUDOXIA THEODORA, FIRST WIFE TO
PETER THE GREAT.**

THE Czar having assembled together a number of beautiful young females belonging to the first nobility in the duchy of Novogorod, his choice fell upon Eudoxia, who had no qualifications but her beauty to fix the affections of her husband. Haughty and jealous in her disposition, she wished to reign over both the heart and empire of Peter; she soon lost his favour, and was left without the smallest hope of retrieving it.

After her husband had repudiated her she sought by every means in her power to thwart his undertakings; here her revenge, which she sought to throw on Peter, fell heavily on herself. The Czar would have allowed her to remain unmolested after their separation, but she in a manner compelled him to severity by her refractory behaviour; he, therefore, obliged her to enter a convent remarkable for the rigidity of its discipline. Peter, however, had not long been wedded to Catharine before Eudoxia quitted her religious habit, and took the dignity of Empress upon her. She left the convent with a man of the name of Glebow, with whom she held an illicit correspondence through the means of the Archbishop of Rostaw.

The Czar immediately put every one under arrest, and sacrificed them to his vengeance, whom he suspected of being accessory to the crimes of the late Empress, amongst whom was Abraham Lapoukin, the brother of Eudoxia, who was beheaded, and Glebow was racked to death upon the wheel. Eudoxia, whose own handwriting proved her adultery, furnished sufficient evidence to proceed against her; yet Glebow, under his most cruel torments, persisted in attesting her innocence, and defended the virtue of this unfortunate Princess with his last breath. Before he expired the Czar himself approached him, and conjured him by every thing most sacred, to confess his guilt and that of Eudoxia. Glebow, collecting all that remained of his exhausted strength, regarded the Czar with a mixture of indignation and contempt,—“You must,” said he, “be as

weak minded as you are cruel, to believe that if, in the midst of the most horrid torments, I would not consent to slander the virtue of the Empress, that I should now accuse the innocence and honour of a virtuous woman, who had no other fault than that of loving thee too well, now I have no hopes of living. Begone, monster, and let me die in peace.” So saying, Glebow spit in the face of the monarch.

Although after this Peter wished to doom Eudoxia to death, yet he was loth to pronounce the sentence, and convened an assembly of bishops and priests: who, after condemning her to receive a discipline from the hands of two nuns, she was conducted to a convent on the borders of the lake of Ladoga.

Eudoxia dwelt six years, which was the remainder of the Czar's life, in one single room, fed only on bread and water and some liqueurs. After the death of Peter, Catharine had her transferred to a dungeon in the fortress of Schlüsselbourg, with an old woman, who was a dwarf, to wait on her; and where Eudoxia was frequently reduced to be her own servant, according to the convalescence of each from those infirmities which they mutually suffered.

MARIA LOUISA, LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

MARIA LOUISA was born at Milan on the 14th of December, 1787, and was the daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand (brother to the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette) and of Maria Beatrice, last branch of the ancient and illustrious family of Este. From her earliest years she beheld those political events which were calculated only to rend her heart. To how many various vicissitudes did she see every legitimate kingdom exposed for the space of five-and-twenty years!

Educated under the care of a pious mother in the most sacred duties of religion, for which she always felt the most profound reverence, and unostentatiously attended its outward ceremonies, it was imagined that she would seek in solitude, after the example of her cousins, the Princesses of Parma, a forgetfulness of the troubles which

agitated the world, and the reverses of her family; but Heaven ordained otherwise, and seated her on the throne of the Cesars. It was on the 6th of January, 1808, that she appeared there as the wife and Empress of her cousin, the present Emperor. What an epocha! her trials seemed to increase with her virtues. Austria was invaded, and Maria Louisa Beatrice only fled from her capital to experience new calamity. Her youngest brother, the Archduke Charles of Austria-Este, Archbishop Primate of Gratz, expired in the prime of life in her arms, a holy and honourable victim to that apostolic zeal which he had displayed in the Assembly of the States General in Hungary, and in the hospitals of the Austrian army. This cruel event effected a considerable change in her health, and sowed the first seed in her bosom of that malady which conducted her to the tomb, after seven years of langour and suffering. In the mean time, it may be said, that in the midst of these mental sorrows and bodily afflictions with which she was overwhelmed, she yet enjoyed two pure and real triumphs. At Dresden, Bonaparte, who had insulted her by writers whom he had hired for that purpose, when he came into her presence was covered with confusion and visible embarrassment,

as if successful crime could not prevent him from feeling the ascendancy of virtue in misfortune.

But an advantage yet greater was reserved for this Princess, and proved to her that Providence had only thus tried her to reward her; and she had the consolation of seeing, before her death, every legitimate sovereign in Europe re-established on the throne of his ancestors: this consoled her in the hour of painful recollection, mingled the comfort of the present with the hopes of futurity, and brightened the prospect of that happiness which she looked forward to in a better world. Peace to her memory, and be it for ever honoured!

THE COUNTESS OF —.

SHE was married very young, and retained her beauty long after some of her daughters were grown up. Two of these ladies waited in the drawing-room for their mother to attend an evening party. Her Ladyship came in and found the eldest before the mirror:—"What would you give," said she "to be so handsome as your mother?"—"Just as much as her Ladyship would give for my youth," returned the daughter.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME DE VENTADOUR.

THIS Princess, of the illustrious house of Rohan, was governess to Louis XV. during his nonage; she was possessed of a mildness of character combined with dignity which is seldom to be found in the same person: she doated on her royal pupil, and the care she took of him seemed more that of a tender parent than of a stranger.

When his Majesty had attained his seventh year, the Duchess of Ventadour felt happy to place him in the hands of the Duke of Orleans. She dressed her precious charge in the presence of the whole court; and having received the thanks of the Duke for the care she had taken of him, she kissed the hand of his Majesty and bade him farewell. The young Prince,

much affected, embraced her, and made her a present of jewels amounting to fifty thousand crowns.

MADAME DE SIMIANE.

THIS lady was ambitious of forming herself after the model of Madame de Sevigné, her grandmother, and seemed possessed of a character similar to her. Madame de Simiane was born in the year 1674; and as Paulina de Grignan, Madame de Sevigné describes her in the flower of youth to have been possessed of the most winning attractions, with a well cultivated understanding and a fertile imagination, which rendered her the delight of her family and of her numerous and respectable friends.

At the age of twenty-one she married

the Marquis de Simiane, who had embraced a military life, and who obtained a regiment through the interest of Madame de Maintenon; and in the year 1716, Madame de Simiane became a widow.

All who were acquainted with Madame de Sevigné were struck with the resemblance her granddaughter bore unto her; she resembled her also in disposition, and in that epistolary style which distinguished the writings of her grandmother, and which would, no doubt, as the age improved in literature, have been more brilliant had their subjects contained equal interest with those of the letters written by Madame de Sevigné. Madame de Simiane possessed, in an eminent degree, the talent of conversation and the powers of pleasing; her conversation was lively, gay, and always correct: her mind was lofty, generous, and tender; her heart might be said to be in its right place, and replete with the most tender feelings, while she was ever the friend of truth. In a word, Madame de Simiane has left to posterity, besides her letters, the most convincing proofs in her verses and detached pieces, that she was a woman of extraordinary talent, as well as virtue.

MADAME DU CHATELET.

This illustrious victim of the French revolution, had, during sixty years, enjoyed the public esteem, and the love and affection of all her family and friends. She was childless, but she was surrounded by relations, whom she regarded as her children.

Her generosity to them, however, never encroached on funds which she had set apart for the wretched on her own estates either at Paris or amongst her possessions in the country; and her fortune was employed by her as if it had only been given her to relieve distress wherever it came within her reach.

Possessed of this benevolent temper, Madame de Chatelet was also gifted with a mind the most discerning. Her heart was attached to every thing that was good; in misfortune her courage was unshaken, and her simplicity and modesty were such as enhanced the value of her other admirable qualities.

She had survived a beloved husband who had perished on the scaffold; and she, herself, was detained in prison; but there her thoughts dwelt the least on her own danger, for her daily prayer was, that she might be brought before the revolutionary tribunal: and every time that she heard the bell sound her heart bounded with joy, as hoping it was the signal for her execution, and only was she seen to shed a tear when her hopes were deceived. The murderers of this excellent woman refused to let her suffer with her husband; they extended the torture till they saw her gradually expiring beneath its excess; she was then sent to the scaffold, and her noble deportment in this last scene stamped the most shining brilliancy on a life rendered splendid and glorious by actions the most praise-worthy.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

THE MARQUIS DE LOUVOIS.

THE Marquis was once found guilty of lifting his cane against an officer, the brother of one who had served in his regiment, and whose name was Milleville, who called him to account for this degrading action: the Marquis, however, confessed himself sorry for what he had done, and gave him a certificate for his good conduct. This nobleman was rather crack-brained, and not many years before he died he married a very rich Baroness, who was almost as mad as himself. As they were returning from church, after the marriage ceremony, the Baroness said, "She hoped he was

now quite cured of all his mad frolics, and that he would conduct himself more seriously for the time to come."—"Yes, Madam," replied he, "be assured that this is the last folly I mean to commit."

RELATIVE TO MILTON.

A WOMAN of little or no education, who had retired from business, became a great reader; accident having thrown her into the way of a large library, composed chiefly of those authors who had written during the reigns of Charles I. and II. She became strongly attached to the Stuart party, and an abhorrer of all commonwealth

principles: she told the writer of this anecdote, that she did not wonder that the rebel who had been secretary to the usurper could be able to draw so finished a picture of Pandemonium, with all the oratorical devils, as such only could be similar to those he had himself viewed at Cromwell's council board.

A. COLBIÖRNSEN.

It was in the year 1716 that Charles XII. marched his army into Norway, in the vicinity of Christiania. Part of it he detached to proceed through Ringerige, to destroy the silver mines at Kongsberg. During the interval of the march, the Swedish Colonel, Löven, fought his way through a narrow defile in the forest of Harestue, reached Ringerige, and in the evening the church of Norderboug. The parsonage-house he fixed upon for his own quarters, and placed his troops and suite at a short distance. Lieutenant-General Lutzow had detached some few dragoons to observe the enemy; this detachment had posted themselves in Steen, at half a league from the Swedes. These knew were the Danes were; but the latter had received no intelligence of the enemy being at Nordenboug.

A priest named J. Ramus was confined to his bed, and yet his wife, Ann Colbiörnsen, was obliged to receive those unexpected guests, and to wait upon them, besides bribing them not to have her premises ransacked.

The Swedes, upon their arrival, held consultation upon their future operations, and determined on the following morning to drive those dragoons from Steen, and next to march to Kongsberg.

The priest's wife, who, notwithstanding she attended to her domestic concerns, paid equal attention to what was said, proposed to acquaint the Norwegians, whom she understood to be so near, with what was going on. To this effect she showed great kindness to the Swedes, and supplied them all, even those that were not quartered in the parsonage house, with plenty of mead and brandy.

Meanwhile, to accomplish her purpose, she pretended to be short of a few articles to prepare their dinner, obtained leave to send her maid for them, when in fact she dispatched the girl to impart the intelli-

gence to a neighbouring woodman, who was to forward the information to the dragoons.

The Swede Colonel having inquired of her the way to Steen, she gave him a wrong direction. He ordered one of his men to keep his horses in readiness, standing at the door all night long, but she got the fellow drunk, had the horses taken back into the stables, and locked the door. She next pretended to compassionate the soldiery that were to spend the whole night in the open air when the cold was so severe, and offered to light a fire for them in the yard. The Colonel agreeing to the proposal, she ordered some dry wood and straw to be instantly set fire to, in order that the Norwegians, seeing the blaze, might not miss their way; the light, moreover, was to serve as a signal for them to commence the attack. These preparations were attended with success. The moment the dragoons discovered the flames they marched forward, and arrived unperceived: the Colonel was taken prisoner, the men either slain or routed, and the meal that had been prepared for them was given to the victors.

At day break Colbiörnsen went to examine the field of battle, accompanied by one single woman. The Swedes who had fled in the night had rallied, determined to attack in their turn. Although a great number of them had perished, they were still superior in force; but as they were ignorant of that of the enemy, they sent a sergeant with a few men, to reconnoitre. This detachment meeting the two females, the sergeant, holding his fixed bayonet to the breast of Colbiörnsen, demanded where the dragoons were, and how many in number? Her companion fainted, but she undaunted, asked him in reply "Does your Prince pay you to murder women?"—The sergeant instantly withdrew his musket, but repeated the question.—"Oh! that," said she, "may easily be ascertained. They are now fling behind the church in search of you."—"Once more how many are they?"—"I cannot tell, for I have not reckoned them; all that I know is that they are very numerous." The sergeant bore those tidings as certain to his troop, who run away in such a disorder that some were taken by the peasantry, and others perished in the precipices.

So much for the intrepidity of a woman!

M. GAMBARUK.

UNDER the reign of King Sues a dreadful famine threatened Denmark. The whole population wanted bread, neither could the King procure them any. A general meeting of the people was summoned to determine upon the best measure to be adopted in the present emergency. Some among the elders proposed to have all the aged and children of both sexes put to death, that the provisions they had left should serve for the subsistence of those robust young men, who, in those days of perpetual warfare, were most eligible to fight the battles of their country. Most cruel as the proposed remedy was, from urgent necessity the King objected not to take it into consideration.

A lady named M. Gambaruk shuddering at the very idea of seeing her country deluged in blood, harangued the assembly with noble spirit, representing how disgraceful it would be for the nation at large to have recourse to so barbarous a measure; urging at the same time that it were more natural and expedient to send part of the youths out of the country to go and settle somewhere else. The plan was agreed to, and it was decided by ballot who were to go. They settled first in Pannonia, from whence they proceeded to Italy, where they founded the kingdom of Lombardy.

J. BROCHMAND, BISHOP OF SELANDE.

Dr. J. BROCHMAND, Bishop of Selande, happened to be at a wedding where a number of persons of different conditions were also present. Whilst at dinner, the company, amongst other topics of conversation, expatiated on the irregularities of a refractory priest, when a young lady in a sarcastic tone exclaimed, "This will evince what our clergy is capable of!" Brochmand, although grieved at hearing so severe a reflection, did not think it worth his while to reply to such abuse; however, a moment after he recounted the history of a certain lady whose misconduct was notorious: "Nevertheless," added he, "it does not follow that all our ladies are debauched and impure."

ELEANOR CHRISTINA, OF DENMARK.

ELEANOR CHRISTINA, daughter to Christian IV. was only seven years of age

when she she was promised in marriage by her father to Corritz Uhlfeld, a Dane, of high birth, and one of the lords of the King's bedchamber. Five years after she was demanded in marriage by a Duke of Saxony, which alliance was more desirable. The King, accordingly, and several other persons, endeavoured to persuade the young Princess to accept of the offer; yet, notwithstanding the engagement had been contracted at so early a period of her life, she reckoned it so sacred that she would not consent to have it broken, and religiously fulfilled it as soon as she had attained her fifteenth year. She loved and honoured her husband so long as he lived. The couple were very happy together during the life of Christian IV. Uhlfeld enjoying great credit at court, his enemies dared not attack him, besides, he himself had abstained from giving vent to his natural irascibility and haughtiness. The King, however, was no sooner dead than Uhlfeld began to show his violent temper. His private and public enemies then united to ruin him; he wished to be revenged, when his blind resentment prompted him, with a view of destroying his enemies, to plot against the state. His attempt brought upon him all manner of trouble: successively an exile, a prisoner, and a fugitive, he wandered from country to country, till at last he died in great distress.

Eleanor, the daughter of a King, had been brought up in plenty; by remaining at home and suffering Uhlfeld to depart alone, she might have continued in possession of the same advantages, but she preferred her husband to any thing else, and wished to share in his fate. She followed him every where, and once, when he stood in a particular predicament, she dressed herself in man's clothes to be enabled to attend him. He was suspected, when in Sweden, of carrying on a treasonable correspondence. The King appointed a commission to examine him; Uhlfeld, under a pretence of illness, was dispensed attending, but his lady appeared before the court and advocated his cause so energetically, that he was declared innocent, and the King approved of the verdict.

This adherence to conjugal affection and duty, however, cost Eleanor very dear, since, even after the death of Uhlfeld, she

was imprisoned during three-and-twenty years; yet she never complained, but felt consolation in the reflection that she had honourably fulfilled her obligations.

Owing to the clemency of Christian V. this extraordinary woman did not end her days in the prison where she had been so long confined. The King had her set at liberty, gave her the castle of Mariboe for her life time, and allowed her a pension of 1500 rixdollars.

Eleanor was endowed by nature with uncommon abilities; she had successively applied herself to the cultivation of *belles-lettres*. Even after her marriage she learned Latin, Spanish, and Italian. These two last languages were taught her by her husband.

J. EGEDÉ, A MISSIONARY.

So late as in the year 1734, the small pox had never made its appearance in Greenland. A young native of the country was the first who brought the infection on his return from Copenhagen; he died soon after his arrival, and the disease extended through the whole settlement. The inhabitants, unacquainted with the nature of the distemper, knew not what remedy to apply, and had besides few means of relief during the severity of the winter; of course many of them died. Out of two hundred families that lived within two or three miles of the Danish colony, there were scarcely thirty left, several Danes also perished. Many of the natives upon discovering the first symptoms of the malady, would apply for assistance, and an asylum to a missionary, J. Egede by name, who, since his arrival in the island, had been very kind to them. The priest always received them with more than christian hospitality, lodging them in his own apartments which could contain a pretty large number. Many of them died in his house; and he would often get up in the night to remove the dead bodies in order to prevent the infection. Amongst those that expired in his arms was an old man who till then had proved insensible to the exhortations of Egede, and had only turned them into ridicule; but he now could not but be moved by his attention, and the excellence of the religion he recommended. Before breathing his

last he addressed him in the following words: "You have done for us what our own countrymen would hardly have done. You have assisted us, and have buried our dead to prevent their being devoured by the ravens and wild beasts. You have pointed out to us the road to happiness, and a blessed life of felicity after this."—What an eulogium!

SIVARD DIGRE.

SIVARD DIGRE, the valiant Earl of Northumberland, was of Danish extraction. He sent his son against the Scots. The youth behaved most gallantly, fought like a hero, but finally fell overpowered by numbers. The Earl soon received the sad tidings, when he inquired of the courier who brought the intelligence, "Where his son had received the mortal wound?"—He was answered, "In his breast."—"I rejoice at it," resumed the father, "both for his sake, and for mine."

FREDERIC THE GREAT, AND GENERAL BLUCHER.

BLUCHER commenced his military career during the reign of Frederic the Great: being suspended from active service, he asked permission to retire. The answer of the King was as follows—"Captain Blucher has permission to quit the service, and he may then go to the devil if he thinks proper." Blucher turned farmer; but he was named head bailli in the province where he resided. The death of Frederic took place fifteen years after Blucher had retired from the service. The successor to the monarch appointed him Major of the second squadron of the black hussar regiment, in which Blucher had formerly served: he soon obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and became full Colonel before the year was out. In 1789 he received the order of Merit.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

WHEN this illustrious monarch was harassed by the invasions of the Danes, he took refuge in the Isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, where he was reduced to the utmost extremity. A pilgrim finding him out, requested of him an alms. The

Queen told Alfred that they had only one loaf left, which was insufficient for themselves and those faithful adherents who were gone in quest of fish and other necessaries. "Give the poor man one half of the loaf," said the King, "he that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half of the loaf more than sufficient for our necessities."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. CAMPBELL.

This gentleman was Lieut.-Col. of the 52d regiment; he commanded the attack on Fort Montgomery, in North America, and fell there in the year 1777.

Several gentlemen were discussing the probable events that might aggrandize Great Britain; some looked forward to foreign conquests, others insisted we ought chiefly to depend upon commercial prosperity; "for my part," said Capt. Campbell, "so far as my acquaintance with ancient or modern history extends, I have invariably observed that *knowledge is power*: even in private life the maxim has few exceptions; and I will venture to predict,

that the influence of a free civil government, and a rational religion, will at no distant time bestow on our plebeians more practical and scientific information than belong to a majority of the *noblesse*, or any of the middling classes under despotic sway. Important discoveries and improvements in arts and sciences will lead to national emolument; and the amended moral character of the people will enable them to turn every facility to the best advantage."

The numerous and extensive institutions to afford the lower orders opportunity for instruction, hold out the probable fulfilment of Col. Campbell's prediction, and encouragement cannot fail to produce a supply of appropriate publications. Let us compare our countrymen in the tenth or twelfth century with those of the year 1816, and we cannot withhold our unqualified assent, that whatever tends to throw increased or more distinct light on the public mind, infallibly raises individual worth and individual ability; and the aggregate must, with equal effect, exalt the political energies of an empire.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

TITIAN.

OF all the Lombard school Titian claims the pre-eminence, and is allowed to be the best colourist of all the moderns: his histories, his landscapes, and his portraits are all peculiarly fine; and all challenge admiration, from their great and several merits.

Titian was born at Cadore, in Friuli, a province belonging to the Venetian states, in the year 1477, and was descended from the ancient family of the Vacelli. At ten years of age he was sent by his parents to one of his uncles at Venice, who, struck with his admirable genius for painting, placed him at the school of Giovanni Bellino, where Titian improved himself more by the emulation he felt to surpass his fellow student, Giorgione, than by the instructions of his master. He painted three several portraits of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who conferred on him the order

of knighthood, created him Count Palatine, made all his descendants gentlemen, and assigned to him a very considerable pension out of the chamber at Naples. He was gifted with so fine a constitution that he had never known an hour's illness until the year 1576, when the plague raging violently, Titian caught it, and fell a victim to its malignity in the ninety-ninth year of his age, a period of longevity to which few painters have ever attained. He had amongst other sons, one named Horatio, who promised, while he worked in concurrence with Paul Veronese and Tintoret, to become as famous as his father; but infatuated with chemistry, and led away by the hopes of finding the philosopher's stone, he threw aside his pencil, and involved in the smoke of his laboratory, in which vapour all his brilliant and golden prospects vanished, he died of the plague in the same year as his father.

MARIA TINTORETTO,

DAUGHTER to Giacomo Robusti, named Tintoretto from his being the son of a dyer, and who was also called the *Furious Tintoret*, from his bold manner of painting with strong lights and deep shades.

Maria, like her father, pursued the manner of Titian's colouring as the most natural, and studied Michael Angelo's gusto, as most correct; but she was most admirable for her exquisite skill in portraits: she had been well instructed by her father, not only in his own profession, but also in music; and was highly celebrated for her science and taste in both arts, which enabled her to acquire a handsome fortune. She married a German gentleman, and died in 1590, at the age of thirty, deeply lamented by her husband and her father. Before her marriage no advantages could ever induce her to quit her indulgent and beloved parent, though every offer of the most liberal kind was held out to her by Maximilian the Emperor, by Philip II. of Spain, and many other Princes, who invited her to their courts.

DOMINICHINO.

WHEN this celebrated painter was a young man, he evinced a heaviness which seldom accompanies extraordinary genius, and which gained him from his fellow students the nick-name of *The Ox*; but Annibal Carrachi, whose penetrating judgment soon perceived his extraordinary merit, used to tell them, "I can assure you this ox will plough his furrow so well, that one day or other he will richly fertilize the field of painting."

Held cheap by his companions, the natural diffidence and bashfulness of Dominichino increased. Louis Carrachi was one day about to adjudge the prize for painting, and with a trembling hand and timid air the modest Dominichino presented his drawing. The audience burst into laughter, but Carrachi, without hesitation, adjudged to him the prize.

Annibal Carrachi one day entered his room by stealth; he found him busily em-

ployed in painting, but his face was red as scarlet, and his whole figure bore the stamp of menace and ferocity, while his eyes darted all the fire of anger. He was then at work on his celebrated picture of St. Andrew's crucifixion, and was at that moment painting one of the executioners.

He was a competitor of Guido's, and this picture was painted after one of the same subject by that master; carried to its place of destination, it was placed by the side of that of Guido's, and an old woman and her son came to see it. "Do but observe, said she, pointing to the picture of Dominichino, "with what force of rage the executioners are lifting up their arms to flagellate St. Andrew! See with what fury one of them threatens him! See how with a degree of brutal force another strains himself to bind tighter his feet with cords! Then observe the firmness of mind with which the venerable old saint appears to suffer his tortures, and how the constancy of his faith manifests itself in his eyes, as he looks up to Heaven!"—The old woman burst into tears, and went away without even looking at the picture of Guido.

The *Communion of St. Jerome* is now, however, esteemed his master-piece, and which, through the interest of Nicolas Poussin, was copied in Mosaic, an honour Dominichino was very anxious to obtain. One of his friends remarking to him one day, that he took too much time and labour in finishing his pictures so highly, he replied, "You do not know, my good friend, how much I wish to satisfy one person who is extremely nice and difficult to please; that person is myself!"

Envy and intrigue heaped on this great painter so many vexations, that he, at length, instead of becoming indifferent to them, became gloomy and suspicious of every one; for in the latter part of his life he would taste no food that was prepared for him by others, not even in his own house, and in the bosom of his family.

THE TWO BROTHERS.—A TALE.

DON ALONZO, like many other young men, inhabitants of large cities, thought more of gratifying his passions, than of forming a union agreeable to the wish of his friends and to his own interest. Perhaps he might have consented to become a husband, as he was already a father, but jealousy, or rather his natural levity, would not allow him to enter the bonds of wedlock: nay, he left Leonora, the mother of his son, because he had suspected her of infidelity, although he had never been able to convince her of the offence. For a long time his parents, who dreaded the consequence of that intrigue, had remonstrated in vain against the connection: their intreaties and their menaces had been hitherto unavailing, but his suspicions, unjust as they were, operated most powerfully, and as he was naturally of a violent disposition, he had never condescended to listen to any justification, and had resisted every direct or indirect endeavour of the unfortunate Leonora to vindicate her character. Now his friends, who had viewed as an act of obedience a rupture that was only the result of caprice, had taken him into favour again, and soon procured him the hand of a rich heiress, whom he married. He became a father a second time before Leonora's child was above a twelvemonth old. This latter, sharing in his mother's disgrace, had been forsaken the same as Leonora; who, actuated either by noble pride or resentment, had determined to forget her ungrateful seducer, and had retired to a distant part of the country, without even informing him of the spot where she was going to conceal her disgrace and her sorrows. She, of course, had taken her son with her. As she had no rank to assign to him in society, she thought he would become acquainted with it soon enough, and that it might rather prove inimical to his happiness to offer him an opportunity of witnessing scenes of luxury and magnificence of which he could not expect to be a partaker. Meanwhile, she took upon herself alone the charge of educating her boy.

Alonzo had also provided for the education of his second son, whom he considered as his only child, but, extraordinary as it may appear, he had not seen him since the

day on which the child was born, for he was immediately surrendered to a wet-nurse, who carried the infant home with her; and from hence he was left at the disposal of a wealthy relative, who engaged upon those terms, to appoint him heir to all his estates and property. This uncle, whose name was Don Bernardo de Leyva, lived in a country seat far distant from Madrid. This gentleman, having met with many disappointments in the world, had determined to spend the remainder of his days in retirement. He had met, which is no very uncommon thing, with false friends and unfaithful mistresses; instead of cutting the former, and despising the latter, he thought it more advisable to give up the field, but never would he forgive them. In order to be avenged of the human race, he resolved to be a misanthrope, as if it was sufficient to say, "let us hate mankind, in order to become a man hater!" This poor Don Bernardo was by no means endowed with the energy requisite for the part he intended to perform, yet he exerted his utmost abilities not to appear deficient. Although he wished to forget the world, he nevertheless was pleased when he could fall in with any one that brought back to his recollection that same world from which he had withdrawn himself. He had even had some idea of marrying, but upon second thoughts the deed appeared to him contradictory to his former plan, and he continued single from a principle of logic. Notwithstanding the hatred he vowed to the whole race of men, he was nevertheless sensible that at some future period he must want to be partial to one exclusively. His hatred was the result of his principles; his lurking affection was a natural appetite: Don Bernardo, in every other respect, was a man of distinguished merit. In spite of all his oddities he possessed eminent virtues, great learning and genius; he might have made himself as agreeable a companion as he was generally esteemed by all who knew him, but he would have blushed at being thought a spark or a wit.

Don Bernardo accordingly imagined not it would be deviating from his semi-misanthropic plan, to demand of Alonzo his son, whom he proposed to bring up agreeable

to his own principles: and Alonzo, on the other hand was well aware that his uncle was duly qualified to do justice to his charge, he therefore easily granted the request; besides, the good gentleman, as we have already mentioned, was possessed of a large fortune, which circumstance alone was sufficient to remove many little scruples. Be it as it may, the son of Alonzo, yet an infant, was sent to Don Bernardo, who at first sight of him judged that although he himself must unavoidably be a hater of mankind, yet that child might turn out to be a most lovely amiable creature. The occurrence demanded of him now to see a little company, but to ease his misanthropic conscience, he would endeavour to persuade himself, that he acted only for the sake of his pupil.

Chance would have it that the asylum which the forlorn Leonora had sought with her son, was in the neighbourhood of Don Bernardo's retreat. It would so happen, likewise, that the two boys would occasionally meet; and whether Don Bernardo thought he was not acting inconsistently, or whether nature spoke to him in behalf of the child—whether again he imagined his pupil wanted a companion, he begged of the mother to suffer the two children to be constant play-fellows. Whilst engaged in the pursuit of the same studies and amusements, the two boys insensibly became very intimate, so much so that they would no longer be parted; in short, they could not have been more affectionately attached to each other, if they had known how nearly they were related.

Don Bernardo's pupil was called Ferdinand, and his friend Maurice: the former was going on fifteen, and the latter just sixteen years old. Ferdinand was possessed of uncommon abilities, and of great accomplishments; his well cultivated mind, affable manners, and delicate feelings, alone would have made him a most interesting object. Ever disposed to shew attention to Maurice, he was ever eager to anticipate his wishes. It seemed as if nature had enlightened his mind; as if he had been informed that he enjoyed a fortune which Maurice was entitled by nature to partake of, and that he strove to atone for the injustice of his father. On the other hand, Maurice was truly deserving of those marks of friendship, which he repaid with un-

limited attention and disinterestedness. Meanwhile, Don Bernardo, though ever so exasperated against mankind, had not been able to withstand the temptation of occasionally conversing with Leonora: by degrees he inquired into her circumstances, and having gained her confidence, she candidly related to him her sad history, at the recital of which he felt great emotion; however, as Alonzo had got a wife, he deemed Leonora's sorrows to be irremediable.

Whether owing to the indiscretion of the parties, or on account of voluntary confidence, the two brothers became acquainted with their real situation. Maurice appeared almost ashamed of being brother to Ferdinand, whilst, on the reverse, Ferdinand seemed quite proud of having such a brother as Maurice. Their mutual affection did not increase, neither could it, but they would find themselves much happier. Don Bernardo ceased not to lament the hard fate of Leonora, but as he knew no means of having her situation improved, he took particular care to forbid Ferdinand ever mentioning the discovery he had made. Thus did a whole year elapse in fruitless bewailings on one side, and the affection of the two brothers daily increasing on the other. One morning it occurred that Ferdinand on a sudden started a plan at once equally singular and interesting, which, however, could only be the result of extreme sensibility of heart and premature reason. He wished to indemnify Maurice for the injustice of fate, and the severity of the laws. He alone had formed the plan, he alone was to carry it into execution; he solicited no one's interference, he only requested being allowed to return to his father's home, and to Don Bernardo accordingly he applied. "My kind benefactor," for so he always called him, "the day is come when you have it in your power," said he, "to make me completely happy. Maurice has found his brother, but something more still remains to be done for him; suffer me to restore a father to him also." He then entered into an explanation of his plan, at which Don Bernardo was so struck with surprise and tender feelings, that if at that moment the whole human race had sued for his forgiveness, he would have granted it without restriction. It may easily be supposed that

he readily condescended to Ferdinand's desires. The young man, who was aware how requisite for his success were invincible discretion and secrecy, availed himself of the interest he had inspired to prevail on Don Bernardo to bind himself by an oath to be silent on the subject.

The resolution which Ferdinand had just been framing, was not one of those starts of imitative and transient generosity which children are susceptible of when they throw aside a toy, to the possession or privation of which they are equally indifferent; his project was the result of sound reasoning, the offspring of a feeling, affectionate heart. The greatest difficulty he had to encounter was in obtaining the consent of Maurice, who thought, that by claiming the place which nature had allotted him, he would become guilty of usurpation. Ferdinand, however, argued with such warmth and eloquence to prove that on his success depended his entire felicity, and even his existence, that Maurice, alarmed, agreed to the whole, promised passive resignation, and shewed such submission that he seemed to act for the advantage of his friend alone; so that he might have been said to appear interested through disinterestedness, so eager he seemed to second the views of his brother.

All necessary arrangements being made, the two brothers took their leave of Don Bernardo, set out for the metropolis, and, on the third day, introduced themselves to their father. It is now time to state that Alonzo, from what he had heard of Ferdinand, and from the young man's correspondence, had conceived for him inexpressible affection. He had never sent for him home for fear of disobliging Don Bernardo, neither had he gone to see the youth, because his wonted occupations and business required his presence in Madrid.

"Father," said Ferdinand, accosting him, "a similar title and interest has brought us here before you. Notwithstanding I presume to be spokesman, it is not that I have any particular motive to address you: friendship and a sacred oath have rendered our destiny common and inseparable. One of us is Ferdinand, and we are both your children. One of us you have entirely forsaken, the other, who is dear to you, you have overwhelmed with

benefits. One of us, as I told you before is Ferdinand; but he will never make himself known, neither will you ever be able to find him out, whatever steps you may take, whatever schemes you may contrive. It rests with you now to consider whether, by selecting one of us, you wish to run the risk of discarding the son who is so dear to you, and for whom you have hitherto done so much."

I leave my reader to judge of Alonzo's amazement upon hearing this discourse. For a moment he would stare and listen without being able to see or to hear any thing. With a scrutinizing eye he viewed them both alternately; but in vain; he could not unravel the mystery, neither did he know what to reply. However, after having welcomed them both, he left them to write to Don Bernardo, who, bound by his oath and by his affection for Ferdinand, wrote in answer to Alonzo that he was an accomplice in the plot, and that it was not natural he should inform against himself.

This answer, as it may be seen, was not well calculated to clear the doubts of Alonzo, who besides, subsequently to mature reflection, no longer needed being better informed to fix upon a determination on the subject. Moved to admiration by such an instance of generosity, he thought that Ferdinand, whichever of the two he might be, deserved mercy being shewn to his brother, and he accordingly adopted them both.

Meanwhile, although he was by no means inclined to alter this last resolution, he could not help, every now and then, wishing he could know Ferdinand. At every moment he would therefore put each of the youths to a new trial, but the ingenuous affection of Ferdinand made him foresee every impending danger, and ward off the blow. To every attempt of Alonzo he would oppose such innocent stratagems as his friendly imagination could suggest. Maurice, on the other hand, was possessed of the same virtues and endowed with the same accomplishments; besides, when the opportunity did not offer for him to do a thing, Ferdinand would do it in his stead. At length they both shared equally in Alonzo's affection: Ferdinand apprehended less that his brother should be sent

away; but he feared that if his father should happen to find him out, he might shew him greater partiality, and that such a preference would render Maurice miserable; he therefore was constantly on the alert to prevent his father discovering the real truth.

Maurice also was of so sweet a disposition and engaging manners that Alonzo himself at last ceased being anxious to penetrate into the secret. He determined to share equally between them his affections and his fortune, in the full persuasion that after his demise his property should be divided pursuant to equity, without the interference of the law. It was now become difficult to decide which of the three parties was the happiest. But what have I been saying? One of them could not feel completely happy. Maurice could not forget that his mother lived in a state of ignominious dereliction, which idea would assail him in his happiest moments. In vain would he stifle his sighs, and suppress all manner of complaint: Ferdinand and Maurice needed not have recourse to the organ of speech to understand one another. Ferdinand grieved so much the more at Maurice's affliction, that he had no real substantial consolation to offer him. It was not with respect to Leonora's pecuniary circumstances that they felt for her, because Alonzo, ever since he had adopted Maurice without knowing him, had most liberally provided for his mother, with whose residence he had been made acquainted. But, alas! in deep affliction gold is no comfort.

What was Don Bernardo doing all this while? In his melancholy fits he would sit moralizing as he thought. He could find in every new publication that he perused nothing but impertinence or nonsense. He felt vexed at Ferdinand having left him, and would ascribe to his hatred for the human species the ill humour which the absence of his young favourite created. Whenever he wrote to Alonzo he failed not pitying him, and lamenting his hard case, as being compelled to live with a set of fools and of knaves.

Alonzo's peace, however, was not to be disturbed by such idle misrepresentations, but an unforeseen accident interrupted his happiness of mind. He lost his wife,

whom he held at least in great esteem and respect, although, on account of her bad health, she had been obliged to live absent from him for a number of years. This event damped for a while the cheerfulness of the whole family.

After Ferdinand had paid that tribute of tears which he owed to nature, after the two brothers had wiped off the tears of Alonzo, this latter having no other duty to discharge, thought only of enjoying the happiness of being a father. He continued to hold sacred the mysterious veil that enveloped his two sons: he would have been afraid of removing that veil, to which he was indebted for additional felicity; in short, he delighted in his two children, who bore the same name, remaining indistinct before his eyes, as they were in his parental affection.

Meanwhile Ferdinand had experienced too much chagrin, not to stand in need of consolation from some act of friendship and beneficence. His active sensibility always kept him on the watch for an opportunity to render himself serviceable. He called upon Maurice one day, and after having intimated a new project, insisted on his following him, that it might instantly be brought to an issue. Maurice, with tears of joy and tenderness in his eyes, threw himself into his brother's arms, and attended to his summons.

They both entered Alonzo's apartment, and without uttering a syllable fell on their knees before him. "What are my dear children about," said Alonzo; "what do you demand of me? speak it out."—"Most beloved father!" exclaimed Ferdinand, "one of us was an orphan, a wretched outcast, and you have deigned to cast an eye of mercy and of kindness upon him; your arms have been open to receive him; you have loaded him with benefits; you have restored a father to him; in short you have done for him whatever it has been in your power to do: he wished for nothing more, because, that which he might have asked for, you were incapacitated to grant. But now that a gleam of hope dawns before his eyes, he must be miserable if his request be rejected."—"Miserable!" interrupted Alonzo; "what, then, does he stand in need of?"—"What, then, does he stand in need of?" cried the two brothers,

in a tone that would have melted the heart of a barbarian; "he wants his mother."—"How?" said Alonzo, confused.—"Yes, an unfortunate woman, whom you have loved, and who loves you still."—Upon hearing these words Alonzo fell back in a chair, hid his face in his hands, and leaning on a table, continued for a time mute and dejected. At last, however, recovering his spirits, and leaning towards them, he said, "I forgive you, from my heart, my dear boys, but you are not aware that what you have been asking me for it is impossible for me to comply with. May you even never be informed of the real motive of my refusal."—"Impossible!" resumed Ferdinand; "can it be impossible for you to shew yourself a father in every respect? No; you calumniate your own feelings, your natural disposition, your justice!"—Alonzo, then, taking each of them by the hand, resumed—"Well, since you force me to it, I must grieve you both; I shall break your hearts; but you charge me, and it is but right that I should justify myself. What you consider to be an act of cruel dereliction, is only an act of justice; and what appears to you a misfortune deserving of pity, is only a well merited punishment; that mother whom you both claim has voluntarily closed my heart against herself; she has betrayed my affection, and I am bound in honour to seek revenge."—"Hold, Sir," interrupted Ferdinand, with a noble spirit, "here is my reply;" at the same time he drew from his pocket some papers which bore testimony to the innocence of Leonora.

At this unexpected event (for Ferdinand had not apprized Maurice of his having procured those documents), Alonzo was

struck silent, and perused the writings that were presented to him. He stood convinced, acknowledged his error and injustice, and with tears in his eyes pressed both his sons to his breast. "O my children!" exclaimed he, "let that mother, let that victim come forth! I am ready to make her amends if she is so condescending as to forgive me. But what do I say? To make her amends! Shall I ever have it in my power to repair——?"—"Undoubtedly," cried the two brothers, in a transport of joy. They then flew into his arms, covering him with mingled embraces and tears of gratitude, when he agreed to marry Leonora.

Thus it was that Ferdinand, actuated by interesting sensibility, became the brother of Maurice, to whom he restored a father, and procured a husband to Leonora. That his satisfaction might be complete, he solicited leave to go and fetch her himself, and to bring her to the arms of a husband whom she no longer expected to possess, a favour which Alonzo most readily granted. He was not gone long, but soon returned with Leonora, whose marriage diffused equal satisfaction among the whole family. Don Bernardo was also pleased when he heard of the news, and undertook the journey to wish joy to the new married couple. He had no sooner spent one month with them than he wished to spend another. He could not but feel a partiality for his relatives, next for the connections of his relatives, next for their friends and acquaintances, and next again for some few individuals more, so that at last he resumed his former character of a good natured man, which was far preferable to the sham grimace of misanthropy.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN TO AN ENGLISH LADY
RESIDING IN PARIS.

MY LADY,

HAD you been born in Paris your education would have prevented your exposing yourself continually on account of those ridiculous manners you have brought over from England. I regret your being laughed at, which indeed is disgraceful; and if I presume to put you on your guard for the

future, rest assured that I am actuated only by my sincere regard and anxious desire to screen you from farther humiliation. Will you forgive my bold attempt? As an English lady you probably may, but I aim at making a French woman of you. You, having married one of our countrymen is not sufficient to make you so, you

must imbibe our principles. If you were better acquainted with the amiable people that have adopted you, you would be aware that they will overlook vices, but not strange unfashionable manners: yet give me leave to observe, that you behave most unfashionably at home, in company, and in all places of public resort.

At home, although you have been a wife for six long months, you still love your husband! Why, your milliner may shew a similar partiality to her spouse, but then think that you are a Lady. Do you propose retaining that air of reserve so unbecoming in the marriage state, and which *candidates* alone are allowed to display? whenever a gentleman praises your beauty you will blush: our ladies never blush but when they put on their rouge.

Wherefore do you neglect your dress when your husband is absent, and take such pains to adorn your person when he returns? I thought you were still in the bloom of youth, and yet you would wish to appear as if you belonged to former ages. Only turn over the pages of a modern code of dresses; there you will read that a lady must dress to please her lover, to be admired by the public, or to please herself.

Were I in the least inclined to ruin your character I need only mention how you spend your mornings. You are up by eight o'clock! that might do if you were returning from a masquerade. What are you engaged in then? In conversing with your cook, housekeeper, and steward. Let me tell you that although on your cards it is said, *Lady —, at home*, it is only the province of Lord —, to look over the bills. Next to that you will either write to some of your respectable friends abroad, ponder over moral essays, or a volume of history, instead of perusing one of those ludicrous pamphlets which our gay French authors are constantly publishing. Oh! if such things were known, how people would laugh and shrug their shoulders!

You recollect at last that you must attend to your toilette; but how thoughtless, how unmindful are you of its importance, of the duties which it imposes! Although you are only nineteen years of age you have not one single male attendant! there are only seen two females whom you never scold nor chide. The first head-dress they

offer you is exactly that you approve of; nay, the very gown that you call for is that which you actually put on. Your women are surprised at bestowing more time upon decking themselves than in dressing their mistress. I must tell you candidly, that they entertain doubts respecting your birth; but what is hardly credible, one of them was recommended by your husband!

Again, at dinner time, you come down into the drawing-room before the bell has done ringing: can you not find a ribband to place, so that the company may have to wait for you? Then how do all present stare when they hear the butler say, "My Lord, the dinner is on table;" and I know that it is pursuant to your commands that the man will do so, for in every other well-regulated family those words are addressed to the lady. No sooner is every one seated than you say *grace!* upon which your guests imagine they dine at the rector's of the parish, who perhaps would omit to return *thanks*, which you do not.

Immediately after dinner you wish to introduce some interesting topic of conversation; you forget that you are in Paris. Cards are soon called for, you consent to play with the rest, but then you are seen to yawn although the game was *Cassino!* a game that was played at court. By-the-by, I have heard that it had been in fashion for three days when you inquired what it was. I blushed for you, as on the very same day a counsellor's wife asked the same question.

As a kind of an interlude one day the ladies produced their work-bags: what did you pull out of yours? A cravat that you were embroidering for your husband! Shall it be in vain that France has invented paper figures being cut out to distinguish noble from plebeian hands?

What a nice opportunity then offered for you to improve your appearance? those diamonds that you found at the bottom of your bag, of what a beautiful water! how far superior to those you already possessed! That was a trick your husband had been playing you; but how was it received! You admired his generosity, and more sensible of his attention to you than of the beauty of the jewels, you returned them to him, and insisted on the money they

might cost being paid to a tradesman to whom he did the honour of owing an immense sum. Are you so far ignorant as not to know that the vulgar alone are uneasy about their debts, which announce and confirm high rank? It is a hundred pistoles to a liard, that he who owes a million is a greater man than he whose debts exceed not half the money.

Every friend of yours must be hurt upon going to your house to see your servants sitting at work in your anti-chamber whilst waiting to be called, and who think that they belong to my Lord as well as my Lady; who behave respectfully towards a man though he is come on foot or steps out of a hackney coach; who are three inches short of the required standard. Such fellows are only fit for the plough, or to serve a merchant at best. No wonder if your Lord's domestics are always making game of them; however, would to Heaven you only made yourself ridiculous within the precincts of your own home!

When you go abroad you make your appearance in your natural complexion; so does the porter's wife who has answered your footman's thundering rap: you must cross over the channel again if you wish to show yourself such as you really are. If there be half a dozen ladies in a room you only salute one! Why so? Because you are intimate with that one only; but you know the rest since you have met with them once before, is not that enough to make you theirs for ever? Then you will take your seat without taking a peep in a pier glass, and calling aloud that you look a fright; no one beside yourself would be guilty of such an omission: renounce that Gothic maxim, that people ought never to speak of themselves.

So long as trifling subjects alone are introduced, you remain mute; and the other day no sooner had an old General began talking of a recent military achievement than you went on with a lecture on politics and administration. Well! shall I tell you what was the consequence? The moment you was gone it was unanimously said, that you should be sent out on an embassy. You will think and reflect in a country where to talk is the main point, the chief object.

No later than yesterday I heard one of

our first rate financier's wife ridiculing your simplicity. You had supped at her house on the preceding evening; a dish of vegetables was on the table that had cost two hundred francs, which you imagined was the price of the dish instead of its contents. She laughed heartily when she inquired in what stage you had come to town, and whether you wished her to send you her silversmith.

What a droll figure you cut lately at a certain Countess's! It was proposed to go to the Bois de Boulogne, and you asked your Lord if he would join the party. He knew too much of the world not to beg to be excused: this refusal of his should have proved an additional motive for you to go, but quite the reverse, you determined not to accompany the rest. What was most singular, you thought by so doing of making yourself agreeable to your husband, which seems to be your every purpose.—Now, betwixt ourselves, are you not another Pamela, who owe your exaltation to some unexpected turn of fortune? In general husbands of a certain class must repent at least once every day of being married; whereas yours only complains of being loved rather too affectionately. His friends apprehend you will spoil him: he begins to be tired of that Opera dancer who preferred him to all his rivals because he had a more heavy purse. Although he will not own it, we know that you and he took a solitary ride not a week since. For God's sake, Madam, do not expose him as you do your dear sweet self.

You seldom go to any of our public walks on fashionable days, and sometimes you may be seen there in the morning, as if you merely walked out for the benefit of the air.—I shall drop the subject, and introduce a few hints which may be of essential service if properly attended to.

Those graces for which a fair lady is indebted to nature are not worth those which art can procure, and which are manifold. There are graces in the mode of dressing; graces which are, as it were, incorporated with a person; graces in the mode of expressing one's self; as, for instance, when a thing is really good, the common expression is limited to that epithet—*exquisite! divine!* should be used. You are never, mind me, to be tired, but

annihilated! gone beyond recovery! Whenever the wind discomposes your head-dress you must not be merely vexed, but *exasperated, in a rage.*

There are graces characteristic, or rather expressive of whim and caprice; in the mode of complaining of those ills you feel and of those you are a stranger to. Whenever you happen to be in the family way, I hope you will not, in imitation of a certain Countess whom you lavish such high encomiums upon, walk about both at home and abroad. True, indeed, that pitiful conduct has proved rather beneficial to her, since she has brought forth six children who are all brave and hearty: however, the mother is generally laughed at, and the gentlemen of the faculty unanimously blame her. Would you wish to be reckoned genteel, you must, from the very symptom, keep unceasingly complaining on your sofa. Until such a circumstance shall take place remember, I beg, that notwithstanding you might be allowed to let a whole day pass without your complaining of the headache, you nevertheless cannot dispense being *tortured* with the *vapours*: none but the mobility should enjoy a perfect state of health.

If you wish to appear graceful even in a fright, you must never behave again as you did the other day. Upon one of your chambermaids whispering something in your ear, you left the drawing-room ab-

solutely; we all thought that your favourite little monkey had broke his leg, we all lamented the disaster, and sympathized in your grief: when lo! it was only your coachman whose arm was dislocated in a fall from the hay-loft. What business had he to go there? Has he no menials under his command?

It is very becoming you should be frightened at the sight of some particular animal or insect, be it either a mouse, a spider, or even a fly. A clap of thunder should throw you into fits, so as to prevent your wrapping yourself up between the curtains as a friend of yours from the country did once; yet I was told that during a late thunder storm you stood all the while conversing with your gardener.

I might say a great deal more, only I grow weary of lecturing, and must warn you that the best objection you can make, is to oppose none. Will you not *confess* that France serves as a model to all other countries? Though you were to question it, the whole nation in a body would tell you so. Who can know us better than we know ourselves? But have we not the suffrage of all foreign people whom we enrich with our fashions, our cooks, our dancing-masters, our hair-dressers, milliners, and a long list of *et ceteras*? They all come to be taught polite behaviour by us. Do we visit them? Remain convinced, and amend.

THE LISTENER.

ACQUAINTANCES.

"TELL me your company, and I will tell you who you are," says the proverb; it is a just one, though I know not whether it can correctly be applied to my correspondent, since he declares himself ignorant of the characters and pursuits of many of his acquaintance, and even of those friends in the different countries he has travelled through, and of whose existence, strictly speaking, he was entirely ignorant.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—The patience with which you listen to the singularities and interesting

details attached to the adventures of mankind, induces me to lay the following account before you of the various acquaintance it has been my lot to form through life.

I cannot exactly tell in what year it was when, being at Rome, and coming home very late one evening, I was attacked by robbers, who would most assuredly have finished me by a stiletto, if one Signor Thomas had not defended me, at the hazard of his own life, and took me into his house. After this piece of service it will not be found wonderful, that I vowed eternal friendship towards him; but, unfortunately, I was then unacquainted with

the Italian language, and I quitted my deliverer, fully persuaded that Thomasi was his family name, while it happened only to be his baptismal one: what was the result? The next morning, when I inquired for the dwelling of Signor Thomasi, which, in my embarrassed state, I had quite forgot, every one laughed in my face, and I was compelled to quit Rome, without testifying to him my gratitude.

At Rotterdam, owing to a very thick fog, I fell into the canal; a brave Dutchman, who witnessed the accident, suspecting I knew not how to swim, threw off his coat and wig in the twinkling of an eye, keeping, however, his pipe in his mouth, plunged into the water, and brought me safe to land. I overwhelmed him with thanks and protestations, when the good man, turning gravely about, made a sign with his hand, and taking his pipe from his mouth said, "My house is the most conspicuous in this street; come and see me: I am your very humble servant."—I felt myself too much his debtor to defer my visit, and I hastened to his dwelling the moment I had shifted my clothes; I sought for the house which was most conspicuous, but the houses were all of brick, and all alike; I applied myself to a fat man, dressed in a brown coat and black velvet small clothes, if he could help me to find it out: it was impossible.

At Paris, where every one is so polite, in Russia, where every one is hospitable, it may be easily imagined I found numerous friends; but no where have I formed more agreeable or more sudden connexions than when in London.

My character is naturally frank and open; and this procures me the friendship of all classes. If I take a walk in the Green Park I am surrounded by children, because I give them balls, tops, or cakes, for I have not a greater pleasure in the world than to see these little beings happy. At the theatre I see gentlemen, apparently of the first class, who in loud whispers admire the fineness of my linen, and the elegant cut of my clothes, and, in particular, the lustre of the brilliant I wear on my finger; they turn to me, and make their remarks on the play, a conversation commences, and after that we become imperceptibly acquainted.

Yesterday one of these men of fashion recognized me, as we came out together of the St. James's Coffee-house. "Well, my dear Sir, where are you going to bestow yourself this evening? Are you going to criticise the new opera, or do you make one amongst the scientific at the lectures on —? or, pardon me, perhaps you are engaged at the Faro table of some female of quality!"—"No, indeed, I am merely going to take my soup and a steak at Stevenson's, from whence I shall go home to dress, in order to finish my evening at a charming party."—"Oh! do introduce me!"—"I introduce you, Sir?"—"Why do you object to it?"—"Why, Sir, I have not the honour of being acquainted with you."—"What signifies that? Surely one man of fashion may introduce another."—"As you please, Sir."

We arrived at Hanover-square: the room was already pretty well filled, but I soon found out the Honourable Mrs. R——, to whom I introduced my new acquaintance; in a few minutes after we took our places at different card-tables, and both of us lost our money to our fair adversaries with great spirit and gallantry. We found every man a man of sense, and every female graceful and beautiful; in return to our compliments there was but one opinion formed of us, that we were two charming young men, of the first fashion, and of the most elegant manners. Mrs. R—— joined her suffrages to those of the company; at the same time she came close to me, and whispered, "What is the name of your friend?"—"His name? he is, I assure you, a man of fashion and fortune, and of very good family."—"But what is his name?"—"Edmonds."

All went on very well so far, at least I thought so, but Mrs. R—— is very cunning, and my awkward and embarrassed manner engendered suspicions which she wished to clear up. She stole out of the room unperceived, and a few minutes after a servant came in to say Mr. Edmonds was inquired for. No one paid any attention to this, and the footman repeated what he had said before; but no answer from the pretended Edmonds. I endeavoured to make signs to him, but Mrs. R—— kept watching me, and I was obliged to go up to him myself, and tell him we were want-

ed. The suspicions of Mrs. R— now seemed verified, and as she bade us good night, she said to me, in a voice which I alone could distinguish, "You know not your *particular friend*, I am certain; it was not very correct in you to play me such a trick: in the mean time, as he seems a very pleasant man, and accustomed to the first company, I should be sorry to forbid him my house. Inform yourself who he really is, what is his true situation in life, and if he is, indeed, a young man of family, I shall be very glad to see him with you again."

I lost no time in gaining this requisite information, and had the satisfaction to find that he was a man who ranked high in polite society, but, nevertheless, extremely thoughtless and inconsiderate. The latter defects were little regarded; had he been deficient in the former qualifications I could never have shewn my face again amongst those whom I am continually accustomed to meet in the elegant circles of my honourable female friend.

HYPOLITIS.

THE VISION OF NORAH.

PASSING over Westminster Bridge, a Malay sailor seated in one of the niches attracted my attention; his mien was remarkable, his face and large dark eye characteristic of his country, but its expression possessed an interest of uncommon tenderness; a tear floated round the luminous orb, it did not overflow; a deep sigh stopped its further progress. "Are you in want," inquired I, "or are you ill?"—"Both, both," said he, in imperfect English; "I have lost my passage, my comrades are all, all gone away home, and I here."—His voice became inaudible, the dew of sorrow overflowed their mounds, his tears dropped copiously.

When they subsided (but not his sorrow) I inquired if he had a wife or children? "Yes! yes!" said he, in a piercing tone. I wish now some of our first actors had heard him pronounce this monosyllable, I did not then think of them, nor of any being upon earth but the Malay sailor. I gave him one shilling and sixpence, it being the entire contents of my purse, and I had not ten shillings in this world I could call my own until the time of pension payment; that distant, and the sum small; yet I walked with a light step, and an erect face (I am past forty, and not of a sylphied form); wondered why I felt so pleased, almost happy; and in the luxury of my imagination forgot the stings of ingratitude, the injustice of the—, and of the—, the meanness of the little, the arrogance of the powerful, and the inflated folly of pride and fastidiousness.

Julia, who accompanied me, reminded me that I had forgotten to give my address to the Malay. "True," said I, "go back; bid him call the day after to-morrow." She flew, and I began to ruminate how I best could serve this stranger.

"I suppose," said Julia, on joining me, "you will recommend him to Lord F—, or Sir J. V—, or the Messrs. X—."—"They are employed," said I, "his Lordship calculating on his chance of a minor situation in the new A—. Sir J. V— in generalizing his ideas in the stable, and trying the extent of his limited memory on a table of genealogical consanguinity."—"Really," said Julia, "I did not think that a favourite study with the Baronet; was not his father an ostler and his mother a cook-maid?"—"Therefore curious in the breed of horses," said I, "for the witty reason which Anthony Pasquin pleasantly and pointedly gave of the Spanish grandee."

"Ah! my dear Madam," said Julia, "if but this once you could have patience with those vain girls and the Lord and Baronet, something might be done for the sailor and the wretched widow who is languishing since the death of her excellent son. It is impossible to make fools wise, and pray let me try to get a trifle of the large sums they spend for those children of affliction."—"No flattery, Julia," said I; "rely on it, like prosperity, it has a greater tendency to harden than soften the heart." Ruminating on the strange vagaries of fortune, fate, chance (that puzzling word),

choice, and necessity, I fell fast asleep. I found myself in an immense plain, where numerous beings like myself wandered in a pleasing tranquil manner. No croud, no jostling, all seemed in perfect good humour with each other, and a harmony the most delightful seemed to pervade each breast. A man of superior appearance attracted universal attention; he bowed to each as they passed, and a sentiment of affectionate regard animated them as they returned his greeting. He turned into an alley shaded with high myrtle-trees mixed with arbutus, larch, &c. entwining the venerable oak, the hardy first-born of early creation. The shade as well as curiosity invited me to follow, for the sun was in its midday intemperance. What a prospect burst on my vision, wood, lawn, groves, gardens, and palaces of so divine an architecture, that I beheld realized the treasure of the most distinguished ages of antiquity; statues, colonnades, vases, triumphal arches, &c.

"Where am I?" I made this inquiry several times, "have I burst the portals of eternity, and shall my immortality be great as at present?"—"No," said the distinguished figure I had followed, "you must return!"—"Is this Athens?" I inquired, then pointing to an elevated building, "is that the Areopagus?"—"No," answered the figure with calm dignity, "this is ancient Rome, we its citizens, and that is the capitol."—"You are the conqueror Cæsar," said I.—He answered me in a sharp tone, his look conveyed an expression of compassion, not unmingled with contempt: "I am Cæsar's conqueror, I am Brutus."—"Brutus!" I exclaimed in trepidation, "save me from your presence (I put my hand before my eyes), I fear you, hate you: your exalted virtue, if virtue it be, is horrible to dwell on for one moment."—A smile of ineffable disdain passed over his features. "Why are you thus disordered?" he calmly inquired.—"Because I have a friend and son."—"I hope they are virtuous," said he.—"Yes, yes, in an eminent

degree; but if they ceased to be so, I should not imbrue my hands in the blood of my friend, or sentence my sons to death; let me perish ere such monstrous acts harbour in my breast."—"You are but a foolish woman; no patriot!" and with a contempt that shrunk me into insignificance he departed.

Theocrates and Virgil advanced: they by their sweet converse re-assured me; talked of Vaga, and led me into a temple which they told me was that of Fame. Nothing was gorgeous here, yet all was great; majesty and simplicity united to form a sublime, pure as the great names inscribed over each niche which held their statues. Two of superior elegance were unoccupied. "Those spaces are reserved for your friends," said Gesner, applying Theocrates's pipe to his lips, whose tones vibrated in notes of the fullest joy on my heart, "here are many great and good impatient to welcome to those blissful regions your highly distinguished friends, whose names are here inscribed," still pointing to the spaces before noticed. I turned to admire the decoration, and saw inscribed on one of the bases, "Vaga," to which Taste and Genius had given the last touch. The Stageryte had just finished inscribing the other with the name of M——y on the pedestal, and added a note of admiration.

"Sure," I exclaimed, "you do not purpose to recal them, for this seems their natal clime. Oh! spare them yet to an age that wants edification, even for a few years."—"I cannot loose them, they are dear to my soul, their example is necessary to advance virtue, to teach endurance that secret of philosophy, patience triumphing over affliction. The uncommon endowments of M——y give him a mastery over circumstances: and Vaga, yes Vaga, with one touch of all-conquering nature, shall melt a chain of inferences which power could not burst asunder." I threw myself with violence at the foot of Vaga's pedestal, the shock was so powerful that I awoke.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE.

THIS abbey is situated in the diocese of Suz, in a valley of considerable extent, on the borders of Perche and Normandy. It is surrounded by woods, &c. which render it almost inaccessible: the access to it is difficult without a guide. After descending a mountain we pass over a wild heath; we then arrive at a circuitous hollow way, where suddenly we discover the abbey in all its majestic austerity. The first court we enter is separated from that of the monks. Above the door is the statue of St. Bernard; the second court is planted with fruit trees, by the inside of which are a poultry yard, granaries, cells, stables, a brew-house, a baking-house, and other buildings necessary for a convent. At a short distance is a mill, the water of which takes its rise in the neighbouring lakes.

"The Abbey of the House of God," or "Our Lady of La Trappe," (for these were its original names), was founded by Rotrew, the second Count of Perche, in the year 1140, and was famed during several centuries for the austerity and irreproachable morals of its priors and monks. Some irregularities had, however, crept within its walls during the ancient civil wars, but good order was again restored on the celebrated Abbé de Rancé becoming their Prior, in 1664. He immediately began to regulate this establishment on the model of the order of St. Benoit, in its greatest purity. Among all the reforms there is not one so austere as that of La Trappe. The number of the monks was very considerable; in 1765 they consisted of sixty-nine for the choir, fifty-six styled converts, and nine called *donnés*. An eternal silence is the first principle of this establishment, and the basis of its statutes: it was so important in the eyes of its founder that he used to say, breaking silence or uttering blasphemy was the same crime to them. The language of La Trappe always consisted less of words than of signs. If any of the monks are obliged to violate this rigid law they express themselves in a low tone of voice, and utter no more than is absolutely necessary.

They walk often in the woods, on which

occasion they leave the convent at the sound of a bell, each with a book in his hand, and preserving a most profound silence, having their superior at the head of them. They employ an hour and a half, during the walk, in meditating on the sublime beauties of religion, and return in the same order to the monastery. When they meet each other they bow their heads, but never prostrate themselves, except before their superior, and strangers. They live in a perpetual mortification of the senses: their food is served with only salt and water, and consists of vegetables, roots, and milk; their drink at their meals is very indifferent cyder and beer: wine is never served in the refectory, and very seldom even in the hospital: their bread is something like biscuit. They retire to bed at eight o'clock in the summer, and at seven in the winter, and rise at two, to attend morning prayer, which lasts until a quarter past four. They work three hours in the course of the day in cultivating the ground, &c.; they employ themselves also in writing religious works, binding them, doing carpenters' and turners' work, and making spoons of box-wood, and baskets of osier. At the appointed hour a bell is tolled, which is the signal to retire to rest; each then lies down, without taking off his clothes, on a bed of deal boards, covered only with a straw matras, a pillow, and a blanket. The furniture of their apartments consists of a small table, a straw-bottomed chair, a box without a lock, and two tressels to support the bed.

Physicians are in all cases excluded from La Trappe. The sick, who are never allowed to keep their bed, are obliged to rise at half-past three, and retire at the same hour as the rest of the fraternity, and they assist in all the masses that are held in the choir of the infirmary. The remainder of the day is employed by them in reading, praying, and work proportioned to their strength: they are not even permitted to lean against the back of their chair for rest. They are constantly doomed to a rigorous silence, which is still more awful in the night. The use of broth

is not allowed until the patient has had four or five attacks of fever, and most of them consider the acceptance of this nourishment as a want of fortitude. They abstain from meat to the last, and go to church leaning on the arm of the person who has the charge of the hospital, to receive the sacrament: they return in the same manner, and are then laid on straw and ashes to await the stroke of death, surrounded by the whole fraternity. At these moments acts of the greatest heroism have been displayed. They are then allowed to speak, and the dying mortal addresses an exhortation to those around him.

When a new member takes the oaths he renounces all his worldly concerns, and many have been known to refuse a parting interview with their dearest friends and relations. Two brothers are said to have resided twelve years in La Trappe without being known to each other. The eldest, when at the point of death, mentioned to the superior of the convent that he felt only one trouble on his mind, and this was he had a brother in the world who stood in great danger respecting salvation. On this the superior, being affected with compassion, sent for his brother, and permitted them to embrace before the elder expired.

ABBAS AND SOHRY.—A PERSIAN TALE.

ABBAS, King of Persia, like many other potentates, was surnamed *the Great*, for having ravaged the dominions of his neighbours. He was passionately fond of women and of war; which latter he would wage as much with a view of filling his seraglio as of extending his empire. Every Prince who had a beautiful wife, or whose kingdom was not far distant from Persia, must prepare to defend both. Abbas, however, would soon cool, and in love matters the same as in warlike concerns, he had no sooner achieved one conquest than he was desirous of undertaking another.

At that same period lived in the country of Iniretta a young Princess named Sohry, sister to the sovereign. Sohry was more beautiful even than the eastern style could describe. She it is whom the Persian poets have long made the theme of their panegyrical songs; but hyperbole, which is so familiar to them upon that occasion, has always proved inadequate to the task of doing justice to the intended object of delineation.*

The wonderful Sohry lived under the guardianship of a mother who nearly equalled her in beauty, and was only older than herself by three lustres; that is to say, who was scarce thirty years of age. This Princess, after having been a Queen had turned nun; which situation, however, in her country did not oblige her to be confined

in a cloister: there the nuns are allowed to continue in their homes, and to go out whenever they please without the least violation of their vows.

Sohry, although she was bound by no vow whatever, nevertheless lived a complete recluse. She inhabited a certain castle inaccessible to all strangers: I must, nevertheless, except the Prince of Georgia, to whom, according to the custom of the country, she had been betrothed when she was only five years old; he would even have married her had it not been for a bloody war in which he had engaged, and the knowledge he had of the disposition of Abbas. Meanwhile no one hardly was apprized of her charms except her mother, the King her brother, and the women who attended her; nay, only one amongst the latter knew who she really was. All these precautions were recurred to for the sole purpose of securing the youthful prodigy against the pursuits of the King of Persia, whose ambition it was to fill his seraglio with Princesses only. Another contrivance, still more insupportable for the fair captive than her gloomy solitude, was recurred to; it was proclaimed that her uncommon ugliness reduced her to the necessity of concealing herself from the view of every one.

This rumour was generally credited; the people recollected that a similar measure had been adopted with regard to an elder sister of the Princess, who was in reality as

* Sohry is as known and as celebrated in Persia as the fair Rosamond in this country.

hideously deformed as Sohry was the reverse. The former, though still alive, had even been reported to be dead. The motive for such a report may easily be accounted for, when it is remembered that in that country deformity is disgraceful, and that ugliness there is as rare as superior beauty in some others.

With regard to Sohry she could not be comforted for the injury done to her charms; she was not apprized that means were contriving to undeceive, in that respect, the public, and especially the King of Persia.

Zomrou, a former minister to the late King of Imiretta, had hoped for a while to become father-in-law to the reigning Prince. Tired of being disappointed in his expectation, he had desired his sovereign either to marry his daughter or to cease living with her as if they were man and wife. Disvald, the King, answered to the proposal in the style of an absolute monarch, and Zomrou had retired from court full of resentment.

He thought it prudent, however, to dissemble, but secretly breathed vengeance, and fixed upon Abbas for his avenger, the disposition of that Prince being so well suited to his purpose. The high favour in which Zomrou had lived at the court of Imiretta, had enabled him to be made acquainted with what was a mystery to all others; he knew that Sohry's deformity was only fictitious; he moreover knew from what motive the false rumour was circulated. He communicated the discovery he had made to the Sophi, and wished to exaggerate the charms of Sohry; but there he failed in the attempt, for he could not say too much. In short, he spared no pains to incense Abbas against the brother, and to raise a violent burning flame in his breast in favour of the sister.

This plan had all the success that its author could wish for. Abbas reckoned amongst his eunuchs an Italian, one of those unfortunate beings who from their birth are made to renounce the privileges of manhood, and are given, as an indemnification, the prospect of a shrill voice. This involuntary songster, not satisfied with his lot, had applied himself to painting, and indeed was become an eminent portrait and miniature painter. However, notwithstanding his uncommon abilities, he was reduced to the necessity of seeking in fo-

reign climes the means of subsistence which he could not procure in his own country. After having wandered over different realms he at last reached Ispahan. Here, as a eunuch, he procured a situation in the royal palace, where he soon found opportunities of displaying his various talents.

More than once this new confidant had made the Prince acquainted with the most beautiful neighbouring Princesses without Abbas being obliged to leave his court. It was now proposed to use some stratagem of the same kind to trepan the Princess of Imiretta. The eunuch disguised himself in woman's clothes, and hastened to reach the capital of that country, where he was introduced to Zomrou, from whom he received all the requisite preliminary information. Abbas, as may easily be imagined, had previously supplied him with the means of surmounting many obstacles, that is to say, had given him a plentiful stock of gold. The eunuch was not sparing of it, but bribed all whom he thought might be subservient to the success of his plan, without, however, allowing any one to penetrate his views. He took particular care never to name the Princess to those who lived in her vicinity, as he was informed that neither they, nor most of the women who attended her, knew her by that title. He had been told that the young recluse frequently appeared at a certain window that opened on a verdant extensive lawn. He was delighted at the discovery, repaired to the spot, where he found a pleasing grove well calculated to favour his design, it was but at a very short distance from the above-mentioned window. The eunuch placed himself there, so as to be seen only as much as he would wish, and waited till the Princess would think proper to make her appearance.

She had no objection to show herself, which will be easily credited; often when viewing her beauty in her looking glass she would lament that no one else could behold it. The garden, where she found no other company besides flowers, statues, or women, had become insipid to her; if she would now and then run over them it was only for want of some other occupation.

The eunuch, without quitting his ambuscade, was thinking of the means of inducing her to direct her steps towards the

plain, to which purpose he began singing some Italian airs in his best style. The Princess had scarcely heard the voice but she flew to her favourite window: she longed to see the foreign cantratrice; for she judged, although with some regret, that the voice she overheard could only be that of a female. Meanwhile the eunuch kept at the entrance of the grove, where, without discontinuing his singing, he drew out his pencils and began taking the likeness of the Princess, who, delighted with his voice, very little thought of interrupting him or of retiring. The sketch was soon finished; the eunuch then thinking he had done enough for one day, pocketed his pencils and put an end to his singing. The Princess ordered the cantratrice to be brought to her. That was what the disguised agent wanted. He was introduced, gracefully welcomed, complimented on his fine voice, and obliged to answer a great number of questions.

He had foreseen many of them, and consequently was already prepared. Sohry inquired, among other things, whether the Princesses in his country were handsome and the Princes gallant?—"Madam," replied the Italian, "not one of those Princesses is equal to you in beauty, and every Prince in the world would become gallant, nay, passionately in love, if they had the good fortune to see you."—Sohry said nothing but fetched a deep sigh. The eunuch had too much experience not to ascribe that sigh to its real cause: to be the greatest beauty in the East, and to be thought the most hideous object; to be only sixteen years of age, and deprived of all manner of liberty; to have one single admirer, whom she saw but very seldom, whom she was not very partial to, and whom she was not allowed to hope might be replaced by another, certainly were motives sufficient for her sighing; and poor Sohry, in fact, was not always satisfied with sighing only.

She proposed to the supposed cantatrice to continue with her some time. Notwithstanding this was what the eunuch most wished for, he still dissembled, opposed several obstacles that might easily be removed, and conducted himself so artfully that he diverted all suspicion, and increased the desire the Princess had of detaining him. At last, however, he yielded consent,

and was thanked most sincerely for his condescension. His occupation consisted in singing to the Princess, and in teaching her music. To other perfections she joined a most charming voice, as fit to please the ear as was her person to delight the eye. The eunuch took particular care to sing in preference the most tender soft airs, as he observed she learned them with greater facility. She also wished him to translate to her the words that had been set to music; but the translator never failed giving them a meaning connected with the situation she was in, and conducive to the sentiments he wished to create. This would occasion new sighs, new reveries, and new questions. He now thought the moment was arrived when he might venture an experiment of another kind, which was to place the portrait of Abbas under the eyes of the Princess.

Sohry would often converse with him of the tediousness attending solitude, and of the difficulty of conquering that weariness. "I see but one method of avoiding it," she would say; "and to you I owe the obligation: but one cannot be continually listening to songs, or singing one's self."—"There are," hastily replied the Italian, "other talents equally amusing as music, and as easy to be acquired. If music enables you to imitate, and even surpass the birds, inhabitants of your groves, painting, for instance, would teach you how to copy those same birds, and many other objects by far more interesting."—"What!" resumed Sohry, with great warmth, "are you possessed of that talent you are speaking of?"—"My late husband," returned the intrepid Italian, "was possessed of it in the highest degree; I have even kept by me the picture of a Prince of Persia which he drew during his stay at Ispahan."

He had scarcely pronounced those words but the Princess wished to see the portrait; and he had hardly produced it when she seized it, fixed her eyes upon it with great attention, seemed to undergo secret emotion, praised the skill of the artist, and admired still more, but silently, the features which he had imitated. She inquired, however, who it was that the miniature represented, and whether the painter had not flattered his model?—"I know," replied the eunuch, "that he excelled in

taking likenesses, but I know not whose likeness this is; my husband was prevented by his sudden death from telling me on his return to Cairo where he had left me. A person who has visited the court of Persia has declared to me that he discovered in it all the features of the great Abbas; this, however, I have never been, and most probably never shall be able to ascertain."

Abbas's agent did not wish to seem knowing more for fear of being suspected; besides, he was aware that uncertainty would only heighten the impatience of the Princess, and that impatience, when gratified, would be conducive to a still more lively sentiment. He was very right in his conjectures. Sohry was soon plunged in a profound and melancholy reverie; the portrait that she had in her possession interested her much; what an impression, therefore, would not the object therein represented make? What a pity if the Prince was no more! and in case he still existed, what a greater pity not to know exactly who he was, and not to be known by him! All those reflections successively agitated the captive Princess: the eunuch kept his eyes fixed on her, and could guess at her thoughts. She then asked him another question. "Is that art unknown to you," said she, "which your husband was so great a master of?"—The emissary answered, that although he did not excel in it yet he had occasionally been successful in his essays. "I suppose then," resumed the Princess, "that you could copy my little dog."—"I shall leave you to judge," replied the other, preparing his pencils. He instantly sketched the animal, and on the following day shewed Sohry the picture in a state of great forwardness. "What a pity," said she, "that you should exercise your talents upon painting animals alone! I have a slave who pleases and entertains me with her frolics as much as one woman can amuse another; her countenance looks altogether so original that I would wish, with your assistance, to keep a copy of it." "Most willingly," returned the eunuch, who foresaw that by degrees a more essential proposal would be made in its turn; he actually desired the slave to be called for.—"Stop," continued the Princess, "what we are about is and must be a secret between ourselves; whereas the most zeal-

ous slave may be guilty of indiscretion. Could not you," pursued she with a blush, "exercise your talents on another object? Take my likeness, for instance, instead of hers."—"Madam," retorted the eunuch, transported with joy, but still attentive to dissemble, "I believe it is not in the power of art to succeed so far; but I will do my utmost to sketch those features which Nature herself would be at a loss to produce a second time.

Sohry next asked him which posture would be most advantageous. "That," answered he, "which is the most familiar to you; for it is no more in your power to appear destitute of graces than of beauty."

The eunuch, then at full liberty, began the portrait, which was the chief object of his mission, and which he had hitherto thought he could only accomplish by stealth. His zeal to serve his master, and the complaisance which the Princess evinced, enabled him to surpass himself upon the occasion; he appeared to have painted the most beautiful person in the world, and yet equalled not his model. However, he gave satisfaction to the beauty he had drawn, which is no common thing. He intended taking a copy of that portrait, but the Princess saved him the trouble by granting him leave to carry the original with him to his own country. "Let it serve," added she, "to make me better known there than I am at home, where I am intended to live and die unknown to all." Those last words she pronounced in a trembling voice, and with tears in her eyes, which was enough to induce the eunuch to be somewhat more explicit than he had hitherto been; however, he only spoke emblematically, a sort of language which his art empowered him to use as he thought proper, but not for a long time. The approaching arrival of the Prince of Georgia obliged him to accelerate his departure, neither did Sohry think it prudent to detain him any longer. Prior to his leaving the Princess he begged of her to accept a painting, the original of which she might at some future period view. At these words he presented to Sohry a parcel well packed up and sealed, and immediately disappeared.

Sohry suspected that the stranger had left with her another portrait no less anony-

mous than the first; she hastened to break the parcel open, and beheld a painting composed of two figures: to her utmost surprize she found one to be her own image and the other that represented in the first portrait she had been presented with; this last figure was represented at the feet of Sohry, and offering her a sceptre. The

Prince, besides, was decked in all the attributes of a monarch, and even of a conqueror; but that was all, nothing more served to indicate his name. The Sophi's agent had acted with great reserve, not thinking himself authorized to say more, and apprehensive of saying too much.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

FUGITIVE POETRY.

TO MRS. SIDDONS,

On her hasty departure from the Stage.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

AH! Siddons, why so soon retire—

The glory of the Stage;—
Possessing still the vivid fire
That warm'd thy earlier age?

Still matchless is thy scenic skill,
Still beauteous is thy face;
Thy form majestic, action still
All dignity and grace.

If past is the meridian hour,
Yet bright is thy decline;—
As Phœbus when, with softer pow'r,
His beams autumnal shine.

Then aid what Nature well design'd,
Her bounties to requite,
Who fashion'd thus thy form and mind,
To give the world delight.

LINES

On the final performance of Hamlet by Mr. Kemble, the Character in which he first appeared on the London Stage.

KEMBLE 'twill grieve the public heart,
That thou shouldst leave thy fav'rite part,
The part that rais'd at once thy name,
And fix'd it on the roll of Fame,
As gifted well, in form and mind,
With all the mighty Bard design'd.
For grant that Time hath touch'd thy brow,
And thou art not *Young Hamlet* now,
Yet when the Princely Dane we see
With so much grace adorn'd by thee,
With so much spirit, force, and truth,
We shall not miss the charm of youth,
But of the hasty loss complain
And sighing own, though trite the strain,
"We ne'er shall view thy like again."

THE STAG AND THE BRAMBLE.

A FABLE. BY J. TAYLOR, ESQ.

WHEN Spring around her odours threw,
And Zephyr rovd o'er glistening dew,
A Stag who heard the yelping pack,
And thought them just upon his back,

Flew, like the wind, o'er hill and dale;
But ah! his speed could nought avail,
For nearer, nearer came his toes,
Each track'd him with a sapient nose.
What should he do in this dire case,
To shun the barking, biting race—
The "hairy fool" to 'scape the scramble,
His antlers push'd within a bramble,
Thinking, in shelter of that screen,
His body then would not be seen.
Alas! the hounds were on his haunches,
The bush he found but hid his branches:
Too weak to turn and stand at bay,
He strait became an easy prey.
Thus, if comparison may suit
Betwixt a rogue and silly brute—
It may—for 'tis a certain rule
That ev'ry villain is a fool,
Who, though of wisdom he may brag,
Is quite as silly as the Stag.
Thus then a rogue, alias a fool,
Old Satan's dupe at once and tool,
If he should find some fawning friends
Who flatter all his private ends,
Some who, perchance, his genius may share,
And aid him in each venal snare,
Some who, unskill'd the heart to scan,
May deem the rogue an honest man,
Some, not in morals over nice,
Who fancy genius shines in vice,
May fondly think he lies *perdue*,
Among this sneaking, sordid crew;
For well he knows, on open ground,
His knaveries would soon be found,
Yet hopes, amid this shallow band,
His character may safely stand.
But infamy will track the flight
Of him who grasps another's right,
Still follow him, or low or high,
With Detestation's hue and cry.

Though some who join the chace may halt,
And some, perchance, may be *at fault*,
While others ramble from their bent,
They yet possess a moral scent;
And soon the foolish rogue will find
He's hunted down by all mankind.
Referring to the Stag once more,
Poor fool! thy death we may deplore,

For thee must Pity heave a sigh,
While rogues without regret should die;
For they provoke the world's pursuit,
And justly falls the *human brute!*

ON THE DEATH OF MISS GEORGINA
N. A. T. GRANT.

BY MISS D. P. CAMPBELL.

At thy lone tomb, Georgina dear!
The pious knee shall lowly bend;
And there affection's warmest tear
In dewy showers shall oft descend.
Oh what avails it that thy form
In Beauty's perfect mould was cast?
The fairest flower must meet the storm,
And wither in the fatal blast.

So fell Georgina—fairest flower
That ever met the morning gale;
But ah! beneath affliction's power,
How droop'd the pride of yonder vale!
Though on her cheek health's roseate glow
But lately bloom'd so fresh and fair,
Death's messenger soon struck the blow
That plac'd the sickly lily there.

Though rich in ev'ry youthful grace
By Nature's bounteous hand assign'd,
Faint were the beauties of her face
Compar'd with her embellish'd mind.
That mind no selfish passions sway'd,
'Twas meek and gentle as the dove;
And each expressive look display'd
The soul of tenderness and love.

To make that mind more lovely still
Religion came, divine employ!
To calm each agonizing thrill
With inward balm and holy joy.
On the bright wings of love and faith
Bade all her sick-bed thoughts ascend;
She smiles at the approach of death!
And hails the King of Terrors as a friend!

Then weep not o'er you lonely tomb,
The lov'd Georgina rests not there;
In heav'n is her eternal home,
Angelic purity her sphere.

What though Georgina's mould'ring dust
Remains beneath the grassy sod,
Her soul, companion of the just,
Rejoices in the presence of her God.

*Songs selected from the "Child of Concealment,"
performed at the Theatre Royal, Norwich.*

SONG.

HONOUR and Love, two blooming boys,
Of mortal and immortal birth,
Sharing alternate griefs and joys,
In varying colours range the earth.
Love is a fierce and glowing flame,
That sets e'en frozen breasts on fire;
But Honour's mild correcting stream,
Allays the fever of desire.

Love couches in the blushing rose,
That sips the dew drops of the morn;
And, as to guard his soft repose,
Ne'er-sleeping Honour points the thorn!

But oft the little wanton strays
Far from his mild companion's care,
Bewilder'd treads the flowery maze,
And finds his heavenly mother there!

Ah! why in rosette fetters bound,
Are Love and Honour seldom seen?
Ah! why were not the younglings crown'd,
Twin-born sons of Beauty's Queen?

My heart would then have found repose
In Love's pure flame—would then have worn,
Perch'd on his seat, Love's bed, the rose,
Have cull'd the sweets nor fear'd the thorn.

SONG.

SWEET to see the mother's treasure
Clinging playful round her neck,
Seizing and imparting pleasure,
Gems that Beauty's bosom deck.
Yet if Hymen's downy wings
Fan not the sacred flame,
The roseate tint such rapture brings
Is but the blush of shame.

You my youthful fair possess them,
Cherubs that around you play,
All the wond'ring world doth bless them,
Tho' you own not Hymen's sway,
Nay, check the frown that disapproves
The truth my notes declare,
'Tis of the Graces and the Loves,
That you the mother are.

SONG.

Oh! what is woman's tongue?
'Tis an organ composed of most wonderful stops,
Delighting, affrighting,
Amusing, abusing,
Eighteen and threescore,
High, low, rich and poor,
Peers, parsons and poets, prigs, pedants and fops,
And is seldom or never unstrung.
But what words can set forth,
All its magical worth,
When in tones, which a Seraph might borrow,
It ill fortune doth soothe,
Blunts adversity's tooth,
Steals the tear from the eyelid of sorrow.
When pleasure abounds,
Its enlivening sounds,
Give to rapture's soft accents new breath—
Rouse the hero to arms,
Check the rising alarms,
And guide him to conquest or death!
But how alter'd the tone,
When wounded he's thrown,
Where pale sickness her vigils doth keep,

Its soft lullaby then,
Draws the sting out of pain,
And sends even Anguish to sleep!

But when the noisy tempests chatter,
Mercy on us! what a clatter!
How the sharps ring in our ears,
Every note how discord tears!
Then are all the changes rung,
Thro' the flights of woman's tongue—
Like the drum, it sounds alarms,
Like the trumpet, wakes to arms,
Like the fife, it whistles shrilly,
'Till its piercing wild notes thrill ye—
Subsiding soon, the horn it tries,
And in softening murmurs dies—
Like the harp, its measures sweep
Reviving Pleasure's round to keep,
Then, like the flute, it lulls to sleep. }

Soon like the sweet guitar,
Which lovers slyly seek
When morn's soft blushes break,
It tinks thro' the window bar,
And calls on Love to wake.

Thus ev'ry day,
Does this organ play,
Its pleasing, teasing,
Cheering, cheering,
Jingling, tingling,
Stealing, pealing,
Darting, smarting,
Creeping, sweeping,
Gliding, chiding,
Coaxing, coaxing,

Never ending roundelay—
With drums, guitars, and trumpets' sound,
Harps horns, and flutes make up the round,
Of woman's endless roundelay.

SONG.

LOUD roars the spirit of the storm,
Their breasts the angry billows rear;
Bursting their bounds they seem to arm,
And battle with the murky air.
The mariner then calmly feels,
The perils of his hapless state;
Before high Heaven he trembling kneels,
And to His will resigns his fate.
Tho' horrors rise upon his view,
Resolv'd to steer the vessel true.

Hoarse brays the trumpet's throat—the while,
The fends of war their firebrands shake,
And carnage on some burning pile,
Sits brooding o'er an empire's wreck.
'Tis then the soldier's manly heart,
To home one tear-drop does bequeath;
Bends to that Power that points the dart,
Just midway betwixt life and death.

Tho' horrors rise upon his view,
Resolv'd to fight the battle true.

THE HERO'S ORPHAN GIRLS.

A BALLAD. BY MR. C. F. WEBB.

Oh lady! buy these budding flowers,
For I am cold, and wet, and weary;
I gathered them ere break of day,
When all was lonely, still, and dreary;
And long have sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling,
For Valour's wretched orphan girls—
Poor me, and my young sister Ellen.

Ah, those who tread life's thornless way,
In Fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem that Misery wants not aid,
Because her lips are mute—unasking;
They pass along—and if they gaze,
'Tis with an eye all hope repelling—
Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawn'd,
And fortune smiled on me and Ellen.

Oh, buy my flowers! they're fair, and fresh
As mine and Morning's tears could keep
them—

To-morrow's sun will view them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them;
Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care,
Soon into fulness would be swelling—
And nurtured by some generous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen.

She sleeps within a hollow tree,
Her only home—its leaves her bedding;
And I've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears she will be shedding!
Oh that those mourners' gnashing griefs—
The pastor's prayer—and bell's sad knelling—
And that deep grave, were meant for me
And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last, fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will dew our humble grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weep-
ing;

Unknown we live—unknown must die—
No tongue the mournful tale be telling
Of two young, broken-hearted girls—
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen!

No one has bought of me to-day,
And night-winds now are sadly sighing;
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,
Unnoticed and unwept am dying;
My soul is struggling to be free—
It loathes its wretched, earthly dwelling;
My limbs refuse to bear their load—
Oh God, protect lone, orphan Ellen!

F A S H I O N S

FOR

AUGUST, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—MORNING VISITING DRESS.

White muslin dress, made partially low, and trimmed with a profusion of fine lace about the body and sleeves, with three narrow flounces of lace round the border. *Cornette* composed of *tulle* and white satin ribband, with the ends unfastened, and surmounted by a full half wreath of small Provence roses. The hair entirely parted from the forehead, and arranged in full curls on each side. Gloves and shoes of very pale pink kid.

No. 2.—PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

Round high dress of fine cambric, or jaconet muslin, ornamented at the bottom with four rows of Vandyck trimming of rich embroidery, surmounted by a flounce vandyked at the edge. Full sleeves of muslin, *à-la-Duchesse de Berri*, confined by bands of embroidered cambric, and surmounted by imperial wings of clear muslin. Treble ruff of broad lace, and sash of muslin, the ends trimmed with lace of a Vandyke pattern. Bonnet of Leghorn ornamented with ears of Indian corn, and turned up slightly in front. Shoes of lilac kid. The hair in full curls, dressed forward.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

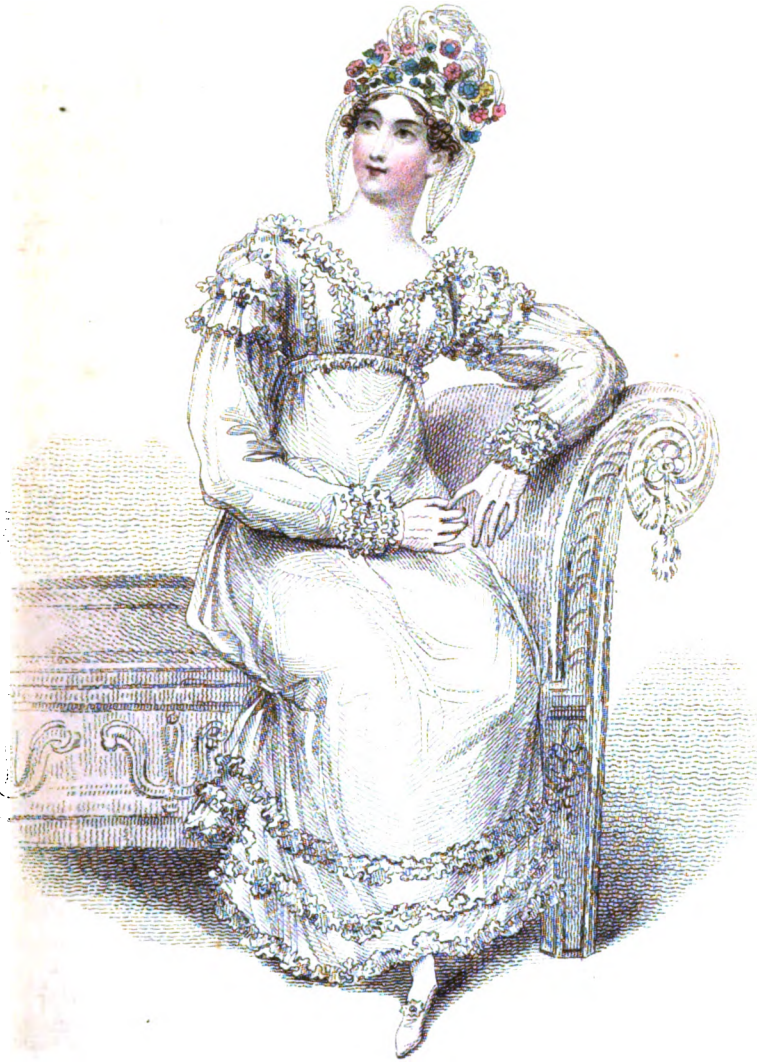
FASHION AND DRESS.

THE precarious state of the weather, with the departure from town of several fashionists belonging to the higher classes, and the more serious causes of emigration, have rendered the modern toilette less subject to fluctuation than might otherwise have been expected. Nevertheless, there are some elegant novelties which we have the satisfaction of presenting to our readers, and with which we have been favoured with a sight in their first specimens.—

Amongst these, for the carriage costume, as the first which lays claim to pre-eminence, is the Princess Sophia pelisse; it is made of white sarsnet, with a pelerine back, and elegantly trimmed with satin of royal purple; the sleeves loose and confined by bands of that colour, and a sash, or belt, terminating in short ends behind, bound with royal purple, finishes this *unique* and delicate pelisse. For walking, coloured sarsnet spencers, and the muslin Spanish spencer, are yet in high estimation. With the latter is generally worn a fancy Leghorn or straw bonnet, with plumes of feathers; and a satin hat of correspondent colour to the spencer, with the former, crowned with a diadem of fancy flowers.

Lastly, we mention a bonnet which, for its peculiar elegance and utility, must occupy a place by itself; it is aptly styled the BRITISH LADIES BONNET, and is well deserving their attention. Formed of a material the most light and *unique*, its durability and flexibility are such, that it is almost impossible to put it out of shape; and while its novel texture renders it highly becoming to the British fair, it calls forcibly for their patronage in the employment, which, if encouraged, it is sure of affording to hundreds of indigent females. This tasteful and laudable invention is to be had only, at present, at Mrs. Bell's *Magazin de Modes*, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

Amongst the newest dresses is an elegant morning *deshabille* of fine cambric muslin, which fastens on the shoulder, and is finished at the bottom with seven tucks; between each tuck is a row of embroidery; the whole surmounted by a flounce, the same material as the gown, or of fine muslin, embroidered at the edge. The second novelty is a dinner dress of very fine plain muslin, the flounce and body richly ornamented with embroidery in orange colour.



EVENING DRESS

Designed by G. P. Scherwin, and Blombery
Engraved by G. P. Scherwin, and Blombery



PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

Designed for M. W. & Co. & Co. London, Aug. 1851.

Robes and frocks of coloured crape and Venetian gauze, are still worn in evening parties; and white crape with coloured boddice. White, though it is generally universal at this season of the year for walking, yet, owing to the unusual frigidty and humid state of the weather, the coloured silk petticoat, with a white muslin Spanish spenser, has a decided pre-eminence.

Caps for morning visits or receiving friendly dinner parties, are chiefly of white *tulle*, ornamented with fine blond, and half wreaths of fancy flowers; the cap reckoned most elegant for the theatres, or for a dressed dinner party, is formed of black *tulle* and pink satin, with a full wreath of red and white roses. *Cornettes* for undress still prevail; and young ladies seldom wear any other head ornament than the hair crowned on the summit with a few roses, or ribbands elegantly interwoven among the hair. White satin *toques*, formed in front like a diadem, are worn by the most matronly; and flowers in all half dress caps are universal.

Pearls, cornelian ornaments, and those of gold, are most in favour in the article of jewellery. Ear-rings are but little worn: most of these are small, and made in the form of a cross, composed of the *Mina Nuova*.

Coloured kid boots for walking, and white satin slippers for full dress, are most prevalent.

The new parasols are large, and some are in the Chinese form: edges of a conspicuously different colour to the parasol ornament those reckoned most fashionable: some of these are richly embroidered in different colours, and seem to be of French manufacture.

Fans continue very small.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE Duchess de Berri is still closely copied in her attire by the ladies of Paris: she is a charming young woman, and her dress is an elegant combination of English,

French, and Italian. I will, however, first give you an outline of the present prevailing fashion in France, before I say any thing more of the Duchess.

Shawls of flowered silk, of the Lyons manufacture, with very deep borders, are in high favour for out-door costume; they are two yards and a half square, are exquisitely light and fine, at the same time strong and durable: their colours are lively, and the flowers most accurately and elegantly designed; the first shawl of this beautiful fabric was presented to the Duchess de Berri. Next in favour is a pelerine of muslin, with long ends, trimmed with lace, and surmounted by a treble ruff; and on the very few warm days we have had, our *belles* have generally sported the black lace shawl handkerchief.

Hats are of straw, some with a bunch of damask roses on the left side, others have a bouquet of roses, larkspurs, pinks, and field flowers intermingled, placed in the same direction. Some ladies prefer having their hats trimmed with a profusion of ribband; these are either bound or finished at the edge by a row of puffed ribband, or a quilling of blond, and many hats are ornamented with a diadem formed either of white or red roses and lilies. Hats of Chinese silk, with full wreaths of flowers, are much worn in the public walks, and at the *Frescati*.

There is nothing in which the French ladies more display their versatility of taste than in their hats. One of fancy straw, of a very whimsical kind, has lately made its appearance: it is wrought in diamonds, formed with chenille, and bound with straw coloured ribband striped with green, or with ribband in large plaits. A few cane hats have also appeared worked in diamonds.

Some ladies, who affect simplicity, wear straw hats without either lining or ribband, others have a double row of plaiting at the edges, and the crown is formed of a colour in sarsnet to answer the ribband, and finished by a wreath of flowers which are in season of various sorts.

Gowns are made with long sleeves, turned up with a cuff, and are trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with three rows of clear muslin *billones*, or with three flounces of

the same material as the dress. Gowns for half dress are of fine cambric muslin, with three flounces of muslin, vandyked at the edges, and a row of embroidery between each flounce. I send you a figure as a specimen of the style adopted by the Duchess de Berri in undress, which answers to the description I have just written, and which will serve to prove what I have asserted, that there is an English feature very predominant in it. The French ladies, perhaps, will not own it, but I think there seems in it a very close desire to copy after English fashions. Sarsnet gowns for evening dress, have three flounces of blond, each headed by a trimming of ribbaud in cockleshells.

A *toque* of *tulle*, with two white drooping feathers, is a favourite head-dress at the Opera. A diadem of plaited *tulle*, with a drapery falling over the left shoulder, is much worn at dinner parties; *bandeaux* are often worn at evening parties, made of silver or gold lama; while young ladies wear wreaths of flowers, composed of blue bells, jasmines, daisies, and roses; these wreaths are placed very much on one side. A fancy dress hat has lately made its appearance amongst the higher classes; it is made entirely of artificial rose leaves, it is placed very backward, and is infinitely more ingenious than becoming.

The head-dress worn by the Duchess de Berri on the day of her presentation at court, was a diadem of brilliants, and a wreath of real orange flowers, intermixed with silver lilies. This wreath concealed a profusion of fine fair hair, which was fastened by a diamond comb; behind the comb a *chaplet* of orange flowers concealed the fastening of two long court lappets of net, embroidered with silver.

The *Coeffeur de l'Entree* of this Princess, or head-dress for receiving visits of ceremony, is a bandeau of brilliants, in form of a diadem, with a wreath of red roses intermingled in the hair.

On the day the Duchess de Berri was presented, the Duchess of Angouleme wore the following beautiful and costly dress: a robe of white satin, with a border wrought in peacock's feathers, in different coloured precious stones, and a head-dress of diamonds.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

THE French ladies of the present age are fond of imitating foreign fashions. Nevertheless, the court of France, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the model for every other court of Europe. Catharine, of Medicis, wife of Henry II. not only dressed with magnificence, but she became the inventress of several new fashions, which were universally adopted; although it must be confessed she did not always appear to be guided by taste. The Dutchess de Valentinois, her rival, Henry's mistress, was much happier in her inventions, in whatever concerned the articles of dress and luxury. This lady, after the death of the King, her lover, never wore any other robe than one of stuff of white or black; these robes were made low in the neck, so as to display her admirable bust to the best advantage, and the fashion of this robe lasted forty-four years.

The Duchess, and other ladies of high rank, did not scruple to follow the general fashion of using artificial red and white. The daughters of Catharine de Medicis, Elizabeth and Margaret, who were married to Philip II. and Henry IV. had long resided as imperial arbiters of fashion in the court of France. Their toilet was loaded with every article of dress and ornament that a female can invent to set off her attractions. Elizabeth invented the fashion of frizzing and curling the hair in the most becoming style, and giving it a most elegant form; but to her sister Margaret it was that the French ladies were indebted for that style of dress which caused them long to be cited as a pattern for all other nations. Whatever she wore regulated the fashion; and whatever she wore became her. Of all the modes she invented, that has lasted the longest of wearing black for deceased relatives: but even since that time they have been seen, as before, wearing, on the death of a relation, brown dresses with long veils, necklaces and bracelets representing tears, death's heads or bones, wrought in gold.

The French ladies, as well as the women of other nations, often wore breeches or

long pantaloons, in the sixteenth century. They were of gold or silver brocade, made very tight and fastened with knee-bands, or pins. When they only came to the knee, they wore with them fine silk stockings. It was only those females who were short that had recourse to heels to their shoes, and these were sometimes a foot in height. Queen Margaret was the first who adopted the fashion of wearing feathers, the stems of which were bent down, and the plume floated over the forehead. It was also in her time that coloured gems and pearls were worn to set off the lace used in trimming; and of these valuable jewels it was also customary to make rosettes for shoes.

The women wore false hips, and pads in front; and fifteen years ago this ridiculous custom was again attempted to be revived in France. When first this fashion was adopted, the ladies took very little care of their faces, and even began to hide them; they wore a kind of mask called a *loup*, and never walked out without being masked, either in the streets, the public walks, or even to church.

To the *loup* succeeded another species of covering; a thick coat of *rouge* and an innumerable quantity of patches.

MARCUS.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have taken the liberty (as I perceive you occasionally dedicate a portion of your valuable miscellany to theatricals) to offer you some account of the Theatres in this country, and the manner in which they are conducted; should you think it worth the perusal of the friends of the drama, together with the Thespian geuntry in England, you are at liberty to give it an insertion.—Very respectfully yours,

T. C.

In no country and no age has a more correct taste for scenic exhibitions pervaded the minds of the people than that which at present distinguishes this nation, and helps to contribute some feeble beams to the declining sun of literature. It is that taste which still keeps the glowing remains of departed genius in agitation; and which, although it only produces a galaxy of sparks, is yet sufficient to impart warmth to the fancy, vigour to the mind, and feeling to the heart. The New York Theatre ranks foremost in the United States, in point of its various conveniences combined with its general management. This Theatre will hold 2200 persons: the Manager is Mr. Price, who has recently gone to England to bring out a new company for the ensuing season; during his absence the

management devolves on Mr. Simpson. The company consist of Messrs. Simpson, Pritchard, Carpender, Jones, Burke, Spiller, Darley, Kennedy, Bancker, Graham, Oliff, &c. The ladies are Mrs. Darley, Burke, Goldston, Wheatly, Spiller, &c.

Mr. Simpson is the chief tragedian, seconded by Mr. Pritchard, both of whom are respectable performers; Mr. Burke is the low comedian. There is no female adequate to represent tragedy at this Theatre; in comedy Mrs. Darley sustains the first parts, she is a meritorious actress and universally admired, having been on this stage many years. Mrs. Burke, in the opera and singing department, is superior to any female in America.

Several stars have, during the present season, added much to the attractions of the houses; amongst whom has been a Mrs. Williams, lately from the Theatre Royal, Dublin; she is certainly the most interesting and fascinating actress that has ever trod the American boards. The writer has seen Mrs. Jordan, so justly celebrated in England, and, without prejudice or presumption, considers Mrs. Williams in every respect to vie if not excel her in the various walks of the drama. Mr. Bibby, a gentleman of New York, has personated several of the late Mr. Cooke's characters with great success. Mr. Bartow, a youth of eighteen, also of New York, played

Hamlet, Achmet, &c. in a style that would have done honour to a veteran actor. A Mr. Phillips (we believe one of the tribe of Israel, but a native of Philadelphia) represented *Douglas*, and *Frederick*, in *Lovers' Vows*; he gave some promise.

Mr Cooper, the celebrated tragedian, who has been hitherto interested in this Theatre, has recently withdrawn; it is reported that he intends, in conjunction with several gentlemen, to build a new splendid Theatre in this city in the course of the ensuing summer.

The Boston Theatre is under the management of Messrs. Powell and Dickson; the company have recently received some recruits from London: they at present consist of Messrs. Dwyer, Dykes, Dickson, Williams, Willis, Stockwell, Stamp, Green, Bray, Hughes, Pelby, Jones, Fenell, and Clark; the ladies are Mrs. Powell, Green, Clark, Hughes, Dykes, Bray, Mills, Barnes, Misses Clark, Stockwell, Trenor, &c. &c. Mrs. Williams, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bibby, and Mr. M'Mutru, a native of Philadelphia, played *Belcour*, *Bronzley*, and *Norval*; the critics which we have seen speak in the highest terms of his performances. Mr. Dwyer is a great favourite here; Mr. Williams has also many admirers; Mrs. Powell is the tragedy heroine. *Zembova*, *Illusion*, and the *Maggie and Maid*, have been very attractive pieces. This house will hold 2000 persons, and is well supported; the season commences in October and closes in June.

The Philadelphia Theatre is under the management of Messrs. Warren and Wood; the company are Messrs. Duff, Jefferson, Barrett, Francis, Wood, Abercrombie, Warren, Durang, Savage, Harris, Johnson, Legg, Steward, Hathwell, Entwisle, Fenell, M'Farland, &c. The ladies are Mrs. Entwisle, Placide, Wood, Duff, Claude, Francis, Savage, Jefferson, Simpson, Harris, Seymour, Misses Davis, White, &c. Mr. Duff is the hero at this house in tragedy or comedy. Mr. Jefferson, as a comedian, is ranked amongst the first in the United States. The tragedy heroine is Mrs. Entwisle, formerly Mrs. Mason, of the English Theatres. Mr. Warren is a sterling actor of the old school. This Theatre is well conducted, and is a lucrative concern to the Proprietors and Managers. We are

not sufficiently acquainted with the size of the house, but believe it will hold 2000 persons. There are also in Philadelphia two other Theatres; one of which (the Olympic) is the most magnificent Theatre in America, it will contain 3000 persons; the other, a neat little Theatre, in Southwark; both these are and have been for some time unoccupied.

The Albany Theatre is managed by Mr. Bernard; the corps are Messrs. Drake, Allen, H. Robertson, W. Robertson, Bernard, Price, Anderson, Eraberton, Moore, Young, Drake, &c. The ladies are Mrs. Aldis, Allen, Anderson, Young, Doige, Misses Ellis, Drake, Rickman, &c. Mr. H. Robertson is the principal tragedian, and is a great favourite with the town; Mr. Bernard is the first comedian, and Mr. Drake is the representative of old men.—Mrs. Gilfert (late Miss Holman) has played for several nights her most distinguished characters, which attracted numerous and brilliant audiences. This Theatre will hold near 1500 persons.

The Charleston Theatre Mr. Holman has taken for nine years, and opened it in November; his company are Messrs. C. Young, Waring, Hilson, Tyler, Drummond, Hardinge, Horton, Lindsley, Drummond, jun. Cross, Robinson, West, Utt, &c. The ladies are Mrs. Barrett, C. Young, Gilfert, Waring, Tyler, Lindsley, Horton, Miss Haines, &c. Mr. Holman has also taken the Anthony Theatre, in New York, which he intends to open in the summer season in order to keep his company together; it is said he is in the expectancy of some recruits in the course of the year from England. The houses at Charleston, so far, have not answered his expectations.

The Norfolk, or Virginia Theatre, which has not been occupied for some time, is at present under the management of Mr. Beaumont; the dramatic corps are but slender, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, and Mr. Lewis, jun. late from England, are the only performers of merit that appear to be attached to it. This Theatre will contain about 1000 persons.

The Lexington, Kentucky, and the Pittsburg Theatres are under the management of Mr. Williams; the company are Messrs. Cummings, Blissett, Morgan, Lucas, Jefferson, Vaughan, Williams, Vining, &c. The

adies are Mrs. Williams, Blissett, Miss Davis, &c. Theatricals are much encouraged here.

New York, March, 1816.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Zuloë; or, the Royal Nun. Containing details never before published concerning the last Inca of Peru.—3 vols 12mo. Paris.

EVERY romance writer flatters himself that his work has some moral end in view; and this idea is by no means extraordinary. This is that of the author of *Zuloë*. "The story I am about to relate," he says, "seems consecrated to one grand principle, which is, that according to some very peculiar circumstances, a woman may fall, without ceasing to be virtuous."

Adding that this idea is accompanied with consolation, the author does not pretend to say, but what the application of this principle is extremely delicate. We are much of his opinion, and we must confess that we are, perhaps, not quite so easy as he is on the mischief that the promulgation of such a maxim might produce, for in such things as these a woman is generally judge in her own cause: she only knows whether the circumstances in which she found herself were or were not extraordinary; and is not it to be feared that she might choose to exaggerate those attending her situation; and, consoled by the principle of this author, she might act with heedless precipitation, without taking care to extricate herself from those dangerous circumstances which threatened her virtue.

Zuloë is a Peruvian Princess, who is married to one of her cousins, named Zamer, who is a Prince, at the time the Spaniards attack Peru; and Zamer is compelled to quit his virgin bride, then aged fifteen. The conquerors, affected with this adventure, are resolved not to attack the life of the young man; they only take care to bind him with chains, and shut him up in a fort, while they carry off Zuloë to Cadiz. The author is very expeditious in this voyage; and, like as in the tales of the Indies, we find ourselves in ten lines transported two or three thousand leagues. In Europe, again turn over a page, and you are in America. Zuloë, however, made a Christian, ignorant of the sufferings of Za-

mer, and fancying herself a widow, without having been a wife, resists the solicitations of those who aspire to her hand, and takes the veil in a convent at Saragossa. But her husband is yet alive: escaped from the fetters imposed on him by the Spaniards, he has taken refuge amongst the most inaccessible mountains; and there he forms a little kingdom, which he causes to be built by those who were fugitives like himself. When he finds himself well established in this little state, he is anxious to give a Queen to his subjects, but where is he to find her? He thinks of Zuloë, and embarks immediately to go and seek her in Spain, without knowing that she had been taken thither. Chance is favourable to his wishes. He is no sooner on dry land at Saragossa than he is attacked by thieves: to escape them he flies to the convent of Della Santa Maria, the very convent in which Zuloë has consecrated herself to God.

Zamer appears to Zuloë as a spirit sent to tempt her: but Zamer is obstinate and carries her off: in the twinkling of an eye she arrives in his little kingdom: she has been a nun and a Queen, but the most important period of her life is, when she becomes a wife and a mother. Zuloë, in the first instance, has violated the vow she made to her God before his altar, but then, if she has thereby hazarded her own salvation, she ensures that of Zamer and his subjects by converting them to the Christian faith. When two years are elapsed, Zamer becomes the father of a beautiful boy and girl. The royal family prospers, the subjects of Zamer are happy and submissive, when one fine morning the kingdom is overthrown, like a house built with cards, and the royal family are dispersed: all this is caused by the fall of a mountain which the Spaniards had undermined. Here the author gives free scope to his imagination, and adventures come thick upon the reader. After the loss of his kingdom, Zamer is exposed to the most dreadful afflictions. Zuloë passes twelve years in a desert island, and makes but one jump from thence to her convent, where they do not recognise her, but she takes care to let them know who she is; then the Inquisition begins to meddle with her affairs, and poor Zuloë is sentenced to be burnt for having violated her

vows. An unheard of chance causes her to recognise her son in one of the members of the holy office; and her daughter is a nun in the convent of Della Santa Maria. Zamer now arrives; and powerful friends solicit the Pope in favour of Zuloë; every thing is arranged to their wishes, and Zuloë and Zamer, married again, for the third time, become the ornament of the court of Spain, under the name of the Count and Countess of Montezuma.

The author pretends, that a French soldier found the manuscript of this wonderful romance in the ruins of a house that was destroyed in the last siege of Saragossa. We cannot take upon ourselves to say whether or no the present Count of Montezuma will be much satisfied with this account of his progenitors, but the author highly congratulates himself in being able to give us the history, *hitherto unknown*, of the last family belonging to the Lucas of Peru.

St. Clyde; a Novel, in Three Volumes.
Gale and Fenner. London.

THE plot is of itself simple. A Highland Laird obtains for his son a commission in the invincible and ever renowned 42d regiment. This son is supposed to fall in battle; his father, the Laird of St. Clyde, is found drowned in a lake; and Monsieur Villejuive, his brother-in-law, gets possession of the estate of St. Clyde. The son returns after some years absence; the uncle flies; the murderer of the Laird is found out, and this miscreant is, we are led to infer, the uncle Villejuive.

But though this is the outline of the plot there are numerous circumstances connected with the division of it, developing the causes which led to Colin St. Clyde's going into the army, the murder of his father, and the discovery of this diabolical affair, the villany of Villejuive in depriving Ellen St. Clyde of her patrimonial estate, with a variety of other circumstances some of equal and others of minor importance linked therewith. And the author placing his hero in the 42d regiment affords him an extensive field for that irregularity of genius he displays. It was on the heights of Abraham the 42d, or as they were called

the *Black Watch*, first evinced the savage and hitherto invincible bravery of the Highland warriors. The author of *St. Clyde* is the unrivalled historian of a *Highland Farewell*; and he manages the description with a feeling which appears to have a common fellowship in the departure of Colin St. Clyde's recruits. But we will not destroy the pleasure our readers may anticipate from this *morceau*; the description is not too long and yet it is spun to the utmost—but it could not want a single sentence, for though the ideas are many, not one could be dispensed with.

We are sorry we cannot speak with equal warmth of the Scottish wedding at Millhole. It is much too long, from a minuteness of the author to leave nothing unnoticed—but with this fault it is really an original; we look in vain for any thing similar to it in any other novel—because it is a Scottish wedding—and will be read with delight by both young and old.

As to the descriptive scenery and local manners of the characters, since the tale is evidently from the pen of a native of Scotland, we find the topographical allusions true to the veriest village, glen, wood, and loch. The author takes his characters just as he finds them, observing however always to make them support their several parts in the drama with all the national pride, superstition, presbyterianism, cunning, learning, perseverance, and clanish attachment for which the north is so famous. We conceive, upon the whole, that our readers by perusing *St. Clyde* will derive as much information as from any thing of the kind that could be thrown together in a hurry, and without much respect to the taste of Englishmen.

There is one thing we cannot omit to notice—the political opinions which run through these volumes, not that we imagine that the author is a rank Jacobite—No; but he is evidently one who sympathizes with a feeling that has scarcely a fellow in all the misfortunes which befel the house of Stuart.

But we have not yet noticed the language in which *St. Clyde* is written. The greater part of the plot, scenery, and personages are laid, described, and settled in Scotland; and, as might naturally be expected, a great

portion of these volumes is written in the dialect of that country. After the success with which this innovation has been attended in the popular novels of *Waverly* and *Guy Mannering*, *St. Clyde* comes before us fearless as to the consequences of such a deviation from long established custom. Yet with these innovations we can speak to the moral purity of the composition of this novel, and we have little doubt that, viewing it as we do, the first essay of one whose talents have evidently been applied to compositions of another and more arduous kind, we can recommend to the perusal of our readers the novel of *St. Clyde*.

The *Spanish Dictionary* of Newman, greatly improved by Mr. Brown, which has been so long in the press is now nearly completed. The number of words added exceeds three thousand, including all the terms of art, manufactures, and commerce, many of which are to be found in no other Dictionary whatever.

The truly British historical subject of *Caractacus* has once more been brought before the public in a dramatic dress by Mr. Monney, whose Muse has given it all the pathos and fire which the grandeur of the theme requires.

Mr. Henry Koster will soon publish, in a quarto volume, *Travels in Brasil from Pernambuco to Serava*, with occasional excursions, and a voyage to Maranam; illustrated by plates of costumes.

The Rev. J. Stade has in the press *Annotations on the Epistles*, intended as a continuation of Mr. Elsley's Annotations on the Gospels and Acts.

Mr. Howship has nearly ready for publication *Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Urinary Organs*, illustrated by cases and engravings.

The Rev. G. G. Scraggs has in the press *Theological and Literary Essays*, on a variety of practical subjects in divinity and interesting subjects in literature.

Baron Uklanski's *Travels in Italy*, with a few occasional Poems, are printing in two duodecimo volumes, for the benefit of his widow.

Miss Emma Parker is printing a novel under the title of *Self-deception*.

No. 86.—Vol. XIV.

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

ETON COLLEGE.

ONE of our most fashionable places of education, in the early years of boyhood, is that which forms the subject of our present sketch; and it must be confessed that, whether we regard the salubrity of its local situation, the excellence of its classical tuition, the regularity yet independent manliness of its discipline, and the opportunities afforded of forming early friendships that often last through life, particularly by those intended for political pursuits, there is no seminary in the empire that can be supposed to surpass the advantages of the College at Eton.

It is a royal foundation, originally in honour of the Virgin Mary, whence called the *King's College of our Lady at Eton, beside Windsor*; first established in the year 1440, 19th of Henry the Sixth, and consisting of a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, with a master appointed for their instruction, and also twenty-four poor old men, as objects of the charity Edward the Fourth deprived the College of part of its endowments, not being very friendly to the establishments of his rival; but it escaped the plunder of Henry the Eighth at the Reformation, and dissolution of religious houses, merely receiving some new arrangements, and being fitted for a place of education only.

This new establishment was appointed to consist of a provost, seven fellows, two schoolmasters, two conductors, one organist, eight clerks, seventy King's scholars, ten choristers, besides officers, &c.; an extensive establishment, but fully justified by its funds, which, in the 26th year of Henry the Eighth, were valued at eleven hundred pounds per annum, yielding a net income of eight hundred and eighty-six pounds. It owes much also to the youthful monarch Edward the Sixth, who caused it to be particularly excepted in the act which passed for the dissolution of colleges and chantries.

Before we proceed to its internal scholastic arrangements, a slight notice of its situation and local advantages will be neither useless nor uninteresting. Situated on the banks of the Thames, and joined to

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Windsor by a bridge, Eton possesses all the advantages of a large town, and even of being a royal residence, whilst the College, being placed on its outskirts, on an elevated position, enjoys the healthfulness of a complete rural situation. The edifice consists of two quadrangles, in the first of which are the school and chapel, besides the apartments for the masters and scholars upon the foundation, whilst the residences of the provost and fellows, with the library, occupy the second. The whole elevation and arrangement are in the Gothic style, being an Oxford in miniature, a species of building particularly calculated for such an establishment; for though there cannot be much learning in stone walls, yet the solemn gloom of ancient towers, battlements, and latticed windows, always tends to dispose the mind to contemplation, and also awakens that fond feeling for the times of our early ancestors which leads the mind to the best, the most amiable, and likewise the most useful national prejudices.

The chapel, in particular, is a very handsome specimen of the Gothic on the outside, but the interior, originally very plain, has undergone some very improper alterations, by the improvers of the beginning of the last century, who never thought of the incongruity of placing modern patch-work amidst the sublimity of Gothic arrangement. These honest folks, without regard either to antiquity or propriety, pulled down many of the monuments, and covered others, as well as the altar-piece, with a wainscot screen, to the manifest injury of the whole grand effect of a building one hundred and thirteen feet in length, besides the anti-chapel, which is sixty-two. We call it injudicious, because we feel that to contemplate the graves of the good and mighty dead often leads to virtue, and therefore such a chapel, in its ancient style, might not have been without its good effect upon the minds of the youths brought up under its solemn shade; for here lies the famous Lord Grey de Wilton, so noted in the reign of Henry the Eighth; here also are that monarch's good and pious confessor, John Langland, Bishop of Lincoln; Sir Henry Saville, provost of this College, and also warden of Merton, at Oxford, which uni-

versity is indebted to him for two professorships of astronomy and geometry; another Etonian provost, Sir Henry Wotton, distinguished both as a statesman and an ambassador; another provost, Francis Rowse, though not one whose example we would recommend to modern pupils, since he was one of the Lords of Oliver Cromwell's upper house of parliament, a situation doubtless acquired by the great merit of being a voluminous writer in favour of the Puritans; near him a provost of eminent loyalty, Dr. Allestree, to whom Eton is indebted for the new or upper school, and the cloisters below it, and on which he expended upwards of fifteen hundred pounds; also the author of the well known romance of *Bentivoglio and Urania*, Nathaniel Ingelo, who lived towards the latter end of the seventeenth century.

When any of our fair readers visit Eton they will also be much gratified by the inspection of the anti-chapel, which contains a very handsome specimen of Bacon's sculptural skill, in a statue of the founder, erected at an expence of six hundred pounds, arising from a bequest of the late Rev. Edward Beetham, who was a fellow of this College. In the cemetery they may also contemplate the tomb of that learned and benevolent philosopher John Hales, besides another very handsome statue in bronze of the founder, which Provost Goldolphin erected in the school-yard.

Many valuable portraits, connected with its local history, may be seen in the second quadrangle, in the apartments of the provost. These consist of Queen Elizabeth, Jane Shore, Sir Henry Saville, Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Robert Walpole, and some of the provosts, especially Stewart, who was Clerk of the Closet to King Charles the First, Rowse, and several others. The library is also well worthy of examination, and is both an honour and an ornament to the establishment. The collection of books is both extensive and valuable, principally the bequests of learned men. Here is a most excellent collection of divinity, being the entire library of a late Bishop of Chester, Dr. Waddington; a late master of the Charter-House, Mr. Mann, also bequeathed his books to this establishment: and here are to be found all those fine editions of the Classics, so celebrated as the

library of the late Mr. Topham, who was keeper of the records in the Tower, besides all those rare and valuable specimens of early typography, with engravings, &c.; also models, drawings, and scarce editions of the Classics, sufficient to gratify the most anxious hunter of bibliography. The library has lately been much increased in consequence of a donation for that purpose (five hundred pounds), by Mr. Hetherington.

We notice those circumstances, not only as a just subject of curiosity to visitors who, having sons at the school, may wish to spend a few days at Eton, but also as the best proof of the high character of the school itself, and as serving to establish its fame upon a liberal basis, more than volumes of eulogy could possibly do.

An appointment upon the foundation is of high importance, on account of the advantages connected with it at the universities; but the number of King's scholars is small when compared with those called *Oppidans*, or *town boys*, youths whose friends pay for their board and lodging in the town of Eton, whilst at the same time they enjoy all the scholastic advantages of the establishment. Indeed this school or college has so long been ranked amongst the first public seminaries not only in the empire, but in Europe, that the number of independent boys, or *Oppidans*, generally averages from three hundred to three hundred and fifty. Nay, so high was its celebrity under the direction of the venerable Dr. Barnard, that there were no less than five hundred and twenty of those at one time under his tuition.

Though the youths at Eton are brought up in a manly, independent style, yet the discipline is highly meritorious. We find allusions to it in a Latin poem, written some years ago on the subject of the marriage of the Thames and Isis, and which has been thus translated:—

“Now on the towery bank to Heaven arise
“Fair Windsor's towers that seem to reach the
skies,

“Old father Thames from Eton's learned haunts,
“That tremble at pedantic masters' taunts,
“His azure head uprearing thus began—”

But if proof were wanted of the celebrity of this seminary, we might enumerate an immense number of Etonians, who have

either distinguished themselves in the walks of literature, or become eminent as divines, lawyers, and statesmen. Out of these we shall only select the names of the Bishops Fleetwood and Pearson, the Earls of Camden, Chatham, and Oxford; the philosophers Hales, Oughtred; Boyle; the poets Waller, Gray, and West; with Dr. Stanhope, Sir Robert Walpole, and the most learned Bryant; to these need we add the names of Canning, and of several others, distinguished at the present day both as statesmen and men of literature?

The advantages to those on the foundation are considerable. About the latter end of July, or beginning of August, annually, there is an election to King's College, at Cambridge, when twelve of the head boys are put on the list to succeed to the vacancies, which are about nine every two years; but as the superannuation takes place when a scholar is nineteen years of age, there are many who could derive no benefit from this regulation, were it not that there are a few exhibitions of the annual amount of twenty-one guineas each, arising from the establishment, and further increased by a bequest of eighty pounds per annum from the late Mr. Chamberlayne, a fellow of the College. These youths, who are fortunate enough to go to King's College, succeed to fellowships at three years standing; and there are also two scholars, called postmasters, sent to Merton College, in Oxford.

Besides these gratuities there is a considerable one triennially to the head boy, derived from the collections at the *Montem* on Salt-Hill, a ceremony which deserves some notice in this place. On the Whit-Tuesday, every third year, the procession sets out from Eton for Salt-Hill, which derives its name from this very circumstance, as the spot for the ceremony is an ancient tumulus close to the high road leading to Bath. The custom began in the Monkish times, those recluses having a practice of selling consecrated salt, and the procession is coeval with the founding of the College, but it is now impossible to trace the origin of all the ceremonies connected with it.

On this occasion the youths are all dressed in peculiar habits, especially those

who perform the chief office of the celebration, that is, the collecting of money for salt from all persons present, and even from those who may be chance travellers on the high road. These scholars are called *Saltbearers*, and their dresses are generally very rich, being usually silk habits, with other tasteful ornaments. His Majesty, in the commencement and middle of his reign, took great pleasure in this ceremony, and always went to Salt-Hill with the royal family, giving a very liberal contribution; in which example he was followed by the nobility and gentry of the vicinity, who attended there on purpose, particularly those who had received their education at the seminary. Some years this collection has actually amounted to eight hundred pounds, and the whole of it was appropriated to the support of the senior scholar, then going to Cambridge university, so that a youth of genius, though of humble fortune, was enabled to continue his studies like a gentleman, and sometimes to rise to the highest offices in the state.

The expences of education at Eton are considerable; we have heard two hundred pounds per annum, but we are of opinion it may be done at a cheaper rate. It must, however, be acknowledged that the advantages resulting from it are more than adequate to the expence. The school at present bears a high character, and is well worthy the attention of those whom the gifts of fortune enable to place their boys upon an establishment that cannot fail to open the paths of public life to them, and that to an extent which offers the fairest field to perseverance, genius, and virtue.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

MY RETURN TO FRANCE.

CAN I say to what country I belong? This question, which I ask myself, and which may now be addressed by every Frenchman to his own mind, seems capable of only meeting with a negative answer: it is painful for me to acknowledge this; but with how little energy do I now review the coast of France, which forty years ago I quitted with so much emotion! I tread my native soil with no other pleasure than

that excited by the reflection that a long and tedious voyage is at an end; and, like a lover, who feels no longer the image in his heart of her he has long adored, I only recal to my mind her faults, in order to excuse my own inconstancy.

The Captain who commanded the brig which brought me home was a Frenchman; we more than once had a proof of this during our voyage; he spoke, without ceasing, on his love for his native country, the sacrifices he had made to it, and of those that he was ready to make again; I communicated to him my ideas, for which he reproached me as being a savage, and blamed me for an indifference which he called culpable; I was not therefore without believing that age and absence had extinguished that virtue in my heart which is, in fact, one of the strongest passions of human nature.

When we arrived we found France was become the prey of different factions, and was threatened with internal divisions; our Captain was in haste to know who was to pay him his expences. Bonaparte's reign was not at an end, and the Captain received a part of what was due to him. We saw him return on board with a tri-coloured card, with which he ornamented the figure on the poop of the vessel he commanded, amidst the reiterated cries of *Vive l'Empereur! Vive la Patrie!* Three days after, the evening before we were to land, we heard of the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Paris, and the Captain received the rest of his money in the name of the King: immediately his country was that of the Bourbons; he ordered the tri-coloured flag to be burned, and the insignia of the lillies floated on the three masts of his vessel.

I took the liberty of remarking the different conduct he held that evening to what he had observed in the morning. He pointed out to me what was most important to his own interest. Zameo, who listened attentively, assured us that, in his country, a man who was to act in that manner would be cut in pieces, and that a part would be sent to each of those parties to whom he had signified equal loyalty. Every body execrated this savage law, and we went on shore, at length, amongst a civilized people.

We disembarked at Bordeaux, on the beautiful quay of the Chapeau Rouge. Ottaly and Zameo carried my baggage, and I walked through a crowd of strangers, who followed me with peals of laughter, to the gate of the inn; of their designs I was the only one who was not mistaken. As we entered the alleys of Tourny, a man, decently dressed, delivered us from our impertinent followers, and offered his services, requesting us to follow him. Zameo whispered me, "Master, that man gives me a very good opinion of the French; he is almost as complaisant as a Caribb. My grandfather has often told me, that when you first arrived amongst our tribe they all contended who should make you most welcome; surely this Frenchman was born on the shores of the Oronooko."—"My friend," replied I, "this man is an innkeeper, and the civility he shews us is only a speculation, in order to make us pay the dearer for his offered hospitality; this is one of the advantages of civilization."

We entered the inn, and I asked for a large chamber for us all. The landlord made me observe that I was at the Hotel de Richelieu, and that it was not customary to hire a chamber, but an apartment. It was in vain I told him that we all had our peculiar customs, and that we never occupied more than one room; he made a very sensible objection, that certainly I was my own master if I chose to take only one chamber, provided I would consent to pay for four or five: he could not arrange it otherwise.

I do not know by what inconceivable vanity I was actuated when I was asked my name, that I wrote down on the police register the Chevalier de Pageville! I might as well have retained the name of Paul, the only one I had borne for forty years. Zameo, who had never heard me called by this former title, stared at me. I thought I should give him a sufficient explanation if I told him that it would be a means of making us be treated with more respect: he burst into a loud fit of laughter, and leaning his hands on his knees, he could not possibly conceive how the name of any man should add to his personal merit. "That is another effect of civiliza-

tion," said he, "which I shall never forget."

Every surrounding object and circumstance excited both the wonder and criticism of the young Caribb, whose natural disposition I had been so pleased to develop from infancy, and to admire that simplicity so rare to be found in men, either amongst his nation or amongst ours. Bordeaux was the first town he had seen, and he was never weary of rambling about it. The colour of his complexion, his dress, as strange as his manners, excited more curiosity than respect: he perceived it, and he had no cause to applaud himself for the means he took to obtain the latter.

The day after our arrival Zameo was walking to Chatrou, followed by a crowd of curious people, who were very troublesome to him; in order to elude them, he entered a coffee-house, where a very prepossessing boy asked him what he would be pleased to have? The savage, who took all that was said in a literal sense, testified that he was particularly fond of rum, and he did not want much intreaty to toss down a few bumpers. After resting himself a few minutes, he very graciously saluted the mistress of the house, and was about to take his departure: the boy stopped him, and desired payment for what he had drank; Zameo replied, that he had only taken what was offered him, and that in his country no one took money from a traveller who wished to allay his thirst with the milk of a cocoa nut. The boy flew in a passion, and insolently asked him his name. Zameo, to procure that kind of consideration which he thought requisite in the present emergency, recollected what I had said to the innkeeper, and said that he was the Chevalier de Pageville.

Every one present laughed: the boy, quite valiant at seeing he had only a beardless* youth to contend with, took the savage Chevalier by the throat, calling him a thief, and which the Caribb returned by a vigorous blow with his fist, and threw the boy down on an Englishman and a German, who were taking tea in a

* The Caribbs have no beards.

corner of the coffee-room. In a moment the tumult became universal: all the coffee-room was up in arms against the savage, who, sheltering himself behind the bar, with a stool in each hand, made a noble and determined resistance; but, as it is written, and has often been proved, that there is neither valour, justice, or reason, but what must yield to numbers, after half an hour's combat, the most unequal, he was repaid all his blows with usury, by a superior force, and obliged to lay down his arms.

He was led back to the hotel, and I saw him arrive in the midst of his conquerors, whom he was still threatening by his tone and gestures. I was desirous of knowing the particulars of this adventure—"Master," said he, "here is another proof of the effects of civilization: I was thirsty, these people gave me drink, and wished to make me pay for the service they offered me. I had no money, and I wished to get out of this business as respectably as I could; I said, therefore, that I was the Chevalier de Pageville: one among them called me a thief; I beat him well; they all fell upon me, and because they overpowered me they say they have conquered me. In my country quarrels are decided by opposing man to man, and they would be dishonoured, as they term it here, if they were to oppose ten against one: it is true they call us savages."

I was easy when I saw through the business: I paid the damages incurred by Zameo, whom I reprimanded in a manner, the moral sense of which he very well understood, without, however, conceiving why this title of Chevalier, which procured me so much respect, should have caused him such a disagreeable adventure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAXIMS FROM A CHINESE MANUSCRIPT.

We lose more friends in consequence of our solicitations, than on account of our refusals.

True repentance is the forerunner of virtuous deeds.

Wise men may be forgetful; yet they

will ever think of their own imperfections and of their benefactors.

He who is accustomed to self-denial, has nothing to ask for from any one else.

The man who is possessed of abilities, but destitute of virtue, is like a slave who has no master: he can do no good, but is liable to commit numberless errors.

Filial affection is pregnant with the same feelings, and productive of the same attention, notwithstanding an opposite difference in the climate. The savage wanderer learns more from his own heart of what is due to his parents, than all the writings of our moralists can teach us.

Neither rank nor titles, science, talents, or riches, are requisite for the exercise of filial affection; a feeling heart alone is wanted.

A first love's progress is more rapid than that of filial affection, but it does not go so far.

In ancient times, filial affection was a universal virtue; in subsequent ages, it was reckoned meritorious to show proofs of it; now-a-days, rewards are bestowed on those who fulfil the duties it prescribes: one step further, and parents will thank their children for not abusing them.

The filial piety of the Prince is the patri-mony of the aged, of the widow, and of the orphan.

Raillery is the harbinger of scandal.

That army would be invincible in which the fathers would think most of their families, and the sons of their parents.

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

THE vicinity of the northern provinces of the kingdom of Naples to the Papal territories, and the ease with which malefactors of both countries respectively gained an asylum, by passing the frontiers, opened a door to the commission of the most flagitious acts. About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the Piazz di Spagna, in that city, being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house in a coach; and on his going to the door he found two men masked, by whom he

was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach; but no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him being a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensible to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after driving through several streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen, his companions, then alighted, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them acquainted him that, it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonoured her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in an adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible, a service for the execution of which he should receive a liberal recompence.

Ogilvie at first pre-emptorily refused to commit an act so repugnant to his feelings; but the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal could only prove fatal to himself without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable; and that, unless he chose to participate a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all entreaty or remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose undress; and, immediately afterwards, a female attendant placed before her a large tub filled with warm water, in which she immersed her legs. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew he was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect

resignation, entreating him to put the sentence passed on her into execution with as little delay as possible. She added, she was well aware no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would abbreviate her sufferings and soon terminate their duration.

After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or of escape either for the lady or for himself, being moreover urged to expedite his work by the two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance, threatened to exercise violence on him if he procrastinated, Ogilvie took out his lancet, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time. The gentlemen, having carefully examined the body in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of sequins as a remuneration; but he declined all recompence, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied; and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase to the carriage; but it being narrow, in descending the steps he contrived to leave on one or both walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house, he was conducted home; and at parting the two masks charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and, if possible, never to think of the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflection.

On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution, he determined, at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate by concealment in so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name or quality of the

lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself, however, to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, and acquainted him with every particular; adding, that if the government would extend to him protection he did not despair of finding the house, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed. Benedict XIV. (Lambertini) who then occupied the Papal chair, had no sooner received the information than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the *sbirri*, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie; who judging from circumstances that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of the metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by Pope Julius III. (del Monte) he there found the bloody marks left on the wall by his fingers, at the same time he recognized the apartment in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family and his brother had committed the murder, on the person of their own sister. They no sooner found that it was discovered than they fled to the city, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining there for some time they obtained a pardon by the exertions of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the Apostolic Chamber; and on the further condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, continued to exist there till within these few years.

BIRTHS.

At Flenrs, near Kelso, the Duchess of Roxburgh, of a son and heir.

At Paris, the lady of Sir Frederick Baker, was safely delivered of a son and heir.

MARRIED.

At Newcastle, Mr. Robert Woodward, of

Gateshead, to Mrs. Chicken, of the former place; both of the tender age of 70.

At Pickering, Yorkshire, Mr. Wardell, to Miss Gibson, only daughter of Mr. W. Gibson, all of that place.

DIED.

At his house in Saville Row, the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was the last of that great constellation of talents by which this country was adorned in the period between 1770 and 1810, a period unexampled in British history for senatorial eloquence. Mr. Sheridan was one of the most brilliant luminaries of that period; and though he shone with great lustre in parliament, his eloquence was surpassed by the brilliancy of his talents as a comic poet. From his first regular production of *The Rivals*, in 1775, to his last avowed drama, *The Critic*, no writer has ever approached his excellence. He was in his sixty-fifth year. We lament to add, that for several weeks prior to his death he lay under arrest, and that it was only by the firmness and humanity of the two eminent physicians who attended him, Dr. Baillie and Dr. Beai, that an obdurate attorney was prevented from executing a threat to remove him from his house to a death bed in gaol. Will it be believed that the man who has adorned the age in which he lived with such varieties of light and splendour, should himself have been left to feel the pressure of want!

At his seat, at Westdean, the Right Hon. John Lord Selsey, in the 68th year of his age. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Captain Peachy, R. N.

At her house, in Queen Anne-street, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Parker, sister to the Earl of Macclesfield.

At Merriion-square, Dublin, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Tynte, aged 86 years.

At his house in Paris, of an apoplectic attack, Arthur Earl of Mountorris.

At his seat, Calgarth Park, Westmoreland, at a very advanced age, the Right Rev. Richard Watson, D. D. Lord Bishop of Landaff, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and Archdeacon of Ely. A prelate no less distinguished for his theological than chemical knowledge, and one of the greatest ornaments of the Episcopal Bench.

At his seat, Belmonte, near Uxbridge, the lady of Thomas Harris, Esq. chief Proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

At Holloway, Augusta, the daughter of Sir Richard Phillips. Her premature death was occasioned by the calamity, two days previously, of a severe scald from boiling water.

Prince Charles Jerome de Palfy, aged eighty-one, chief of one of the illustrious houses of Hungary, and formerly Supreme Chancellor of the kingdom.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1816.



Miss North

Published by John Bell, Sept. 21. 1800.

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The Chapter

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Published by John Bell, Sept. 2^d 1810.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For AUGUST, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-seventh Number.

MISS NASH.

THE interesting subject of our present memoir is the daughter of an eminent tradesman at Bath, and was born in September, 1797. Her first appearance in public was at the Musical Festival at Bath, in the spring of 1813: and at this her first *debut*, she obtained great admiration from Madame Catalani, who was one of the audience that listened to her with much delight and satisfaction, and who pronounced her musical and vocal talents excellent.

Miss Nash was afterwards engaged in a series of Grand Musical Meetings, at every principal place in the west of England; and appeared on the stage of Bristol, in October, 1813, as *Polly*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, with eminent applause: and she was regularly engaged by Mr. Loder, the manager of the Bath Theatre, where she has performed some very prominent characters with marked applause.

An eligible proposal having been made from the Committee at Drury-Lane, Mr. Dimond, Proprietor of the Bath Theatre, gave his permission, and she was engaged for a stated number of nights, appearing for the first time on the London boards, October the 28th, 1815, as *Polly*, in the *Beggars' Opera*. Since her return to Bath

she has performed *Juliana*, in the *Honey Moon*, with considerable approbation.

The portrait of this young lady, which we have this month the pleasure of presenting our readers with, will be sufficient to shew that Miss Nash has no small share of beauty. Her figure is tall and well proportioned. She has a clear and melodious voice, but it is rather wanting in strength, as its higher tones serve to evince. Her manner of singing will, no doubt, become more scientific by practice; nevertheless, though something wanting in that point, it is easy to perceive that her musical education has been well attended to. Her action is easy, animated, and unembarrassed; while there is a sweetness and artlessness about her which speak to the heart; and we do not scruple to pronounce that she will be a real acquisition to the Stage.

The report which has been circulated of her marriage, we have the most authentic authority to declare was wholly without foundation, and originated from the reports of some of the Morning Papers, stating that "Miss Nash had changed her name."— This, however, has been contradicted, on the same authority given us, both in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazettes.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

THE GRACES.

THE Graces being the inseparable companions of Love and Beauty, must naturally be found here next to them. They were three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome; they were called Aglaia or Egle, Thalia, and Euphrosyne. As bountiful deities they dispensed among men the arts which make life so enchanting. The outward graces with which they endowed their favourites were only their less valuable benefits. From them were obtained all the refinements of the mind, decent gaiety, equality of temper, sweet unassuming persuasion, and liberality of sentiments: as dispensators of benefits, and inspirers of gratitude, they are frequently seen in the train of Jupiter. Their favourite abode was in Orchomene, or on the verdant banks of the Cephissus, from whence their worship extended with the civilization which they introduced. Their temples, which they occasionally shared with the Muses, Love, and Mercury, were standing evidences of the urbanity of the people who had erected them, and all over Greece monuments might be seen to represent them. They were also invoked at banquets, and libations were poured out in their honour as an invitation for them to be present and preside at the feast; besides the many festivals established to celebrate their benign influence, spring was specially sacred to them.

The Graces are represented as young and modest, their shape rather slender yet well proportioned; they are seen dancing and holding each other by the hand; the thin drapery that covers them is loose and negligently floating, nay sometimes they wear no vestments at all.

The ancients would sometimes place miniature figures of the Graces inside of the hollow statues of hideous satyrs; to imply that bodily deformities are insignificant when compensated by an accomplished mind and a benevolent disposition.

VULCAN.

THIS God, the only legitimate son of Jupiter and Juno, was the less befriended by nature of all the Gods: his mother, when she brought him into the world, was shocked at his deformity and kept him for a long time at a distance concealed at the bottom of the sea. This ill treatment, nevertheless, did not prevent him, when of due age, to be of essential service to her when she and her husband had quarrelled together: at the time that she hung suspended in the air, Vulcan was the only God that presumed to go and rescue her. True, indeed, his filial piety was sadly rewarded, for Jupiter gave him a kick that threw him from Olympus; for three days and three nights he rolled in the air, and at last alighted in the island of Lemnos.

The inhabitants took great care of him, and by degrees he recovered from his fall, yet he was lame for ever. Jupiter's resentment having at last subsided, he recalled Vulcan into Olympus, and to obliterate from his mind the recollection of his temporary disgrace, appointed him God of fire and blacksmith of Olympus; the Cyclops were bound to obey his commands, and employed in forging the thunderbolts, arms for the Gods, and such articles wrought in metal that might be wanted. Vulcan, through gratitude, established one of his principal forges in the island of Lemnos; he also constructed in Olympus a brass palace studded with glittering stars, in which he worked by himself. Jupiter, intending to reward him for his services, united him to Venus. Vulcan himself, notwithstanding his deformity, was in hopes she would like him because he loved her. We have already stated in what manner the Goddess repaid his affection. Vulcan, however, was naturally good natured, and overlooking, in some respect, the infidelities of his wife, could refuse her nothing, viz. he forged an armour for Æneas. When more angry than he had ever been, he only

sought revenge by playing such tricks as spoke more humour than rancour. Jealous of Mars, he skilfully wrought an invisible wire net, wherein the lovers were caught as in a trap, and exposed to the laughter and ridicule of the whole heavenly court. Vulcan had already once before played a similar trick. In order to be avenged of the ill treatment of his mother, he had made a gold chair of exquisite workmanship, of which he made her a present; but Juno was hardly seated when she also was caught unable to move. Vulcan for a long time enjoyed the sight of her awkward situation, and it required Bacchus getting him drunk before the Queen of Olympus could be set at liberty.

Vulcan is uniformly represented as a robust uncouth man, with his hair and beard very much neglected; he wears on his head a round pointed cap; his short garment hardly covers half his body; he generally holds a hammer in his right hand, and a pair of tongs in his left. Sometimes he is seen seated at the entrance of his forge with a loose drapery thrown over his body, and the work he has just finished at his feet. Cyclops are discovered working in the interior part of the forge.

APOLLO.

LATONA, daughter to one of the Titans and one of the wives of Jupiter, pursued by the implacable Juno, wandered all over the globe unable to find a spot where she could give birth to her child. A monstrous dragon named Python, sent by her enemy, pursued her every where; and Terra had engaged not to afford her an asylum. Nearly exhausted by fatigue, she stopped by a pool to quench her devouring thirst, but some peasants prevented her, in addition to which cruelty they used most outrageous invectives; the Goddess turned them into frogs. Neptune at last, through compassion, fixed with his trident the island of Delos, which had hitherto been floating, and Latona there found a retreat, where she gave birth to Apollo and Diana.

The first exploit of Apollo was to kill the serpent Python that had so violently tormented his mother, whom Juno ceased persecuting. He was the God of light, of poetry, music, physic, and of omens; but wit and talents do not procure happiness,

high station still less, and Apollo was made miserable on account of all his attachments.

When young he had a friend named Hyacinthus, the son of Amyelas and Diomedes, whom he killed accidentally playing at quoits. Unable to restore him to life, yet willing to render his name immortal, he changed his dead body into a flower, which still bears his name, and on which the God engraved the two initial Greek letters *ai, ai*, which also are expressive of the pain resulting from a blow, or wound.

Apollo soon after fell in love with Coronis, by whom he had *Æsculapius*. A crow coming officiously to apprize him of Coronis's infidelity, in the first transport of his jealousy he shot her with an arrow, and *Æsculapius* was born on the very pile on which his mother was going to be consumed. The God now discovering that Coronis was innocent, repented too late his cruel anger, and avenged himself on the informing raven, whose colour he changed from white to black, such as we see it at the present time.

His son *Æsculapius* occasioned him additional sorrows: he had been endowed by his father with a genius for physic, which he brought to perfection under the tuition of Chiron, the Centaur. Not satisfied with curing the diseased, he restored the dead to life. Pluto seeing his empire likely to become depopulated, complained to Jupiter; who, with one of his bolts, shot the rash physician. *Æsculapius*, after his death, was worshipped as the God and inventor of physic; his apotheosis took place fifty-three years before the Trojan war. Many temples were erected to him, to which patients of every description would resort in hopes of getting cured, if they only spent the night therein. The most celebrated was that of Epidaurus, the city near which he was born, and in which he was worshipped in the shape of an adder. *Æsculapius* has been represented seated on a throne, with a stick in one hand, and laying the other on the head of a serpent, with a dog at his feet. His attributes, however, vary; sometimes he is seen beardless, but most frequently with a bushy beard; a crown, or wreath of laurels on his head, and sometimes a bushel; serpents often entwine his stick; those reptiles are

the most constant attributes of *Æsculapius*. Meanwhile *Apollo*, incensed at the death of his son, and for ever hasty in his resentment, slew the Cyclops who had forged the bolts that killed *Æsculapius*; for which offence he was banished from *Olympus*. The God now became a wanderer, and subject to those wants "that flesh is heir to," sought a refuge at the court of *Admetus*, King of *Thessaly*, who committed him to tend his flocks, from which he was considered as the God of shepherds. He soon became the protecting deity of his host, to whom he procured the means of marrying *Alcesta*, the daughter of *Pelias*, who had been promised to any Prince that could produce a car drawn by a tame lion and a boar, which *Admetus* performed through the assistance of *Apollo*.

Admetus was labouring under a dangerous disease, when *Apollo* prevented the Fates from cutting the fatal thread, but on condition that another mortal should devote himself to death in his stead, for *Pluto* reckons the number of his subjects. *Alcesta* courageously offered herself to die in lieu of her husband. *Proserpine*, melted at her generosity and the grief of *Admetus*, was willing to allow her to quit the infernal abode, but *Pluto* opposed the kind design. *Hercules*, at last, who was a friend of *Admetus*, descended into hell and rescued *Alcesta*.

It was pretended that *Apollo* invented the lyre to soothe his cares; the invention, however, is more generally attributed to *Mercury*, who being also banished from *Olympus*, stole the sheep that *Apollo* tended, and made them walk backward, to prevent their progress being traced. But *Apollo* found out his retreat, and after many contentions consented to give up the sheep in exchange for the lyre which *Mercury* had invented, and of which he was made a present.

Apollo, delighted with his new acquisition, would sing to the sweet music of his lyre. We seldom exercise our abilities without experiencing a desire of being admired: and this was the case with *Apollo*, who found the satyr *Marsyas*, the son of *Hyaquis*, to be a formidable rival. This *Marsyas* had invented the flute, and was the first who had set to music the hymns in honour of the Gods: he had followed

Cybele, to whom he was attached, through all her travels, and was on his return when he happened to meet *Apollo* in the neighbourhood of *Nyse*. The satyr, proud of his own skill and of his new discovery, presumed to challenge the God, and it was even agreed upon that the vanquished should be at the mercy of the conqueror. The inhabitants of *Nyse* were appointed arbitrators: long did the contest remain undecided, till at last it was given in favour of *Apollo*; whom jealousy had wound up to cruelty: he bound the unfortunate *Marsyas* to a tree and flayed him alive. The tears of the nymphs and satyrs made *Apollo* ashamed of his foul vengeance, and he changed *Marsyas* into a river that retains the same name.

Apollo was less severe upon *Midas* for having given judgment against him. This Prince, who reigned in *Phrygia*, was said to be the son of *Gorgyas* and of *Cybele*: on account of the kind reception he had shewn to *Bacchus*, the God had promised to grant him his every wish. The greedy ignorant *Midas* demanded that whatever he might touch should be converted into gold; which request was accordingly granted. This most brilliant gift, however, soon turned out to be most prejudicial; his food was liable to the same metamorphosis, and he was in danger of being starved with hunger in the midst of his riches: he therefore besought the God to withdraw a benefit that had been carried too far. *Bacchus*, in consequence, bade him to bathe in the river *Pactolus*; which he performed, and the river since possessed sands of gold.

Let us now return to *Apollo*. A friend of *Midas*, *Pan*, proud of his charming voice and of his skill on the flute, boasted to the nymphs and shepherds who listened to him, of his superiority over *Apollo* himself; and to prove it he challenged the God. *Midas* was fixed upon to decide between the two rivals; for it will too frequently happen that the ignorant, provided they be rich, become the arbitrators and judges of talents. In obedience to bad taste, *Midas* decided in favour of *Pan*; and *Apollo*, as a revenge, caused him to have ass's ears. *Midas* was vain, and wished to conceal from every one's view a deformity which he was ashamed of; he therefore covered his head

with a rich tiara, or cap; his barber alone was in the secret, but durst not reveal it to any one. Weary at last, and determined to shake off the burthensome secret, he resorted to a distant solitary spot, dug a hole in the earth, approached his mouth to the aperture, and whispered the following words,—*Midas sports ass's ears*, and then filled up the hole again. Some rushes happened to grow on that very spot, and when waved by the breeze repeated the barber's words,—*Midas sports ass's ears*.

Apollo left the states and Admetus, and in company with Neptune, who, like himself, had been driven from the heavens, entered into the service of Laomedon, King of Troy. They were employed in making bricks for the construction of the walls and fortifications which that Prince had erected round his capital. But Laomedon refused to pay them the salary agreed upon, and Apollo revenged himself by sending a plague that ravaged the whole country.

Apollo, during his long peregrinations, successively loved several mortals; but, through a strange fatality, constantly occasioned them to be wretched, and was made miserable himself. Smitten by the charms of Clytie, the daughter of Eurinome and of Orchanus King of Babylon, he soon forsook her for her sister Leucothoe. Clytie, exasperated, informed her father of her sister's conduct: Leucothoe was buried alive, when the God, unable to save her life, changed her into the tree that bears incense. Clytie, scorned more than ever by Apollo, and grieved at the dreadful consequence of her jealousy, refused all kind of sustenance; stretched on the bare ground, with her hair dishevelled, she constantly kept her eyes fixed on the luminary over which Apollo presided. The God, at last, had mercy upon her, and metamorphosed her into an heliotrope, or sun flower, which, in conformity to her former inclination, incessantly turns towards those points of the horizon from which dart successively the beams of the sun.

Some time before he had loved Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus; but the nymph, insensible to his vows, preferred *Honrippus*, a handsome youth of her own age. In vain did the godly shepherd redouble his solicitations, Daphne, in return, became more solicitous to avoid him. One

day, however, forgetful of danger, the nymph had inconsiderately quitted the flowery banks which her father watered, and was roving over the fields, when on a sudden she perceived Apollo, who was watching her. Less swift flies the timid doe at the sight of the formidable huntsman; in vain does the God in his pursuit endeavour to remove her apprehensions by the most seducing promises; she can only hear the sound of his voice which redoubles her fright; in proportion as she quickens her race the God pursues with fresh ardour; he gains ground, his panting breath warns her of his approach, she was close to the river Peneus, one step more and she would find an asylum in his parental waves; Apollo seized her garments which Zephyr blew within his grasp, he was in hopes of grasping the nymph herself, but embraced only a laurel tree. Peneus feeling for the danger of his child, who implored his assistance, had recourse to that metamorphosis to rescue her from the pursuit of Apollo. The God, for ever unsuccessful, cut a branch of the beloved tree, and wished it should be sacred to him in future.—The metamorphosis of Daphne has supplied artists with many subjects.

The multiplicity of the misadventures which Apollo had encountered at last melted Jupiter to pity. He recalled Apollo back to Olympus, and reinstated him in all his former dignities; there, however, his cruel destiny still continued to persecute him. By Clymene, the daughter of Oceanus, whom he had married secretly, he had three daughters, *Phaetusa*, *Lampetia*, *Lampethusa*, and a son called *Phaeton*. This young man having quarrelled with *Epaphus*, the son of Jupiter and *Io*, was reproached with not being the son of *Sol*, as he pretended. *Phaeton* complained to his mother, who shewed him the way to the palace of the God, and the youth set off determined to obtain from his father such a token as should evince the legitimacy and origin of his birth. Apollo, blinded by parental affection, swore by the *Styx* to grant him his request, be it what it might. The imprudent youth, confident of his own abilities, demanded being entrusted with the guidance of his father's chariot for one single day. Apollo was soon made sensible of his rash promise; he urged alter-

nately pressing intreaties and vehement remonstrance to dissuade his son from his inconsiderate enterprise. Phaeton, however, persisted in his determination. Bound by an irrevocable oath, Apollo was obliged to yield consent, yet anxious to prevent the misfortunes which he foresaw, he gave him such instruction as he thought might prove of essential service. Phaeton, impatient of delay, mounted the chariot. Aurora had scarcely opened the gates of the palace when the coursers discover they are no longer guided by the same hand, and disregard the impotent efforts of the presumptuous charioteer, they proceeded by starts and bounces, and deviate from the common road; sometimes they rise towards the heavens, and the azure vault is threatened with general conflagration, sometimes they descend towards the earth, and then the rivers are dried up and the mountains blaze. Terra, scorched to her very entrails, complained to Jupiter; who, shooting one of his bolts, precipitated Phaeton into the Eridan. His sisters lamented his loss during four months on the banks of the Eridan; when the Gods, moved at their affliction, converted their tears into yellow amber, and metamorphosed the three sisters into poplar trees. Cygnus, the son of Steneleus, King of Liguria, a friend and a relative of Phaeton, left his domains to come and bewail the death of his departed friend, and was changed into a swan; which still, fearful of fire, dares not rise in the air but inhabits the waters.

Apollo, in the heavens, went by the name of Phœbus: he had numberless oracles and temples throughout all Greece and Italy; the most celebrated and magnificent was that of Delphi. The youths, upon attaining the age of adolescence, consecrated to him their hair, which was then cut for the first time, the same as the young maidens sacrificed to Diana the garlands which they had worn during their childhood.

Few deities have been represented with more divers attributes. As God of the sun he is seen in a chariot drawn by four white horses, his head encircled with beams, and a cock resting on his hand; the chariot runs over the Zodiac, the signs of which are visible.

Apollo, as God of poetry, is sometimes represented naked, and leaning on a rock, with his hair bound on his forehead; in one hand he holds a lyre, and the bow of a violin in the other; at other times his hair is loose and flowing, his head crowned with a wreath of laurel, and his long robe hangs down to his feet. As God of physic at his feet is placed a serpent. Apollo huntsman, or conqueror of Python, is armed with a bow and quiver. Lastly, he is also seen standing on mount Parnassus, surrounded by the Muses, crowned with laurel, and his lyre in his hand. The most accomplished monument of antiquity that has been handed down to us represents Apollo overpowering Python, known by the name of the Apollo of Belvidera.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

QUEEN MARY, WIFE TO WILLIAM III.

PLACED in a situation the most difficult, between affection to her father and duty towards her husband, it was wonderful how this illustrious woman preserved that equanimity of behaviour and consistency of conduct for which she was ever remarkable

When placed at the head of affairs during the King's absence in Ireland, she was once petitioned to pardon a housebreaker; but she denied the request, giving as a reason, that King William would never pardon an offence of so pernicious a nature, an

offence that strikes at domestic security itself.

When her husband was at home, and consequently taking the reins of government in his own hands, the Queen believed herself with all the tender submission of a good wife, leaving all state affairs to his direction alone. She then diverted herself with walking six or seven miles every day, looking after her buildings, making fringes, and such like innocent amusements.

It was observed by the persons who carried the address of condolence to the King from Oxford, after Queen Mary's

death, that he shed tears two or three times as they were delivering that memorial of her virtues and his affliction.

MADAME GROTIUS.

WHEN the celebrated and excellent husband of this distinguished woman was condemned to remain in prison for life, she shewed herself worthy of being the wife of such a man. Her affection and enterprise liberated him from the Castle of Louvenstein; where, by continual watching she observed that his guards discontinued their usual practice of examining a trunk filled with linen which was sent every week to be washed at the neighbouring town of Gorcum. Thinking to turn this negligence to some account, she advised her husband to put himself in the trunk, in the top of which she bored some holes, and prevailed upon him to remain in it in prison as long a time as it would take to carry it to Gorcum. This rehearsal having succeeded, she chose a day when the commander of the fortress was absent, paid a visit to his wife, and mentioned, in the course of conversation, that the health of her husband was so impaired that she was resolved to send away all his books in a trunk, to prevent his too close application to study. The next day she placed her husband in the trunk, and two soldiers took it up to carry it off to Gorcum. One of them complaining how heavy it was, "I am sure," said he, "there must be an Armenian in it." This was the name of a religious faction in opposition to the then government of Holland.—"Yes," replied the wife of Grotius, "there are some Armenian books in it." The trunk was, however, carried off; but one of the soldiers having some suspicions from the agitation he observed in Madame Grotius, asked for the key of it, which she pretended not to have about her; he then ran to the commandant's wife, and asked her what he should do? She, having no suspicion from what Madame Grotius had told her the day before, ordered him to carry off the trunk and ask no more questions. The

important load arrived safe at Gorcum, where Grotius soon quitted his confinement, took a waggon to Valvie, and arrived safe at Antwerp.

Madame Grotius hearing her husband was safe, owned the whole transaction to the guards. The commandant put her under close confinement, and instituted a criminal process against her. Some of the judges were of opinion that she should be detained a prisoner instead of her husband; but the States General, to whom this illustrious woman presented her petition, ordered her to be instantly liberated.

In the admirable picture painted by Rubens of the celebrated Grotius, in the possession of the Earl of Arundel, he is represented standing near a chest; in allusion, no doubt, to that in which his excellent consort effected his deliverance.

LADY DAVIES.

THIS lady having prophesied that Villars, the first Duke of Buckingham, should not be alive till the end of August, which really happening, she got the reputation of a cunning woman amongst the common people. This so exalted her imagination that she fancied the spirit of the prophet Daniel was infused into her, and this opinion she grounded on an anagram which she made of her own name Eleanor Davies, "Reveal O Daniel;" and though the anagram wanted an *s*, and was too much by an *l*, yet she found *Daniel* and *reveal* in it.

She was brought into the High Commission Court, and while the Bishops and divines were reasoning with her out of the holy Scriptures, Lamb, the Dean of the Arches, took a pen in his hand, and wrote an exact anagram on her name, saying—"Madam, I see you build much on anagrams, I have now found out one which I hope will fit you."—This was "Dame Eleanor Davies," *never so mad a lady*.—This set the court into such a laughter that poor Lady Davies retired in much confusion, and soon after grew wiser, and laid aside her prophecies.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADAME LA PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.

THE fate of this lovely and accomplished Princess of the house of Savoy strongly testifies the truth of a better life: a victim from her infancy, devoted to all the plans and ferocious machinations of the wicked, no misfortune could ever tempt her to deviate from that noble and virtuous character with which Heaven seemed to have endowed her at her birth.

When her husband perished in early bloom, through the profligate conduct of Philippe Egalité, she attended his dying couch like a pitying angel; and deeply impressed his mind with a sense of her matchless worth when it was too late. A pattern of the most unexampled friendship, she fell a martyr to it, when no persuasions from the Queen, to whom she was devoted, would allow her to remain in safety in England, when she knew the danger to which her Majesty was hourly exposed.—It is to this character of friendship that may be ascribed a fact almost incredible and very little known.

It must be recollected that the Legislative Assembly which succeeded the first Assembly, called Constituent, were taken up with the education of the Prince Royal, and they sought to direct, as much as possible, the choice of the King to a governor of their proposing; which was to be Robespierre, the chiefs of whose party knew they never could approach the King, but they might perhaps attain their end through the mediation of the Princess de Lamballe; but they must convince her before they could convince the King: and with captious and political, more than moral reasoning, they tried to delude this Princess, whose devotion for the royal family was unbounded, and whose unsuspecting goodness saw nothing wrong in a negotiation which she was told would ensure the safety of those she so highly esteemed and honoured. She took upon herself, therefore, to speak to the King concerning it; her heart fulfilling only the duty of morality and kindness, and unaware of any indignity in this political calculation.

When she proposed it to the King, in

the name of Robespierre, he said, "How can you think of it, my cousin?"—She insisted, and developed the dilemma in which she had herself been thrown, and the arguments by which she had seemed convinced. The King still opposed it; but yielded at length, and authorized Madame de Lamballe to see Robespierre; when articles were drawn up, in which it was promised that the crown should remain in possession of the royal family, &c. &c.

But unfortunately they did not inform the Queen of the beginning, nor the motives of this negotiation; and when, at the moment when it was about to be executed, she was made acquainted with the result, she was very angry, and would not hear of any convention to be made with Robespierre: nor would she attend to any considerations of rendering a breaking off dangerous, but protested that she never would confide the education of her son to such villains. She then seemed almost suffocated with passion, shut herself up with the young Prince, and threatened to disgrace Madame de Lamballe.

We cannot refuse our admiration at this refusal of the Queen; the King himself yielded to it, and he requested of the unhappy Princess to see Robespierre again announce to him this change, and propose to him to ask something more suitable with the certainty of having it granted.

But Robespierre, who felt his popularity at stake, and who instead of the promised recompence felt himself humbled, fancied himself also duped. He had Madame de Lamballe arrested; and when he had assured himself that she was at La Force, he excited those horrible massacres which took place on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of September; on one of which dreadful days this Princess was sacrificed to his resentment in the hope also of burying with her the knowledge of his secret and ambitious views.

This is said to have been the sole cause of the last excruciating torments which finished a valuable life, yet which might be said to have been a tissue of misfortune from the cradle to the grave.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

LOUIS XVII.

THE following particulars of the latter days of this interesting child's existence are not generally known; they are extracted from a recent publication by one who was an eye witness, formerly belonging to the Committee of General Safety, &c.

The health of the Dauphin was reported to be in imminent danger, and when interrogated on the nature of his complaint, they said that the young Prince not only refused all advice and assistance, but that he also refused to explain himself on the pain he felt, and, at length, to answer to any question that was put to him. They added, that they perceived great swellings on his knees and elbows, and that he always seemed desirous to remain either in a sitting or lying posture.

When they were interrogated as to the cause of this obstinate silence, they said they dated it from the day when violence alone had caused him to sign the horrible deposition made by those atrocious villains, Hebert and Simon, against his august mother, and that they had no doubt but that was the sole cause of his extraordinary behaviour.

We will pass over the reflections of the writer; they are such as must present themselves to every feeling mind, and we will proceed to that part which is merely narrative.

"The Prince was sitting near a little square table, on which were scattered several cards; some were bent in the shape of boxes, others were built up in houses; he was taken up with these cards when we entered, and he continued his amusement. He was dressed in a slate-coloured cloth jacket, made like that of a sailor; his room was light and very clean. His bedstead was of wood, without curtains, and the bed and linen appeared good and fine.

"I approached the Prince; our movements seemed not to make the slightest impression upon him; I told him that the government, informed but very lately of his ill state of health, and his refusal to take any exercise, or make any reply to the questions put to him, or to the proposals

of sending a physician to attend him, had sent us to assure ourselves of these facts, and to renew these proposals.

"I requested him to answer if it would be agreeable to him.

"While I thus addressed him he fixed his eyes upon me, without altering his position, and appeared to listen to me with the most profound attention; but not one word did he afford in answer.

"I then repeated my proposals as if I thought he had not heard me; and I particularized them as follows:—

"Perhaps I did not explain myself properly, or perhaps you misunderstood me, Sir; but I take the liberty of asking you if you would wish for a horse, a dog, some birds, some playthings, or some young companions of your own age? which we will present to you before they are placed about your person; would you wish now, this moment, to walk in the garden, or on the turrets? do you desire to eat any cakes or confectionary?"

"In vain I numbered over all those articles which to a child are generally tempting; I received not a word in answer; not even a gesture or change of countenance, although his face was turned towards me, and he fixed his eyes on me with the most marked indifference.

"I then took upon me to speak in a more authoritative tone, and I ventured to say to him, 'Sir, such obstinacy at your age is inexcusable, and it astonishes me the more, as our visit to you, as you may perceive, has no other object than to soften your present situation, and to ameliorate your health; how can that be done if you persist in refusing to name what you wish for? If there is any other way of proposing it to you, be so kind as to tell me, and we will conform to your will.'

"He still regarded me with the same attention, but spoke not a word."

Here follows a long exhortation, to which the author adds,—

"Not a word, but the same fixed and unchanging countenance.

"I was in despair, as well as my colleagues; I thought this character of resig-

nation and indifference seemed to say, 'What matter is it? finish the sacrifice of your victim!'

" 'Sir,' said I, 'be so kind as to give me your hand;' he presented it to me, and putting my hand up his sleeve, I felt a large tumour at his wrist and his elbow; it appeared that these swellings were not painful, for the Prince did not shew any signs that they were.

" 'The other hand, Sir,'—he presented that also.

" 'Permit me, Sir, to touch your legs and knees.'—He rose up, I found two similar swellings under each ham.

" As he stood, I observed the Prince seemed narrow chested; his legs and thighs long and thin; his arms the same; his bust very short, and his breast high; his shoulders were also high and narrow; his head most beautiful; a clear but pale complexion; his hair fine, long, and silky, kept very clean, and of a bright chesnut.

" 'Now, Sir, will you condescend to walk a little to oblige me?'—He rose immediately, went towards the door and back again, and immediately reeated himself.

" 'Be so kind, Sir, to walk a little longer.'

" He complied not and was silent, remaining on his seat with his elbows on the table; his countenance indicated not the smallest change, or the slightest emotion, and he seemed no more moved by our presence than if we had not been there.

" We were regarding each other with astonishment when the dinner of the Prince was brought in.

" This was a trying scene, which to have felt and believed must have been witnessed.

" A red earthen pan contained a dark looking soup, in which were swimming some lentils; in a plate of the same kind was a little morsel of dark coloured meat, the shrunken appearance of which shewed it to be of the coarsest kind, a second plate full of lentils, and a third in which were half a dozen chesnuts roasted to a ciuder, a pewter plate to eat out of, no knife, the commissioners telling us that such was the order, and no wine.

" Such was the dinner of the son of Louis XVI. the descendant of sixty-six kings! Thus was innocence treated!

" He ate all, he was contented with his dinner; I asked him if he was satisfied? no answer; if he wished for any fruit? no reply; if he was fond of grapes? not a word. In a few minutes some grapes were brought; they were placed on the table, and he ate them in silence. 'Would you wish for any more?'—He answered not a word."

The author adds, that when he was asked if he would have any one about his person that would be more agreeable to him than those entrusted with it at present, he still kept silence.

" 'Would you wish us to depart?' the same determined silence.

" I asked the commissioners when I was in the anti-chamber, if this silence could really be dated from that day when the most barbarous violence had been used to make him sign the odious and absurd deposition against the Queen, his mother. They protested to us that the Prince had never spoken since that day.

" After having made this anecdote public and presented it to every feeling reader, I offer it also to the observers of nature. Is it possible that a child of nine years old could have formed so strong a resolution and be capable of keeping it? It seems incredible; but I can declare to all those who would deny it, or even doubt it, that it is a fact, to attest which I can bring several witnesses.

" I cannot say whether the young Prince ever spoke to the physician that was sent to him, because I was ordered off to Brest; and on my return I learned that the patient and his physician were both dead, and that the latter had left no memorandum concerning the Prince."

FRENCH COURTESY.

THAT the French are the most courteous nation in Europe, and of course in the whole world, has long since become proverbial; yet I much doubt that my dear countrymen, though ever so enthusiastic with regard to foreign manners, will approve of the new method adopted by our neighbours on the other side of the channel, to show their boasted courtesy to those of our daily emigrants who visit their metropolis.

Prior to their revolution, M. de Rivarol's *Discourse on the Universality of the French*

Language having carried off the first prize at Berlin, the French, in general were disposed to believe that they might dispense learning any foreign tongue, whereas every foreigner must have studied theirs. Deficient as that argument might be in point of logic, it was expressive, however, of some national spirit, or rather vanity. Be it as it may, in latter days the *Restaurateurs* of Paris, either conscious of their predecessors having imbibed false notions, or prompted by the desire of shewing every indulgence to their visitors from abroad, have imagined that it would be accommodating them to produce a bill of fare in their original languages; and accordingly the waiters, who are great *connoisseurs*, know at one glance whether the new comer be a native of the British empire, a subject of the Emperor of Germany, or of the King of Prussia. In the former case an English bill of fare is produced, wherein the prices of every article are stated, merely at an advance of what a financier called one-third (see the Debates of Parliament in 1806), of the French bill of fare. In the latter case, as the Parisians still bear more malice to the countrymen of Blucher and Swartzenberg, the prices on the German *carte* is double. It may be a consolation for some ill dis-

posed mortals to have fellow-sufferers, but I hope that none will blame me for dropping the hint, and that many will avail themselves of the caution.

MADAME DE STAHL-HOLSTEIN.

THE celebrated Madame de Staehl-Holstein being one day in company with Prince Talleyrand, asked him how he had managed to survive the many revolutions of the great primary revolution, of which he had proved one of the principal abettors?—"Madam," replied the Ex-Bishop, "you must know that from my birth I have always limped."

MRS. —.

DURING the late contested election for Devon; between Mr. Bastard and Lord Ebrington, Mrs. — and her daughter were walking in the castle-yard, when Miss having slyly mounted a little bit of blue, in opposition to the vote and interest of Papa, was accosted by a young friend with:—"Dear me! you are not a Bastard, are you?"—when the former replied, "Indeed, Miss, I am; ask Mamma if I am not?"—"Yes, my dear," said Mamma, "I believe you are, but your Papa must not know it."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

WHEN Sir Godfrey Kneller was at Venice, during his early youth, he stopped one day to hear a mountebank harangue the crowd. The charlatan immediately broke off in the midst of his discourse, and looking at him steadfastly, he cried out, "Behold a happy countenance. This young man will go to a happy island, where he will attain great credit and riches, and live to a considerable age; and to prove all this, if he stays in this city a month longer, he will save the life of a person who will be condemned innocently." Sir Godfrey stayed the month; and during that time he painted the picture of the wife of one of the procurators of St. Mark, and which portrait so pleased his employer, that at the painter's request he respited the execution of a condemned criminal for a

month, during which time the real murderer was discovered, and the innocent person saved. Sir Godfrey came to England, where the remainder of the prophecy was fulfilled.

This anecdote he used frequently to tell of himself; for his admirable talents were too much tarnished by vain glory; he frequently not scrupling to affirm that he was the most ingenious of all painters.

In his summer house he had a full-length picture of Lady Kneller, which he had painted, and which was much scratched and defaced at the bottom. A friend expressing his curiosity to know how it became so injured, Sir Godfrey told him, "That it was owing to a little favourite dog of Lady Kneller's, who, having been accustomed to lie in her lap, scratched the picture in order to be taken up by her."

This made his friend mention the well known anecdote of the painter Xeuxis, who had painted a bunch of grapes in a basket on a boy's head so naturally, that the birds came to peck at them. Sir Godfrey wisely answered, that if the boy had been painted as well as the grapes, the birds would not have ventured to come near enough to peck at them.

His great patron was Charles II. who used frequently to go to his house under the Piazza in Covent Garden, to sit to him: he sent Sir Godfrey into France to paint the picture of the French King, where he had the honour of drawing all the royal family.

On his return to England his royal protector had ceased to exist; he was well received, however, by King James and his Queen, constantly employed by them until the ever memorable revolution, and then he became principal painter to William III. who dignified him with the honour of knighthood.

Neither William nor Mary would ever sit to any other person; and what is very remarkable in the life of this painter is, that he had the honour to draw ten crown-

ed heads, namely, four Kings of England and three Queens, the Czar of Muscovy, Charles III King of Spain, and Louis XIV. besides several Electors and Princes. His reputation by these means became so established, that the Emperor Leopold made him a nobleman and knight of the holy Roman empire. King William sent him to draw the Elector of Bavaria's picture at Brussels, and presented him with a rich chain of gold and a medal.

Besides these honours Sir Godfrey received many from the University of Oxford, and was presented by that learned body with the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. He was gentleman of the privy chamber to King William, to Queen Anne, and King George I. who created him a Baronet; and in several reigns he had the honour of being appointed deputy lieutenant of the County of Middlesex. He died at a house he had built himself at Whitton, near Hampton Court, October 27th, 1723, and was buried there; but a monument, by Rysbrach, was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with a flattering epitaph by Pope.

ABBAS AND SOHRY.—A PERSIAN TALE.

(Concluded from page 31.)

"It is Abbas!" said Sohry to herself; "more than one reason induces me to believe it. But alas! if it is he, how many reasons militate against his views! Will he not make his designs known too late? Shall I ever have it in my power to hear him, or be permitted to listen to him?"

These reflections would often occur to her mind and as often depress her spirits. Meanwhile the eunuch had returned to Ispahan, informed the monarch of what he had achieved, and exhorted him to go and complete a work so successfully begun. Sohry's portrait, to Abbas, was a still more powerful exhortation. It appeared to him so beautiful that he suspected it was rather flattered. The painter, nevertheless, protested that on that occasion art could not equal nature, a declaration which proceeded not from modesty: Sohry was as superior to her portrait as that was to all the beauties in Abbas's seraglio.

Within a short interval an envoy from the Sophi made his appearance at the court of Imiretta. This embassy had for its object to demand the hand of Sohry for Abbas, or to declare war in case of a refusal: he was rather positive himself of a refusal taking place. A long standing, and consequently implacable hatred, animated both nations against each other; ill minded politicians encouraged the prejudice, whilst the reigning Princes, who often disapproved of it, dared not attempt to remove it.

Disvald, brother to Sohry, and moreover a personal enemy to Abbas, was less disposed than any of his predecessors to undertake a reconciliation. Fully determined to reject the offer, he contrived measures with the Prince of Georgia, his intended brother-in-law, to resist the demand. Meanwhile the envoy of the Sophi heard of nothing but of the ugliness and deformity of

Sohry; and the better to convince him of it, her elder sister, truly deformed, was produced in her stead; he therefore remained much surprised that a King would determine to march an army for the purpose of undertaking such a conquest.

The true identical Sohry, she who occasioned all this bustle, knew less of it than any one; she continued living a sorrowful life in her solitude. The painting that the eunuch had left her often stood before her eyes. "Can it be true," would she say, "that Abbas thinks me not so hideous as I am proclaimed to be?" She endeavoured to persuade herself he did not, and derived some consolation from the idea.

On a sudden, most unexpectedly, she received a visit from the Prince of Georgia. He was come with the idea of exacting from his intended bride a sacrifice that must always appear excessively painful to a beautiful, and even to an ugly person; this was no less than to write in her own hand to the King of Persia, that she was destitute of charms or beauty. The Princess shuddered at the proposition; she found it was abusing her docility, and acting in the most tyrannical manner. Taymuras repeated the demand, and expressed surprise at being compelled so to do.—"What!" said she at last, with great emotion and vivacity, "is not my reputation of ugliness sufficiently established already? Am I not reputed a model of deformity?"—"The King of Persia," replied Taymuras with apparent chagrin, "does not seem to be convinced of it. He has sent an ambassador to make a demand of your person, and is coming himself at the head of a hundred thousand armed men to support the demand."

This reply plunged the Princess into a second reverie: sentiments of a different nature appeared depicted in her countenance; Taymuras even thought he could observe impressions of joy; this was an additional motive for him to insist on her writing the letter.—"Of what use will a letter be?" added the Princess: "Will it undeceive Abbas sooner than the discourse of a whole nation."—"One line from your hand," replied Taymuras, will sooner be credited than all the mouths in Asia. A woman who declares that she is destitute of beauty must always command belief."

Sohry objected farther that her handwriting must be equally unknown to Abbas as her face, which he had never seen. Upon this the Prince told her that a letter which she had happened to write to him once had fallen accidentally into the hands of Abbas, who accordingly knew her handwriting and their mutual engagements.—"With regard to your charms," continued he, "perhaps Abbas has made some discovery, or perhaps it is only a surmise; and it is most proper that surmise should be contradicted."

That, on the reverse, was what Sohry would have wished to confirm; she never would have complied had it not been for the positive command of her mother. Finding that she must yield consent,—"Well," said she to Taymuras with a motion of spite which she was unable to restrain, "let us see in what terms you wish this curious epistle to be couched? chuse the expressions yourself, I shall only write what you will be pleased to dictate."—"With all my heart," replied Taymuras, and he began as follows:—

THE PRINCESS OF IMIRETTA TO THE KING OF PERSIA.

"PRINCE—I am informed that it is your wish to have me carried away from my native country, my family, and the Prince who is my intended husband. That, however, will never take place with my consent."—The Princess had written the first sentence without interruption, but at three different times she called for the second being repeated. Taymuras then proceeded in these words:—"I must even repeat to you what you must have heard from public rumour, I am but little deserving of your attention."—These last words seemed to vex Sohry to the highest degree. "Is this what you really wish to express?" asked she with a blush.—"Exactly," returned the Prince, who then added:—"I possess less charms than any female in these realms."—"You find me then most hideous," interrupted she again. "Not you are but too adorable," replied Taymuras; "but would you wish to be thought so by the King of Persia? Ah! if that be the case drop your pen and show yourself before his eyes." Sohry, though with a trembling hand, wrote what the Prince had been dictating. She imagined he would say no more, but

he added farther :—" *It is this total absence of charms that compels me to avoid being seen by any one ; oh ! that I could escape my own looks.*"

The Princess shuddered at every word ; the alteration in her countenance spoke the agitation in her mind ; the pen dropped from her hand.—" Indeed, Sir," said she rising from her seat, " I long to hear an end to all my imperfections."—" Alas ! Madam," interrupted Taymuras, " this imaginary description hardly suffices to remove my inquietude.—" Well then," added she, always in the same tone, " I am going to assist you in finishing the description." At these words she seized a looking glass, examined her features separately, and casting on Taymuras a proud ironical glance, " I shall begin with these eyes," pursued she ; " most probably they are to be represented as round, hollow, sunk, void of animation?"—" Very well, that is it,"—" This mouth extremely large, the lips livid?"—" The very thing."—" The teeth must be black, at least of all colours except white?"—" To be sure."—" The complexion wan and sallow?"—" It will do."—" In short, the whole countenance forbidding, no doubt?"—" Yes ; such is the very description that should be sent to the King of Persia."

Sohry wrote as stated above, not however without murmuring at him who forced her to write. The letter was dispatched and delivered into the hands of the Sophi, who was thunderstruck at the contents. He compared the hand-writing with that of the letter which had fallen into his hands, and could observe no difference. " It is Sohry herself," said he, " who professes to be ugly ; can I refuse giving her credit? Now, if I do believe her, the eunuch then for certain must be an impostor." He ordered the fellow to be sent for, and imperiously commanded him, if possible, to make the two pictures to agree, that he had drawn with his pencil and that which Sohry had delineated with her pen.

The eunuch's amazement increased at every line he read ; he knew the hand of the Princess but not one of her features in the burlesque description she had made of herself in the letter. Meanwhile dispatches were brought from the Sophi's envoy, which seemed to confirm all the intelli-

gence comprized in the letter. The eunuch, now beyond himself, fell on his knees before Abbas :—" I swear by the commentary of Ali," exclaimed the Italian renegade, " that the portrait which I delivered to your Majesty is far inferior to the beauty of the Princess of Imiretta, and that the description she has here given of herself is intended merely to deceive you, the same as your ambassador has been imposed upon."

" What!" cried the irritated Sophi, " does the woman despise me to that degree as to wish I should believe she is ugly? There are few instances of contempt being carried so far ; it does not signify, the truth must be ascertained."—The very next day he sent orders for a considerable army to be marched to the frontiers of Imiretta, and a short time after departed to take the command. He took particular care to have the eunuch in his suite for two different reasons ; that he might afford him an opportunity of justifying himself, or that he might have him hanged if he did not.

They were soon apprized at the court of Imiretta that they must prepare to fight, or to find out for the King of Persia a Princess as beautiful as he had fancied one. The former resolution prevailed. She whose beauty gave rise to so much bustle would willingly have preferred the other method being adopted. Seldom will a woman be angry with her lover, whoever he may be, for endeavouring to gain possession of her, and Sohry felt highly pleased at her epistle not having discouraged Abbas.

The Kings of Imiretta and of Georgia had united their forces ; they had erected intrenchments, and waited for Abbas, who did not make them wait long. He attacked them without hesitation : the contest was severe and bloody. The two allied Kings behaved, the one as a sovereign who defends his dominions, the other as a lover who defends his mistress. But the efforts of Abbas were by no means inferior, and proved more successful. He gained a complete victory, routed the enemy's army, and pursued the two chiefs as far as the city where Sohry's brother held his court.

Abbas having heard from the Italian eunuch that the Princess resided elsewhere, he proceeded there immediately, whilst the

best part of his troops were blockading the capital. He was told upon his arrival that Sohry actually held her court there. One may easily conceive the excess of his impatience and of his joy. He ordered some of her attendants to conduct him to the Princess: they obeyed him. But what did he see? An object as hideous as he was in hopes of finding a captivating one, the very likeness of the picture described in the letter he had received previously to his departure; in a word, the deformed Princess that had been shown to his envoy. Certain reports that had reached the ears of the two Kings relating to the stay and departure of the stranger, had induced them to remove the younger sister from her solitude, and to place the elder sister there.

Abbas put several questions to the prisoner, whose answers added to his sorrow. They agreed in every respect and particular with the letter he supposed she had written; so that he remained persuaded that the Sohry so famous for her beauty, only deserved being notorious on account of her ugliness. "I should be wrong to upbraid her," would Abbas say; "she is more deformed still than she has described herself. As for you, miserable wretch," added he, speaking to the eunuch, "what justifies her condemns you: her excessive deformity is your death warrant."

"Great monarch!" exclaimed the eunuch once more falling on his knees before the Sophi, "only please to allow me time to unravel this mystery, which at present is beyond my comprehension. I had to draw, and I did draw the picture of the greatest beauty in the universe; of course, it was not the object now before you. But she whom I have drawn does exist; I will answer for it with my head, which you will have it in your power to chop off to-morrow as well as to-day. I beseech you return to the capital, and hasten to lay siege to the fortress; the surrender of it will place a more precious object still in your hauds."

Zomrou might partly have unravelled the enigma, but he had suffered his designs to be known, and was closely watched by command of the two Kings ever since the arrival of Abbas's envoy; for this reason it was that he had not been able to give more information to that emissary than he now could to the Sophi himself.

Abbas therefore formed the resolution of pressing the siege, and of sending about the country emissaries in possession of the portrait which the eunuch had brought him. The Prince gave them positive directions to bring him all the females that should bear any resemblance to the portrait. The eunuch wished to join them, but Abbas would not allow him to go; he thought he could assist him in distinguishing the Princess in case she was found in the city, or should she not be found any where, to make the man responsible for his severe disappointment, and brought to condign punishment.

The siege was carried on with such vigour that in the course of a few days nearly the half of the garrison and of the inhabitants perished. The two Kings, however, persevered in their determination to surrender neither the town nor the Princess whom Abbas would have preferred to all the towns they were possessed of; besides, she was not in the capital. Sohry, unknown and disguised, dwelt in so obscure an asylum that it was not probable she should be looked for there. In that gloomy retreat it was that she lamented being possessed of those charms that caused the oppression of her country: yet almost certain that Abbas was he whose image she secretly adored, she dared not call him an oppressor; nay, she was in some measure sensible that he would be entirely justified in her mind if a proper elucidation could but take place.

Meanwhile the capital was threatened with imminent danger; the town might be forced, plundered, ravaged. Diavald, determined to undergo the worst, provided he could save his mistress and his mother from the horrors of a town carried by storm, contrived means for their escape; but Abbas had adopted such measures that a few minutes after they had left the town the two fugitives were apprehended by his emissaries and brought before him.

I have already stated that Sohry's mother was inferior in beauty only to Sohry alone; there even existed between them that kind of resemblance which does not always shew a complete equality of charms. For this reason the portrait which the eunuch had drawn, being far inferior to the original, was a better likeness of the former than of the latter. Abbas, at first

sight, mistook the Queen for her daughter, and thought the whole mystery was finally cleared: the beauty of his captive even made such an impression on his heart that he renounced making any further researches, and thought the eunuch was fully justified. But the latter would not have it so; he protested to his master that the Princess now before him was not the original of the portrait he had drawn, and that for certain that original did exist.

"If that be the case, Madam," said Abbas to Sohry's mother, "you are apprized from this moment of what alone can and must be offered me for your ransom: an object resembling you can alone fill your place by me. You must either reign in my seraglio, or the Princess your daughter occupy the rank which is offered you: I cannot relinquish the one but to obtain the other."

The fair captive shuddered on hearing this discourse. In vain did she conjure the Sophi to recollect the vow that bound her, and pursuant to which she was no longer permitted to dispose of herself. A similar consideration could be of no great weight on a secretary of Ali; Abbas, of course, hardly seemed to pay any attention to what she had been saying on the subject. "Madam," continued he, "it is in your power to gratify my desires without violating your vows. Let the adorable Sohry come and enjoy those advantages which you despise for want of being duly acquainted with them. Do not hope, at least, that I will endeavour to stifle the most ardent and sincere love so long as you will appear to listen only to unjust hatred and idle prejudices."

Abbas, who had hardly taken any notice of Fatima (so was Zamrou's daughter called), cast his eyes on her as she was beginning to complain of his indifference. The Sophi confessed within himself that Disvald's partiality was not without a justifiable foundation. Fatima possessed sufficient attractions to inflame himself had not Sohry been her rival: he took it in his head on a sudden to suggest an apprehension in the mind of the King of Imiretta lest Sohry should come too late to supplant Fatima.

The stratagem was attended with success. No sooner did Disvald receive the

intelligence of the captivity of his mother and of his mistress, than he thought of exchanging them for his sister. At this same moment Abbas's emissaries brought before him a young person dressed like a slave, and much handsomer than the portrait they had been entrusted with.—"This is Sohry!" exclaimed the eunuch.—"She is my daughter!" cried out the dowager Queen.—"It is Abbas!" exclaimed at the same time the supposed slave, and she fainted away.

Abbas, beyond himself, dazzled at the sight of such a beauty, and at a loss to interpret her fainting and sudden exclamation, ordered immediate assistance to be given to the Princess; the Sophi himself is foremost in relieving her, when lo! a small case that was concealed under her clothes got loose and fell to the ground. Abbas thought he recollected the trinket, seized and opened it, and there found his own picture. At this sight all his Asiatic pride forsook him, he fell on his knees before the supposed slave:—"Adorable Sohry!" cried he, "what, even when avoiding my person you carried my image about you! It is but too true then that if you shunned my presence it was only from compulsion! Ah cease to constrain your sentiments, and deign to receive the price of them; may my unbounded tenderness appear worthy of your acceptance, together with the offer of my hand that you may share my regal authority."

Sohry at that same moment opened her eyes; how great her amazement! she could see to be realized the scene in the painting which the eunuch had presented her with when he left her; she saw in person the proud Abbas in that very posture in which she had beheld him so frequently in the picture; she saw him at her feet! An emotion of joy that she struggled to conceal, and a modest confusion added to her natural beauty: a moment after her confusion still increased when she beheld the Queen her mother. An envoy from the King of Imiretta came most seasonably to restore tranquillity of mind among the whole party. He was the bearer of a proposal relative to the exchange of the two first captives against the one whom chance had already delivered into the hands of the Sophi; nevertheless, the exchange was ac-

cepted, a peace concluded, and all former causes of animosity entirely buried in oblivion.

Abbas was too sensible of his happiness not to wish every one about him to be happy. He added a vast extent of lands to the dominions of the King of Imiretta, who married Fatima; he gave his own

sister in marriage to the Prince who had courted Sohry; shared with her all his authority, and left her the sole dominion over his heart. The eunuch renounced travelling; and Sohry, by fixing the heart of her husband, secured to the neighbouring Princes their tranquillity, their wives and daughters.

A DREAM.

ALTHOUGH a lofty hill rose in distant perspective before my sight, which hardly could support the brilliant rays of Phœbus just released by the rosy fingered Aurora. Verdant ascents, surmounted by craggy excrescences, had erst afforded a wildly beautiful lunar landscape; and on the other side the undulating ground swelled into fairy mountlets, or sloped by gentle declivities to be lost in groves of various foliage; but night forbade any attempt to explore the unknown recesses. I began to grow impatient of remaining stationary, when the crimson clouded dawn was soon succeeded by ineffable lustre; and I descried a female form moving towards me with more than mortal grace. What language shall describe the aerial lightness of sylphid steps? The alternations of the rose and lily in a face of peerless beauty; the softened ruby in lips whose sedate smile disclosed rows of pearls as she inquired whether I wished to know more of these hallowed precincts? Or how shall human speech embody the sensibilities inspired by the modulations of her voice encouraging me to follow, while her hand sustained my tremulous advances. A skilful and potent hand swept the chords of ancient minstrelsy in martial strains, or in lays defining delicate yet heroic love. Hardly had those sounds yielded their power to distance, when passion-stirring vibrations of counterpoint and chromatic symphony, fixed every impetuous emotion of my soul. My guide hurried me along, and yet more did she urge me to accelerate my pace over the dew bespangled herbage, when lighter and more lively airs issued from instrumental vehicles accompanied by symposiac glees; the performers rushed through a spacious arbour with goblets of inebriating liquors in their hands, their heads fantastically

crowned with vine leaves and roses, dancing with delirious gesture, and yet a frequent shade of gloomy derision in their visages mocked their intemperate gaiety. The conductress fled with rapid progress, but the mechanical party pursued till a softer melody seemed to deter them from further approach.—“Here will I wait thy leisure,” said my celestial leader; “thou mayest listen with safety. Though neither so grand nor so fascinating, nor beautifully varied as the magical diapason of the second grove; nor so entertaining as the facetious libertinism, that almost provoked laughter, as thou regardest the Bacchanalian and Paphian votaries in the third; the notes now saluting thine ear are calculated for bracing every virtuous intention, and for confirming every virtuous habit.”

The embowered pathway completed our circuit of the mountain, from whose summits wavy mists were dispelling before the commanding solar beams; intermingled by the slow laving of waters, I could hear the remote cadences of harmonious breathings fill the atmosphere.—“These are seraphic annunciations that now by the fluid from my translucent fountain shall be distributed. Unaided thou canst not ascend to behold the ceremonial; for once I will help thee to the eminence as a spectator. I am the guardian Genius of British morals: though thou canst not co-operate with me thou hast not opposed my beneficent influences, therefore ascend.”

With the speed of light I mounted to the pinnacle, where stood the Genius, close to a stream which, pellucid as the diamond gem, flowed over pebbles purer than the snow flake as it falls from upper air. The original music of Caledonia swelled the air, and in the garb of chieftainry a prepossessing figure, with firm but unassum-

ing aspect, commenced his course to gain the acclivity. A person in a pastoral habit followed; and others of less striking appearance brought up the rear.

"Welcome, my son, welcome all thy train," said the Genius. "These steepes cannot detain thee from me; every obstacle is smoothed before the upright in heart. Thou who canst charm the most illumined mind hast not neglected to frame thy poesy intelligibly to the inexperienced and uninstruced: no ethical dictates have issued from thy pen, but on a larger scale hast thou conducted to the moral sanity of thy compatriots. Thy lessons, elegantly interwoven with amusement, are more willingly imbibed, and more generally perused than serious discussions, too often rejected, or accepted with apathy, perhaps aversion; it is the medicated aliment, the sweetened potion that restore health through the conduits of safe gratification. A man's private sentiments rest between himself and his conscience; but when diffused in a captivating form to promote the growth of beneficial qualities, he becomes the benefactor not of his own age alone but of posterity. Drink deep, my friends, of the precious waters of self-approbation, the most delicious and refreshing draught that can invigorate the human constitution."

The most enchanting concert of Italian music warned the Genius that a candidate of unequalled grace, animation, and polished and spirited ease drew near; in his hand he bore a chalice of Grecian mould, shining with embellishments of costly and burnished metal. I hoped to have admired emblematical representations of Solon, Miltiades, Leonides, Graminaudas, or other worthies of Attica origin—but saw with grief and astonishment the most prominent figures exhibiting attributes of villainy; and the contrast between their decorated robes and grim visages increased my regret, that ornaments so splendid should be so incongruously bestowed. The Genius stretched out her crystalline sceptre to debar the aspiring attempt of this extraordinary personage, when a lady, with a face all mind, and a figure all captivation, interceded.—"He will reflect, he will exert his unrivalled energies in self-correction, and I will forgive, and all the joys of vir-

tuous tenderness may be renovated and perpetuated."

"Admirable matron! exemplary mother!" said the Genius, "when love for thee hath wrought those changes, his fame for the noblest endowments of human nature shall then equal his poetical celebrity; and how great thy glory to have rescued from the enthrallment of early habits a mind so supereminently exalted. Meta only preserved the felicitous morals of her Klopstock; be it thine to inspire, confer, and reward the yet higher efforts of self-reformation. Thousands have been victims to false pleasure with heads and hearts framed for virtue, but prevented by evil communications; how vast the triumph to conquer all those impediments to reunion with the legitimate object of ardent affection! How blest the connubial fair whose influence hath begun and perfected those achievements!"

The dignified hearer bowed with amenity that might have charmed even the Genius; but she said, "Soon shalt thou lead this thy better self to the stream; and I shall exult in bestowing the most copious draught ever granted to mortals."

The viol, the tabor, and other festive instruments preceded the dancers from the third grove; each flourished a goblet, on which, when they for a moment held it still, I could read inscribed *Anæroentis*. Capering and curvetting to the vivacious music, the foremost essayed to bound up the mountain; but the Genius, by one indignant glance from her lustrous eyes, repulsed him and his imitators. "Avaunt, ye thoughtless!" said she; "ye pernicious voluptuaries, whose licentiousness mistakes madness for mirth, self-deception for pleasure; and not confining the deleterious misprision to yourselves, have made your talents the bane of others. See in the pair who have just receded the calamities your guiles have created: see genius, taste, erudition, the finest manly susceptibilities inverted by your illusory delineations of impossible enjoyments. Your noble victim may work out his own cure; for the ulcerating contagion he caught from you shall be embalmed by the emanations of a spotless mind, linked to his by every sacred, every indissoluble tie; and even ye may repent and retrace your paths hither, when

I shall hail ye with a maternal welcome. Frail sons of the earth are beset with snares, and prone to error; but pardon, acceptance, and the most exquisite gifts of self-approbation await all who forsake the mazes of libertine folly: only secure from woe are they who shun the devious labyrinth; who in early age have been guarded from ideas that inflame the passions and dim the judgment."

The inmates of the fourth grove now, with modest confidence, presented them-

selves before the Geniis. With marked and cherishing kindness she filled, even to overflowing, their simple vases, as she said, "Ye faithful conservators of public morals, persevere in your unostentatious yet momentous duties; the writer who establishes one fellow creature in rectitude, or rescues even a single wanderer, is greater in the favour of our Supreme Lord than the most dazzling abilities misapplied in sapping the basis of social or individual happiness, self-controol, and moral government."

NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS, A SAILOR.

WHO WAS WRECKED IN 1810, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

A poor distressed American seaman, clothed in rags and half-famished, happened accidentally to be recognised by a gentleman in the streets of London, who, a few months before, had known him as a servant to an English merchant in Cadiz, where his extraordinary history excited considerable interest; the man had been three years in slavery in the interior of Africa, and resided several months at Tombuctoo.

The report of the poor man having reached Mr. Cock, of the African Trading Company, he set on foot an immediate inquiry. The seaman was again found, brought before the Committee, and examined as to the particulars of his story; but his adventures and sufferings were so extraordinary as to excite, among many who heard them, a suspicion that they were fabulous. Mr. Cock, however, was strongly impressed in favour of his veracity: he took a few notes of what he related, relieved the poor man's immediate necessities, and desired him to attend again in the course of a few days.

It was a week before Adams again made his appearance; he was again questioned on the leading points of his story, and his answers were found uniformly to agree with those that had been noted on his first examination. This induced Mr. Cock to take down in writing (the man himself being unable either to write or read) a full account of his adventures; and after some difficulty in persuading him to remain in England (for he was anxious to get to his friends in America), and by a few hours

examination daily for a fortnight or three weeks, he succeeded in drawing from him the narrative now presented to the public, of which we shall proceed to give a brief abstract.

Robert Adams, a native of Hudson, aged about twenty-five, sailed in June 1810, from New York, in the ship *Charles*, John Horton master, of the burden of 280 tons, bound to Gibraltar; the crew consisting of nine persons, to whom a tenth was added at Gibraltar. From thence she proceeded down the coast of Africa on a trading voyage.—On the 11th October, about three in the morning, the noise of breakers was heard, and in an hour afterwards the vessel struck on the rocks; but the crew succeeded in getting safe on shore. The place, by the Captain's account, was about 400 miles to the northward of Senegal, and its name, as they found on landing, was *El Gazie*. It was a low and sandy beach, without trees or verdure, the country without the appearance of hill or mountain, or any thing but sand as far as the eye could reach.

Soon after break of day, the seamen were surrounded and made prisoners by thirty or forty Moors; they were quite black, had long lank hair, but neither shoes or hats, their whole dress consisting of little more than a rug or skin round their waist. Captain Horton and his crew were immediately stript naked; their skins exposed to a scorching sun, became dreadfully blistered, and, for the sake of coolness, they were obliged to dig holes in the sand to sleep in. The Captain soon became ill,

and was reduced to such a miserable condition that, in his impatience, he often declared that he wished to die, and in this state of irritation was put to death by the Moors. The chief, indeed the only food of these people were fish, which they first dried in the sun, then cut into thin slices, and broiled on the hot sand. For three or four of the fourteen days they remained at El Gazie they were nearly in a starving state, owing to their being unable to catch fish; but having, from the wreck of the *Charles*, procured fishing tackle, and caught enough to load a camel, and buried in the sand all the articles they had procured from the wreck, they prepared to depart for the interior. For this purpose they divided the prisoners; Adams, the mate, and a seaman of the name of Newsham, were placed with about twenty Moors (men, women, and children), having four camels, three of which were laden with water, the fourth with fish and baggage: the average rate of travelling was about fifteen miles a day, the route easterly inclining to the southward, across a desert sandy plain. At the end of thirty days, during which they had not seen a human being, they came to a place where there were several tents, and a pool of water, surrounded by a few shrubs; this was the first water they had met with since quitting the coast.

They remained here about a month, in the course of which John Stevens, a Portuguese lad, arrived in charge of a Moor: the mate and Newsham were then sent away with a party to the northward; while Adams and Stevens were compelled to join a party of eighteen Moors on an expedition to a place called Soudenny, for the purpose of procuring negro slaves; twelve other Moors joined them on the road; their route was about S. S. E.; the rate about fifteen to twenty miles a day. The well where they expected to find water being quite dry, they mixed their small remaining stock with their camel's urine. In about fourteen days they came within two days' journey of Soudenny; here the surface of the country began to be hilly and some stunted trees to appear.

Soudenny is a small negro village, having near it grass, shrubs, and water; the huts were of clay, with roofs of sticks laid flat,

and also covered with clay. The Moors lay in wait on the hills, and seized upon a woman with a child in her arms, and two boys; but were themselves soon after surrounded by a large party of armed negroes, taken prisoners, and driven into the village. The Governor was an ugly negro of the name of Mahamoud, who ordered them to be imprisoned within a mud wall about six feet high, from which, Adams says, they could easily have escaped had not the Moors been a cowardly set.

The dress of the negroes was a blue nan-kin frock; that of the chief was distinguished by some gold work on the shoulder like an epaulette; they were armed with bows and arrows, with which they practised shooting at small marks of clay, and generally hit them at fifteen or twenty yards distance.

Departing from this place they proceeded easterly ten days, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles a day: the Moors conceiving they were going to execution, endeavoured to escape, upon which fourteen were put to death at the village where they had now arrived; and to strike terror into the rest, the head of one of them was hung round the neck of a camel for three days, until it became so putrid that they were obliged to remove it. The negroes of this village wore gold rings in their ears, and through the cartilage of the nose. From this place shaping their course to the northward of east, and quickening their pace to the last day, they reached Tombuctoo in fifteen days.

The Moors were immediately thrown into prison; but Adams and the Portuguese boy were taken to the King's house and kept there as curiosities. The King's name was Woolo, the Queen's Fatima, both very old grey-headed negroes. Their palace, built of clay and grass, consisted of eighteen small rooms on the ground floor, surrounded by a clay wall, inclosing a space of about half an acre. At the end of six months a party of Moors came to Tombuctoo, and ransomed their countrymen, together with Adams and the boy, for five camel loads of tobacco, except about fifty pounds which was afterwards given for a man slave.—Adams and the boy continued all the time at the palace, where they were treated with great kindness, and he believes, from

the uncommon degree of curiosity which they excited, that the people of Tombuctoo had never seen a white man before. They walked about the town as far as two miles south of it.

He heard no mention here of the Jobila, though he recollects to have heard it afterwards at Wednoon; but a large river flows close by Tombuctoo, which is called by the negroes La Mar Zarrah, the course of which is from the north-eastward; it is about three quarters of a mile wide, and has little current; the water is brackish, but it is used by the natives. The canoes upon it are made of the trunks of fig trees hollowed out, about ten feet long, and capable of carrying three persons. They are mostly used in fishing; the fish caught is chiefly a kind of red mullet, and a larger fish of a reddish colour, not unlike a salmon.

Adams supposes Tombuctoo to cover about as much ground as Lisbon; the houses are low and square built of sticks, clay, and grass; their furniture earthen jars, wooden bowls, and grass mats on which the people sleep. He observed no stone buildings, no walls, nor fortifications. The population consists wholly of negroes; the only Moors he saw were those who came to ransom the prisoners; but armed caravans of these people are said to arrive there for the purpose of trade, bringing tobacco, tar, gunpowder, blue nankins, blankets, earthen jars, and some silks; and taking back, in exchange, gold dust, ivory, gum, cowries, ostrich feathers, and goat skins.

The dress of the Queen was a short skirt of blue nankin, edged with gold lace, reaching a few inches only below the knee, and brought close to the body by a belt of the same material; that of the other females was of the same short fashion, and having no under garments, they might, when sitting, for the purposes of decency, just as well have had no covering. The Queen wore a blue nankin turban, ear-rings of gold, and necklaces sometimes of gold and sometimes of beads. The King also wore a blue nankin frock with gold epaulettes, and a turban, but was generally bareheaded. The natives are a stout, healthy race; they grease themselves all over to make the skin smooth and shining; both sexes make incisions in their faces and stain them of a

blue colour. Some of the women have brass rings on their fingers marked with letters, but Adams could not tell whether Roman or Arabic. He did not observe that they had any form of worship; they never met together for the purpose of prayer; indeed they had no place of worship that he could discover, nor any priests. Their physicians are old women, and their remedies herbs and roots. They are fond of music and dancing; their instruments are a pipe of reeds, a sort of tambourine covered with goat-skin, which, when struck, makes a jarring sound; and a guitar, made of cocoa-nut shells and thongs of goat-skin.

Slaves are very common and very cheap. Once a month parties of armed men go out to scour the country for them: the greatest number that he ever saw brought in at one time was about twenty, and he understood they were taken from Bambarra; they were chiefly women and children. Criminals are sometimes condemned to slavery by the King, but during his six months residence at Tombuctoo, he did not see or hear of any individual being put to death.

The fruits of Tombuctoo are cocoa-nuts, dates, figs, pine apples, and a sweet fruit about the size of an apple; the leaves resemble those of a peach tree; being scarce, it is preserved for the use of the royal family; carrots, turnips, sweet potatoes, negro beans, rice, and Guinea corn, are the chief articles of cultivation. Of the latter, when bruised, they make a kind of bargoo, which is mixed with goat's milk. The flesh of the goat is the principal article of animal food.

The tame quadrupeds are cows, goats, asses, camels, dromedaries, a small camel called *heirie*, dogs, and rabbits; the wild ones, elephants, antelopes, wolves, baboons, foxes, porcupines, and a large species of rat which frequents the river. He never saw either lions, tigers, or wild cats, yet the roaring of such beasts of prey was heard every night in the neighbouring mountains. He knows nothing either of hippopotami or alligators.

The party that left Tombuctoo consisted of the ten Moorish traders, fourteen Moorish prisoners, (were sixteen?) Adams, the Portuguese boy, and a slave; they had five camels with them. They skirted the river for about ten days, at the rate of from fifteen

to eighteen miles a-day, in an easterly direction, inclining to the northward. On the last day they loaded their camels with water, and then striking off in a northerly direction, travelled twelve or thirteen days at about the same pace. They saw a number of antelopes, rabbits, foxes, and wolves, and a bird somewhat larger than a fowl, which the Moors call a jize (*djez*. Arab. for the common fowl). Few trees were seen, but the soil was covered with shrubs, and a low kind of grass like moss. The only persons they met, after leaving the river, were negroes, carrying salt to Tombuctoo, ten or twelve every day, with dromedaries, camels, and asses. At the end of thirteen days they arrived at Tudený (Taudenny), a large village inhabited by Moors and negroes, in which were four wells of very excellent water. Here were beds of salt, which both Moors and negroes came from all quarters to purchase. These beds were about five or six feet deep, and about thirty yards in circumference; the salt was taken out in hard lumps mixed with earth.

Here the Moors staid fourteen days to refresh themselves. They sold one of their camels for a small ass, and two sacks of dates, and having loaded the four remaining camels with the dates, flour, and water, they set out to cross the desert in a north-westerly direction. It took twenty-nine days, during which they did not meet a human being. The ass died of fatigue, was cut up, and, when dried in the sun, afforded them a seasonable supply of food, without which they must have been in danger of starving. Their water ran short, and they had yet ten days to travel before they could hope for a supply; they mixed, therefore, what remained with camel's urine, of which each camel had about a quart for the whole ten days, and each man about half a pint a day. Five of the Moors were left on the sands, three of whom died immediately; and though the other two were within a day's march of their town, neither of them ever made his appearance, and Adams doubts not both of them perished.

At Vleid Duleim (Woled D'leim), a tented village of Moors, who had numerous flocks of sheep and goats, Adams and his companions were employed to take care of these animals, which they continued to do for ten or eleven months exposed to a scorch-

ing sun, in a state of almost utter nakedness—the miseries of their situation aggravated by despair of ever being released from slavery. The flocks being large, they sometimes ventured to kill a kid, and, to prevent detection, buried the ashes of the fire with which they dressed it in the sands. Adams at length remonstrated with his master, whose name was Hamet Laubed, who frankly told him it was his intention to keep them. Upon this Adams determined to neglect his duty; the foxes killed several of the young kids, and he suffered a severe beating for it; he still, however, persisted in remaining idle in the tent, and it was debated therefore whether they should put him to death, or sell him to another tribe; in the mean time, his master's wife having asked him if he would take a camel with a couple of skins to fetch water from a distant well, he signified his consent.

Determined to attempt his escape, he passed the well, and proceeded towards a place called Wadinoon (Wednoon); he travelled about twenty miles, when the camel lay down with fatigue, and Adams lay by its side. Next morning he proceeded, and soon perceived a smoke. Ascending a small hill he observed forty or fifty tents, and, on looking round, two camels coming after him, with a rider on each. Being greatly alarmed, he pushed on, and coming near the place, he observed about one hundred Moors with their faces turned to the east, in the act of prayer; he asked the name of the place; they told him Hilla Gibla. The two camels now arrived, and Adams observed that one carried his master, and the other the owner of the camel on which he rode.

His master claimed him as his slave; but Adams said he would rather die than return; that he had broken his promise in not sending him to Mogadore; and the chief of Hilla Gibla (el Kabla) having beard both sides, was favourably disposed towards Adams; and offered his master a bushel of dates and a camel for him; the offer, after some altercation, was accepted, and Adams became the slave of Mahomet.

Mahomet had two wives, dwelling in separate tents; one an old woman, the other young.—Adams's employ was to take care of the old lady's goats. A few days only had elapsed when Isha (Aisha), the young

wife, proposed that he should also take charge of her goats, for which she would pay him. On finding the promised reward delayed, he remonstrated, upon which Aisha proposed to settle the matter at night in her tent; Mahomet, it seems, so far giving the preference to his old woman, that he dedicated two nights to her, and only one to the younger. The arrangement was soon made, and Adams had a good supper and lodging in Aisha's tent on those nights which Mahomet passed with his old wife. Matters went on thus pleasantly enough for about six months, when unluckily his master's son coming one night into the tent, discovered him, and a terrible disturbance took place; the lady protested her igno-

rance of Adams being there, and cried bitterly, and the old man was pacified. Not so, however, the old lady, who was not to be deceived, or thrown off her guard, by Adams keeping away from Aisha's tent for some time; for he no sooner ventured to renew his visits than he was detected, and would probably have been beaten to death had he not made his escape into the tent of an acquaintance, who, after a great deal of negotiation with the Governor, prevailed on him to dispose of the culprit for fifty dollars' worth of blankets and dates; and thus Adams became the property of Boerick, a Moorish trader.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS

No. III.

ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP.—When this prelate was at college, he was awakened in the night by his chum, who told him he had just dreamed a most extraordinary dream, which was, that he, (Sharp), would be Archbishop of York. After some time he again waked him, and said he had dreamed the same, and was well assured he would rise to that dignity. Sharp extremely angry at being thus disturbed, told him if he awoke him any more he would send him out of bed. However the chum again dreaming the same, ventured to awake him, on which Sharp became much enraged, but his bedfellow telling him if he had again the same dream, he would not annoy him any more if he would faithfully promise him should he become Archbishop, to give him a good rectory which he named.—“Well, well,” said Sharp, “you silly fellow, go to sleep; and if your dream, which is very unlikely, should come true, I promise you the living.”—“By that time,” said his chum, “you will have forgot me and your promise.”—“No, no,” said Sharp, “that I will not; if I do not remember you, and refuse the living, then say, *John Sharp is a rogue*.”

After Dr. Sharp had been Archbishop some considerable time, his old friend applied to him, on the rectory becoming vacant, and after much difficulty got ad-

mitted to his presence, having been informed by the servant that the Archbishop was particularly engaged with a gentleman relative to the same rectory for which he was going to apply. The Archbishop was told there was a gentleman who was extremely importunate to see him, and would take no denial. His Grace, extremely angry, ordered him to be admitted, and requested to know why he had so rudely almost forced himself into his presence? “I come,” said he, “my Lord, to claim an old promise to the rectory.”—“I do not remember, Sir, ever to have seen you before, how then could I have promised you the rectory which I have just presented to this gentleman?”—“Then,” said his old chum, “*John Sharp is a rogue!*” The circumstance instantly occurred to the Archbishop, who, if he did not give him the same living, provided very amply for him in the church.

EARLY DEPRAVITY.—On an elderly maiden lady hearing a niece had too great a liking for the company of the male sex, “Ah!” she exclaimed, “I feared this from her youth; for when a child she would constantly plague me for paper and scissors, with which she would amuse herself in cutting out little men!” The original Parson Adams wishing to impress on his hearers the wickedness of some man, said to Doctor Barnard of Cambridge, almost in a whisper, and with a look of horror,

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"Ah! Sir, would you believe it? He was wicked from a boy:" then going up close to him, he added, "you will be shocked, you will not believe it; he wrote God with a little g, when he was only ten years old!"

THE GALLANT PROPOSAL.—About the time that Lord Derby married his present wife, late Miss Farren, an Irishman was so mightily pleased with the acting of a young lady, who for cogent reasons had taken the same name, as to go to the Manager and beg that he would stop the young lady's playing: "Tell that sweet creature," said he,

"Mister Manager, to hold her tongue: I'll marry her for life."

MATRIMONY ENCOURAGED.—One of the Lords Talbot, about the year 1400, gained the following curious grant from the crown for the people of Painswick, in Gloucestershire, to recompence the widows of those persons who were slain in foreign wars: "It having been represented that eleven married men out of sixteen had lost their lives beyond the sea, and the widows were allowed to marry with whom they list."

MATRIMONIAL MEMORANDUMS.

"In hoc signo vinces."

MR. EDITOR,—As it is one great end and design of travelling, to learn wisdom ourselves and bring a little of it home for the good of our neighbours, so do I conceive it to be the main purpose of deep study and classical erudition that their results should not be hid in the bosoms or in the brains of the *Doctissimi*, but retailed, as occasion serves, for the use of the existing generation. It will avail but little that a pompous graduate, with square cap, black gown, and snowy wig, shall know what was done two thousand years ago at Sparta, Athens, or at Rome, if he does not select some of the most useful customs, and recommend them for the adoption of grown Masters and Misses? nor can the world benefit from the tourifications of modern rambles through all the "caves vast and deserts wild," of known and unknown regions, if these neglect to record and to recommend the fashions they have seen, whether savage or not, for what is savage to-day may become very fashionable to-morrow; or if they do not, by publishing, enable honest John, with his wife and family, to travel by the fire-side, without getting out of the latitude of *beef-steaks*, or the longitude of the *Scandalous Chronicle*. But, Sir, reproach would apply severely to myself if I were careless of this admonition, and therefore, having read much, and seen more, I shall endeavour, from time to time, to apply my recollec-

tions for the use and service of your fair readers.

The first subject I shall touch upon is literally a tender one, matrimony, and the various customs connected with it, in hopes of improving a state already so desirable, by a reference to ancient as well as foreign customs. Now, Sir, nobody will deny that in this country when a man sets out upon a matrimonial voyage of discovery he encounters many difficulties for want of a good chart to steer by, difficulties which were lightened in classical times, as they are now in many countries where the classics are unknown, by means of a very simple regulation.

In those ancient days, when a young lady became marriageable, or at least as soon as her friends thought her so, she was decorated with a peculiar habit which manifested to the youths in her vicinity that applications might be made without fear of offence; not as at present, when a bashful lover is first under the necessity of asking his favourite fair if she is inclined to change her state, to which the blushing beauty is forced to say "no," like the *nolo episcopari* of modern candidates for the lawn sleeves.

To expatiate on the propriety of adopting a similar custom must be needless; the only difficulty will be to choose a matrimonial signal that shall be a becoming one, so that we may say to each fair candidate, in the words of my motto, "*In hoc Signo*

vices ;" or, "in this, dear Madam, you are irresistible!" It is true that we already possess something in this very style—every village maiden knows that—

"Green is forsaken,
"Yellow love taken."

But these colours are too frequent in fashionable arrangement of tints to be adopted, and I had some idea of recommending a pink slip, until I recollected that *slips* were become too common in the fashionable world already. My next idea was a *boddice couleur de rose*, in which there would be a double advantage, since it would not only assist the lover when in a perplexity through loss of reason, but also through want of rhyme; for you know, Mr. Editor, that *goddess* and *boddice* come much nearer both to one and the other, than modern poets find necessary at the present day. It would also have hit many other rhymes just to a T, such as modest, oddest, &c. &c. all of which I shall insert in my new work for making poetry on the Madras and Lancasterian systems—poetry which shall render the Feinaglian system unnecessary, as nobody who reads it once will ever wish to remember it.

But as boddices are now all *corsets*, such a name would be too old fashioned, I therefore recommend an article of dress quite new, or at least so long laid aside as to have all the charms of novelty. This thing, perhaps unknown to modern milliners and to modern waltzers, is a *tucker*—it will in fact possess a double charm, since it will not only point out the wishes of the ladies, but also attract those of the *besux* and Philanders, who now merely cast a vacant stare upon what, if concealed beneath a tucker, would give every tremulous palpitation of hope and fear to the human heart!

No sooner, in Greece and Rome, did the fair nymph, by a sacrifice to Hymen, become the dignified matron, than she adopted a costume whose object was to repress all further hopes or expectations in bachelors' hearts. Of this we have a symbol in the wedding ring, and perhaps it would be injudicious to have a token more exposed to public notice, since, in the course of my

travels, I have been in a country where the fact of a lady being married only exposed her more to the assiduities and impertinent attentions of her husband's *friends*! I will not name that country, since it might give offence to the natives, *if any such are in England!*

But now, Sir, I come to the most important part of the subject, the widows of Great Britain, of whom, unhappily, war has given us too many. With respect to these ladies marriage symbols are more wanted than any other class. If a bachelor is struck with the appearance of some fair stranger at a public place, a glance at her hand will point out whether maid or wife, but not absolutely maid, wife, or widow. The latter class, if above the middle rank in life, may be traced out, at home at least, for the first twelve months, by the hatchment over the drawing-room windows, the sable tinge of whose dexter side hints at a widow within; or, if not during the first year, her weeds denote her forlorn state, whilst a smile or a glance shot from under double crape may evince her wish to change it; but no sooner has the poor man lain for twelve months at rest, than the signal is hauled down, whilst the ring, still retained, throws cold water, as it were, upon the flame of an ardent lover, ignorant of the lady's immediate history, whilst it fans the spark of the impudent or the designing.

This, then, Sir, is an evil which requires reform; but amendment is easy, since I merely recommend that a lady who may have closely adopted a becoming and elegant retraction of her personal charms from the public gaze to please and retain one husband, shall pursue the same plan in order to gain another. Then, when a man of sense and delicacy sees a matured beauty more than half displayed in a side box, he will either suppose her a wife not worth retaining, or a widow not worth pursuing, whilst the modest decorum that is thus recommended will prompt him to inquire before his passion is too far advanced, and will often gain a husband when a different conduct would have failed to fix a

LOVER.

Huggin-lane, 1st July.

WHAT A DAY! OR THE SEVEN FEMALES.—AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

FABRICIO had just received, at a great distance from the metropolis, what in some countries is termed a classical education, by which was meant that he knew nearly as much as his schoolmaster, and that he had not enjoyed one single moment of happiness. Fabricio, like many other youths, might be willing to do good, but being of a pliant disposition he was accordingly duly qualified to imbibe either virtuous or vicious principles, as chance or fortune would have it. Meanwhile it had been for ages past a constant practice in his family to get all the boys married when they were twenty, and Fabricio, who had almost attained that period of his life, already shewed no little want of that preventive against the dissipation of youth.

A female friend of the family, who had meddled with every body's business ever since no one had paid attention to her, undertook to provide a wife for our young man. To bestow the highest encomiums on Miss Sophia, to proclaim that Fabricio would marry her through her recommendation, to boast of having long since decided the match with her correspondents, was no more than what the obliging matron would suggest. The father, a worthy country gentleman, gave her implicit credit, and the son, who had listened attentively to the favourable description that had been so repeatedly made of Sophia, adored her with candour inexpressible.

Whatever praise might have been lavished on Sophia, there was, indeed, no exaggeration. So much beauty, prudence, and loveliness were united in her person, that in our present age she might be deemed a phenomenon. Mistress of her own actions, she had fixed her residence on a most interesting spot close to the walls of the capital. This delicious and unfrequented retreat might have easily been mistaken for the mansion of a philosopher, and true it is, that the charming maiden had adopted the inclinations of one. Yet, O Sophia, I shall not injure you so far as to say you met with universal approbation. No; the libertines would find you too prudish, and the devotees too free, which only evinces

that had you been less virtuous and more credulous you might have subdued the whole world.

Every thing was prepared for Fabricio's departure, whilst his aged father lamented not being able to accompany him. However, as those infirmities which prevented his journeying did not affect his organs of speech, he availed himself of the circumstance to supply the young man with the most salutary parental instructions. He exacted from him a most solemn promise to go straight to Sophia, without entering the town, the vicinity of which gave him great uneasiness. Fabricio most earnestly engaged to adhere to his father's advice; but the old man, through excessive zeal, gave him so lively a description of the dangers and corruption with which that odious city was replete, that the son could not but long to try the experiment.

Behold the youth mounted on his sire's old gelding, and attended by a superannuated domestic, proceeding on his journey to meet the amiable Sophia. Close to the city gate stood an inn, at which he alighted, dismissed his companion, ate a hearty supper, slept as sound as a lover could possibly do, and rose the next morning, on the 25th of April, in better spirits than he had ever done before. On that very day he was to complete his twentieth year, and to marry Sophia. The idea of these two circumstances meeting threw him into raptures, and the house-maids were not a little surprized to see him gambol about his room true school-boy like, and at the same time pay particular attention to his dress.

Sophia's house, as I have mentioned above, stood without the walls of the city, and so did the inn, but they were both placed at the opposite extremities, so that Fabricio might take his choice and proceed either across the fields or through the city. This latter his father had prohibited him to pursue, but the former road appeared to him solitary, wearisome, besides his having to encounter a scorching sun, and clouds of dust, both equally injurious to a wedding suit. By degrees he engaged in a soliloquy of a deliberate nature on the

promise which his father had exacted from him. "My father," said he, "wishes me to be a sage; well, it is obvious that a sage must view every thing through his own eyes, that he may judge the better of them. My father is a good old man, who has undoubtedly lost sight of his youthful learning, and must be widely mistaken when he considers a city as an abyss; besides, with the least share of dexterity, I shall find it an easy matter to get out of a crowd, and to derive both instruction and entertainment from the variety of objects."—Notwithstanding the arguments of his logic, Fabricio was in a state of great perturbation when he left the inn. Perhaps he thought he was proceeding across the fields when he found himself under the gate of the city, gazing at every new object he beheld, although the image of Sophia alone filled his heart, and her name escaped his lips.

He had scarce advanced a few steps beyond the sentinel, inside of the gate, when he perceived, rushing out of a windmill, a crazy female, who displayed greater powers than grace in her dance, and at the same time was humming an Italian *aria*. Her skin looked withered, although her complexion was fresh; she wore a wig, although she exhibited a beautiful head of natural hair; she also sported a veil, notwithstanding she wore no under garment, yet the more she appeared whimsical, the more she seemed to meet with approbation. She ran to meet Fabricio, and most impertinently laughed at him, when the following dialogue took place:—

Fabricio. You are very impertinent.

Fashion. And you mighty ridiculous. Hi! hi!

Fabricio. Pray inform me, what is there about me that provokes your laughter.

Fashion. Ah! that's a good one! Dear little man! Now only look at yourself. You are dressed quite in the old style, as people were a week ago, at least.

Fabricio. What do you mean. Don't I wear a Scotch cravat, a Phrygian waistcoat, and Malabar pantaloons?

Fashion. Righteous heavens! Whence come you, man? How dare you make your appearance without the Quaker's coat, the Lapland shoes, the Arabian waistcoat, and the Etruscan pantaloons?

Follow me, and I will soon make you the handsomest epitome of wonders.

Fabricio. I have no time to spare; but I promise that to-morrow—

Fashion. To-morrow! It will be too late. We must go this very day to see the new exhibition of paintings.

Fabricio. I have read in the *Review* that they are shocking.

Fashion. What signifies that? I am fond of the painter. We next shall go to the Opera.

Fabricio. I have been told that the new music would stun me.

Fashion. What an ignoramus you are! I composed it myself. From thence we shall go and be amused at the lectures on astronomy.

Fabricio. I understand nothing about it.

Fashion. Who does? But that doesn't signify. We then shall take a ride in a most dangerous little vehicle; breathe the country air in clouds of dust, and refresh ourselves by drinking common gin.

Fabricio. All that is neither becoming nor agreeable.

Fashion. All that is both, I tell you, for I will have it so. There are no good manners but in the adoption of my levities; no beauty except in my caprice. My adherents never wear what is becoming, never go where they should, and never do what they like. Such are the reasons for which I am adored.

Fabricio. I adore my Sophia alone, and that is the reason why I am going to be married.

Fashion (*In a burst of laughter*). Ah! ah! ah!

Fabricio. I care very little for your blaming my determination.

Fashion. Quite the reverse; I am determined myself to continue with you. I wish to see your wife; and she must be a very extraordinary mortal, indeed, if within a month, thanks to my good advice, you are not made a most fashionable husband.

Fabricio. Unrelenting tyrant, I am aware of your cruelty; spare me though, and rather retrench from my time of life.

Fashion. Of what use would that be to me? I change every day, but I never die.

Fabricio. Only mind that those days of

mine you might bestow on some of your favourites, who would be thankful for the gift! Have you not at your court numbers of grey-haired Aspasias and Galba-headed coxcombs?

Fashion. Why, faith, the man is right. Well, how many years will you forfeit?

Fabricio. True lover like, I am a plain dealer. I'll give you four years.

Fashion. Done, 'tis a bargain; but let me warn you that instead of the gross expression four years, it would be more fashionable to say an *Olympiad*.

Fabricio. Farewel, mistress madcap, I am going to get married.

Fashion. Farewel, Mr. Booby, I am going to the puppet-show.

This adventure made no very serious impression on Fabricio, who however proposed to quicken his pace. But although he walked ever so fast, he could not help noticing, leaning on a post, a young woman, neatly dressed, of an interesting figure, and who seemed to suffer great pain.

"Kind young gentleman," said she, stretching out her hand to him, "though I live but at a very short distance, I am afraid that unless you assist me, I shall not be able to reach my home."—Fabricio was by no means destitute of feeling, and accordingly offered his arm to support the lady, who proceeded by the side of him without uttering a word, and either through fatigue or emotion, leaned on his arm in such a manner as to make him sensible of the shape and heaving of her bosom. Fabricio felt thankful for her mode of expressing her gratitude, nay, his compassion assumed so endearing a character, that when they arrived at the lady's home, he complied most readily with her request, and walked in.

He was introduced in a *boudoir* most elegantly furnished, where perfumes of eastern fragrancly saluted his organs. The youthful female, with a smile, threw off her veil, and appeared on a sudden decked in one of those fashionable costumes which can only be called a dress through exaggeration. A similar sudden alteration took place in her countenance, on which the modest expression of pain was instantly replaced by I know not what, a mixture of languishment and effrontery, which spoke

for itself. Fabricio, stupified, had never read of any thing of the kind in *Ovid's Metaphormosis*. Voluptuousness, for she it was in person, drew near him, and addressed him with great familiarity.

Voluptuousness. Well, Fabricio, how do you find yourself?

Fabricio. Much surprized at all I see.

Voluptuousness. You will pardon me for the innocent stratagem I have recurred to. I was watching an opportunity of informing you how much I loved you.

Fabricio. Now, Madam, you are making game of me.

Voluptuousness. By no means; I speak candidly; follow my example. What opinion do you entertain of me?

Fabricio. I am unable as yet to judge of your disposition. However, you have a very soft hand and endearing look, and your presence kindles within my veins a pleasing fever.

Voluptuousness. So, then, you have no objection to stop with me?

Fabricio. That can't be.

Voluptuousness. Your refusal is rather blunt.

Fabricio. To-day I am in a hurry, but I shall call on you to-morrow.

Voluptuousness. To-morrow! I know not the meaning of that word.

Fabricio. It deserves being thought of, however, and wise people will think of it.

Voluptuousness. Wisdom consists in pursuing pleasure; and for the future I intend every day of your life to be made four-and-twenty hours of uninterrupted enjoyment.

Fabricio. My income is not sufficient, and no sooner shall I be made a beggar—

Voluptuousness. Open you drawer, it is full of loaded dice; you will be appointed banker of a gambling table, and dupes will flock around you.

Fabricio. Besides, you are too beautiful, and I am too jealous. If ever I had rivals—

Voluptuousness. Look into that other drawer, you'll see daggers of every description. I will give you leave to choose.

Fabricio. Very handy: quite convenient, I confess. But, to be candid with you, I am frightened at the very idea of such a variety of enjoyments. My constitution, besides, would get impaired.

Voluptuousness. Nothing has been left

unprovided for, my dear friend. I have a pocket-book full of admittances to the several hospitals. These are the last presents I offer to my favourites. There must be an end to every thing. And when a man has eaten a good dinner he has no objection to rise from table.

Fabricio. Adieu, Madam, I have an invitation to dine in the country.

Voluptuousness. Gently; stop a moment, if you please, my little gentleman. Whoever comes to pay me a visit must not leave me so abruptly.

Fabricio. What! do you wish to detain me at once in bonds of iron and garlands of flowers? Ah, Sophia! Sophia!

Voluptuousness. Now escape from my arms, if you can.

Fabricio. Let me go; I belong to Sophia.

Voluptuousness. I have a claim on thy youthful years, which I will not renounce.

Fabricio. Harkee, you don't look ill-natured. At the rate at which you spend your lifetime, a few years of mine must certainly prove acceptable. Already Fashion, upon similar terms, has accepted my ransom.

Voluptuousness. Notwithstanding I am the same for ever, Fashion, nevertheless, occasionally influences my proceedings. Make your offer.

Fabricio. I will give you eight years.

Voluptuousness. Eight years! If I may judge from your philosophical deportment, it is as much as you are worth. However, I accept; begone.

Fabricio (Half angry, half courteous). Permit me, amiable enchantress, to take for my eight years one more of those kisses you but just now lavished upon me gratis.

Voluptuousness. Go to the devil, you dull philosopher in grain!

She then opened a private door, and with her soft hands pushed him out by the shoulders, when Fabricio fell from the first floor on a dunghill, which always laid ready in the court-yard. As he had no experience of human affairs he could not conceive how an adventure that had begun in so pleasing a manner should have so disagreeable a conclusion. He did not even reflect on the facility with which he had just given up eight years of his existence.

In imitation of the insane, who try to carry water in a sieve, youth allow their days to be wasted without giving it a thought. Fabricio perhaps imagined that such a bargain was not binding, for it is but too frequently the case, that the individual who is conscious of his innocence, will be the dupe of his own sophistry. Be it as it may, whether he argued right or wrong, he achieved at least what was most urgent to be performed, consequently rose from the dunghill, and proceeded forward to the place of his destination.

He had already gone down a couple of streets without meeting with any obstacle, when he perceived that he was followed by a tall emaciated woman, whose large mouth and long muscular arms rendered her quite remarkable. She besides bore a stamp on her forehead, a bundle of pens in her bosom, and in the centre of her petticoat was written, in large letters, the word BRIEF. She appeared to take particular delight in leading two dogs, that seemed ready to devour each other, although they would only bite passengers. Fabricio might have avoided the meeting by quickening his pace, but the prudence of young folks does not go beyond the recollection of their past follies, and his mind being entirely engrossed by the remembrance of his last disgrace, he imagined that he had nothing to fear in this world, except the young girls that were seen fainting in the streets. He was in the full enjoyment of his delusive security when the tall emaciated woman grasped him by the arm. This female monster was no other than Chicane, yet she so repeatedly cried out aloud, "I am Justice," that men were finally persuaded to call her so.

Fabricio. You have hurt me, Madam, your nails are as bad as talons.

Justice. My nails are the pride of me.

Fabricio. I am in a great hurry, so tell me what you want.

Justice. All that you are worth.

The words which Justice (or the Law) uttered had so irresistible an attraction, that Fabricio's purse spontaneously escaped from his pocket, flew to a proper height, and was swallowed up by the female.

Fabricio. You have robbed me!

Justice. What a fuss you make about

nothing. (*Fabricio's watch follows his purse*).

Fabricio. Stop thief! murder! help! help!

Justice. Hold your tongue, or I'll have an indictment against you.—(*A bill of exchange that Fabricio had received from his father also found its way instantly down the esophagus of Dame Justice*).

Fabricio. Help! murder!

A whole gang of officers came running, seized Fabricio by the hair of his head, tore his clothes to pieces, and flung a bottle full of ink at his face.

Justice. Come, you vile wretch, pay the amount of this bill.

Fabricio. I did not sign it.

Justice. What do I care. We shall go to law.

Fabricio. I have no leisure; I am going to be married to Sophia.

Justice. The marriage is null and void.

Fabricio. We have our parents' consent though.

Justice. Well, if you are no braggart, you must marry me.

Fabricio. Fie! for shame!

Justice. Come, come along, my darling; be one of my suit, and as such cringe, lie, and pay.

Fabricio. I am both unwilling and unable to do either.

Justice. You must go to jail, then.

Fabricio. Ah, my Lady Justice, I find it

is in vain to quarrel with you; let us, then, come to terms. What do you demand of me?

Justice. Fifteen years of your life.

Fabricio. Your charges are extravagant. The lawyers have spoiled you. I'll give you two.

Justice. No less than ten will satisfy me, and then I shall be a loser by you.

Fabricio. Take five, or I'll blow my brains out, to get out of your clutches.

Justice. Thank your stars that I have other clients waiting for me. I accept of the five years. Farewel.

Fabricio. You are going to return me my purse?

Justice. How can you be so stupid?

Fabricio. My watch, at least.

Justice. Justice never returns any thing.

Fabricio. (*Seizing her by the collar*). Zounds! I will have them back.

Justice. Are you a judge to violate my person?—(*She flies at him*).

Fabricio. Hold! stop! you'll tear my eyes out.

Justice. No, keep them; how could you weep without? Now, indeed, you may boast that you are the first man of honour whom I ever left off so cheap.

Fabricio. My best thanks to you, kind Madam; most humbly do I kiss your potent hands.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE LISTENER.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE CHACE.

In my younger days I had a wealthy country relation, who, whenever he expected company to dinner, used to say to his wife as soon as he awaked in the morning, "Lie still, my dear, and sleep quietly; I am going to take a turn in my grounds, so you need not fear having a good dish of game for your friends to-day. What will you choose to have; partridges, woodcocks, a hare, or a couple of fine rabbits? tell me, I am at your command."

The wife told him once, "That she should like to have a hare and a brace of partridges."

My cousin went out in a short jacket,

with only a pair of pantaloons and slippers. He took with him a double barrell'd gun, and was preceded by two dogs, a greyhound and a setting dog, and off he goes whistling. He seats himself down under a hedge, while his dogs beat about, one to the right the other to the left; and when they had started the game, my cousin immediately fired, killed it, and the faithful dogs laid it at his feet.

I have seen him after having taken aim about nineteen times, bring home six brace of partridges, seven quails, three wild rabbits, and a fox. His skill in hitting his mark was wonderful, and when he had been out for about two or three hours, he

would load three servants with his spoils; but if he was out for a whole day, it required a cart to carry home all he had killed; never was such a modern Nimrod!

For my own part, I can safely say, my conscience is not burthened with such murders as these. I believe, during the whole course of my life, I never wounded more than one poor chaffinch in the wing. The poor little creature fell at my feet, I took it up, carefully dressed its wound, and was so successful in the means I employed for its preservation, that the little biped in one week was so completely cured as to be able to regain his native liberty.

I have often hunted; I belonged likewise to the yeomanry cavalry, but I never killed anything; and as I am arrived now at the age of fourscore, I hope I shall go out of the world without the sin of murder on my head.

Some time before my father's death I went to pass two months with a friend in a neighbouring county: every morning we took our fowling pieces, and we said we were going a sporting, but we went not to hunt wolves, we rather went after those females who, according to their youth and innocence, may be styled lambs, and whom we were sure to meet wandering in the meadows, or angling beside a purling stream; their faces were rather sun-burnt, it is true, but what signifies the colour of the skin? The purity and innocence of the mind ought first to be looked for. If their hands were hard with labour their hearts were tender, and as this was much pleasanter both to my friend and myself than the ruder sports of the chase, we generally made daily excursions of the kind.

When we returned home we were hungry as any hunters could be, but not even a thrush or a sparrow did one of us furnish. My aunt Deborah, who was then not a very old woman, used to reside with this family, and did not fail to rally us with all that spleen which generally accompanies the witticisms of those who are verging towards old maidism, and she was often compelled to acknowledge that she had better let us alone.

Sometimes, for want of better amusement, we would take it into our heads to shoot at our hats, which we threw up in the air, laying bets on who should first hit the flying mark. Now, though we neither of us could have hit an ox at ten paces distance, yet when we aimed at our hats it seldom happened that we missed a shot.

One day my cousin had a large party, most of them young people, and some very pretty women. They stayed all night, and the next morning it was determined we should all go a coursing.

Some went on horseback, some in open carriages. I was destined to accompany the ladies, and I was thinking how I should best distinguish myself, notwithstanding the restraint I was kept under at home made me always sheepish, and as to entertaining them with my conversation that was entirely out of the question. I went on, however, with my gun loaded, without saying a word, and was in readiness to fire. A hare passed between my horse's legs. I know not which was most frightened, my horse or myself: he began to rear up, and I jumped off his back, as white as a sheet, while one who was near me killed the hare. As soon as I saw that, I fired twice in the air, placed my fowling piece in one of the gigs, spurred my horse so as to make him caper in such a manner as might deceive the wisest amongst us, for I was always a better horseman than a sportsman.

How many years have passed over my head since these events! and what numerous changes have taken place! Neither my sporting cousin nor my friend who detested the chase are now in the land of the living; the estate of my cousin is gone to wreck, being burthened with mortgages too heavy to make the heir at law desirous of keeping it. Many were the years, for I had arrived at sixty before my cousin died, that I used to go in the hunting season to partake of his game; but now all is at an end; every face in my native country is a stranger to me, and every tongue is mute, to the volubility of which I have so often proved myself a patient

LISTENER.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

MASQUE

In honour of the nuptials of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales with the Prince of Saxe Cobourg. Performed, with rapturous applause, at the Theatre Royal, Norwich.

WRITTEN BY MR. BROMLEY, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, NORWICH.

SCENE, a Wood. A BARD enters to appropriate Music, takes down a harp, or lyre, which hangs from the branches of an aged oak; strikes a few chords as if to try its tone; advances, and speaks.

SPIRIT of Shakespeare! at whose hallow'd shrine
Admiring millions late in homage bowed;
Led by Time's moving finger, to combine
To hail, with honours swelling full and loud,
The day that called thee hence to realms of bliss,
The day that mark'd thy Apotheosis!

Spirit of Shakespeare, hear!
And from thy empyreal sphere,
In dazzling brightness bend;
And from thy circling Halo lend
One ray of thought, one gleam of poetry,
One faint afflatus to my straining eye!

It comes! it comes!
I feel the glow of borrow'd fire!
Some Zephyr floats across my strings,
And wafts them with his airy wings!
Sure I am borne to some celestial choir,
Where Hebe sits enthroned, and waves her
flow'ry plumes!

Scene opens to a magnificent Temple. HEBE discovered on a throne, bearing the golden cup; in the centre of the Stage stands an Altar, in front of which are seen CUPID and HYMEN, Priests and Priestesses ranged around. After a strain of music the BARD speaks.

Goddess of eternal Spring!
In thee I see the heirress of our Isle!
Thy presence makes each heart to sing,
And gilds each feature with a smile!

Fill'd with lively images,
Hither comes thy Hercules;
He quits the Elbe's perturbed streams,
To seek thee near majestic Thames;
And now, with eager hope, doth wait
To lay himself and honours at thy feet!

Cupid and Hymen wing your ways
To where the Royal Lover stays;
Throw your silken fetters round,
And lead him, captive, to this sacred ground!

Music—CUPID adjusts his bow and arrows, and beckons to HYMEN, who follows him off the Stage. They immediately return, drawing in HERCULES by the ends of a silken cord which is thrown loosely round him; they lead him to the foot of the throne, where they unbind him, and

lay the cord at the foot of the altar. He kneels to HEBE, who dips her hand into the cup, and sprinkles the sacred drops upon his head. The BARD speaks at the close of the Music.

Those drops thy gracious hands supply,
Shall give him immortality.
Nor shall you blush such lustre to impart
Unto the rich possessor of your heart;
For know the blood that fills thy ev'ry vein,
Flows from our ancient rule, from Saxon origin!

SONG, HIGH PRIEST.—*Air*, "To Anacreon in Heaven."

Of old, when fair Albion was ravaged by Dases,
Brave Cerdic, the Saxon, advanced to her aid;
With the heart's blood of Denmark he deluged
the plains,
And, by Albion's consent, with a kingdom was
paid.

With the kingdom he won
Brave Cerdic begun
A long race of Kings that thro' ages hath run.
And lo! thro' the time-honour'd Vista is seen
His descendant, great George, shedding lustre
serene!

From Cerdic sprang Egbert, whose arms over-
came
Whole legions that sought to expel him the
land;
But Victory sat on his chariot of flame,
And England first rose at his sov'reign com-
mand.

Next Alfred I sing,
England's father and King,
Whose name thro' the Island for ever shall
ring!
May a long race of Alfreds shed lustre serene,
And the line be preserved 'till Time closes the
scene!

In chequer'd succession the sov'reignty ran,
'Till Time's ample round brought a George on
the throne.

For an instant its crest to rear, Treason began,
But, by Loyalty crush'd, it expired with a
groan!

Now peace sways the world,
May our flag, while unfurl'd,
With drops from the Thames and the Elbe be
empearled;
And a long Saxon race fill, with lustre serene,
The throne where a George and an Alfred were
seen!

BARD speaks.

Come, favour'd children of our Isle!
And offer incense to the Royal Pair;
Bring the dance, the jest, the smile,
And all your festal wreaths prepare.
Each, in lengthen'd sequence, bring
E'en his rudest offering!

Let earth's four quarters hither bear
Tribute to the Royal Pair;
With Asia's gems, Columbia's gold,
Let Europe all her arts unfold;
While Afric's sons present the banded knee,
Enslaved more firm by new giv'n liberty!

Music—A Procession enters from each side, men bearing banners representing naval, military, agricultural, musical, pictorial, and literary trophies; women with chaplets, wreaths, and baskets containing offerings; four female figures personifying the four quarters of the globe, with appropriate trains, bearing the produce of their several countries; citizens, soldiers, sailors, peasants, &c. &c. When they are all ranged, CUPID beckons HYMEN round the Stage, inviting him to join in a dance: HYMEN consents; they then place, the one his torch, and the other his bow and arrow on the altar, and dance a *Pass Deus*.—BARD speaks.

And you, protectress of the sacred fire!
Priestess of Hymen's sanctuary!
Snatch from her hand Cecilia's lyre,
And chant their Epithalamy!

SONG, HIGH PRIESTESS.—Air "Had I a heart."

To lord it o'er a fetter'd land
Be Eastern tyrants' boast;
And southern despots to command
Of slaves a mighty host.
'Tis Britons' pride and joy to feel
No sting but Love's soft darts;
Their future Queen a tyrant hail,
But only o'er their hearts!

And you, the partner of her choice,
Of ev'ry blessing share;
For you a nation's willing voice
Shall offer up its prayer.
With such a Queen, with such a wife,
May you each good receive;
Glide gently down the stream of life,
And in your offspring live!

Two Girls enter from opposite sides, and dance a *Pass Deus*. The High Priest and Priestess then advance towards the Altar and, pointing to the Royal Pair, sing the following

DUET.—Air "I love thee."

HE.

Blest Queen of all my heart's best joys,
Of all its hopes the envied prize,
With truth and love I crown thee—
For ever till this life shall end,
This subject heart to thee shall bend,
To thee, my Sovereign and my friend,
And still with blessings crown thee!

SHE.

Dear Lord of all my captive heart,
With all my love can e'er impart,
'Fore heaven and earth I crown thee.
For ever while its pulse shall beat,
Thy image there shall hold its seat,

My lips for ever shall repeat
The vows with which I crown thee.

BOTH.

O come, and let us range the fields,
And taste those joys which virtue yields,
Whose hand with bliss shall crown us.

All labour we will cheerful share,
And while our flocks confess our care,
For that great moment we'll prepare,
When Heaven's own hand shall crown us!

A characteristic dance by the Corps du Ballet, after which the whole of the Characters form a Tableau, and the curtain falls.

ON THE DEATH OF MR SHERIDAN.

Who the cypress wreath shall weave?
Who the funeral urn prepare?
Britannia can do nought but grieve,
And Genius stands in mute despair!
Wit, lost in Sorrow, drops the tribute tear
Over our Brinsley's sad and sacred bier.

Who shall paint his patriot worth?
Who exalt his honour'd name?
The Muses droop beside his earth,
And Grief has tied the tongue of Fame:
Yet shall his elegy be deep imprint
In living characters on ev'ry breast.

Tho' to the mighty power of woes
Sad Eloquence stands all resign'd,
Yet Memory does her aid bestow
To paint his worth on ev'ry mind:
Apollo tears the laurels from his head
To grace the brows of the illustrious dead.

MR. SHERIDAN.

FROM "THE EMERALD ISLE," BY C. PHILLIPS,
ESQ. THE CELEBRATED IRISH RARIESTER.

AND does not he, oh! write the name
In characters of living flame—
Does not Sheridan refuse
The gift of every stranger Muse,
Bringing, with filial love, to thee,
The glories of his poverty?
Still shewing others Wisdom's way,
Still led himself, by wit astray;
Of contradictions, so combin'd,
With views so brilliant, yet so blind,
That, in him, error looks like truth,
Folly is reason, age is youth.

Immortal man! design'd to be
Thy country's own epitome;
When thy keen flashes set no more
The midnight table in a roar,
Sages and wits, alike shall come
To heap the garlands on thy tomb,
And every weeping Muse, in turn,
Clasp in her arms her fav'rite's urn!
E'en from that urn shall rise relief,
Glory will so illumine grief:

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Thus, when the radiant orb of day
Sheds on the world its parting ray,
The lustre all creation cheers,
And orphan nature smiles in tears.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

*Written by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the
"Pleasures of Hope," and spoken at the com-
memoration of Robert Burns, by Mr. Conway.*

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er
Reclaim'd from earth thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality;
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife at Burns's name,
Exorcis'd by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was giv'n
To warble all its ecstasies,
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul in heav'n above,
But pictur'd sees in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smil'd upon their mutual love,—
Who that has felt forgets the song.

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan—
His country's high soul'd peasantry
What patriot pride he taught—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay built cot* the Muse
Entranc'd and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted Poet views,)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his homeborn verse and weep,
In memory of his native land,

* Burns was born in Clay-Cottage, which his father had built with his own hands.

With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns's carrol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings,
Let high philosophy controul,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the Muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, Thistle, Harp—'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou young Hero, when thy plume
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gullant shade?

Such was the soldier—Burns forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude,
In strains to thy great memory due,
In verse like thine, Oh! could he live,
The friend I mourn—the brave, the good,
Edward that died at Waterloo! †

Farewell high chief of Scottish song,
That could'at alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottos of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell; and ne'er may envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

THE EYE OF BLUE!

BY LORD BYRON.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.

I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze,
Beside thee, ceas'd to shine:
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,

† Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars.



PERSIAN COURT DRESS.
Empress of Persia, La Belle Assemblée, Sept. 1766.



MORNING WALKING DRESS.

*Invented by M^{rs} Hall 28, Charlotte St. Bloomsbury
Designed for Ladies by A. G. 21, St. 197, 26/8.*

Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky.

Those smiles into a moodish mind
Their own pure joys impart—
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart!

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

Mr. G. P. Bromley, to whom our Magazine is indebted for many interesting poetic effusions, has composed an Ode of Triumph, entitled "Annus Mirabilis, or the Year of Wonders." We have extracted the following concluding lines, in honour of the immortal Wellington, as peculiarly adapted to the present time when we are honoured with the presence of the hero.

RECITATIVE.

Illustrious Wellington! the glory's thine,
To stand the champion of a suff'ring world;
To bid the golden sun of Freedom shine,
And drive those hell-born fiends with power
Divine,
To rocks and caverns drear, by British thunders
Hurl'd.

AIR.

Prepare the laurel'd wreath, prepare
To deck the victor's gallant brow!
And be the weeping cypress near,
To wave o'er many a friend laid low.

CHORUS.

Let Waterloo be fam'd in story,
While Britain's standard floats unfurl'd,
And tell to ages Britons' glory,
Who can, united, brave the world!

GLEE.

War draws in her murderous fangs—
Pity soothes the suff'rer's pangs—
Peace resumes her placid reign—
Plenty fills her horn again—
Soldiers tell how fields were won
By unconquer'd Wellington!
List'ning neighbours hear the tale,
Relish'd by the circling ale—
And many a jovial song's begun
Ending still with WELLINGTON!

FINALE.

Raise the Arch of Triumph high;
Inscribe the everlasting stone—
Heroes, bending from the sky,
Shall read the name of WELLINGTON!

F A S H I O N S

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of fine leno worn over either a white or peach coloured slip; the dress flounced with the same, with a ribband of peach colour placed above the flounce. Loose sleeves, à-la-Caroline, confined by bands of peach coloured ribband. **BRITISH LADY'S BONNET**, the texture black, over peach colour. The hair parted on the forehead. Half-boots, and gloves of peach-coloured kid.

No. 2.—DRESS OF THE COURT OF FRANCE.

Petticoat and train of white satin, superbly ornamented round the border and

sides with flowers and coloured foil. Body of white satin or silver tissue. Short full sleeves of white satin, richly ornamented with point lace, and surmounted by imperial wings formed of a triple row of the same material. Toque of white satin, encircled round the forehead by a bandeau of pearls or diamonds. The hair in curls, à-la-Ninon; superb plume of full white ostrich feathers, and court lappets of fine lace. Ear-rings and necklace of diamonds. White kid shoes with very small rosettes; white kid gloves, ornamented at the top with a narrow fluted quilling of blond.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE continued chillness and uncertain state of the weather has totally precluded all the airy and gossamer shieldings with which the British fair have generally been accustomed to envelope their forms during the summer season: even the warm pelisse has not been totally consigned to the cedar press, until winter's return, but has been known to make its appearance during the last month. The most favourite dress, however, for walking, is a coloured spenser of poplin or sarsnet, rendered peculiarly elegant by an ornamental kind of cape, partially pointed at equal distances, and descending like a facing on each side of the bust. Muslin pelisses, lined with coloured sarsnet, are also much worn.

For the carriage costume the Princess Sophia pelisse, which we described in our last Number, seems still a decided favourite. A carriage hat has also been sported by some ladies of high fashion, made of the same interesting material as the BRITISH LADY'S BONNET: it is turned up in front, lined with white satin, and crowned with a superb and full bouquet of roses.

We think, however, the texture which composes the BRITISH LADY'S BONNET is infinitely more adapted to bonnets than dress hats. We are happy to find that it meets with warm patronage from females of the first rank and fashion.

Fancy straw bonnets for walking are much in favour; they are of various shapes, but the French bonnet seems still to hold a pre-eminent station. We are willing to give every meed of applause, where due, to many French milliners in the article of caps and bonnets; but they certainly cannot pretend to vie with our *Marchandes des Modes* in the art of dress making: a neatness, an elegance, and a versatility of taste, distinguish the dresses made by the English, which the French *tailleuse* has not yet been able to attain.

The gowns now are chiefly of white

leno or muslin, ornamented round the borders with several narrow flounces. The Polish robe is again revived; it is made of fine India muslin, either worked or plain, trimmed round the border of the skirt, and down the sides of the robe with fine lace. Coloured sarsnet dresses, with three flounces of blond, with white satin boddice, are much worn amongst those ladies who remain in town, at their evening parties. At the assembly rooms of the different watering places, young ladies wear chiefly white crape or Leno dresses, with coloured crape or sarsnet boddice: it is not in London we must look at this season of the year for much novelty in fashion. The country becomes the *sejour* of those belonging to the first rank, and there a simplicity prevails, which is, consequently, often monotonous, and leaves nothing worth recording on the versatile page devoted to the rainbow deity, whose power chiefly consists in the changes she adopts, and which are laws to her votaries.

Amongst the new head-dresses is the Gloucester cap, composed of tulle and white satin; it is ornamented with a half wreath of full blown roses and the white flower called rocket, and fastens under the chin. A light evening *toque* is also peculiarly elegant; the ground-work of tulle, with white satin, twisted round *à-la-ti-maçon*; and is surmounted by a plume of Zebra feathers, of peach colour and black. *Cornettes* of every kind are in favour; worn at home, in morning costume, without flowers; in half dress they are almost loaded with them; the flowers are not, however, placed quite so backward on the summit of the crown as they were last month.

Before we close our observations we again call the attention of our fair readers to the Royal Corset; an indispensable requisite to those females who would wish to preserve the *contour* of their forms, and to embellish them with that grace and ease this admirable invention, being free from all hard substances, fails not to impart. It is almost needless to add that it is to be had of the Inventress, at her *Magazine de Modes*, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME:

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

No females regulate their dress so much by party spirit as the Parisian ladies. It is no uncommon thing now for them to say to each other, when they meet, "You do not look well to-day; but how should you? You are dressed precisely like the Duchess de Berri!" Thus she, who but a little while ago served them as a model, is now found guilty of the want of beauty, and though some of the nobility still continue to ape her style and manner, others, jealous of the attention paid her by the King, are determined to wear every thing diametrically opposite to the fashion she adopts.

Pelrines and spencers are indiscriminately worn in out-door costume; the new schal, so much in favour last month, is quite thrown aside. When the weather is mild a half handkerchief, of various colours, is tied carelessly over a muslin or cambric high dress.

The newest hats are of white chip, with very large brims, and are ornamented round the crown with a wreath of moss roses, without leaves. Straw hats are trimmed with white satin ribband, or with green sarsnet, and hats of lilac sarsnet, trimmed with the same colour, and finished by a sprig of lilac are much worn. The hats that are made of Leghorn, or fancy straw, are generally trimmed with full rouleaus of striped gauze. Some ladies place a green silk handkerchief in folds round their hats, and contrary to general custom the point of the handkerchief is upwards. The crowns of the bonnets are still made very high, and the rims longer than they are broad: they are turned up partially in front, and are also turned up behind, instead of being shaped out. Hats and bonnets are both trimmed at the edges, either with plaited ribband or blond. Bonnets have generally a wreath of flowers placed on them, in form of a diadem, while some are simply tied under the chin with a green silk handkerchief. Striped

and figured ribbands are more in requisition than those that are plain. The flowers that are worn in bunches on the sides of hats generally consist of daisies and blue bells, amarauts, and clove carnations mingled with pomegranite blossoms.

There is little difference in the make of the gowns since last month: the ornaments on the tops of the sleeves, either of imperial wings or Manchérons, are finished by a coloured embroidery, and the same ornament runs down the outside seam of the sleeve. For evening dress, silk gowns, with coloured festoons over the flounces, are much worn; the same ornament surmounts the sleeve, and finishes it at the wrist. The border of the gown is generally finished by either three or five flounces of blond lace.

Ball dresses are of white Italian crape, finished by wreaths of sweet peas, palm leaves, or a trimming intermingled, of mignonet and rose leaves. A garland of flowers, in form of a diadem, encircles the head, and is generally of half blown roses, either red or white, according to the complexion of the wearer. Provence roses for the lively brunette are generally selected. Some *elegantes* at evening parties twist folds of crape amongst their hair, and form thereby a very tasteful head-dress.

To the large bouquets of flowers, either natural or artificial, lately worn in full dress, have succeeded simple sprigs of honeysuckle, a full blown rose, or a single carnation: flowers in the bosom are a requisite appendage to evening dress.

COSTUME OF THE FEMALES OF TARTARY IN THE CRIMEA.

To place a Tartarian female amongst the more polished beauties who reside in courts may at first be deemed incongruous; but when the style of their dress comes to be investigated, which is extremely becoming, it will be, no doubt, deemed worthy of a place in the Cabinet of Taste.

They wear wide drawers of linen, and over a chemise, which descends from the throat to the ankle, they wear a striped taffety gown, or robe, which is open in front, with long narrow sleeves, which have a cuff thickly spotted with gold.

Over this is sometimes worn a kind of great coat of a conspicuous colour, with very short Turkish sleeves, trimmed with gold lace, or fur. The under garment is fastened by two ornaments of *fillagree*, forming a kind of clasp. They dress their hair in two long plaits, which hang down behind, and cover their heads with a little red cap, or a piece of stuff, which crosses under the chin.

They wear a number of rings on their hands, but disfigure them by painting the tips of their fingers brown. The hair is crossed over the forehead, and from the ends depend two tufts, which are frizzed over the cheeks thinly, and are far from unbecoming. They stain their eyelids, eyelashes, and eyebrows with the powder of lead ore. They wear half boots of yellow Morocco, with very thick soles; and often in dirty weather wear pattens.

Whenever they walk abroad they put on a large wrapping gown of white flannel, or of worsted knit together very light, and bind their head and faces up in white cotton, so that their eyes only can be seen, which are as black as jet.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

In the reign of Louis XIV. fashion began, in taking a new feature, to become more variable. The French ladies wore then a frightful head-dress, called a *hurleburla*, which extended to an immense dis-

tance beyond each ear. Soon after this preposterous fashion, Madame de Nevers invented a way of dressing the hair which was charming: the tresses were separated from the forehead, and the hair divided in curls on each side, forming three stages, one above the other, from which depended easy ringlets of about a finger's length below the ear, and which formed two very becoming ornaments on each side the head, and which were also adorned with bunches of black ribbons: but many ladies entirely destroyed the simplicity of this head-dress by loading their hair with powder and pomatum. Widows at that time wore a broad *bandeau* of black crape over the forehead, like the forehead cloth of a nun, which was very unbecoming except to very fair and pretty faces.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Louis XIV. the ladies began to divest themselves of their high head-dresses; they laid aside a cap which had long been in favour, made in the form of a helmet; but as they lowered their head-dresses, they arranged the hair in that manner on each side the face as to make it look like a full moon. But very soon after it was worn according to the fashion adopted by the Princesses, the same as it was ten years before, in a very simple and elegant manner, and at least a foot lower than at the commencement of the reign of Louis the Great; while the Burgundy and village caps were only seen on the heads of the Bourgeoises.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—*Sketch of Charlemagne, a tragedy in five acts.*—Charlemagne is about to rest from the fatigues of war at the castle of Hestel, near Liege, the birth-place of his family, and is delighted to think he shall there himself undertake the education of *Hugo*, his son, whom he fondly loves, without, however, assimilating him with his legitimate children; this he for-

mally declares to the beautiful *Regina*, the mother of this charming child, and tells her at the same time that he is about to be united to the *Empress Irene*, to whom he has offered his hand, to obtain the empire of the East. This intelligence pierces the heart of *Regina*. Descended from illustrious ancestors, she has long flattered herself that *Charles* will not consider her in the light of a mere mistress, and she tries to

touch the heart of the monarch. He assures her that his tenderness towards her and her son can never be diminished, but that the cold and severe laws of state policy command him to marry *Irena*. Virtuous as she is gentle, *Regina* aspires only to quit the world, and enter the walls of a convent; but her brother, the Count *Hastrade*, cannot endure the thoughts of such a reverse. He had already fauced himself brother-in-law to the King, and uncle to the young Prince, who was to inherit the throne of his father.

He meets with a friend, who is ready to join him in a conspiracy, one *Theodore*, son of *Tasillon*, Duke of *Bavaria*, whom *Charles* has despoiled of his possessions. *Hastrade*, in the midst of his fury, is yet susceptible of meditating on the consequences of that revolution he is planning. He thinks that it is not advisable to take away the life of the Emperor, because the people, who idolize his valour, will be sure to avenge it. He thinks it better to degrade him by casting him into a subterraneous dungeon, and then tearing out his eyes.

At the moment that the conspirators are laying their plans, and *Hastrade* is giving his orders to *Gerolde*, the tower guard, and one of his colleagues, the young *Hugo*, suddenly makes his appearance. They perceive that he has overheard them, and his uncle is the first to fall upon him; he is about to perish, when *Regina* runs to his assistance. *Hastrade* drags away together the mother and the child. But soon after he turns to his sister, and requests to know what she has learnt from her son, and tries to terrify her on the consequences of one single word which might develop the horrid mystery. *Regina* seeks also to terrify him on the horrible consequences of what he is about to undertake, and at length declares, that she feels some dawn of hope, since *Charles* has promised that very night to grant her an interview, according to her request.

Hastrade sees only in this incident an unlooked-for opportunity to strike a decisive blow. *Regina* perceives his intention, and loses no time in writing to the Emperor, to beg of him to put off to another day the interview he had promised to grant. In the meantime she carries her generosity so far as not to denounce the barbarous

brother who was preparing to strangle her child. Her efforts to save the monarch are employed in vain; *Gerolde* has seized the letter, and he is heard walking at a distance: she shudders at the thought of its being the Emperor, who is come to meet the death which is prepared for him, and she draws a poignard as she hastens to succour him. He appears, and seeing the dagger in her hand, he has no doubt but that she is about to attempt that life she is hastening to defend. *Theodore*, one of his generals, and also one of his most faithful servants, cries out that it is time to punish the conspirators. *Hastrade* challenges the Knight to single combat. Reduced to the painful necessity of losing her brother by justifying herself, *Regina* generously resolves to keep silence, and to brave the contempt of her royal lover.

Hastrade admires the noble conduct of his sister. *Hugo*, capable also of equal heroism, is decided to be sacrificed to his safety, and *Gerolde* is charged to put this atrocious deed in execution; but soon subjugated by the innocence and candour of his victim, he takes pleasure in delivering him from his persecutors. *Charlemagne* again appears, surrounded by the great men of his empire, to whom he reveals the conspiracy which has been discovered, and calls upon them to pronounce the sentence of punishment on the guilty. *Hastrade*, who flatters himself that the death of his nephew has already delivered him from the most formidable witness, is the first to accuse his fellow conspirators. But suddenly *Hugo* appears; confounded by his presence he falls into a state of despair, and rushes himself into the tower, where the executioners await their victims.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*Harlequin in the Island of the Anthropophagii*.—*Harlequin* having suffered shipwreck, in company with *Columbine*, her father, and the *Clown*, are cast on an island inhabited by savages, who eat all the prisoners they take; and *Harlequin* and his companions in misfortune are about to become the prey of these cannibals. The graces and agile tricks of the pantomimic hero plead in his favour, and he is on the point of being named governor of the island, but he cannot obtain mercy for his mistress nor for his future father-in-law. He resolves then to

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deliver up *Mr. Giles* to the voracity of his new subjects: the fire is prepared, and they are only conferring on the sauce with which they shall season the victim, when *Harlequin* thinks on an expedient, and makes his people so drunk with his last bottle of wine, that he sets them all to sleep; and taking advantage of their Bacclianian slumber, he regains his boat, and flies from the danger which threatened him and his companions.

The non-entirety of this plan may be easily conceived from the above sketch; but some very interesting couplets and truly comic scenes, made it pardonable; and the piece met with general applause.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Francis I. and Madame Chateaubriand; by Madame A. Gottis—2 vols. 12mo. Paris.

It is impossible to find a more splendid or more amiable hero of a romance than Francis I. Young, handsome, witty, brave, and a lover of the sex; the history of this monarch's life has that romantic character which recalls to our mind the important era of French chivalry, and lends to the writer of historical romance all the amorous fictions which are so requisite to render such a work interesting. Madame A. Gottis has not those difficulties to get over which Madame de Genlis had to encounter in the cold character of Louis XIII. Here all is made ready to her hands; it seems as if she only had to exercise her pen in detailing, from the different historians of that period, every thing interesting in the life of that most fascinating monarch. The following is a sketch of the work.

Francis I. has just ascended the throne; a lover of beauty, he is yet unacquainted with love, when Frances of Foix, the wife of the Count Chateaubriand, appears at court; led thither by the hopes of obtaining the pardon of her brother Lautree, whom the King has degraded and condemned to death on the false accusation of Admiral Bonnivet, who has no positive proof against him. In presenting to us Francis I. as guilty of such injustice is not a very ingenious idea in the author, we must confess. Let that be as it will, the charms of Madame de Chateaubriand happily destroy the calumny her brother labours un-

der; for the King, on the supplication of her whose first glance has subjugated him, calls a council of war, and re-establishes Lautree in all his honours; but the beautiful Frenchwoman is scarcely allowed to express her gratitude to her sovereign; the jealous Chateaubriand, who for some years had concealed his treasure from every eye, cannot endure to stay at the court, where his anguish becomes insupportable: he hastens to lead back his wife to her solitary asylum, where she may be safe from such perils. There Frances, restored to her former way of living, and given up to the care of her daughter, is recovering her tranquillity; already the recollection of the King seems weakened by absence, when a trivial incident rekindles the flame almost extinct. For the first time, the author tells us, since the reign of Francis I. several pieces of gold and silver were stamped with his effigy. Unoccupied with what was passing so far from her, Madame de Chateaubriand was yet ignorant of this. Shut up in seclusion, she little thought that the countenance she had so much admired would ever appear before her, and she forgot in her castle that there was a King, or that his court was the seat of pleasure.

One morning as she was seated at a window, she was tracing the outlines of a pansy, a flower that brought to her remembrance one moment's happiness. Her daughter came running towards her, saying, "Mamma, mamma, see, here is the King." At this sentence she was ready to faint, her heart beat violently, and while trembling she sought to raise herself, she fell back on her seat; she fancied he was there, that she should behold him, and she attempted flight but had not the power: again she essayed to rise, took a few steps, when Aloisa seized hold of her robe, saying, "Where are you going, then, mamma? here, look." The child then pressed her to look at what she held in her hand, and yielding to her importunity, she cast her eyes on the well known features, and read his name: "Cruel child!" exclaimed she, pushing her from her; "Ah! you have hurt me."

This scene is one of the most pleasing in the whole work; the idea is simple and original. Scarce has Madame Chateau-

briand felt her love rekindle, than the Count is under the obligation of going to the capital; but he cannot support the idea of taking his wife there: he makes her swear that she will not quit her retreat, not even if he should intreat her in writing; at least, he says, unless I send you a ring I possess, which is similar to that you wear. Frances promises all that he requires. Assailed by all the court, the Count writes to her, but in vain, to come and join him. Brion Chabot, the King's confidant, at length discovers the mystery; the ring is sent, and the Countess arrives. Here the author is guilty of great inconsistency. This terrible Chateaubriand, jealous even to madness, and who, to act up to his character, should neither regard fortune or life, so that he might solely possess the object of his love, this Chateaubriand, who can have no doubt of the powerful interest which has discovered his secret, not only leaves his wife alone at court, but writes to her that *an affair of importance compels him to be absent, &c. &c.*

The King, as may easily be imagined, takes advantage of this absence; and soon the weakness of the Countess becomes public; she is the declared mistress of Francis, and travels through France like a sovereign with her royal lover. Chateaubriand, who watches her movements, surprizes her one day alone, as she has just been visiting the tomb of Agnes Sorrel: he is about to seize her person, when the King appears, and orders him to depart; but this powerful protector is soon taken from the unfortunate Frances. The field of honour demands the monarch, who goes forth to combat the troops that Charles V. has put under the command of the high constable of Bourbon. The Count seizes this opportunity of making sure his vengeance: he writes that he is on the borders of the grave, that he wishes to forgive before he dies the mother of Aloisa, and to place her child in her arms. The Countess, more credulous perhaps than is quite natural, departs immediately, without inquiry. It is then that begins a succession of scenes, which are all of the most atrocious and revolting nature. The death of the young Aloisa would have been very interesting, if the subject had been better handled. A new character is brought on the scene; Chaligni, who has

long loved Frances in secret, acquainted with the fury of Chateaubriand, it is him whom the Count charges with the tormenting his victim, in a species of dungeon wherein she is confined. It is him, who, by the Count's order, announces to Madame Chateaubriand that she must prepare for death. The unhappy woman asks for a priest, he is brought to her, and next follows a surgeon, who opens her veins, and leaves her to expire in the arms of the minister of God.

Remarks on the Monumental Bust of Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon; by J. Britton.

WE perfectly agree with the writer of these remarks, that there is little doubt but what the bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon is the most accurate likeness of that wonderful and unparalleled genius; and that one more correct can never be obtained. We must, however, in some degree differ from him, where he asserts that other effigies are unlike this bright original: on the contrary, we think there has not been one produced but what bears a striking resemblance even to that which Mr. Britton gives as a true effigy of the immortal bard, whose features and cast of countenance might be said to be as remarkable as his writings: we can see in every likeness taken of him, a close approximation to that in Westminster Abbey: the countenance of which had, no doubt, been copied as closely as possible from that at Stratford-upon-Avon.

The true effigy, in possession of Mr. Britton, has certainly more roundness and pleasantry of feature than that at Westminster; and though from the stiffness and disproportion of the human figures, we cannot altogether agree with him, where he says that "sculpture was remarkable for its fine style, in the reigns of Henry VI VII. and VIII." yet, in those, and the succeeding reigns, they might certainly endeavour to preserve the likeness faithfully: and what the author says of the monumental bust at Stratford seems perfectly just.

This appeals to our eyes and understandings with all the force of truth. We view it as a family record; as a memorial raised by the esteem and affection of his relatives, to keep alive cotemporary admi-

ration, and to excite the glow of enthusiasm in posterity. This invaluable effigy is attested by tradition, consecrated by time, and preserved in the inviolability of its own simplicity and sacred station. It was evidently executed immediately after the poet's decease; and probably under the superintendence of his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, and his daughter; the latter of whom, according to her epitaph, was "witty above her sexe," and therein like her father.

The following extract shews the value which ought to be set on the Stratford bust; as marking an exact representation of the colour of the hair and eyes of Shakespeare, and the prevailing costume of the age he lived in.

"The bust is the size of life; it is formed out of a block of soft stone; and was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazle, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet, or coat, was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown, or tabard, without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the other half crimson, and the tassels gilt."

Abraham Lockett, Esq. Captain in the East India Company's service, is preparing for publication *Travels from Calcutta to Babylon*; including strictures on the history of that ancient metropolis, and observations made among its ruins; illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. Thomas Maurice, author of Indian Antiquities, has in the press, in quarto, *Observations on the Ruins of Babylon*, as recently visited and described by Clandius James Rich, Esq. resident for the East India Company at Bagdad.

Mr. J. Wardrop will soon publish *Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye*, Vol. XI. illustrated by coloured engravings.

The *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1814 will soon appear, in one thick volume.

Mr. J. W. Lake is preparing a volume of Poems for publication.

Neuman's *Spanish Dictionary*, greatly improved by Mr. Brown, will soon appear. The words added exceed 3000, and include the terms of art, manufactures, and commerce.

Mr. Charles Bell will soon publish, in

octavo, *Surgical Observations on Cases in Cancer*.

M. Devisscher, from the University of Paris, has in the Press *Grammaire de L'homme*, or the principles of the French Language grammatically explained in twelve lessons.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

MY RETURN TO FRANCE.

(Concluded from our last.)

WE began to think of quitting Bourdeaux; I wanted a travelling carriage, and Zameo, who accompanied me to the coach-maker's, knew only two ways of travelling, on foot by land, and in a canoe on the water; I was diverted by his surprise when he saw those little leather houses, as he called them, wherein he conceived it impossible to stay an hour without being stifled. I bought, at his desire, an old Spanish calash, not very elegant but solid and commodious. I bargained for two good Galician mules, with an *arriero* from Paleuria, who had just been conducting a family into France who were exiled from Spain. Zameo scraped acquaintance with them, and learnt the motives which caused them to quit their country: he was much surprised to hear that one was driven out of Spain for having ate bacon on a Friday, and the other because he would not eat at all. He offered them letters of recommendation to Guyanne, where they ate whatever pleased them best; and then he came directly to me to ask me if Spain was in Europe?

And now behold us all three travelling along the wide roads of Gascony; me almost as much a stranger as my two companions to European civilization: I remarked, however, with pain, that they seemed more sensible to the abuses than the benefits of refinement. Whatever bore the stamp of public spirit pleased, but did not astonish them; the main roads they thought well contrived, but the heat of the sun striking directly on their heads made them regret the narrow paths traced without art amidst the umbrageous forests. Choking almost with thirst amongst trees the fruitage of which they durst not touch, they remembered, with regret, that no watchful gardener on the shores of the Oronoko prevented the thirsty traveller from

refreshing himself with the lemons or ananas he might find in his way. I had no great trouble in making them comprehend the right of individual property, but they puzzled me by asking me if men in this state were happier or better?

I was about to answer them when we heard a discharge of musketry from a wood on one side of the road; and the next moment we saw a detachment of troops make their appearance; two or three cavaliers came forward and seized our mules and carriage, in order to transport the sick and wounded to the next village, and we were obliged to follow on foot. As we walked by the side of the commandant we learned from him all the evils to which France was becoming the prey through the scourge of civil war, of which we had just beheld the deplorable effects.

When the officer had ceased speaking, "Master Paul," said Zameo to me, "do you recollect the year when the tribe of Zangais, excited by the evil spirit, were divided in their opinions about the colour of the feathers with which we ornamented our heads, and turned against each other those arrows formerly so victorious? My father, Oyatœ, commanded the red feathers; already several of our hamlets were destroyed, and a terrible combat was the consequence: you appeared in the midst of the Zangais, you spoke, your speech calmed their rage, and the *calamet* of war was extinguished. I was very young at that time, but Oyatœ has often repeated your words, and I have faithfully treasured them in my memory.—'Brave Zangais,' said you to them, 'what fury is this which animates you? Are not you all the children of the Great River? Those huts that you are burning were the birth-place of your sons; those plains which ye lay waste are the burial places of your forefathers: break your arrows in pieces; tear off or mingle those feathers which are so offensive to your sight, and follow me to the great palm tree of your chief, the venerable Atalego, the elder of the forest, who waits to give you the comfort of his blessing'—The evil spirit," added Zameo, "now hovers over France; O speak in the same language to these warriors, and you will reconcile them as you once reconciled those of Zangais."

"My friend," replied I, "I spoke then to savages, who speak little but think much: we are now amongst civilized people, who talk a great deal but feel nothing. I should only lose my time in addressing any discourse to such as them."

"I cannot see that we have gained any advantage by a change of country," said Zameo.—"Nor I either," said I.

Arrived at the village, where we left the wounded, we reascended the carriage, and soon after arrived at Paris.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

PARTICULARS RELATING TO THE INTERMENT OF LOUIS XVII.

ON the 24th of Prairial, in the third year (misnamed by the French) of Liberty, the body of the young King was inclosed in a plain deal coffin, of about four feet six inches in length, and was carried from the Temple to the burial place of St. Margaret's, about nine o'clock at night, and there deposited in an humble grave. A *process verbal* of this ceremony was taken in the curate's house by the Sieur Gilles, at that time commissary of the police. There is reason to believe that the body was removed from this grave, and that in a private manner, on the very night of its interment, or the night after, by a man of the name of Voisin, an undertaker, belonging to the parish of St. Margaret, and now in the Bicetre, or Bridewell; or else it was removed by one Valentine Bertancourt, a grave-digger, and whose widow is now living. These particulars are all affirmed by Voisin, by the widow Bertancourt, by Dicouflet, the beadle of the parish, and a friend of Valentine, and moreover by the curate of St. Margaret's.

If the body of the young King was removed by the above mentioned Valentine from the common pit into which it was first thrown, it should be sought for under the left pillar of the church door, at its entrance next to the church-yard. If, on the contrary, Voisin, as he declares, should have buried the remains of this unfortunate Prince in a grave by themselves, that particular grave, according to his description, is to be found on the right of a cross which is fixed in the middle of the church-yard, as the back is turned to the church.

The only person whose testimony seems

valid is the curate of St. Margaret's; a man of his sacred profession would hardly hazard an untruth on such an occasion. As for the others, the hopes of reward by imposing on the credulity of the royal victim's surviving relatives, may alone prompt them to such a discovery, the veracity of which may be extremely doubtful.

DANGER OF UTTERING AN UNTRUTH.

A Bank note, which had been stolen out of a letter, was traced to the Bank, the clerks of which said they had paid it to a young man that very much resembled a person who was observed to be present when the letter was delivered at the General Post Office. Though this presumption was strong, to make it stronger the character of the young man was inquired into; and it appeared by the evidence of his brother clerks at the office, that he lived in a style which they could not afford, for he had often told them they did not live well enough for him. This having great weight with the jury, he was tried and executed. It came out, however, unfortunately after his execution, that the young man had lived in the most frugal and abstemious manner to support his aged and distressed mother; and that to prevent his being seized by his young friends for not living in the way they did (which would have completely put a stop to his pious exertions in favour of his mother), he had recourse to an untruth, which ended so fatally and so disgracefully a virtuous, useful, and benevolent life, tainted only by a little mistaken pride.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

THE Black Buffalo, principal chief of the Teton tribe of Indians, departed this life lately at Portage des Sioux, and was solemnly interred with the honours of war. Robert Walsh, Esq. has furnished us with the following speech, delivered over the grave by the Big Elk Maha Chief. It is truly eloquent, and is a high evidence that genius of the most brilliant description is not confined to the civilized world. The speech is pathetic, and filled with energy. It is literally as follows:—

“Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best men. Death

will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is passed and cannot be prevented should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged or displeased, then, that in visiting your father here you have lost his chief. A misfortune of this kind may never again befall you, but this would have attended you perhaps at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow everywhere—[Addressing himself to Governor Edwards and Colonel Miller.] What a misfortune for me, that I could not have died this day, instead of the Chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly paid for by the honours of my burial—they would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of a noble grave and a grand procession, the rolling music and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving at my head—I shall be wrapped in a robe (an old robe perhaps), and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones rattled on the plain by the wild beasts.”

Addresses himself to Colonel Miller—

“Chief of the soldiers—Your labours have not been in vain. Your attention shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that is paid over the dead. When I return I will echo the sound of your guns.”

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE OF MADAME CATALANI.

MADAME CATALANI was born at Sinigaglia, in the Episcopal States, and is descended from a very honourable family. She was sent at a very early age into a convent, where she remained until she was fourteen. Her voice at that time was wonderful, and she was much applauded whenever she joined the chorus of the nuns in the sacred choir; so that at length she was forbidden to sing, as it was apprehended a

consciousness of such a talent might only engender vanity. This talent, however, was so soon discovered, and in so peculiar a manner, that at the age only of fifteen years she appeared by the side of Marchesi and Crescentini with the most brilliant success. At this period the Court of Portugal was anxious to draw together at Lisbon the most scientific performers, at an immense expence. Madame Catalani was applied to, and offered twelve thousand crowns for the season for her engagement; she passed four years in Portugal, and traversed Spain and France before she arrived in England, where she was most cordially received, and from which country she reaped, for eight years and a half, a most abundant harvest. Her several benefits have produced her altogether more than ninety thousand guineas, without reckoning the valuable presents she has received, and what she has obtained by private concerts. This country, which has been to her a mine of gold, she has quitted for France, where the King has granted to her the privilege of performing at the Theatre Italien, of which she is now the sole proprietor and directress.

Eleven years ago she married M. de Valabregues, formerly an officer in a regiment of hussars, and by whom she has three children; in concurrence with her husband, she still, however, retains the name of Catalani, as it is by that name her talents have been so long known, and so universally appreciated.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Love is like life, its happiest hours are at its commencement.

The mind imbued with frankness is always an enemy to dissimulation, yet it quitted the world but for one day only, no one would see each other on the morrow; they would be too well acquainted with the mutual thoughts of their hearts in the evening.

To say that a person is well educated, is to speak well of his natural disposition, for to receive education the mind must be susceptible.

Wisdom cannot take from age the delicious remembrance of these hours when

we wanted it. It is always with regret that we quit the empire of imagination for that of reason.

Ingratitude is like false coin which passes current; every one complains of it, and every one seeks to get rid of it.

The weariness which succeeds to pleasure is much more dreadful than that which precedes it, for it is unaccompanied with the desire and hope of enjoyment.

People who wait for others to commence a subject of conversation are insupportable; they oblige them to prepare the materials for the tapestry, on which they only trace the flowers.

We never ought to give hints that we are intrusted with a secret, for it is natural that our hearers should be displeas'd at our not confiding it to them.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

MR. EDITOR,—I have ever been of opinion that every individual ought to consult his constitution in order to know how to regulate his diet: experience has taught me also that to be duly qualified to judge of a man's actions, it were proper we should be made acquainted with the motives or interest from which he may have been actuated. From this exordium you may be inclined to think, Mr. Editor, that I am going to introduce a treatise on morality. By no means, Sir; I only wish you to draw the conclusion, that every lady should dress according to her constitutional fabric, and in the manner from which she may derive greater advantage, without making it a rule never to lose sight of the fashion. The chief object, the most serious study of the fair sex, is, although not avowedly, to captivate ours; and notwithstanding their looking-glass will frequently reflect unnoticed some natural imperfections (a cynic would use a harsher term), yet it is in general a true guide, and the most impartial censor with regard to what is really becoming.

The same as luxuries are only within the reach of the wealthy, so it requires to be rich in shape and beauty to adhere to fashion. Now, for instance, that short petticoats are in fashion, and indeed they

afford us a view more pleasing than common words can express,—

“ *Car nous savez quel doux soupçon
“ Sur jambe fine et pied mignon ?”*

would it not be ridiculous, absurd, nay, loathsome, in ladies to wear short petticoats, to expose a pair of legs resembling those of an Irish chairman, or of a weuch of the Canton de Berne? So much for the non-generality of fashion.

The head-dress of ladies being one of the most essential and conspicuous parts of their attire, especially when lounging in their boxes at the Opera, I approve very much of their having adopted, universally, the new fashioned perukes; yet I must observe that some, from what motive I am at a loss to unriddle, will wear them regardless of their shape and colour. Such, whose hair are turned grey owing to care and old age, or repeated vigils round the card table, or in the ball-room, think, and generally act as if a dark coloured wig were the restorer, without exception, of every injury of the kind, nay, sometimes as if a light coloured wig could disguise the jonquil hue that no cosmetic whatever can shade, and which is the indispensable successor of the blooming complexion of our native *belles*, of their lilies, of their roses. More or less they may paint their eyebrows, with as much taste as some know how to fill up their wrinkles, yet the same skill is of no avail with regard to the eyes. I will therefore take the liberty to mention merely, *en passant*, that dark hair and blue eyes, and, *vice-versa*, are reckoned a great beauty.

After making so free with the ladies' heads, I hope they will allow me to fall at their feet, though not to apologize, but to warn them, such especially whose feet happen to be rather fleshy, that they should always bespeak their shoes with high but short quarters, so that the instep and heel be well covered.

To be candid with you, Mr. Editor, I only intend the above sketch as an introduction to my observations on the dress of ladies, and I would feel very happy if you deemed it deserving of being inserted in your Magazine, and so much the more so,

as I apprehend my wife and daughters will pay more attention to what they see in black and white, than to what might be considered merely as a family lecture.

AN AMATEUR.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Henchman, of Lamb's-conduit-street, of a daughter.

The wife of J. Turley, bailiff at Shelve Farm, Lenham, was safely delivered of three fine female children, which were baptized after Job's daughters, Jemima, Keziah, and Kerenhappuch.

MARRIED.

By special licence, at her Ladyship's house in Piccadilly, the Right Hon. Earl Paulet to Lady Smith Burgess.

At St. Leonard, Shoreditch, Mr. Thomas Bell, to Miss Hannah Self, of North Walsham, Norfolk.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, A. Thorp, Esq. of Walthamstow, to Louisa Susanna, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Plover, Smartbrook, Essex.

Henry Davidson Milligan, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Georgiana Mathilda, third daughter of Sir Walter Sterling, Bart. M. P. for St. Ives, in Cornwall.

DIED.

Counsellor Colles, of Stephen's-green, Dublin, suddenly; having gone into the circulating library, in Stephen's-street, and while in the act of looking over the catalogue, he fell back and expired.

At Blackheath, much regretted by all who knew him, Mr. John Henry Hastings, chemist, Haymarket, St. James's, aged 47 years.

Richard Vaughan, commonly called Hell-fire-Dick, the well-known coachman of the Cambridge Telegraph, which he has driven about fifteen years. He dined at Puckeridge, on Sunday, and in the evening set off in a gig to return to Cambridge; but had only proceeded about a mile, when he either fell or was thrown out, as he was found on the road, and conveyed back to Puckeridge, where he lingered till Wednesday morning, when he expired. He was upwards of 60 years of age.

Mr. Brown, a respectable jeweller and pendant-maker, in St. John-street, Clerkenwell. He was sitting in his shop at work, and suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead, saying “ Good God, what ails me!” and almost immediately expired. The servant was instantly dispatched to inform his daughter, who lived in Faulkner's-square; and on her return, in her hurry, she stumbled over a loose stone in the street, broke her arm and dislocated her collar-bone. She was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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ARP **INNOCENTE**

CON MOLTO ESPERESSIONE

A beau-ti-ful face and a form without fault Are

not the at-tractions by which I am caught Good

na-ture good sense and an honest true mind are per-
 fections in Fair ones to which I'm in-clind.

mf

2

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,
 That who with a beauty alone would engage,
 Since Time surely dulls the brightest of Eyes,
 And a Face is a Flower that blossoms and dies.

3

Then Venus begone with your poor empty joys,
 Which like Syrens do pierce, and like Syrens destroy,
 Come Friendship and Sense, and chuse me a Wife,
 And I'll love her and bless her each day of my life.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

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FOR SEPTEMBER, 1816.

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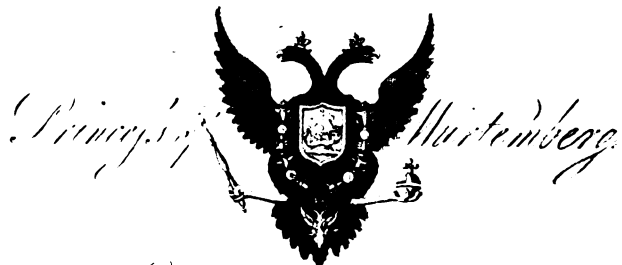
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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE beautiful and very extraordinary phenomenon in nature, the ALBANESE LADY, who has been exhibited, and universally admired as such throughout these realms, having permitted us to Engrave her Portrait, from an original and most beautiful miniature Picture of her, we shall present it to our Readers in the next Number of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

For SEPTEMBER, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-eighth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WURTEMBERG,

THIS illustrious and amiable lady, the sister of his Imperial Majesty Alexander, the Emperor of all the Russias, was, as Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, well known and justly admired at the court of Great Britain, when she honoured this metropolis with a visit in the summer of 1814.

The elegance of her person and manners, with the intrinsic worth of her character, have been recorded by several pens as well as ours, during her short stay among us, whereby she endeared herself to all who approached her; while the mingled simplicity and dignity of her demeanour excited universal admiration.

This interesting and distinguished female has lately entered a second time the marriage state, and has bestowed the inestimable gift of her hand on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, the son-in-law of the Queen of Wurtemberg, the eldest

daughter of our most gracious Sovereign. And this second marriage, though the first was concluded from sincere and mutual affection, is formed under yet more happy auspices: all Europe is now at peace; the destroyer, who desolated cities and kingdoms with the scourge of war, and seized on principalities at his pleasure, is now in exile, and cannot take possession of the states belonging to the Prince of Wurtemberg, as he heretofore seized on those of the late Prince of Oldenburgh.

The mental endowments of the Grand Duchess, now Princess of Wurtemberg, the gentleness of her disposition, and the inherent rectitude of her heart and mind, bid fair to ensure a permanent felicity, as far as sublunary bliss will allow, in that state in which it is agreed by all casuists there can be no medium.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

THE MUSES.

THE Muses are the constant attendants of Apollo, the same as Cupid and the Graces ever are of Venus. They were nine sisters, daughters to Jupiter and Mnemosyne: each of them presided over a particular art or science, and when they met together the Graces adorned their divine concerts, at which Apollo presided. Parnassus, Helicon, Pindus, the borders of Hypocrene, Castalia, and Permessus, were their most favourite places of resort, whilst the horse Pegasus wandered at a short distance.

Sacrifices were offered to them in all the towns of Greece, where they had temples in common with the Graces; they were also invoked together at the beginning of banquets, where they dispensed convivial mirth.

The Muses are represented as young, beautiful, modest, plainly dressed, and with their characteristic attributes.

Clio, the Muse of history, is crowned with laurel; in her right hand she holds a trumpet, and a roll of paper in her left; sometimes a globe and a figure of Time are added to the above attributes, on account of history embracing all countries and all ages. To this same Muse was ascribed the invention of the guitar, with which she is also represented, although very seldom.

Euterpe had invented the flute and presided over music; her head is crowned with a wreath of flowers; she is seen playing on her favourite instrument, whilst others lie at her feet.

A mask and faced boots, or socks, characterize the ludicrous Thalia, the Muse of comedy; her crown is made of ivy.

The grave and serious Melpomene is the Goddess of tragedy; she appears magnificently dressed, and wears buskins; in one hand she holds a crown and sceptre, the other is armed with a bloody dagger: she is often represented with a diadem on her head.

Terpsichore, the Muse of dancing, is represented as a young lively frolicsome lass,

dancing to the harp or tambourine, which she handles most gracefully: her foot hardly touches the ground, joy sparkles in her eyes, the feathers which ornament her hair waver on her head.

Erato, who presides over lyric and anacreontic poetry, wears a wreath of intermixed myrtle and roses; in her left hand she holds a lyre, and the bow of a viola in the other: at her feet are seen either a little Cupid or turtle doves caressing each other. Her sister, Polyhymnia, is sometimes crowned with flowers, sometimes with pearls and jewels; her white robe is ornamented with garlands; she stretches forth her right hand in the act of haranguing, and holds a sceptre in her left. She is the Muse of rhetoric, or rather of eloquence.

A still more elevated subject occupies Urania, who presides over astronomy: her robe is of azure blue; her head is crowned with stars; with both her hands she supports a globe, which she appears to be measuring; the globe is also frequently represented standing on a tripod near her, with mathematical instruments.

The majestic Calliope wears a gold crown, she is the chief amongst the Muses, and presides over epic poetry. The same as Clio, she holds a trumpet in one hand and an antique volume in the other; at her feet are crowns of laurel, the reward of eminent poets.

The Muses are known only by the benefits which they have lavished upon the human race: they wanted either the faculty or inclination of punishing, by any other way than by shewing contempt to such as offered to give them offence. Apollo took that care upon himself, as the Pierides experienced. They were nine sisters, daughters to Pierus King of Thessaly, who, vain of their imaginary abilities, presumed to challenge the Muses. The nymphs of the country, who had been appointed arbitrators, decided in favour of the Goddesses; but the daughters of Pierus, dissatisfied with the judgment, after having vented

their rage in invectives, were going to proceed to ill treatment, but Apollo metamorphosed them into magpies, whose disagreeable chattering is without interruption.

DIANA

Was the daughter of Jupiter and of Latona, and twin sister to Apollo. Jupiter himself made her a present of a bow and of a quiver filled with arrows, at the same time that he appointed her Queen of the forests. Notwithstanding her warlike appearance, Diana was not more courageous than behaved her sex, for during the war of the giants she hid herself in Egypt in the shape of a she-cat. From her early youth she determined to avoid the bonds of Hymen, and faithfully persevered in her resolution. The nymphs whom Jupiter had appointed to attend her, were subject to the same law, and she punished with the utmost severity such as were weak enough to violate it; a circumstance, however, which would take place. Her favourite nymph, Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, had a son named Arcas, of whom Jupiter was the father. Diana, owing to her excessive partiality to the nymph, only banished her; but the implacable Juno metamorphosed both the mother and the son into bears. Jupiter placed them among the constellations; and they still retain the name of Ursa-major and Ursa-minor.—Mera, another nymph, was guilty of a similar offence, but was treated with greater severity, for Diana metamorphosed her into a bitch.

Arethusa, the daughter of Nereus and of Doris, on the contrary, anxious to keep faithful to her vow, experienced the protection of the Goddess. Pursued by Alpheus, a sportsman, who was very near overcoming her, she was changed into a fountain, whose limpid waters bubbled in the island Ortygia, near Syracuse, in Sicily, and was supposed to inspire poetical genius; her pursuer was changed into a river that runs in Arcadia. Alpheus, notwithstanding his transformation, has not ceased loving Arethusa; in imitation of other rivers he carries not into the sea the tribute of his waters, but has found means to make its way under the Adriatic, and unites his stream with the waters of Arethusa.

Diana would not forgive involuntary offences when her modesty was put to the blush, as was experienced by the unfortunate Acteon, an eminent huntsman, grandson to Cadmus. One day as he was in pursuit of a stag, he happened to course through a valley that was watered by a rivulet, in which Diana and her nymphs were bathing. Acteon wished instantly to withdraw, but the Goddess, incensed at having been seen, sprinkled his face with some water, and metamorphosed him into a stag; his own hounds tore him to pieces and devoured him.

This history does not convey a very favourable idea of the temper of the Goddess, and, in fact, she is represented as vindictive and implacable in her resentment. Incensed at the least insult, even at the least neglect, she would send wild beasts to ravage a country, such as the famous boar of Calydon. She sometimes laid waste the corn fields, destroyed the herds and flocks, nay, she occasionally would massacre children in order to punish the parents: in this barbarous manner it was that the Goddess and Apollo avenged their mother Latona of the insult she had received from Niobe.

Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus and sister to Pelops, had married Amphion, King of Thebes, by whom she had fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters. Proud of her numerous family, the imprudent mother compared herself to Latona, and spoke contemptuously of the Goddess, because she had only two children: she even opposed the worship that was offered to the Goddess, pretending to have a better claim to it herself. Latona complained to Diana and Apollo, whom she intreated to avenge her wrongs. The young Princes, sons of Niobe, were taking their usual exercise without the walls of Thebes, when Apollo, seizing his formidable arrows, shot them all dead one after another. Their sisters, who were running to assist them, were in like manner shot by Diana. The mother came last, and, seated on the ground by the side of her children, bathed them with her tears; but lo! grief soon deprived her of all motion, and she was changed into a rock. A whirlwind carried her off into Lydia on the top of a mountain; her tears, however, were inexhaustible, and con-

tinue to run notwithstanding her metamorphosis.

The chase was the only occupation of Diana, who protected all eminent sportsmen and anglers. For them her benefits were exclusively intended; she even went so far as to rescue from hell Hypolitus, the son of Theseus, whom she restored to life and committed to the charge of the nymph Egeria, in a forest that was sacred to her.

It was this same nymph Egeria who was afterwards held in so high a veneration among the Romans; she was said to have married Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome, and to her advice were attributed the wise laws decreed by that Prince, who introduced civilization amongst the Romans. Egeria, inconsolable for the death of her husband, caused the woods to re-echo with her sad bewailings; Diana, through compassion, metamorphosed her into a fountain, whose waters never cease to flow.

Under the name of Phœbe, Diana presided over the revolutions of the moon, and during the absence of her brother Phœbus shed her silver light over the earth. The character of the Goddess is not equally unblemished in this present capacity as in the former one. By Endymion she had fifty daughters and one son, called Etolus, who gave his name to Etolia, over which he reigned. Endymion, grandson to Jupiter, had been admitted into Olympus, but having behaved disrespectfully to Juno, was condemned to perpetual sleep, without, however, being subject to the infirmities of old age, or to death: Phœbe visited him every night in a cave of mount Latmos, where he slept.

Endymion was a Prince passionately fond of astronomy, which was the origin of the fable of his amours with Luna.

Diana, under the name of Hecate, was worshipped as the Goddess of enchantments and evocation; she determined the last moment of the human life, and presided at the instant of death, in which capacity she is ranked amongst the infernal deities. It is pretended that, the same as Juno, she assisted at births under the name of Lucina. From these various functions she was sur-named the treble-shaped Goddess, and was formerly represented with three heads and six arms; as Lucina, she presided over the

commencement, as Diana over the procreation, and as Hecate over the dissolution of life. In the mean time, without prying too deep into the mysteries of mythology, Diana is pretty uniformly represented in a hunting dress, her hair tied behind, her robe fastened round her waist by a double girt, a quiver on her shoulder, a bow in her hand, and a hound by her side. As Goddess of the moon she wears a crescent; ready for the chase, her feet bare or covered only with a sandal, seem to skim the turf; her head is turned towards the rising sun, and she seems saying to her brother, "Here, I am gone."

VESTA.

VESTA, junior, was the daughter of Saturn and Rhea, or ancient Vesta or Terra. She was worshipped as Goddess of fire, or rather as the interior fire contained within the earth. She was a virgin, to imply the purity of that element. Vesta was one of the most ancient deities of Paganism: Æneas brought over with him into Italy the worship of that Goddess, which became so predominant that in a religion *wherewith* the choice of the Gods depended on caprice, whoever worshipped not Vesta was reckoned impious. The Greeks invoked her at the beginning and at the conclusion of all their sacrifices; in their prayers they named her before any other God: Vesta, besides, ranked first among the household Gods.

No image or representation whatever of Vesta was to be seen in her temple. The keeping of the sacred fire which burned continually on her altars, was the principal part of the worship that was paid her in Rome. The keeping of that fire was entrusted to a college of priestesses, called Vestals, who took the vow of celibacy. They watched alternately night and day; if the fire happened to be extinguished the empire was thought to be threatened with the greatest calamities, and the high priest would beat with rods the careless or unfortunate Vestal.

Such as had violated their vow, after a solemn trial before the college of the priests, were sentenced to be buried alive. The culprit, stripped by the high priest of her sacred ornaments, was dressed in a mournful habit, bound with ropes, and conducted in a close litter to the place of execution.

The day on which it took place was considered an ominous day, and every one contrived to avoid meeting the funeral procession. In a place that was subsequently called the field of guilt, outside of the gate Collina, a row of caves had been prepared intended for those dreadful executions. The vestal having reached the spot, the high priest loosened her bonds, and led her to the entrance of the tomb, when she was delivered up to the executioners. By means of a ladder she descended into a small vaulted cell at a certain depth, forming a long square: there she found a small bed that was prepared for the purpose, on which she was made to sit down; close to her was placed a table on which stood a lighted lamp and a scanty supply of oil, of bread, of milk, and of water: in that situation she was left to meet a slow and painful dissolution; the grave was afterwards closed and covered with earth.

These executions, however, were not practised very frequently; the college of the Vestals lasted indeed during eleven hundred years, yet no more than twenty priestesses were found guilty during all the time, and thirteen alone perished: many more, indeed, were accused unjustly, but the Goddess whom they served never failed to manifest their innocence by some striking prodigy. One of the most remarkable is that which she operated in favour of Claudia. At the period when the Romans received the mother of the Gods in their town, the ship which carried the Goddess got grounded at the mouth of the Tiber,

without its being possible to set it afloat or move it. The books of the Sybils were consulted, and declared that a Vestal, faithful to her vow, could alone effect it. Claudia invoked the Goddess, fastened the ship to her girdle, and drew the ship up the Tiber.

Meanwhile the Vestals were amply indemnified for the rigour of their vows by the consideration and privileges which they enjoyed in Rome. They were allowed to dispose of their property; if they met a malefactor on his way to the place of execution, he was pardoned, provided the Vestal declared upon oath that the meeting was fortuitous, for upon every other occasion they were dispensed from taking their oath. Whenever they went out they were preceded by a lictor; the chief magistrates yielded precedence to them, and they were seated in a place of honour at all the theatres. They settled all family dissensions, reconciled enemies, and never did the oppressed implore their assistance in vain; the most secret and important deeds or documents were frequently deposited in their hands. To all those advantages may be added an immense income with which the superstitious generosity of the Romans had gifted the college, and which they finally abused, as is but too customary.

The Vestals are represented with a veil thrown over their head, holding either a lighted lamp or a vase with two handles full of fire. Sometimes the priestess is seen seated near an antique altar, on which is placed a burning fire.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

GERALDINE OF FLORENCE, MAID OF HONOUR TO CATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

The extraordinary beauty of this young lady inspired Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with the most extravagant and unbounded passion; she inspired him also with poetry, and that poetry has rendered her name immortal through every succeeding generation. The age of chivalry was then in its glory, and the Earl made a tour to all the most civilized and elegant courts in Europe to maintain her peerless beauty against all competitors: so exquisite were this lady's personal attractions, and so wide

had spread the fame of her charms, that he every where made good his challenge with honour. At the court of the Emperor of Germany he became acquainted with the learned Cornelius Agrippa, so famous for his skill in magic, who shewed him the image of his Geraldine in a glass, sick and weeping on her bed, melting into devotion for the absence of the lord of her affections. He immediately went to Florence, the birth-place of her he adored, where being shewn the chamber where first she drew the breath of life, he penned the most passionate sonnet on that event, and wrote another

in praise of the apartment. In the court of the Duke of Florence he published a proud challenge against all strangers, whether Turks, Cannibals, Jews, or Saracens.—History is, however, silent why the gallantries that the lover of Geraldine performed for her did not terminate in marriage; the growing favour of the Seymours, after King Henry's marriage with Lady Jane, might be partly the cause, as the Duke of Norfolk, father to the Earl of Surrey, strongly pressed him to marry the Earl of Hertford's daughter; but he married Lady Frances, daughter to the Earl of Oxford, after whose death he paid his addresses to the Princess Mary.

MADemoisELLE O'BERN, AFTERWARDS
DUCHESS OF WHARTON.

SHE was the daughter of an Irish Colonel in the Spanish service, and was herself maid of honour to the Queen of Spain; her beauty might be said to be her only portion, since her mother, a widow, lived on the small pension allotted her by the King for her late husband's services. When the Duke of Wharton asked the consent of the Queen to marry Mademoiselle O'Bern, her Majesty represented to him in the most lively and friendly terms her extreme indignance: his Grace, however, begged of the Queen to tell him whether he was to die or live, since it was in her power to pronounce on him the sentence of life or death. The Queen then gave her consent, but told him she feared he would repent of it; but the young lady, dazzled with the lustre of a ducal title, and having also a real regard for her noble lover, they were soon after indissolubly united. She followed her husband to the camp at Gibraltar, where she had but too often the misfortune of seeing him give way to inconsiderate rashness: she afterwards accompanied him to France, where a vain and coxcomical peer thought proper to assert that the Duchess had granted him unwarrantable liberties; this her husband was determined to resent, for he had the most implicit confidence in his wife's honour. Some days after he gave a ball, to which he invited all the Scotch noblemen who had followed the Chevalier St. George, when one among them very indiscreetly asked the Duke if he had forbid his Duchess

to dance? Wharton dissembled his easiness, and very politely entertained the company till five in the morning; but thinking it some plan of the nobleman who had before calumniated her, he sent a challenge to him, ordering him to follow him into Flanders. Disappointed, however, in this, as the nobleman was arrested by order of the Duke of Berwick, the Duchess accompanied him into Spain, with only one servant, five hundred livres being all they were worth. When they arrived at Bilboa they had nothing but what the Duke's Spanish commission procured him; and an exile from England, whence a charge of treason had expelled him, he had nothing to live on but eighteen pistoles a day. The distress of the Duchess was inexpressible, nor is it easy to conceive what would have been her sufferings had not another exiled English nobleman, who could not hear of her sufferings without relieving them, generously come forward; he sent her an hundred Spanish pistoles, which relieved her Gaace from a kind of captivity she was then under, and enabled her to reach Madrid, where she resided a short time with her mother and grandmother; the former dying, they were deprived of the pension; her Majesty, however, took the Duchess again to attend on her person, in which post she and her sister continued to the end of their days; while the Duke, whose health had been gradually declining, died in the Convent of Bernardine monks, without one friend or acquaintance to close his eyes.—This was the Wharton of whom Mr. Pope wrote those lines,

“ A tyrant to the wife his heart approv'd ;
“ A rebel to the very King he lov'd.”

THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA, WIFE TO
WYCHERLEY.

THIS rich, noble, and beautiful young widow one day at Tunbridge entered the shop of a bookseller and asked for *The Plain Dealer*. Wycherley and Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, were standing in the shop together, and Fairbeard immediately said, “ Madam, since you are for the *Plain Dealer*, there he is for you,” at the same time he pushed Wycherley towards her. “ Yes,” says Mr. Wycherley, “ this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished that what would be a

compliment to others, when said to her, could be plain dealing."—"No, truly, Sir," said her Ladyship, "I am not without my faults, more than the rest of my sex, and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault."—"Then, Madam," said Mr. Fairbeard, "you and he plain dealer seem designed by heaven or each other."

Mr. Wycherley frequently after met the lady on the walks, joined her, escorted her home, and visited her daily at her lodgings, whilst she stayed at Tunbridge, and after she went to London, in Hatton-Garden, where in a little time he obtained her consent to marry her. As soon as the news was known at court, it was looked upon as an affront to the King and contempt of his Majesty's orders, and Wycherley, conscious of his remissness in not asking the King's consent, absented himself very much from court.

The Countess, though a splendid wife, was not constituted to make a husband happy: she was so excessively jealous that she could not bear to have her husband out of her sight. They lodged in Bow-street, Covent-Garden, opposite a tavern where, if ever Wycherley went, she obliged him to sit at an open window, that she might see he was not in improper company.

Her jealousy was, however, the result of extreme affection; when she died she settled all her fortune on him, but his right to it was disputed, and the incumbrance and expences of the law reduced the object of her love to a state of poverty. But ever an idol of the ladies, at the latter end of his life he married a young lady, with a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds. He died, however, in eleven days after his nuptials.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

This interesting and illustrious victim of the French Revolution, is the only one left of the lineal descendants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette: her fate will never cease to interest; and though now seemingly placed in the situation she was born to fill, and above the reach of misfortune, she still, by the touching melancholy of her character, excites the strongest feeling in the mind of sensibility.

At that age when the heart is susceptible of the most deep and lasting impressions, she was doomed to see her whole family perish; and was only led from a long captivity into an exile which lasted above twenty years. This melancholy, then, forms, as may justly be expected, a principal trait in a mind naturally cheerful, benevolent, active, yet resigned. This melancholy hung like a dark cloud over all the pomp of triumph which brought her back to the dominions of her ancestors, and mingled itself with a joy, which would otherwise have been without alloy, at beholding the fall of usurpation, and the

sceptre again placed in the hand of its legitimate monarch.

The extraordinary situation into which she was thrown during her early years, infused into her mind those fixed principles of piety which form the most sublime and striking features of her character. What a glorious effort for a mild and patient Christian heroine was that, when rising from her knees, as she had been invoking the aid of heaven, for the righteous cause of her family, she mounted on horseback, rode daily through the ranks, and displayed a courage worthy the descendant of Maria Theresa.

When Bonaparte sent a considerable detachment to march against her, she gave orders to a General to conduct her to the Chateau Trompette. The General hesitated, assuring her that she would expose herself only to danger. "I do not ask you, Sir," replied she, "if there is danger, I only order you to conduct me."—She rode up to a circle of officers on the esplanade, whom she harangued, exhorting them to fidelity, and requesting them to

renew their oaths of allegiance, in presence of the enemy. Observing their coolness, she exclaimed, "I see your fears; cowards as ye are, I absolve you from your oaths already taken!"—Who does not see in this conduct the daughter of Marie Antoinette? A female endowed with every feminine grace, yet also possessed of that true greatness of mind, that on trying emergencies proves itself capable of braving danger, and exerts all its energies in the maintaining of its just and lawful rights. Had but the unfortunate Louis XVI. been possessed of that spirit which marked the character of his wife and daughter, what oceans of blood had been spared, and what universal distresses unknown.

To shew how much the character of the Duchess of Angouleme is marked with that amiability which excites affection and esteem, the behaviour of the inhabitants

of Bourdeaux, at her departure, sufficiently proves. When she turned her horse from those poltroons, who, though devoted to him who came a second time to usurp the throne of her ancestors, yet knew how to respect her; and as she was about to embark on board an English frigate, the inhabitants of Bourdeaux followed her to the sea shore, with fond enthusiasm, lamentations, and tears. Every one wished to possess something belonging to her for thoughts and remembrance to dwell on; something that might be guarded with the same devotion as the votive offering of a saint, or the relic of a martyr. Feelingly alive to this tender mark of their attachment, she gave her shawl, her gloves, and the feathers of her hat: these several articles were cut into shreds, and distributed amongst her followers.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

GODFREY, ANCESTOR TO THE PRESENT DUKE DE BOUILLON.

THE ensign of this renowned warrior was the first that was displayed on the walls of Jerusalem, in the Holy War; by unanimous consent he was declared King, but at the time of his inauguration he refused the crown of gold, with which they were about to grace his brow, and said, "It becomes not a Christian here to wear a crown of gold, where Christ, the son of God, once for the salvation of mankind wore a crown of thorns."

DRESS WORN BY CHARLES II. AT THE TIME OF HIS CONCEALMENT IN THE OAK.

HE had on a white steeple-crowned hat, without any other lining than grease, both sides of the brim so doubled up with hand-lining, that they looked like two water-spouts; a leather doublet, full of holes, and almost black with grease, about the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodruff's coat, threadbare, and patched in most places, with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the slops hanging down loose to the middle of the leg; hose and shoes of different parishes;

the hose were grey stirrups, much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel stockings, of his own, the tops of them cut off; his shoes had been cobbled, being pieced, both on the soles and seams, and the upper leathers so cut and slashed to fit them to his feet, that they were quite unfit to befriend him either from the water or dirt. This deformed dress, added to his short hair cut close to the ears, his face coloured brown with walnut tree leaves, and a rough crooked thorn stick in his hand, had so metamorphosed him, that it was hard even for those who had before been acquainted with his person and conversant with him, to have discovered who he was.

BARON MALTEAN.

BARON MALTEAN, Chamberlain to Frederick II. King of Prussia, was forced, on account of his bad memory, to continually repeat the names of those persons whom he was to present to her Majesty, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, when on duty. One day, as he was going to introduce the Earl of Essex, Mr. Bulow, Envoy from the Elector of Saxony, said to the Chamber-

Iain, "Do not you commit one of your habitual blunders; remember this is not the nobleman who was beheaded."—The Baron was thankful for the friendly advice, and did not fail saying to the Queen, "I have the honour of introducing to your Majesty the Earl of Essex, the one who has not been beheaded."

This same Baron recounted having been present at a siege, but he could not recollect whether amongst the besiegers or besieged.

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

M. DE VOLTAIRE shewed a gentleman, who was come to pay a visit to him at Forney, a bust of his in china, manufactured at Berlin, and which Frederic II. had made him a present of, when observing that his friend was reading the word *Immortalis*, written in golden letters at the bottom of it, "Ah," said the old man, who lay in his bed, "that is the signature of the donor." A moment after he added, "that great King sends me brittle presents; they are the emblems of the friendship of Kings."

N. HEIDEGGER.

N. HEIDEGGER, a native of Switzerland, had been appointed chief director and superintendent of the Opera House in London, of Vauxhall, Marylebone Gardens, and all other places of public amusement. One day he happened to be in company with some noblemen, when the following question was proposed:—"Which is the European nation that stands pre-eminent for wit?"—The opinions were divided; some gave theirs in favour of the Italians, others of the French, and the majority named the English. Heidegger's opinion being asked, he solemnly declared that the Swiss incontrovertibly carried the prize, and the whole party burst out a laughing.

Nevertheless, when their mirth had subsided, they politely requested he would prove his assertion, when he said, "I am a Swiss by birth, came pennyless to this country, where I get five thousand pounds a-year, that I spend in the most agreeable manner. Well, now I defy the most witty Englishman to earn and spend the like sum in my country, from which I conclude

that the Swiss——" His argument carried it *nem. con.*

ROCH DE BAILLI.

R. LE BAILLI, better known by the name of La Riviere, was first physician to Henry IV. King of France. A few hours before he died, sensible of his approaching dissolution, he summoned all his servants, one after another, to his bed-room. To one he said, "Here are an hundred crowns for you; get out of my house directly, and never let me see you again!"—All his money, goods, and plate he distributed among the rest, upon the same terms. He had only retained the bed he lay in. The physicians who attended him now coming to see how he was, he desired them to call some of his domestics, but they told him in reply, that they had found all the doors open, and not one servant to be seen, upon which La Riviere said to them, "Farewel, then, gentlemen, for since my luggage is all gone, I think it is time for me to go too."

REV. FATHER WOLF.

M. BARTHOLDI, Minister of Frederic II. Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards Frederic I. King of Prussia, having been commissioned by that Prince to negotiate with the Emperor of Germany, respecting the royal dignity, was bearer of written instructions, whereby he was directed to avoid treating with Father Wolf, Confessor to his Imperial Majesty. It so happened that the copying clerk, instead of *to avoid*, had written *to observe*. Notwithstanding the plenipotentiary was very much surprised at such an order he obeyed, and spoke to the monk, who, being no less astonished himself at the overture, said, "I had always strenuously opposed the measure, but I cannot withstand the confidence which the Elector shews me, and will prove deserving of it; neither will he repent the step he has directed you to adopt"—The negotiation, which was crowned with success, would most certainly have miscarried, had it not been for the interference of Father Wolf.

PHILIP, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

THE late Duke of Orleans being told that his cashier, one M. S——, had embez-

zled some of his property, to an immense amount, refused at first giving credit to the assertion, until, however, the fact appeared but too evident. Unwilling to lose about a million and a half, and to have an old servant brought to condign punishment, the Prince adopted a measure, which some have highly approved of, and others as loudly blamed, but of its merits or demerits I shall leave my readers to decide.

The Duke one morning sent for the cashier, to whom he said with the greatest composure—"S—, it is a long time since you and I have looked over our accounts; I wish to ascertain how much I am worth in hard cash. One of these days, when I am not otherwise engaged, and that you are quite ready, I shall go to your office; put me in mind of it."—Mr. S— immediately applied to several notaries and money lenders, from whom, within a short period, he procured a sufficient sum to replace that he had diverted for his private purposes, so that in less than a week's time he waited on the Duke to inform him that his accounts were all drawn out, in conformity to his commands. The Prince accordingly examined them, and finding every thing right, took possession of the keys of the strong box, saying, "Mr. S— I have no farther occasion for your services, but will allow you fifteen thousand livres per annum during your lifetime, for past services. Fare you well."

PETER GASSENDI.

GASSENDI, one of the most eminent philosophers that France ever produced, set out from Paris one day, in the same conveyance with a gentleman of great abilities, but in every other respect an entire stranger. Upon their arrival at Grenoble, three hundred miles distant from the metropolis, they both alighted at the same inn. The stranger, after taking some refreshment, went to visit a few friends he had in the town, one of whom, intimating a wish to go and pay his respects to M. Gassendi, he

requested leave to accompany him, and desired to be introduced to that illustrious character; but how shall I describe his surprize when, on being taken back to the very same inn where he had taken up his quarters, he found that his fellow traveller was the very identical philosopher he was so desirous of seeing. This anecdote belongs to the seventeenth century: two philosophers of the present age would make themselves known to each other before the end of the first stage.

ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLES OF WATER-LOO AND THE PYRENEES.

AN officer of the 69th regiment, who received twenty-four lance and sabre wounds, lying disabled on the field, saw a French lancer speeding past him with the colours of his regiment. He looked round, and reached at a musket, with which he shot the enemy, crawled to the spot where he fell, took up the colours, broke the staff, and concealed the whole under his person.

A youth, not nineteen years old, at the battle of the Pyrennees, saw two French riflemen taking down the British officers. He took up a musket and aimed with such accuracy, that one of the riflemen received the shot in his head, and he quickly lodged the contents of another piece in the neck of the survivor. He is now an officer in the 92d regiment.

After the battle of Waterloo, Miss Bonaur (sister to the Count of that name, who is secretary to the Prince of Orange), while dressing the arm of a serjeant of the British Life Guards, received a small scratch, in cutting a bandage, and not being aware that the man's arm was beginning to mortify, without any precaution she went on with her deed of mercy; but she had nearly lost her own arm. All the ladies of Brussels became sick nurses of the British soldiery, treating them with filial kindness and solicitude.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

JOSEPH HIGMORE.

THIS eminent painter was born in the Parish of St. James, Garlick-hithe, London, on the 13th of June, 1692, and was

the son of a coal merchant. His strong genius for painting induced his parents to place him with his uncle, who was then serjeant painter to William III. This

however, was declined, and young Highmore was articled to an attorney. The study of the law was, however, pursued with great disinclination, and he indulged his natural disposition in all his leisure hours in designing, in studying geometry, perspective, architecture, and anatomy, but without any other instructors than books. He afterwards improved himself in anatomy, by attending the lectures of Mr. Cheselden, besides entering himself at the Painter's Academy in Great Queen-street, where he drew ten years, and was honoured by the particular notice of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who used to give him the name of the "young lawyer." When his clerkship was expired he commenced painting as a profession, and settled in the city, where his reputation and business increasing, he took a more conspicuous station, and removed to a house in Lincoln's Inn-fields, where an opportunity soon offered of introducing him to the notice of the nobility, by his being desired by Mr. Pine, the engraver, to make the drawings for his prints of the Knights of the Bath, on the revival of that order in 1725. In consequence, several of the Knights afterwards sat to Mr. Highmore for their pictures, some of them whole-lengths, and the Duke of Richmond, in particular, with three of his Esquires, formed a fine painting, with a perspective view of King Henry the VIIIth's chapel.

In the summer of 1732 Mr. Highmore, in company with some select friends, visited the Continent, chiefly with the view of seeing the gallery of pictures belonging to the Elector Palatine at Dusseldorf, collected by Reubens, and supposed the best in all Europe. In 1742 he had the honour to paint the late Prince and Princess of Wales for the Duke of Saxe-Gotha; as he did some years after the late Queen of Denmark for that court.

In 1744 Mr. Richardson published his admirable novel of *Pamela*; this gave rise to a fresh set of paintings by Mr. Highmore, which were engraved by two French engravers, and published by subscription in 1745. In the same year he painted the only original picture of the late General Wolfe, then about eighteen, and which boyish face is placed, on that General by other artists when expiring on the

field of glory, at thirty-six years of age! The paintings Mr. Highmore had made from *Pamela*, introduced him to the acquaintance and friendship of its excellent author, whose picture he drew, and for whom he painted the only original one left of Dr. Young. On the first institution of the academy of painting and sculpture in 1758, he was elected one of the professors; an honour, which, on account of his many avocations, he desired to decline.

In 1761, on the marriage of his daughter with the Rev. Mr. Duncombe, he took a resolution of retiring from business; and he disposed of his collection of pictures by auction in March, 1762, and removed to his son-in-law's at Canterbury, where he passed the remainder of his life, without ever again revisiting the metropolis. He preserved his health and faculties to his 88th year, when, as he gradually ceased to breathe, he might be literally said, to fall asleep to wake no more in this world, on March the 3d, 1780. He was interred in the south aisle of Canterbury cathedral, leaving one son, Anthony, who was educated to his own profession, and who taught drawing at several elegant seminaries for female education; and one daughter, named Susanna.

JAMES BARRY.

MR. JAMES BARRY was the son of a bricklayer at Cork; and first made his professional *debut* as a sign painter in that city. His genius, however, was conspicuous, and by his industry and intense application, he rose to a very high fame as a royal artist and academician, to which his own merit had elevated him.

Irritable, eccentric, and imbued with the strongest principles of professional pride, he was the victim of consequent distress; and on his return to London from Italy he was almost sinking into obscurity for want of a patron. The Duke of Northumberland, that munificent protector of genius and merit, having seen, and greatly admired some of Barry's performances, gave him an invitation to dine with him at Northumberland house: and this his Grace did purely with the view of rendering him service in the most delicate manner, and least likely to injure the poignancy of feeling for which he had been informed he

was remarkable. During dinner his Grace contrived to turn the discourse to the subject of painting; and asked Barry how he approved of the disposition of those pictures hung up in the dinner room? "They are very well, my Lord Duke," replied the painter, "but there is a capital place at the bottom, in a side light, which is unoccupied."—"Then I mean that vacancy to be filled," said the Duke, "by a production of your pencil, Sir, which I request you will finish; you shall choose the subject from the *History of England*; the size and price I will leave to yourself; and I have only to request you will contrive to introduce a master of the horse in the grouping, and to draw my portrait in that character."

Barry said nothing; silence was supposed to have given consent, and he soon after took his leave. The following week the Duke sent repeatedly to him, and even called on him himself; and twice the painter was denied to his Grace. Weary of this capricious conduct, the Duke, at length, sent his servant with a note to him, wherein his Grace requested to speak with him; but Barry sent the following verbal answer by the servant: "Go to the Duke, your master, friend, and tell him from me, that if he wants his portrait painted, he must go to *that fellow* in Leicester-fields, (meaning the late Sir Joshua Reynolds), for I shall never degrade my pencil by portrait painting."

NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS, A SAILOR.

WHO WAS WRECKED IN 1810, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

(Concluded from page 73.)

A FRIEND of Boerick persuading him to send Adams to Wadinoon, where he might be likely to be ransomed by the Christians, he set off for that place: this friend, however, guided by self interest, carried Adams in another direction, and treated him as his slave. Finding he was at no great distance from Wadinoon, Adams resolved to make his escape, which, though he effected, he was soon taken and carried back. The master then set off to the same place, where, when they arrived in safety, they found Adams's old comrades, the mate and two other seamen of the *Charles*. They had been the property of the Governor's son for about a year. Bel Cassim purchased Adams for seventy dollars.

He relates a curious story told by one of the female negro slaves at Wadinoon. She said that she came from a place called Kanno, a long way across the desert; and that she had seen in her own country, white men, as white as *bather*, meaning the wall, and in a large boat with two high sticks in it, with cloth upon them; and that they rowed this boat in a manner different from the custom of the negroes, who use paddles. In stating this, she made the motion of rowing with oars, so as to leave no doubt that she had seen a vessel in the Euro-

pean fashion, manned by white people. Adams appears to have been worse treated at Wadinoon, than any where: having refused, from some religious scruples, to kiss his master's feet, on one occasion, he was kept in irons for two months, but being reduced to a skeleton, and almost at the point of death, he was released in order to save his life. The poor mate also fell sick, and being unable to work, was threatened with death, which happening to say he would prefer to dying by inches, the Governor's son took him at his word, and killed him on the spot. His other comrades, who were perpetually tormented to change their religion, at length consented, and going through the customary rites, they were set free. The lot of Adams now became more insupportable than before, as he was the only Christian slave who remained: and having endured for three days nothing but the most cruel taunts and injuries, M. Dupuis sent an exhortation to the slaves at Wadinoon to remain firm in their religious faith, for he would promise to procure their release in a month. One of the renegadoes heard this with the utmost indifference, but the other became violently agitated, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Vice-Consul kept his promise, for at

the expiration of a month, he sent Adams word by his agent that he was ransomed, and the agent had orders to bring him to Mogadore, where they arrived in about a fortnight. Adams says that when he saw the square rigged vessels lying in the harbour, he seemed as if new life had been given him. He was taken to Fez, where he was presented to the Emperor of Morocco, and thence sent to Tangiers; the American Consul took charge of him, and procured him a passage to Cadiz, where he arrived on the 17th of May, 1814, being three years and seven months from the time of his shipwreck; during which long period, by a rare fortune, he had never been sick a single day, except from the effects of his ill treatment at Wadinoop. He continued at Cadiz fourteen months, where he was employed by Mr. Hall, an English merchant, as his groom. Peace being restored with America, the Consul gave him an opportunity of returning home in a transport of American seamen; but when he arrived at Gibraltar, the vessel had sailed two days before. He, therefore, worked his passage to England, and, arriving at Holyhead, he begged his way to London, where he was in the utmost distress, having slept some nights in the street. He was met, by accident, by a gentleman who had seen him when he was servant to Mr. Hall, and who immediately took him to the African Committee.

The members composing this committee, have regarded the information obtained from Adams as highly important in regard to our inquiries as to the state of the African Continent. The narrative is plain and simple, bearing on it the stamp and evidence of truth, and free from all illusory or high wrought adventures: this forms the true value of such information.

A valuable appendix is added to this narrative, from which we have extracted the following anecdote relative to the Shilluh, or Berrebbers, which we doubt not will be interesting to our readers.

"A Shilluh having murdered one of his countrymen in a quarrel, fled to the Arabs from the vengeance of the relations of the

antagonist: but not thinking himself secure even there, he joined a party of pilgrims, and went to Mecca. From this expiatory journey he returned at the end of eight or nine years to Barbary; and, proceeding to his native district, he there sought (under the sanctified name of *el hage*, the pilgrim), to effect a reconciliation with the friends of the deceased. They, however, upon hearing of his return, attempted to seize him; but, owing to the fleetness of his horse, he escaped, and fled to Mogadore, having been severely wounded by a musket ball in his flight. His pursuers followed him thither; but the Governor of Mogadore hearing the circumstances of the case, strongly interested himself in behalf of the fugitive, and endeavoured, but in vain, to effect a reconciliation. The man was imprisoned; and his persecutors then hastened to Morocco to seek justice of the Emperor. That Prince, it is said, endeavoured to save the prisoner; and to add weight to his recommendation, offered a pecuniary compensation in lieu of the offender's life; which the parties, although persons of mean condition, rejected. They returned triumphant to Mogadore, with the Emperor's order for the delivery of the prisoner into their hands: and having taken him out of prison, they immediately conveyed him without the walls of the town, where one of the party, loading his musket before the face of their victim, placed the muzzle to his breast, and shot him through the body; but as the man did not immediately fall, he drew his dagger, and by repeated stabbing put an end to his existence. The calm intrepidity with which this unfortunate Shilluh stood to meet his fate, could not be witnessed without the highest admiration; and, however much we must detest the blood thirstiness of his executioners, we must still acknowledge that there is something closely allied to nobleness of sentiment in the inflexible perseverance with which they pursued the murderer of their friend to punishment, without being diverted from their purpose by the strong inducements of self interest."

WHAT A DAY! OR THE SEVEN FEMALES.—AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

(Concluded from Page 80.)

THE same as storms will ripen the corn, the same will differences with justice bring a man's head into maturity; that of Fabricio began to experience the useful influence; and although he was not yet fully satisfied that he would have done better had he gone across the fields, he nevertheless was sensible of the necessity of proceeding through the city with particular caution. What contributed not a little to make him more easy in his mind was, that leaving that part of the town which Chi-cauc inhabited, he entered that where the play-houses stood; the very name seemed to him to convey ideas of a favourable omen, for how could he imagine that people who were going to be amused could harbour evil intentions.

On that same evening was to be performed, for the first time, a new tragedy: crowds of men pressed upon each other towards the little wicket whence the tickets of admission were issued, whilst in the midst of them stood a female who was continually whispering in their ears; every one, by her squint eye and saffron-coloured complexion, knew her to be Envy, who also goes under the appellation of Calumny, Perfidy, and Delusion. Fabricio alone did not even think of her existing, and deceived by her outward appearance, mistook her for a devotee; of course he was at a loss to conceive how so pious a lady exposed herself to be smothered by a cluster of men that were going to the play.

Whilst thus indulging in his idle conjectures, his feet got entangled in a rope across the street, and he fell on his nose. The satisfaction and joy which glowed on Envy's countenance left no room to doubt but it was owing to her own contrivance that the accident had happened. She ran to Fabricio with the velocity of a spider that has entrapped a fly, and under a pretence of helping him up, hurled him down a second time. He no sooner got on his legs again than she addressed him as follows:—

Envy. How do you do, my dear Fabri-

cio? I am glad I have found an opportunity of doing justice to your merits.

Fabricio. You are too polite.

Envy. I stand in need of your assistance to write a libel against a woman who seems possessed of greater abilities than myself.

Fabricio. God forbid I should undertake the vile business.

Envy. Hey day! would you wish to appear scrupulous, when it is known that you wrote a certain satire.

Fabricio. What! that insignificant rhapsody!

Envy. The very thing; I gave it to be understood so, and every one believes it now.

Fabricio. What an abominable calumny!

Envy. All guilty folks speak that same language; but that is not all, you advocate the cause of a set of crazy people who are persecuted; of course you are a fanatic.

Fabricio. What! is humanity now considered as a prejudice?

Envy. A prejudice! well said: you are an atheist, I find.

Fabricio. It would be no easy matter for you to prove it.

Envy. Need I adduce any proof? You have abused the government.

Fabricio. I never spoke a single word about it.

Envy. That is evidence enough! it speaks you to meditate a conspiracy.

Fabricio. I meditate on nothing except on my marrying the fair Sophia.

Envy. Hang me if you ever do marry her! I shall let her know of your being made a beggar, of your family being disgraced, of your corrupt morals, and of the crimes you are preparing to commit.

Fabricio. How can you expect to colour such impostures?

Envy. Have I not my daily, weekly, and monthly publications, besides my caricaturists?

Fabricio. I have innocence and virtue to protect me.

Envy. Two precious lullabies! whereas prompted by me malice amplifies, indif-

ference echoes, friendship feels doubtful, and either through weariness or jealousy every one at last gives me credit. Take my word for it then, Fabricio, the only resource I leave you is to go and hang yourself.

Fabricio. But wherefore do you hate me?

Envy. Because you are alive.

Fabricio. You odious fury! I shall expose you. (*Going.*)

Envy. Stop him! he has murdered three wives, he has poisoned the wells, he has—

Fabricio. Hold! a mob is gathering round us.

Envy. So much the better, the sooner you will be brought to condign punishment;—he has set fire to our forests; see, his confused state speaks him guilty.

Fabricio. Ah! dreadful deity, I surrender to you. Your wan complexion announces a bad state of health; take a few years of my life, and let me go.

Envy. Of what use can your years be to me? Envy never dies; however, since by receiving them I shall deprive you of them, I agree to the bargain.

Fabricio. Would two years, Madam, be deserving of your acceptance?

Envy. Vile wretch! don't you know that the wounds I inflict are mortal, or that if after ten years of excruciating pain and powerful remedies they happen to heal, the hideous cicatrice will remain for ever? But as you are only an obscure plebeian I will be so condescending as to accept of seven years.

Fabricio. Be it so, Madam, according to your desire.

Envy. Now that we have made it up, listen to me: if ever you should meet with any rivals send me word, and I will clear the way for you.

Fabricio. I thank you kindly, Madam, and feel very happy that you have not cleared the way of me.

This last lesson had complete success. Fabricio, ashamed of his presumption and conscious of his error, bitterly lamented having overlooked the advice of his old father, and gone through a city where such perversity prevailed. Had it not been more dangerous to retrograde than to proceed forward, he would not have hesitated in so doing; but the evil destiny of men will have it that they become wise when

wisdom can no longer be of any service to them.

Fabricio was hastening by long strides towards the extremity of the town where Sophia resided: the street was broad and unincumbered, neither had he been guilty of any act of imprudence. On a sudden his progress was checked by a shock equally violent and unexpected. O Heavens! he saw another female, and she was the fifth who since the morning had picked up a quarrel with our young man, if we might be still allowed to call him so.

Fabricio. I beg you will take care, Madam, you have trod on my toes.

Gout. I only did it through fun.

Fabricio. Curse your fun! Your heels must be made of iron; I can't walk. (*He sits down on a stone bench.*)

Gout. You will soon get accustomed to it, my little fellow.

Fabricio. Be gone, or I'll—

Gout. Is it by threats you repay my caresses? Ungrateful man! let me disarm you.

Fabricio. O Lord! my hands are swollen, my fingers ache!

Gout. Sweet insinuations of mine.

Fabricio. What a torture! Could you not for a moment leave my hands and feet.

Gout. To be sure; and to please you I may get into your stomach or head.

Fabricio. No, no, pray don't.

Gout. Well, then, I shall continue where I am, my love.

Fabricio. Heavens! what a twinge; it redoubles; burning needles seem to lacerate my nerves; my bones seem to dissolve: away with thee infernal fury!

Gout. Right, cry out, my darling, if it can relieve you; abuse me as much as you like, we shall not be the less friends for that.

Fabricio. I wish you would be more sparing of those proofs of your affection.

Gout. You would be sparing of your reproaches if you would but consider what excesses men would commit were it not for my salutary interference. I am the guardian of mature years, and if there remains any virtue on earth to me men are indebted for it.

Fabricio. I need no guardian, and am going to marry Sophia.

Gout. How! do you wish to break my heart by confessing that I have a rival? Well, go and be married.

P

Fabricio. I cannot move! Alas! my kind lady, every one likes to live, and you more than any one else: take as many years of my life as you think proper, and let me go.

Gout. In compassion for your weakness I agree to your proposal. Hark! now; I am bearer of letters of attorney from all the different diseases, and am commissioned to stipulate for the whole company.

Fabricio. Be it so.

Gout. What say you to three years?

Fabricio. With all my heart; it is an excellent bargain. Now I begin to think that you are a friend of mine.

Gout. Gently, gently, those three years are the share of Nature; we must now settle that of the faculty.

Fabricio. How comes this? What, are you agent to the physicians also? I thought you were at variance together.

Gout. Quite the reverse, we go partners. Diseases maintain the Doctor, and the Doctor maintains the disease, and when the latter conjures away the patient, the physician then acts as her compeer.

Fabricio. What is the fee those gentlemen claim?

Gout. Wait a moment, I have the tariff about me.—Natural diseases, three years; supplement for the faculty, seven years; total, ten years.

Fabricio. This is out of all proportion!

Gout. I am fully aware of it, but it cannot be helped.

Fabricio. Since it cannot be otherwise I agree to the ten years. So adieu for ever.

Gout. Adieu, my beloved; may you find in study and wisdom the support which you lose on account of my leaving you.

Whenever Fabricio had committed a fault it was immediately followed by a reflection, by means of which his mind recovered its equilibrium; yet his penetration did not go so far as to discover in a fit of the gout the consequence of his former irregularities, and from the supposed injustice he derived more discouragement than resignation. On the other hand his poor legs, although free from pain, had still retained I know not what timidity, if I may use the expression, which seems to be the attendant to all kinds of miseries.

Fabricio, equally depressed in mind and body, continued motionless on the stone bench next to a grand dwelling house,

when, on a sudden, the gates flew open; within a minute sprung out a lady of an imposing appearance. Her head stood proudly erect, although some connoisseurs might have discovered that it did not stick fast on her shoulders; her robe was richly embroidered, but not long enough to prevent such extremities, being occasionally seen beneath the fringe, both in make and wear, as betrayed equivocal origin and habits. This great lady was called Ambition.

The moment she perceived Fabricio she drew from a morocco case a superb agate cup, which she filled with a frothy liquor that had the virtue of intoxicating although it did not quench one's thirst. She presented it to the patient, who, not having seized it with sufficient avidity, could only swallow one drop of the beverage, the remainder had already evaporated; however, the small portion that he had drank produced the intended effect. Fabricio felt his spirits revived, and his imagination rather heated.

Ambition. Are you willing to do something to please me?

Fabricio. Your cordial has disposed me so to do.

Ambition. The prime minister's lady has lost a favourite lap dog. Write an elegy, we shall take it to her.

Fabricio. I have a collection of elegies in my pocket, amongst which there is one on this very subject, but I dare not produce it as the author is still alive.

Ambition. So much the better, the poem on that account will be less known: follow me.

Fabricio. I cannot proceed along this vault, it is too low.

Ambition. Stoop, creep, cringe.

Fabricio. Who is that impudent fellow standing at the window, who is making game of me, and pelting me with mud?

Ambition. Thank him, he is a Valet de Chambre.

Fabricio. Look you, he has soiled my coat.

Ambition. One single stain, to be sure, is offensive to the eye; but push on, when the coat is besmeared all over, it will no longer be noticed.

Fabricio. What a crowd besiege the door! I shall never be able to get in.

Ambition. Press on, thump, kick, bite if requisite.

Fabricio. I feel drowsy and am starved with cold and hunger.

Ambition. Watch, fast, suffer, and put on your best smiles.

Fabricio. What shall I do when I have gained admittance?

Ambition. Listen to the old men, entertain the elderly women; act liberally towards the sex, let them dispose of your money, flatter every body, and love yourself alone.

Fabricio. How long am I to act upon those principles?

Ambition. All your life time.

Fabricio. But what remuneration am I to expect after all?

Ambition. Some will go in pursuit of wealth, others of glory. I brandish a huge torch that covers the former with ashes and the latter with smoke, and all is over.

Fabricio. It seemed to me that you were more bountiful in your promises.

Ambition. Look on yon resplendent cloud; behold those rivers of gold, those forests of laurels, those crowds of flatterers, those chariots, those sumptuous articles of furniture, those beauteous women that are so humane—

Fabricio. Enough, enough, cruel enchantress! you dazzle, you subjugate me; allow me time to breathe.—Alas! wherefore amongst all the fine objects that you have presented to my view have I not seen Sophia?

Ambition. You must renounce her.

Fabricio. Renounce her! Oh! wretched Fabricio!

Ambition. Let us proceed, we have no time to lose.

Fabricio. I do not refuse to follow you; but, on my knees, I beseech you to save me from my own weakness.

Ambition. Keep up your spirits, Fabricio.

Fabricio. Can I forsake Sophia! My remorse would kill me.

Ambition. Let me warn you that remorse will carry you no great way.

Fabricio. Only suffer me to run away from you, and mention your terms.

Ambition. You will find them rather exorbitant; I never grant emancipation to my slaves; my empire outlives even hope: long has the ambitious man been reduced

to dust when ambition breathes still in the marble of his mausoleum.

Fabricio. Do but speak the word, I am determined to abide by your decision.

Ambition. Hold up your head and look at me full in the face.—Very well, I must have fifteen years of your life.

Fabricio. Your charge is exorbitant indeed.

Ambition. Take care of yourself; I confess I am insatiable; if you tarry I will charge you more.

Fabricio. From hence I discover Sophia's residence; nothing could stop me. I accept, farewell.

Ambition. How he runs; much good may it do him. That man is possessed both of feelings and honour; I never could have done any thing with him or of him.

Fabricio now could no longer indulge reflection; his escape from so great a danger, the sight of Sophia's house, filled his soul at once with joy and hope. His burning lips quivered as if already seizing the cup of happiness, neither could the hunted stag run with greater rapidity; he had just reached the long wished for threshold when he perceived a female boldly advancing towards him with a dreadful grin: she held a pair of scissors in her hand. Although she had never looked less hideous, she nevertheless had her portrait drawn once by Michael Angelo, which will save me the trouble of describing her here; Fabricio could not help shuddering at the sight of her.

Atropos. Stop! halt!

Fabricio. O Heavens! another female, and not my wife!

Atropos. Follow me.

Fabricio. You are out of your mind; this is Sophia's house, let me get in.

Atropos. I won't.

Fabricio. I must see her, I am going to marry her.

Atropos. That you shall not.

Fabricio. I would sooner forfeit my life.

Atropos. You have nothing more to dispose of.

Fabricio. How so?

Atropos. Look at this ledger, wherein your life account is registered in due form. Fate, or Destiny had allowed you to live sixty nine years; as you were counting through the city you gave

To Fashion	4 years
To Voluptuousness	8
To Justice	5
To Envy	7
To the Gout	10
To Ambition	15
Now this morning you was	20

Total 69 years

Your account is settled.—Gone! (*She then clipt the thread.*)

Fabricio. Ah! Sopl—

He was not left time to pronounce the whole name of Sophia, but dropped dead at her door.

Poor Fabricio! alas! His prompt demise prevented, however, his being made acquainted with his greatest misfortune.—Whilst he had been going across the town, and making disadvantageous, ruinous bar-

gains with the most wicked of all females, Sophia had got married: a rival, acting more prudently, had come across the fields, and introduced himself in his travelling dress. A prudent sober girl does not value a husband the less for his being a little sunburnt: this one, besides, was a youth endowed with sound judgment, a good heart, and good plain unrefined manners; he therefore had the good fortune to please and to marry. Now such as wish to be made acquainted with every particular will be told that he and his Sophia brought up a large family of fine children, that they were overladen with blessings of every description; in short, with all the prosperity which is to be found in fairy tales, for it is well known that history is not so liberal.

A GAELIC LEGEND.

“It is the voice of woe,” I cried, as our bark was tossing on the foaming wave; “it is the voice of woe, O Finan, I hear it at times in the blast; it shrieks from yonder rock. Now the storm is somewhat abated, let us take our oars and try to reach the shore; perhaps there is some one more wretched than us to whom we may bring comfort; and will not that be comfort to ourselves, son of Derog?”

“We can bring no comfort there, O Luno,” answered Finan, “it is the land of departed spirits; I see the dim forms of our fathers sailing in their grey robes of mist across the mountains. They beckon us to approach, they shriek our welcome, for full well they know the ocean soon will bear us to that land of darkness; we shall never more behold our loved, our lonely Kilda. Our wives look out from the rocks, the fair Malvina and the raven-haired Edilda; they think they see a distant sail, joy sparkles in their eyes; it was a passing cloud. They look silent and mournful on each other, and they slowly return to their children. O Luno! let us not rashly urge our fate; it is rapture to think yet a moment on Kilda.”

“Does Finan fear to die?” I said; “Finan the bravest among heroes; he was first to climb the rock and seek the sea fowl’s nest; he who was foremost in the

fight, does he weep and tremble when summoned to the hall of his fathers? When the valiant Derog advances to meet his champion, shall he meet the grovelling soul of a little man?”—Finan spoke not, he raised his oar, I took up mine, we rowed till we reached the shore. The voice of mourning had ceased, there was no sound from the cave of the rock. We wandered on the beach to seek the habitations of men. In the cave of the rock sat a woman, beautiful as the dawn of the morning to a benighted traveller, but her form was wasted with sorrow; she was like the young rose of the mountain which the deer has torn up by the roots; it is lovely but its strength has failed. Her head was leaning on her hand, she saw not our approach. On her knees lay a young child, at her feet a youth like the sons of heroes. We gazed a moment in silence; at length I spake.—“Daughter of sorrow, tell thy grief; we too have known misfortune, and learned to pity the distressed.”—She raised her head, and gazed with wild surprise.—“Sous of Ocean,” she replied, “I have no sorrow now; my child is dead, and I shall follow him. Ere the dark dews of evening fall I shall meet thee, my child, in the airy hall of my fathers.”—Her head sunk again on her hand in silence.—“Yet tell us, lovely mourner,” I said, “tell us what land is

this? for we come from far, tossed by the tempest from the lonely Kilda."—"Strangers," she replied, "have ye never heard of Rona, whose fame spread wide as the light of day. Her sons were generous and brave, her fields were fruitful in corn, her hills were covered with sheep; then was the stranger welcome to the feast. Five families dwelt on our plains; their chief was my father, the valiant Cormac, whose presence was like sunshine to his guests. Oft have I heard the voice of joy resound in his hall, and seen the beam of gratitude in the eye of shipwrecked mariners; but now famine has wasted our island, and there is nothing to give the weary traveller."—"Surely," I cried, "the hand of the liberal should always be filled with plenty, happiness should dwell in his habitation, and his children should never taste of sorrow; or if the tear hang on their cheek for a moment, the hand of pity should be near to wipe it away, and to restore the smile of gladness. Then why is the daughter of Cormac left desolate? Why does the child of the generous suffer want?"—"Because she chose riches rather than virtue," replied the lovely mourner; "yet has she not been unpitied; but that pity, like yon coloured bow which makes the dark cloud still darker, made her folly more apparent, and tore her heart with anguish. Oh! son of other lands, I will tell thee my sad tale though the remembrance be painful to my soul: then wilt thou see that the daughter of Cormac has not suffered unjustly. Two youths sought the hand of Evirallin, only daughter of generous Cormac. Dermod was rich, for his house was well stored with corn, three cows gave him their milk, and twenty sheep grazed for him in the mountain. The store of Mordred was small, yet was he richer than Dermod, for he had a noble soul. But I chose Dermod with his flocks and herds; for I said the wife of Dermod never can know want; pleasure will always attend her call, she has only to wish and be satisfied. It was when the evening was lengthened out almost to meet the dawn, and the sun set far to the north, that I became the spouse of Dermod. The soul of Mordred was sad. The crop, which then looked green, was blasted ere the harvest; it gave us not three month's food. In the spring

the sea-weed failed on the coast, the cattle died of hunger. Then was Dermod equalled with the poorest: our neighbours died around us; we divided the last scanty meal, then wandered different ways to seek for herbs and roots, or rather not to see each other die. As I mused on the top of a rock, Mordred came up with a little cake. 'Eat,' he cried, 'Evirallin, preserve thy life and that of thy child; while yet there was corn I was sparing, I have still enough for many days; perhaps ere that is gone some friend may bring us aid.' The tear of gratitude was on his cheek, but I could not thank the generous Mordred. Scarce had I tasted the food when Dermod came with haste, he tore the cake from my hand ere I could give him half, and eagerly devoured it. Mordred, seized with rage, struck him to the ground, and he fell headlong from the rock; the dark wave received him, and he rose no more. We both stood speechless for a moment, then Mordred rushed forward to follow him, but I seized his arm. 'O Mordred,' I cried, 'leave me not desolate; there is none left alive but thee and me and this little babe. We all shall perish soon, but let me be the last; leave me not, like the wounded seamew whom her companions have abandoned, to sit complaining on the desert rock!' The heart of Mordred was moved; he walked slow and silent away. Each day did he bring me a little cake. When I begged him to eat he would not; he said 'I have eaten before.' This day he came before the accustomed time, he brought this little cake. 'Take it, Evirallin,' he cried; 'it is the last. I came sooner than usual, for I felt that I could not live; I have never tasted food since the day I killed Dermod.' He sunk down at my feet: in vain I tried to restore him; the noble spirit fled. Then did I pour out my grief; I mourned my hard fate, and I gave his praise to the winds; the son of the rock repeated it, there was none else to hear. But I remembered my child, which lay on the matted sea-weed; I returned—it was dead! Then were my cares at an end. I sat down to wait for death, which would ere long relieve me. Yet stranger, ere I go, receive this little cake; it is all the wretched Evirallin has to give; I could not eat it, it were like eating the flesh of Mordred!

She ceased, she was faint; two hours I supported her head: Finan wept over Mordred. At length I felt her hand; it was cold and lifeless. We made a grave beneath the hanging rock; we laid the fair Evirallin in the narrow house, and

Mordred and the child by her side: we reared these grey stones at their heads, to mark the spot to future wanderers of the ocean. The last ray of the setting sun looked on the new-made grave.

THE ORACLE.—A PHILOSOPHIC TALE.

NIRDA was happy: his mistress was a complete beauty, and loved him alone; his fortune, though inconsiderable, was sufficient, and remote from the bustle of the world, he lived an easy comfortable life. Nirda was possessed of a sufficient share of philosophy to be made sensible of the beauties of nature, and to know how to enjoy them. The shade of the forest, the warbling of the feathered throng, and the murmurs of the stream appeared to him preferable to the noisy pleasures of high life, of which he had had his share, but of which he had grown tired. Each day would he meet his beloved Zulma, and each time he longed to see her before they met: they sought each other with equal eagerness, and parted with equal regret. "My dear Zulma," would Nirda say, "you alone are every thing to me, and fill up my fond heart. Whenever I see you I feel no sorrows, neither can I enjoy any pleasure where I see you not, you alone give rise to any of my desires. O ye Gods, who have denied me grandeur, grant me to keep my Zulma, and all my wishes will be fulfilled!"—"Heavenly Powers!" would she say in her turn, "preserve my Nirda for me, and let me be unknown to, or forgotten by the remainder of the world."—Zulma was sincere, and Nirda thought himself to be so; but on a sudden he grew disgusted at what had been his greatest delight. Solitude appeared to him irksome, the warbling of the birds wearisome, the shady forests gloomy, and, worst of all, the caresses of Zulma insipid.

Amazed at this state of despondency, Nirda wished to ascertain from whence it proceeded, and how it could be remedied. One day as he was reflecting on the subject in a retired place, he happened to fall asleep under a huge chestnut tree, when he dreamt he was addressed in the following words by an aged man:—"Behold in me

a being as ancient as the world itself; I preside over part of the events that take place in it, and at all times a great number of men have worshipped me as their titular deity. My name is Chance. I have made kings, conquerors, and sages; I have destroyed and founded many an empire, discovered several useful arts, and as many unknown regions; in short, I often thwart and disconcert the wisest projects, and assist the most extravagant designs. Such is the method I have adopted to humble the pride of your species; yet I must confess that hitherto I have not always been successful. With regard to yourself, who have ever been unwilling to hazard any thing, you know what has been the result of so much circumspection. Believe me, renounce your symmetrical vows; receive this book, and let it be your constant monitor and only adviser. The answers it contains may perhaps appear obscure or whimsical; interpret them as you may think proper, but beware of being too consistent."

These words were scarcely ended when the old man disappeared and Nirda awoke. He thought he had only been dreaming; but a book that he held in his hand, and which seemed to be the same he had seen in the hands of the old man, persuaded him that his dream was not a mere illusion. He opened the mysterious volume, and read these words:—"Renounce what troubles thee most and pleases thee least."

Nirda felt quite disposed to put the most whimsical construction on the oracle; neither will he be found to deviate from that principle upon any future occasion. "What is most troublesome to me," said he, "is Zulma; what pleases me least is my solitude. I must therefore leave my solitude and Zulma." In order the better to stick to his determination he instantly set fire to his house.

His friends, who had run to stop the con-

flagration, disappeared when the whole premises were consumed. Zulma only came last, but it was to offer an asylum to Nirda. Her generosity touched him to the quick, he could not help admiring her charms; but yielding to an unknown power, he refused her offer. Zulma withdrew weeping, not for the loss her lover had sustained, but his infidelity.

Nirda now only wished to leave the country which formerly he found so agreeable; but prior to his departure he consulted his Oracle, from whom he received this answer:—"Follow not the beaten track."

An unfrequented wood offered itself to his view; he hesitated not but entered it, and sought the most solitary part; he could have wished to find one unknown to the wild inhabitants of the forest. On a sudden he felt the earth to move under his feet, and discovered a trap, beneath which were a few steps. Nirda descended into the subterranean passage, and advanced under a dark vault by the only light of a carbuncle. A few moments after a most hideous figure appeared before him. It was no other than one of those beings committed to the guard of those treasures that are concealed in the bosom of the earth; in a word, it was a Gnome, that was no more than four feet high, three in circumference, with round small eyes, a haughty look, and a mean appearance.

He nodded to Nirda to follow him, and brought him into the midst of heaps of gold. "Take as much of this gold," said he, "as you can carry, you shall soon be in want of it." Nirda obeyed, though reluctantly.—"You see," continued the Gnome, "a treasure that was begun by one of the ancient kings of this country, and which daily increases through my care. Here are the spoils of a thousand individuals who imagine they have placed their money to advantage. Though I never leave this spot I procure all these riches by means of a few agents. Thus, a prodigal son assists me in plundering a covetous father; a sycophant, in like manner, strips a proud vain man; to the credulous I dispatch a Bramin, and to the voluptuous a female Opera dancer. Here likewise are collected the patrimony of an infinite number of alchemists, and that of a still more numerous train of projectors. All these treasures,

however, are to remain here buried till such time as the vicious are replaced by virtuous men, and fools by men of sense."

The Gnome then conducted Nirda out of the labyrinth, but he had many windings to pass over before he could see the light of day. He found himself at the foot of a high mountain surrounded with thick brambles, through which he could proceed but with great difficulty, upon which occasion he had recourse to his book, and read the following sentence:—"Do that which no other would do."

Nirda was a long time before he could give a proper interpretation to this last oracle. "This gold" thought he, "which is cumbersome to me, would be equally so to many others besides myself, yet I doubt any one should feel inclined to part with it. Well, let me do that which no other would; it would certainly please the Oracle."—He therefore began to throw away his gold by handfuls, scattering it about here and there as he went along. He had just parted with the last piece when he reached the extremity of the bad road, and now thought he would have no farther obstacle to surmount. On a sudden he was surrounded by a gang of robbers, who held consultation to decide whether they were not to strip him before he was put to death; which opinion prevailed, but they determined that he must die, since he had nothing to pay for his ransom. He now recollecting what he had just achieved, said to the robbers:—"True, indeed, I am unprovided with the means of satisfying you; I despise riches for my part, but the gold which I have just flung away will suffice to make all of you rich.

The declaration needed not be repeated. "Comrades," said the chief to his troop; "we must postpone until night our expedition to Azema's. That lady's late husband," added he, addressing Nirda, "has ruined every one in the country; I think it is but just she should enrich us."

They arrived near the spot where Nirda had scattered his gold, at sight of which the joy of the robbers was no less conspicuous than their avidity; they rambled amidst the rocks and made a plentiful harvest, the chief even could not resist the temptation of joining them in their pursuit.

Nirda availed himself of the opportunity

to leave their company, and had just entered a thicket when he was shot through the arm with an arrow, and consequently prevented from proceeding. He thought the robbers were in pursuit of him, but upon hearing the horns blow he soon altered his mind: a moment after he saw making towards him a noble looking woman followed by a numerous retinue.

She instantly knew her arrow, and the genteel appearance of Nirda increased her regret at having wounded him. He readily consented to be conducted to her home, where he was treated like a man whom she wished to be made forgetful of his sufferings. Nirda admired the effects of chance, which had brought him to Azema's house; he hastened to apprise her of the project of the robbers, and in what manner he had gained the information.

The intelligence had spread the alarm through the whole palace of Azema: Nirda, notwithstanding his wound, manifested an assurance that inspired all the rest with courage; besides, foreign assistance was procured, and such measures were adopted that the robbers, instead of taking the inhabitants of the palace by surprise, were themselves forced to surrender.

Azema, indebted for her life to a man whom she had wounded, shewed him unlimited gratitude and attention. She imagined she acted from generosity alone: she was widely mistaken. Azema, although past the years of maturity, still retained all the passions of her youth. As for Nirda, he only thought of getting cured and of departing: he shewed Azema only such civility as could convey no particular meaning, but which ladies in their wane are often liable to mistake for attention. This happened to be her case.

Azema was in the habit of visiting the neighbouring Bramins, whom she received with still greater satisfaction at home. There was at that time in those parts one of those monks who visited no body, and was renowned for his austerity; people would flock round him to see the man lash his shoulders; and more than once Azema would insist on Nirda being an eye witness of the transaction.

He observed that the Bramin eyed him with an inquisitive look, which gave rise to his own curiosity; and next day he re-

turned to the hermitage when the hermit expected no visitors. Nirda was preparing to ask a few questions when he found himself obliged to answer the hermit's. The Indian told him candidly his motives for travelling, recounted his meeting with the robbers, and his stay with Azema. Upon hearing that name the Bramin appeared confused. "I beg," said he, "you will disguise nothing from me; upon what terms are you with Azema?"

Nirda, astonished at this discourse, fancied the hermit was his rival, but did not like him the less for it; till at length yielding to his repeated solicitations he confessed what Azema had given him full occasion to suspect.—"How happy should I be," exclaimed the Bramin, "if you were to return her sentiments."—So saying he opened a door that Nirda could not have perceived, so skilfully was it contrived; invited him down through a long vaulted dark passage, at the extremity of which was a large subterraneous apartment, with a burning lamp hanging in the centre. Here they found a woman of exquisite beauty, with an infant in her arms.—"Behold," said the hermit, "the daughter of Azema, and the produce of a union crossed, but ever constant."

The surprise of the Indian was at its summit; neither did it diminish whilst the false hermit gave him the following account of himself.—"I have filled the highest military situation in this state. My fortune was equal to that of Azema: I saw her daughter, and felt that I must love her for ever. I had the good fortune not to displease her, but was unfortunate enough to please her at whose disposal she was: Azema, her jealous mother, soon considered the homage I paid to the charms of her daughter as an affront offered to her own. She chose another husband for her, at which I felt very much hurt, quarrelled with my rival and challenged him: we fought, he lost his life, and I eloped with my beloved. Meanwhile my estates were seized, and I should have been tried for my life had I been apprehended. We wandered for a long time; at last I imagined that such a disguise as the one I now wear could secure me from all danger, and that I might even reside in the country without being recognized by any one. I verily believe that no body besides myself knows of this

cavern, where I have lived for four years with Adell. My apparent austerity, assiduous retirement, and religious conduct, have gained me the veneration of the country people, and I have often seen Azema herself visit with respect him whom she had sworn to ruin."

The false hermit ceased speaking: then untying a grey beard that disguised him, and other whimsical accoutrements, he made such an appearance in the eyes of Nirda as fully justified the partiality of Azema and the choice of Adelli.

Nirda was already contriving the means of soothing the mother, well aware as he was that she had forgiven neither her daughter nor son-in-law. "What can I do to serve you?" said he to the false hermit. "Command me."—"Azema loves you," replied the other; "intreat her to solicit the Emperor in my favour; and provided she will give her consent, I doubt not but he will grant my pardon. She, perhaps, will demand a high price for her condescension, but rely on your unbounded generosity."

Nirda withdrew, after having promised to use his utmost endeavours, though much at a loss how to succeed in the negotiation.

Azema's partiality increased daily, and her resentment against her son-in-law diminished in proportion. Nirda, who observed it, thought of seizing the favourable opportunity. He pretended to have heard of the circumstance only from public rumour, and pleaded the cause of the absent couple with a success that made him tremble for himself. "I confess," said Azema, "that Zeangis (so was the false hermit called), is highly culpable, but that he appears less so to me, since you are concerned in his favour. I once entertained sentiments for him which he rejected. Some other doubtless will know how to appreciate them better. What think you of it, Nirda?"

The Indian felt rather perplexed at this question; nevertheless he replied most courteously, assuring Azema that her kindness must be precious to every one. She in her turn gave him to understand that she would be satisfied if they were so in his own estimation. Still more embarrassed at the hint, Nirda professed his

greatest respect, but Azema wished for something more.

He revisited the hermit and Adell, who both reiterated their intreaties; Nirda could feel his compassion to redouble, but his coolness towards Azema still continued the same. He however had recourse to feint, a resource which the sea know so well how to use against us, and which we practice with no less success against them. After having renewed his solicitations, but to no purpose, he pretended to think only of his approaching departure. Azema felt grieved at his seeming indifference on the former subject, and inquired into the cause of so sudden a change, when Nirda frankly told her that her inflexibility was such that he really could not witness it any longer.

This avowal, which seemed calculated only to increase the resentment of Azema, produced a contrary effect. She conceived that she was going to lose Nirda without recovering Zeangis, and that idea rendered her more tractable. Of her own accord she offered that pardon which Nirda had ceased to solicit, being tired of soliciting in vain. She next applied to the Emperor, who readily granted his; and Nirda then conducted Azema to the hermitage, and introduced her into the subterranean cave.

The Indian author might here have related all the particulars of the meeting, and have rendered service to many a modern tragic author. But, regardless of the good he might have done, he was satisfied with saying that Azema, after having shed a torrent of tears, was reconciled to her daughter and son-in-law.

The rumour of the reconciliation soon spread all over the country. The people admired the abilities of him who had been able to accomplish it. What differences could he not prevent, or put an end to, was it said, who has cured a hatred blended with jealousy? Those good folks overlooked the ascendancy which a handsome mediator, only thirty years of age, must naturally exercise over a woman of forty.

The inhabitants were at that same period proceeding to the election of a chief justice. Several candidates aspired to the high dignity, but the one was found too partial to his own family, the other too indulgent towards his friends and connections, and a third too much inclined to

abide by the supreme will of his wife. One could refuse nothing to the slave who dressed him every day; another granted every thing to those beauties that would refuse him nothing. In their present embarrassing situation they unanimously elected Nirda, who at first declined the offer; he was sensible that the post, though ever so honourable, required uncommon abilities, patience, and impartiality: however, yielding to their repeated intreaties, he accepted of the situation.

His decisions, for a long time, met with universal approbation. He was incorruptible, and his natural abilities supplied those he had not acquired: the scrupulous care he constantly took to refuse every present that was offered to him, became an additional motive for his sovereign to overwhelm him with riches. Nirda, in a word, found it was no difficult matter to be equitable.

A young widow, possessed of great beauty and wit, came to him one day, and with a most captivating air stated her case, which indeed was rather doubtful. Nirda did not imagine her to be in the right, but he found her excessively handsome. It was a serious matter and of considerable importance, and the widow repeated her solicitations. In proportion as he saw her, he daily found her more beautiful, and imagined that her case was not so intricate as it appeared at first. In short, the new judge decided in her favour, and she felt disposed to put no bounds to her gratitude.

Nirda, on leaving the court, met a disconsolate family, namely, another widow, with her four children, that were ruined in consequence of the judgment he had just pronounced. Moved at such a spectacle, although it was rather too late, he wished to put several questions to the mother. She spoke with all that eloquence which truth and grief will inspire. Nirda became conscious that he had condemned her wrongfully, and in consequence resolved to do what few others would have done. He calculated the loss which this widow had sustained; and notwithstanding the amount was equal to the whole of his property, he hesitated not to make good for what he had occasioned the loss of.

Nirda reflected that the situation which

he filled required profound knowledge, not to commit frequent mistakes, eminent virtues to resist temptation, and an immense fortune to repair mistakes, and concluded that he was himself destitute of all those advantages.

Meanwhile Azema persevered in her offers, and Nirda persisted in his refusal; she consequently ceased on a sudden to make any farther advances, but fixed upon a desperate resolution, as many disappointed tender hearted women are liable to do. Azema gave the whole of her remaining property to her daughter and son-in-law. She did more, she retired into the *grutto* which they had inhabited for a while, attended by one single female servant, and determined never to admit a male visitor, without even excepting Nirda.

Our hero once more had recourse to his oracle, from which he received the following order:—“*Avoid repose and shun your friends.*” He accordingly thought he must leave Zeangir and Adelli, and go to some court, a place where in general friends or repose are seldom to be met with.

Nirda directed his course towards the nearest state, where he visited the capital, and repaired to court. There reigned a young beautiful Princess, who suffered no one to rule her: at that same moment she was walking on a terrace watered by the Indus. A little pug dog, of which she was extremely fond, happened to fall into the river, an accident that occasioned universal alarm; the Queen especially was overwhelmed with grief. Now Nirda, in the morning, had read in his book these few words—“*Do the reverse of all others.*” He discovered that all the courtiers were frightened at the rapidity of the waves, and in obedience to his oracle instantly plunged in. The delighted Princess ordered such timely assistance to be given him, that he reached the shore with the favourite pug dog in his arms.

For several days this event was the general topic of conversation. It was very natural for the Queen to be thankful for such a piece of service, neither was she sorry to be obligated to a person of Nirda's prepossessing appearance and address; nay, he soon gained her unlimited confidence, upon which occasion he was complimented, chiefly by those who most

wished to destroy him. The Princess intrusted him with the nomination to all vacant situations indiscriminately, yet he never abused her confidence, or the power that he had been invested with. Nirda was endowed with natural abilities, that are often superior to those which politicians boast of. He reformed several abuses, relieved the people, and succeeded finally in being hated only by three-fourths of the nation, besides the courtiers.

From this list, however, the ladies were excepted: they all thought Nirda highly deserving of the post he occupied. They would daily solicit of him some particular favour; some in behalf of their husbands, others of their lovers, and the minister might have obtained any remuneration for his kind complaisance, but he did not judge of the merits of a candidate by the beauty of his wife or of his mistress. This mode of conduct was much praised in a note that was delivered to him one morning, and in which no other terms were proposed, except that he would suffer himself to be taken blindfolded to the writer's apartment at night. The proposal seemed to require being duly weighed, but Nirda read in his book the following sentence:—"Let your eyes be shut in a proper time." The oracle appeared to be clear enough, and to suggest that he might venture to agree to the proposition. After he had been conducted through many turnings and windings, he was left with his eyes unbound in a most voluptuously decorated apartment. Here he met a lady who wore a mask, but whose fine shape and beautiful skin spoke in favour of those features which were concealed.

Here again the Indian author concludes too abruptly: he merely tells us that Nirda returned several times to his nocturnal meetings, that the same precautions were always used, and that the unknown lady would never leave off her mask, except when his eyes were bound.

Nirda formed a thousand conjectures that he was anxious to verify, but it was no easy thing, and might be attended with some danger. The lady would often speak to him about the Queen, on whom he always bestowed the highest encomiums. He suspected at last that he was wanted to find fault with the Princess, and

said that her hair was not dressed tastefully. Silence ensued; the next day Nirda was conducted to prison.

His disgrace occasioned a thousand different rumours: some accused him of high treason, others of wishing to usurp the crown. It was published in a pamphlet that he had attempted the life of the Queen, and in another that he had poisoned her parrot. He himself was at a loss to know what to think, for he could not be informed of the nature of his crime.

Nirda, in confinement, without being able to ascertain from what motive, thought he could do no better than to consult his oracle. He now read these words—"The darkest night is often preferable to the brightest daylight."

Nirda's place of confinement was a state prison, and the room that he occupied was very light. He imagined that his guide disliked it, and requested being removed to a dark dungeon, a petition that was instantly granted. It was even asserted, that the Queen regretted not to have anticipated his wish in that respect.

Nirda peaceably waited for the issue; the image of Zulma meanwhile offered itself to his recollection. "Tender Zulma," exclaimed he, "you loved me; your love was free from caprice, or at least your caprice would never have deprived me of my liberty." He pronounced those last words with some vehemence, which were overheard by a fellow prisoner, whom he could not see, although an inhabitant of the same dungeon. This companion of his took it in his head that Nirda spoke so loud only because he had much to fear. "Make yourself easy," said he, "your sufferings will soon be at an end, your fetters will soon be knocked off. Within a short period, the same as myself, you shall be avenged of the Queen and of her stupid minister."

I leave you to judge of Nirda's surprize. He drew near the part from whence the voice issued, and put several questions to the prisoner, when he discovered that the very individual who had thus been threatening the Queen and her minister, was loaded with irons. Nirda wished to know the cause of his disgrace, and from whence proceeded his desire of revenge against the minister. "I do not know him," resumed

the man, "but he is one of my successors, and therefore I must hate him. I formerly ruled that Queen who now keeps me in close confinement. I wished to ascend the throne, of which I always considered a woman as being undeserving, yet that very same woman still retains sufficient authority to treat me in the manner you see. However, some of my former friends, who are still faithful to me, and who are not suspected, apprise me of whatever is going on, of all their schemes to release me, and, what is better still, of the certainty of their succeeding. The moment I shall recover my liberty you may expect to be set free likewise: moreover, I engage to appoint you to the situation now held by Nirda, my successor. I am told that he is the most zealous and most intimate friend of the Queen: of course we shall have him dispatched, even before the Queen."

From this imprudent confession Nirda would have suspected the man to be deranged, yet he thought within himself that although ever so indiscreet the confession might be true; to affirm the contrary would be doing too much honour to the human species. "This captive," added he, "must judge of my sentiments from his own. He must believe that I feel interested in the success of his views, and in recovering my liberty. Let me add to those motives the appetite for speaking after so long a silence, and his discourse will occasion me no surprise."

Meanwhile Nirda reflected on the means of apprising the Queen of the danger that threatened her, which he found equally difficult and hazardous. He had to fear lest those to whom alone he could communicate the information might be in the interest of the imprisoned minister, and abuse his confidence. Most fortunately for Nirda, and for the Queen herself, she repented having acquiesced to his request, which she now construed into an insult, a mere bravado; she accordingly ordered him to be removed to a part of the prison lighter still than that which he had occupied at first.

No sooner had Nirda taken possession of his new apartment than he solicited an audience from the Queen. Three different times was he obliged to repeat the request; however, the Queen at last appeared

before him, and the first thing he observed was a great improvement in her features.

Without either complaining, or entering into his justification, he only repeated what he had heard.

The Queen interrupted him only by her sighs. "Ah! Nirda," said she, "I am sensible of the excess of your generosity and of my own injustice; but you will forget and forgive. To you alone I commit the care of protecting and of avenging me."

Nirda respectfully kissed the hand which the Queen stretched out to him. "Confess," added she, "that these curls and tresses skillfully placed on my head are very becoming?" Nirda answered in the affirmative, and was immediately set at liberty.

False rumours were again circulated upon the occasion. Next were heard those which the imprisonment of all the principal conspirators gave rise to. They were all sent to a distant island, where nothing more was to be apprehended from their wicked plots: tranquillity was restored, and Nirda resumed his former functions. They who had most rejoiced at his disgrace were the most eager to congratulate him on his return into office. A poet, who had written a satirical complaint on his confinement, composed a congratulatory ode on his release. Nirda forgave him for both the satire and the sycophantic poem, would avenge himself of no one, but seemed pleased with every body.

Perhaps he was going to unravel the mystery of the nightly meetings, but the oracle seemed to oppose it; and Nirda, who was doomed soon to grow tired of every place where he had resided for some time, did not feel in the least inclined to disobey its commands. He therefore took his leave of the Queen, whose reproaches he resisted, and was forced to accept of her presents. "Happy," said Nirda, "is he who experiences alternately the favours and injustice of the great! he is cured of the mania of aspiring to the one, and of exposing himself to the latter." Amidst similar reflections he proceeded on his way to a state not far distant from that which he had for some time governed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS

“Great wit to madness surely are allied,
 “And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”—POPE.

No. IV.

It sometimes happens, during fits of insanity, that the re-action of the epigastric region upon the functions of the understanding is so far from oppressing or obscuring them, that it appears even to augment their vivacity and strength. The imagination is exalted to the highest pitch of development and fecundity. Thoughts the most brilliant and ingenious, comparisons the most apt and luminous, give to the maniac an air of supernatural enthusiasm and inspiration: the recollection of the past appears to unroll with great rapidity, and what had long not been thought of, and forgotten, is then presented to the mind in glowing and animated colours.

“I have frequently stopped,” says Dr. Pinel, physician to the Asylum de Bicetre, “at the chamber door of a literary gentleman who, during his paroxysms, appeared to soar above the mediocrity of intellect which was habitual to him, solely to admire his newly acquired powers of eloquence.

“He declaimed upon the events of the revolution with all the force, the dignity, and the purity of language, that the very interesting subject could admit of; at other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities.”

A madman that was cured by the celebrated Dr. Willis, has given us the following account of his own case:—“I always expected with impatience the accession of the paroxysms, since I enjoyed during their presence a high degree of pleasure; they lasted ten or twelve hours. Every thing appeared easy to me; no obstacles presented themselves, either in theory or practice. My memory acquired all of a sudden a singular degree of perfection; long passages of Latin authors recurred to my mind. In general I have great difficulty in finding rhythmical terminations, but then I could write in verse with as much facility as in prose. I was cunning, malicious, and fertile in all kinds of expedients.”

After having read the above account, I

felt a desire to peruse a specimen of a maniac's eloquence and poetic talents: this desire has lately been much gratified by a perusal of Mr. Samuel Tuke's *Description of the Retreat, an Institution near York, for insane persons of the Society of Friends*. Mr. Tuke states, that a gardener, much afflicted with melancholic and hypochondriacal symptoms some years ago, was admitted into that retreat, at his own request, and gave the following description of himself, almost *verbatim*:—

“I have no soul; I have neither heart, liver, nor lungs, nor any thing at all in my body, nor a drop of blood in my veins. My bones are all burnt to a cinder. I have no brains; my head is sometimes as hard as iron, and sometimes as soft as pudding.”—A fellow patient, also an hypochondriac, amused himself in versifying this affecting ludicrous description in the following lines:—

A miracle my friends come and view,
 A man admits his own words true,
 Who lives without a soul.
 Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he,
 Yet sometimes can as cheerful be
 As if he had the whole.
 His head (take his own words along)
 Now hard as iron, yet ere long
 Is soft as any jelly.
 All burnt his sinews, and his lungs,
 Of his complaints not fifty tongues
 Could find enough to tell ye.
 Yet he who paints his likeness here
 Has just as much himself to fear
 He's wrong from top to toe.
 Ah, friends, pray help us if you can,
 And make us each again a man,
 That we from hence may go.

Mr. Tuke, in the section which treats on the means of promoting the general comfort of the insane, states one to be the indulgence in the means of writing, which he says frequently leads to curious effusions, both in prose and poetry. The following additional specimen of the latter he has recorded, which I trust your readers, as well as myself, will deem interesting. He affirms that the patient, at

the time of its composition, laboured under a very considerable degree of actual mania.

THE MANIAC'S ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

Spirit of darkness, from yon lonely shade,
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring;
Spirit of darkness hear thy fav'rite maid,
To sorrows harp, her wildest anthem sing.
Ah! how has love despoiled my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms into the wintry wind!
Ah! how has love hung o'er thy trophied tomb,
The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind.
High rides the moon the silent heavens along;
Thick falls the dews of midnight o'er the ground,
Soft steals the lover when the morning song
Of waken'd warblers thro' the woods resound.
Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand.
Again my lyre unstrung, I sadly weep,
While love leads up the dance with harp in hand.
High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteors
shone,
And thronging thousands blest the ardent ray.
I turned, but found Despair on his wild roam,
And with the dæmon bent my hither way.
Soft o'er the vales she blew her bugle horn—
Oh! where Maria? whither dost thou stray?
Return, thou false maid, to the echoing sound.
I flew, nor heeded to the syren's lay.

Hail Melancholy, to yon lonely towers
I turn and hail thy time-worn turrets mise,
Where flourish fair the night shades deadly
flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.
There—Oh! my Edwin, does thy spirit greet
In fancy's maze thy lov'd and wandering
maid?
Soft through the bower thy shade Maria meets,
And leads thee onward thro' the myrtle glade.
Oh! come with me, and heave the song of eve,
Far sweeter far than the loud shout of morn;
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze,
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.
We have a tale, and song may charm these
shades,
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind;
Where sorrow's captives hail thy once lov'd
maid,
To joy a stranger, and to grief resigned.
Edwin, farewell! go take my last adieu.
Ah, could my bursting bosom tell thee more—
Here, parted here from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song, as from a foreign shore.
But stay, rash youth, the sun has climb'd on
high,
The night is past, the shadows all are gone;
For lost Maria breathe the eternal sigh,
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NARRATIVE OF A "VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD," BY
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, A POOR SEAMAN.

The houses of the natives are of the simplest form; they are oblong, with very low side walls, and high thatched roofs; within they are not divided into separate apartments, nor have they any table or seats. It is only by size that the houses of the chiefs are distinguished from those of the lower orders, for the same barn-like shape is universal. They are, however, kept very clean; and their household utensils, consisting of wooden dishes and calabashes, are hung, neatly arranged, upon the walls. While the floors of the meaner houses are bare, except the place for sleeping, where a few mats are spread, those of the higher orders are entirely covered over with mats, many of which are worked with great elegance into different patterns. At one end a platform, raised about three feet from the ground, the whole breadth of the apartment, is spread with a layer of rushes,

and covered with mats. This forms the sleeping place for the upper part of the family; the attendants sleep at the opposite end. As the two sexes never eat together, the chiefs have always a separate eating-house, and even the lower ranks have one to every six or seven families for the men. The women take their food in the same houses in which they sleep. Few of the houses, except the largest, have any windows: the light being admitted by the door, which is seldom closed. The dwellings of the upper ranks are generally surrounded by a paling. In all of them the utmost attention to cleanliness prevails.

Their mode of cooking has been often described. Poey, or taro-pudding, which is the principal food of all ranks, is prepared by baking the root in a pit with hot stones, upon which water is poured. It is afterwards scraped, mashed, and mixed with

old water. When newly made it is not unpalatable, but it soon turns sour. Fish are often eaten raw, seasoned with salt water. When cooked, they are either done in their usual manner, under ground, or broiled, by putting them, wrapped in leaves, upon the fire. When the leaves are burnt, they consider them ready. They preserve pork by taking out the bones, and rubbing it well with salt; after which it is made up in rolls and dried. They frequently eat to their pork a kind of pudding made of taro root, which is previously cut in slices, and dried in the sun; it keeps a great length of time, and is a good substitute for bread. In this state it is preferred by the white people. The natives preserve it for taking to sea by mashing and forming it into a solid paste, when it is wrapped in leaves, and will keep fresh for five or six weeks. The sugar cane, which they chew, is also a general article of food.

Instead of candles, the tootooe-nut is used, which, being of an oily nature, yields a considerable quantity of light. It grows upon a small tree, and is about the size of a horse-chesnut. When pulled, they are thrown into water, and those that sink are reckoned sound; they are then baked under ground, and their shells broken off, in which state they are kept till required. When used as candles, they string twenty or thirty upon a slit of bamboo, each of which will burn five or six minutes; but they require constant trimming, and it is necessary to reverse the torch whenever a nut is consumed, that the one under it may catch fire. It must therefore be held by a person whose business it is to keep it always in order. This nut, when pressed, yields an oil well adapted for mixing with paint. The black colour, by which their canoes are painted, is produced by burning the nuts after they are pressed, and by the cinders of the torches, which are carefully preserved for the purpose; these are reduced to powder and mixed with oil.

Ava, with which the natives were formerly wont to intoxicate themselves, is now giving way to the use of ardent spirits. I never saw it used, except as a medicine to prevent corpulency, and is said to be an effectual remedy. It causes a white scurf to strike out upon the skin, somewhat like the dry scurvy. The spirit distilled from

the tee-root now usurps its place, and I fear the consequences will be still more pernicious. That plant grows wild in the upper part of the country, and varies from the size of a carrot to that of a man's thigh. It is put into a pit, amongst heated stones, and covered with plantain and taro leaves; through these a small hole is made, and water poured in—after which the whole is closed up again, and allowed to remain twenty-four hours. When the root has undergone this process, the juice tastes as sweet as molasses. It is then taken out and bruised, and put into a canoe to ferment; and in five or six days is ready for distillation. Their stills are formed out of iron pots, which they procure from American ships, and which they enlarge to any size by fixing several tier of calabashes above them, with their bottoms sawed off, and the joints well luted. From the uppermost a wooden tube connects with a copper cone, round the inside of which is a ring with a pipe to carry off the spirit. The cone is fixed into a hole in the bottom of a tub filled with water, which serves as a condenser. By this simple apparatus a spirit is produced, called lumi, or rum, and which is by no means harsh or unpalatable. Both whites and natives are unfortunately too much addicted to it. Almost every one of the chiefs has his own still.

Smoking tobacco is another luxury of which the natives are very fond. The plant grows in abundance upon the islands, and they use it in a green state. In their tobacco-pipes they display their usual taste and ingenuity. The tube is made of the hollow stem of a kind of vine, fixed to an iron bowl, which is inserted into hardwood. The stem is covered with rings of ivory and turtle-shell, placed alternately, the whole being kept firmly at the top by an ivory mouth-piece.

From their earliest years the natives spend much of their spare time in the water, and constant practice renders them so dexterous, that they seem as much at their ease in that element as on land; they often swim several miles off to ships, sometimes resting upon a plank shaped like an anchor stock, and paddling with their hands, but more frequently without any assistance whatever. Although sharks are numerous in these seas, I never heard of any

accident from them, which I attribute to the dexterity with which they avoid their attacks.

Throwing the top shoots of the sugar cane at each other, and catching them in their flight, is a favourite amusement, the practice of which tends to render them very expert in the use of the spear. Dancing, wrestling, and foot races, are also common amusements, particularly at Marabete time. The dances are principally performed by women, who form themselves into solid squares, ten or twelve each way, and keep time to the sound of the drum, accompanied by a song, in which they all join. In dancing they seldom move their feet, but throw themselves into a variety of attitudes, sometimes all squatting, and at other times springing up at the same instant. A man in front, with strings of shells on his ankles and wrists, with which he marks time, acts as a fugal-man. On these occasions the women display all their finery, particularly in European clothes, if they are so fortunate as to possess any. They received great applause from the spectators, who frequently burst into immoderate fits of laughter at particular parts of the song.

They have a game somewhat resembling draughts, but more complicated. It is played upon a board about twenty-two inches by fourteen, painted black, with white spots, on which the men are placed; these consist of black and white pebbles, eighteen upon each side, and the game is won by the capture of the adversaries pieces. Tamaahmah, the King, excels at this game. I have seen him sit for hours playing with his chiefs, giving an occasional smile, but without uttering a word. I could not play; but William Moxley, who understood it well, told me he had seen none who could beat the King. The game of draughts

is now introduced, and the natives play it uncommonly well.

Flying kites is another favourite amusement. They make them of taper, of the usual shape, but of uncommon size, many of them being fifteen or sixteen feet in length, and six or seven in breadth; they have often three or four hundred fathoms of line, and are so difficult to hold that they are obliged to tie them to trees. The only employment I ever saw Tamena, the Queen, engaged in, was making these kites.

A theatre was erected under the direction of James Beattie, the King's black-maker, who had been at one time on the stage in England. The scenes, representing a castle and a forest, were constructed of different coloured pieces of taper, cut out and pasted together. I was present, on one occasion, at the performance of *Oscar and Malvina*. This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by Beattie. The part of *Malvina* was performed by the wife of Isaac Davis. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending only to the words yes and no, her speeches were confined to these monosyllables. She, however, acted her part with great applause. The Fingalian heroes were represented by natives clothed in the Highland garb, also made out of taper, and armed with muskets.

The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the afterpiece, representing a naval engagement. The ships were armed with bamboo cannon, and each of them fired a broadside, by means of a train of thread dipped in salt-petre, which communicated with each gun, after which one of the vessels blew up. Unfortunately the explosion set fire to the forest, and had nearly consumed the theatre.

THE LISTENER.

THE following letter was written by the grandson of one of the friends of my early youth, to a beautiful and accomplished wife: he was a Major in the ——— regiment, and fell in the glorious battle of Waterloo. This letter was written during

a temporary absence, and contains that affectionate admonition so seldom accompanying the letters of modern husbands.

MY DEAREST, BEST FRIEND,—I know not what to do with myself in your absence; I find my best amusement is in writing to

you, and in reflecting on the happiness you have conferred on me by putting me in possession of a heart so tender, and making me experience the most lively satisfaction by your sensible and enchanting conversation. I continually hear you cited in this neighbourhood for your benevolence, your manners, and the grace which accompanies your every action: every one strives to copy you in the article of dress, though few women know how to adorn themselves so well with so little expence; while still your taste is simple, in spite of the suggestions and example of many of your extravagant companions. At the same time let me warn you to take care of them: I think that lately you have employed yourself more than usual in changing the form of your hats, and in being occupied with setting off your bust; your gowns begin to fall off the shoulder, and I really believe that you wear only one petticoat; I own I do not like to see the *contour* of your limbs so plainly as of late, and I feel jealous at every one that looks at them. Certainly the weather is very warm, and your thin dresses are suitable enough to the season. However, I would wish you to look back a little. Return, I beseech you, to your former habits: do not be in such violent haste to repay the visits of your modish friends; they are evil councillors, be assured; and do give up those constant walks in the Park; there are many scenes practised there which are not altogether correct.

How much I applaud you, my dear angel, for the care you take of our child! Its most trifling pains are sufficient to terrify you, and you are enchanted with its little droll and winning ways. You are a most excellent mother, and all the affections of your soul take those fine shades and colourings which are not to be found in ordinary minds. I wish, however, if you will permit me to tell you, that you would not dress up the little love so much in embroidered robes and festoons; indeed I do not like his wearing them at all. Why is he to be embarrassed with a parcel of trimmings that he tears to pieces? I had rather see him in a plain short frock. I am much obliged to his godmother and his aunt for the two fine hats and tippets that they brought him a few days ago, but they are too costly and too much trimmed. I do not

want my son to be dressed as if he belonged to a Duke or a Peer.

Nothing on earth, my dearest love, is so sweet to me as to hear your voice, it is so gentle and harmonious; I will not say your words are like honey, because I love it not, but I adore your speech. You are possessed of superior judgment and penetration, and it is because you have never wasted your youth in reading foolish and insipid romances. Your imagination has been guided by our best authors and our most classical poets: these have formed your ideas, and ornamented your memory. Your taste is at once solid and delicate, and you well know that I always consult your opinion on the merits or defects of a work; and what is best of all, you know how to judge of books without having the mania of being an author.

You handle the pencil, but you paint and draw only landscapes, and you do not pretend to aspire to historical subjects.

You play the harp, and you sing tolerably well: I do not wish you to be a more scientific musician, nor by your loud tones and the strength of your voice that you should gather a croud under your windows.

You dance as a gentlewoman should do, without twisting your body about, or cutting ridiculous capers, or waltzing.

In my eyes you are the most accomplished of women; and my pride is to be to you the most faithful of husbands.

Our days will pass away with delightful celerity, in a union such as ours, and when I die, I hope you will entertain for me a tender remembrance, not forming a second marriage too hastily, as is too often the case, but give a decent time to outward mourning.

If I should be so unhappy as to lose you, if I must survive you, I feel that I could never fix my choice on any other: no, I promise you I will never marry again. One wife is enough for any man. I will love none but you during your life, and after your death I will love you still; at least, such is my present intention; not that it is possible to answer for what may happen. But I say now, that if I am to lose you, I will go and bury myself in solitude, and there live occupied alone with my grief, and the care of my child's education.

But do you not find that the style of my

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letter is becoming gloomy? It is your absence, which, having been prolonged, has clouded my imagination. Return, my dearest life, bring back gaiety to my home, joy to my heart, and be assured the welcome I shall give will afford you pleasure, as it will be inspired by true affection.

I embrace you in idea, though so far off; would to Heaven we were nearer each other. Believe, however, I beseech you, that neither time nor distance can diminish the affections of your

EDWARD.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

CONGRATULATORY LINES

Addressed to Her Royal Highness Princess Mary on the day of her Marriage.

HAIL, lovely Mary! Princess fair!
Bright gem of Brunswick's race,
Unsuilied joy for ever beam
On thy seraphic face.

Flora, on this auspicious morn,
Foregoes the jess'mine bow'rs;
She comes, illustrious fair, to deck
Thy bridal way with flow'rs.

The Graces, with enchanting mien,
Come forward hand in hand,
And ev'ry Virtue thee to greet
In raptures, smiling, stand.

The meads rejoice—the vallies smile,
The hills around look gay,
The lark, exulting, sweetly sings,
In honour of the day.

The beauteous rose, resembling thee,
Displays a richness new,
And looks (while shedding odour round),
Delightful to the view.

The lily, emblem of thy heart,
Uplifts its lovely head,
And all the flow'rs, to pleasure thee,
Their richest fragrance shed.

May angels bright, by Heav'n's behest,
With smiling mien descend,
And over thee by night and day,
Their fost'ring wings extend!

Serene as May's enchanting morn
May all thy moments glide,
Thy consort William truly blest,
And thou a happy bride!

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Oh herald of Harvest! oh Plenty's sweet child—
Now waning in silence amid thy gay train;
O, gladden our hearts, and be always as mild,
And give to my lyre but a heart-soothing strain.

Thou pledge of abundance, extend thy bright horns,
[part;
And pour down thy blessings ere yet they de-

Since the wreath of thy bounty the rustic adorns,
Let the rustic with hopes of success cheer his heart.

Ye proud, from the sheaf and the sickle away,
If fashion, vain fashion, with labour ye vie,
Lest, lured by false brightness, from labour ye stray,
[destroy,

And ambition at last should the brightest
While come to the noble and wealthy repair,
Who barter their favour with flattery's wife,
O, give me content, that with thee I may share—
O, give me thy modesty—give me thy smile.

When thy loads to their shelter secure are consign'd,
O then to thy praise we'll attune the gay song;
"Harvest-home" shall resound on the voice of the wind,
And plenty shall ever replenish the throng.

Extracts from "Poems by Arthur Brooke, Esq." ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE A POEM.

AND can this humble reed of mine
That scarcely trusts its breathings wild,
Can I attempt a theme divine,
The Muse's last, her meanest child?

To bid the living numbers roll
Till glory rise on eagle wing;
Or wake the note where Pity's soul
Hangs weeping o'er the thrilling string,

Befits the Poet's hallowed shell,
But not my rude and lowly strains;
Which only knew (alas! too well)
The anxious lover's varied pains.

To throw a warm poetic bloom,
On buds o'er which Azora's sigh
Hath breathed its exquisite perfume,
To praise her cheek, her gentle eye—

That lovely cheek so softly fair,
Those smiling lips so sweetly sever;
That oh! to dwell a moment there,
My soul would quit its home for ever!

Had you beheld her eyes' mild beams,
As through their silken fringe they shine,
You would not ask for nobler themes,
But only wish a bard divine.

THE BEAUITES OF NATURE.

Oh why do you bid me awake
My song from its amorous dream?
Oh why do you wish me to make
The beauties of Nature my theme?

That the purest emotions I know
At the brightness of morning, believe;
And dearer, still dearer the glow,
Of the summer's voluptuous eve.

Yet the landscape may pall on the sight,
Its hues as you gaze melt away:
They are veiled in the gloom of the night,
At the cold touch of winter decay.

What charm like affection's first sigh,
Can the soft breath of summer impart?
What light like the beam of the eye,
When confessing the warmth of the heart?

No, Mira, the bloom of the soul
Is nipped by no change of the weather;
Unheeded the season may roll,
Till we sink to Elysium together.

STANZAS.

BENEATH the main a coral cave,
Is oft the shipwrecked sailor's grave;
Where gems of purest beauty bright,
Pour round the place their lonely light,
And seem a silent watch to keep
Over the wretch's endless sleep.

In the dark horrors of a tomb
I've seen a simple flow'ret bloom,
And from its virgin bosom shed
A pious fragrance o'er the dead,
As if it hoped its dulcet breath
Might wake the sullen sense of death.

Thus buried in my joyless breast
Affection's fondest feelings rest;
Though Fancy lend her playful beam,
And Hope its ineffectual gleam,
The light is false—the hope is vain,
They ne'er shall spring to life again.

TO —

FROM the eye of another such glances as those
Might a volume of rapture unfold;
But affection can never securely repose
On a bosom so cautious and cold.

If Discretion should whisper—" 'twere better to
part,

" Nor remember that ever you met; "
How easy the task to so frigid a heart,
For it costs not a pang to forget.

When the feeling forbidden by prudence is
crush'd,

When our souls shall no longer entwine,
It will shame you to think that your cheek ever
flushed

At a name so unworthy as mine.

While the heart you have broken shall ask not a
tear,
Or repine at the fate that you gave;
Oh no! having lost all it valued so dear,
It shall silently sink to the grave.

ON THE PARTICULAR PROFESSIONAL
MERITS OF MR. KEMBLE.

WITH form majestic and commanding mien,
The vet'ran Kemble matchless fills the scene:
His genius too with Nature's gifts keep pace;
Accompanying action blending every grace;
And vast conception from immortal verse,
Fresh beauties shew, and chastened texts re-
hearse.

When e'er stern Brutus' noble souls pourtrayed,
Or Cæsar's front ambitious is betrayed;
When Coriolanus, with patrician pride,
Unbending scorns the rabble's factious tide;
When Prospero, in solemn mystic hour,
Commands his sprites, directs the tempest's
power;

Or when by ingrates driven from his throne,
King Lear in madness pitious is shown;
Our monarch John, in sickness and despair,
Or Venice's firm and lofty patriot Pierre;
Great Cato too, Peruvian Rollo's fire,
Or Wolsey humbled—varied act require,
Alike in each his splendid merits stand,
(Unrivalled yet midst all the Thespian band)
As some tall vessel on the troubled tide,
To diff'rent gales has varied sails applied,
Yet still in all the changes of her form,
Majestic rides, or arduous braves the storm.
H. R. H. P. D.

LINES WRITTEN ON A DYING ASH.

DEAR friendly Ash! who long hast stood
Companion of unsocial care!
Best loved of all the tufted wood,
No more your verdant charms you wear.
Ah! must thou perish beauteous tree!
Emblem of life's uncertainty!

Oft on thy bark, with sylvan pen,
The lover grav'd his am'rous thought:
Oft, from the gay resort of men,
Thy spreading boughs affliction sought;
And pensive oft, to seek thy shade,
Perchance the fabling poet stray'd.

But now—or parch'd by sultry suns,
Or some rude blast's pernicious breath,
How fast thy vital moisture runs,
And wets the sadden'd turf beneath,
Untimely falls thy leafy pride
Adown the mountain's craggy side!

Yet do not drop—reviving Spring
Thy former health may still renew:
Mild Ev'ning softer gales may bring,
And wash thy wounds with tears of dew.
Not so thy lot, frail man! may be,
Returning Spring ne'er blooms for thee.

R 2

TO THE NAVY OF BRITAIN.

BY MRS. M'MULLAN.

NEPTUNE, indignant, saw on Afric's coast,
His seas invaded by a barbarous host,
Heard Pity's voice, saw Mercy's heav'nly form,
Implore protection from the Pirate's storm;
Summon'd his Tritons, blew the blast of war,
And to Britannia wheel'd his emerald car.

"Thee, Queen of nations! thee I call to aid,
Where Afric's blood-red pendant is display'd;
"The swarthy Dey each civil bond annuls,
"And counts his honours by his victim's skulls:
"Thy frown is fate, thy bulwarks are my laws;
"Then rouse, Britannia, in thy Neptune's cause!
"Thy Nelson's shade would shudder with despair,
"Should Neptune crouch to this abhorr'd Cor-
"Call on thy sons, and be thy flag unfurl'd—
"Those sons, that flag, the glory of the world!"

Britannia paus'd not, but a crystal tear
Bedew'd the olive garland on her spear,
"Degen'rate Afric! can the wisest sage,
"The preacher's doctrine, or the poet's page,
"Produce examples stronger than thy chains
"Of man's lost state, when man despotic reigns?
"Neptune, thy rights are mine, and Mercy's
cause

"Beams on my standard—forms Britannia's laws;
"My noble sons a ready sword shall wield,
"On Ocean's bosom, or Bellona's field.
"The healing olive scarce yet crowns my brow,
"Scarce for my victories have I paid my vow;
"The anxious matron scarce has bless'd her
boy,

"The happy sire yet knows but half his joy;
"Scarce from the temple led the blushing bride,
"Ere war comes rolling on the ensanguin'd tide;
"Yet rear my standard, and the laurel bring,
"Name but Britannia's rights, her laws, her
King,

"The anxious parents give their darling son,
"The sword is girded ere the feast's begun.
"Surely the Gods will make my sons their care,
"Hear Love's kind farewell, and the faithful
prayer.

"Then go, my heroes, set the suffering free;
"Your banner's motto—*George and Victory.*"

THE KEEP-SAKE.

Oh! know'st thou who, to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift, that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power?

Still, when it meets the musing view,
Can half the theft of time retrieve,
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear idea live?

It boots not if the pencil'd rose,
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye;
Or India's sparkling gems enclose
The talisman of sympathy.

"Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake,"—
On Fancy's ear still peals the sound,
Nor time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell by nature bound.

ON RECEIVING SOME BRIDE-CAKE
FROM A FRIEND.

THIS gift, possess'd of every charm
That bridal spells impart,
With visionary joys to warm
The fond believing heart;
Each dear, tho' transient scene of bliss,
In glowing tints to give,
And like that syren Happiness
Enchant but to deceive—
This gift presents an emblem true,
Of Love; (deceitful boy!)
Whose ready pencil gives to view
Those fleeting forms of Joy,
That rise, 'midst Sorrow's darkest shade,
In colours mildly bright,
And steal, by flatter'ing Fancy's aid,
Soft on the dazzled sight.
This opiate lulls the tortur'd mind
'Midst all the storms of care;
E'en Sorrow's victims fondly find
A sweet oblivion there.

In youth's gay morn, this balm of bliss
"Enchants us to repose;"
Till Reason steals the cup of peace,
And wakes us into woes.
Then Truth with busy hand destroys
Each scene Delusion drew,
And veils her visionary joys
From sick'ning Fancy's view.
Whilst Mem'ry in her tortur'd breast,
Each vanish'd bliss retains;
Contrasts the present with the past,
And heightens all its pains.
Then tempt me not to dreams of bliss,
Which transient joys bestow;
For, ah! why dream of happiness
If we but wake to woe?

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Yess, grief will have way, but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its
close.

Whose vanity flew round him only when fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;
Whose vanity now with quick scent for the dead,
Re-appears, like a vampire, to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-
born;

To think what a long line of titles may follow,
The relics of him who died—friendless and
lorn!



PARISIAN PROMENADE HATS
Engraved for V. G. La Belle Assemblée. Published Sep. 1866.



Designed by W. G. ...

low proud they can press to the fun'ral array,
Of him, whom they shun'd in his sickness and
sorrow;

low bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-
morrow!

And thou too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd;
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothing-
ness cast.

'Was this then the fate?'—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's
curse; [day,

When truth will be heard, and these Lords of a
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse;

'Was this then the fate of that high gifted man,
'The pride of the palace, the bower, and the
hall,

'The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran
'Through each mode of the lyre, and was
master of all!

'Whose mind was an essence, compounded with
art

'From the finest and best of all other men's
powers;

'Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
'And could call up its sunshine, or bring
down its showers!

'Whose humour, as gay as the fire fly's light,
'Play'd round every subject, and shone as it
play'd;

'Whose wit in the combat as gentle as bright,
'Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;

'Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it
tried, grave,—

'Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the
'Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
'As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes, such was the man, and so wretched his fate;
Thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the
great,

And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!
In the woods of the north there are insects that
prey,

On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;
Oh Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee
to die!

THE SEASON.

THE season, 'tis granted, is not very gay;
But we cannot in justice complain of the
weather:

For if changes delight us, we have in one day
Spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter
together.

FASHIONS

FOR

OCTOBER, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—SUMMER THEATRE COSTUME.

Round flounced dress of leno or fine lu-
dia muslin, the body made high in the *che-
missette* form, lightly embroidered in rows
of open work, and lined with peach-colour-
ed saraset, surmounted by a narrow ruff of
fine lace. Armenian toque of white tulle;
and satin, twisted *à-la-himaçon*, finished by
a plume of zebra feathers, peach colour
and white: the hair divided on the fore-
head. Cachemire shawl folded in elegant
drapery over the form. Limeric gloves,
and shoes of peach colour.

No. 2.—PARISIAN HATS AND BONNETS.

Numbers 1 and 2 represent *capotes* of
clear muslin, trimmed with fine lace, or a
muslin handkerchief, simply embroidered.

Number 3, chip and straw bonnets, sur-
mounted with Indian corn, or a superb
white rocket flower; the other trimmings
formed of rouleaus of gauze, or broad
plain satin ribband. Number 4, a smaller
bonnet of *Gros de Naples*, turned up on
one side, and ornamented in front with a
full bunch of roses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

OUR votaries of fashion and novelty,
though they continue in some degree to
be less infected with the mania of emigra-
tion, yet continue their visits to France,
and we are sorry to say still bring back

with them a plentiful supply of foreign fashions. Many of them, however, have found out that London modes are equal to those of Paris in point of elegance and inventive fancy; and there are some few ladies who, though they take up a temporary residence in France, yet prefer to have their millinery and dresses made in England.

The genius of our priestesses of the toilet have therefore been again set to work with that degree of spirit which gives life to ingenuity and vigour to taste. Foremost amongst these, without being any way guided by partiality, we cannot forbear to place Mrs. Bell, who, at her elegant *Magazin des Modes*, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, has added to her versatile stores the following articles of female attire, entirely and exclusively of her invention.

First, is an elegant spenser of a new construction, entitled the Caroline spenser; it is of fine white kerseymere, with a pelerine cape, elegantly ornamented with blue satin in bias.

Riding habits likewise are now requisite autumnal dresses in the country: they are made by the inventress of the Caroline spenser, in a most chaste and tasteful style, totally different from any yet produced: they fasten, as usual, either in front or on the shoulder. The favourite colour is a fine Tyrian blue, which, contrasted with the cream coloured travelling coat in a phaeton or curricule, forms a dress the most unique and elegant for the morning rides of Cheltenham, Brighton, or Hyde Park.

The Oriental pelisse is another out-door dress highly appropriate to the autumnal season: the material forming the pelisse is black, and it is ornamented down the sides with a rich border of Cachemire shawl fabrication: the lightness, yet richness of this superb article of dress, is wonderful. Another new pelisse is made from a material manufactured solely under the individual direction of one person, and is the best imitation ever given of the texture woven from camel's hair: it is of that modest and beautiful colour the Dalmatia brown, and is to be had only at the *Magazin des Modes*, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, with another fabrication from the same inventress, of real British manufacture, the curled silk for bonnets; and with

the Oriental pelisse should be worn one of this kind, of a bright amber, the crown encircled by a wreath of Indian coca leaves; the whole elegantly finished with white and amber ribbands and ears of Indian corn.

For the carriage costume, the Caroline turban hat of white curled silk, with a plume of white feathers, tipped with pink, is much in favour with females of high rank, and is also well adapted for evening parties. For morning rides, or friendly excursions, the Glasgow bonnet of blue and black, superbly finished by black feathers, is in high estimation.

Morning dresses of fine brocaded muslin, with pelerine capes, ornamented by a letting-in of French beading, are most fashionable for home costume, or morning promenades. A fine plain muslin dress, of novel invention, is preferred before any other for half dress: the shoulders are ornamented with a most elegant appendage, entitled the Gloucester epaulette, lightly trimmed with fine lace: round the border of the skirt several rows of lace are let in between alternate single strips of muslin *bouillons*: some of these dresses have sleeves and front entirely of lace.

The Glasgow cap, of a fine forester's green, surmounted by a plume of the same bright colour, is an elegant head-dress for dinner parties and the private box at the theatre—a most becoming toque for full dress, either in velvet or satin, promises to answer the expectations of the inventress in laying claim to the favour of females of exalted rank and fashion.

Before we close the description of the above individual inventions of Mrs. Bell, we beg leave to mention her last new invented long corsets: ladies inclined to too much *embonpoint* will derive singular advantage from them: they are equally free from hard substances as the short ones, which for more slender ladies have given such universal satisfaction.

The above statement may be relied on as an epitome of fashion; we shall, however, for the general satisfaction of our readers, give a few more general observations.

Spensers of satin or Irish poplin, made plain, and worn with ruffs, are very general: those of striped spring silk are declin-

ing in favour. Bonnets are worn very large, of various materials, but the most elegant are those made of curled silk, with a bunch of flowers over the left ear. Irish poplin gowns for dinner parties are much in favour. Muslin gowns, finished at the bottom with a profusion of tucks, and a deep flounce, are preferred when the weather is mild. For full dress white satin with blond trimmings, or ornamented with coloured embroidery, are most in requisition, with dresses of Almeida gauze, trimmed with three flounces of fine lace blond. For head-dresses cornettes are only worn for breakfast costume: the fancy hat and unornamented turban have usurped their place, and are infinitely more becoming. Very young ladies ornament their hair with wreaths of full blown roses of rather a resplendent hue; they are not so conspicuous when mingled with the hair as may be imagined, and are very becoming.

The favourite colours are Dalmatia brown, forester's green, amber, peach-colour, and pink.

Half boots of pale yellow kid, are most fashionable for walking; and French slippers of white spotted silk or satin, are worn at evening parties.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE winter fashions, at this capital, are now beginning to make their appearance; though the autumn is so little advanced, the unusual weather experienced in France, as every where else, compels the modish dame to bid adieu to that etiquette of *demi-saison costume* so indispensable heretofore at this period of the year. Now, though pelisses, carricks, and even swans-down tippets have been already sported, yet when the weather is at all mild nothing is so much in favour as a muslin pelerine for walking: this forms a ridiculous contrast, to be sure, but the transition is, at least, economical; for should the dress-maker and milliner produce a paraphernalia of autumnal habiliments, it cannot be determined whether she will ever be paid for

the expence. England is not the only country that has suffered by the war; indeed, I firmly believe she has suffered less by the war than any of the other powers: be that as it may, the purveyors of the toilet are seldom idle, and the versatile forms they have given to hats and bonnets are wonderful. The slight drawing I send herewith will give but a faint idea on that subject, I must resort to the pen to fill up the deficiency. Some hats are made with large brims, others altogether as narrow; the crowns still remain very high: straw and chip hats are generally lined with pink or pale blue; a bunch of red roses constitutes the chief ornament on those lined with the former colour; those lined with blue have a wreath of blue bells encircling the crown. Bonnets of clear muslin are much worn in early morning walks; the crowns are high, but the brims are not made to shield the face so closely as they were last month. For the museums and public walks the Scotch bonnet is again in favour, with superb plumes of black feathers; while some ladies prefer a bonnet of white figured sarsnet, ornamented with a bunch of geranium; these bonnets are bound with a striped ribband, white, and geranium. Some dress bonnets are made of white chip, and are ornamented with dark blue convolvuluses, with ribbands to correspond. A few glazed straw hats have made their appearance, trimmed and bound with very broad striped ribband: a favourite bonnet too is brought out of transparent gauze, trimmed with rose coloured ribband, and the seams covered with ribband *buillones*. The newest straw hats have enormous brims; their only ornament is a large cockade of ribband, or a bunch of flowers consisting of six or seven daisies, or the same number of pinks or Provence roses. Fancy straw hats are in great requisition; they are called spangled straw, and are of various shapes, patterns, and colours. Bonnets made of this material are either of the poke kind for undress, or of the turban shape for carriage costume. Dress hats of lemon coloured crape, ornamented with daisies, roses and carnations, are much in vogue for evening parties.

Muslin gowns, richly embroidered, are universally worn in half dress; they are trimmed with Vandyck ornaments *à l'Es-*

pagnole, and such is the ornament that terminates the sleeve at the wrist, which is there turned up in the Spanish manner. When muslin gowns are worn in full dress (as they often are by youthful females), they are trimmed round the border with a very costly trimming of lace, in patterns of palm leaves. Silk gowns of light colours are much in favour for evening parties; they are finished round the border by a white trimming of ribband *appliquée*.

Head-dresses consist of *cornettes* of tulle, with a bunch of flowers placed on one side. The hair is worn twisted in bands or plaits, and is wound round the head, *à-la-limaçon*, the ends fastened by a comb, or a bodkin set with jewels.

The French carriages are now all painted yellow, with the wheels of the same colour; some amongst the higher classes have, however, by way of distinguishing themselves, sported some curricles of a myrtle green, with red wheels; and two or three chariots have made their appearance of a deep red. The hammercloths, which used to have five or six rows of fringe, have now only two: the coach-box is made so high that the seat is on a parallel line with the imperial, and the stand for the footman is so elevated that his bust appears over the carriage.

COSTUME OF FRANKFORT.

THE Frankfort ladies, when they walk abroad, generally envelope their heads in a large close bonnet, which is very elegantly finished by ribbands woven in the most curious manner, in the form of cockleshells and flowers; this is their morning costume. When they walk after dinner, or in the public walks, they ornament their heads with feathers and flowers, which are always of two different colours; generally consisting of very tasteful mixtures, such as lilac and white, or purple and jonquil: they prefer chip to straw hats for summer wear. Their gowns are made in the French style; in summer they are particularly partial to the English cambric muslins; in the winter they are clad in strong and warm clothing, consisting of stuffs and rich satins, and are generally enveloped in a large shawl of knit silk and worsted intermingled. Their stuffs are, however, of the finest and

most superior quality; and there is that air of comfort and independence, not unaccompanied with grace and often elegance, which is so frequently to be met with amongst the females of all great commercial towns.

Their hair is generally fine and light coloured, and they arrange it more according to the English than the French fashion; nevertheless, there is a peculiarity in the style of dress of a Frankfort lady which distinguishes her from either a French, an English, or even any other German female.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

IN the reign of Louis XVI. the porcupine feathers, now revived and so highly appreciated, first made their appearance; to these ornaments succeeded a deformity in head-dresses called the *hogging* the hair; when each hair stood erect like the quills of an hedgehog. Weary of this, the child's *biggen* next took the lead, with the hair falling in curls half way down the back like a judge's wig; the hair generally powdered, yet in a loose and half curled disorder, succeeded to this *coiffure*, and a few stray ringlets fell in a very becoming manner over the forehead. Then, all on a sudden, bonnets with the crowns formed, and quartered like a large melon, were next to be seen, ornamented with grass, and leaves cut in green tiffany; while the hair in full dress was loaded with a variety of baubles, with diamond ships and windmills. Enormous hats then covered the heads of the French beauties resembling tea-boards; and Circassian robes, Armenian and Turkish tunics completed their attire, with sleeves of a different colour to that of the robe. Great coats of silk and linen, with enormous buttons nearly the size of a half-crown piece, formed a favourite dress for walking; and in full dress the ears were loaded with enormous ear-rings, which hung as low as the shoulders, like those of the savages of Caffraria; rings, one above the other, covered the fingers from the lower joint to the tip; and the red or auburn powder lent new charms, to the swarthy wife, who appeared, so disguised,

the enamoured eyes of her husband like fair young novice.

Next succeeded the graceful Levite, and the *Chemise à-la-Reine*; the hair was arranged in what was styled balloon curls, and the neck handkerchief puffed out like the breast of a pouting pidgeon. The lovely Queen effected a total revolution; the Grecian habit became the reigning mode; the whimsical and grotesque fashions which had preceded this captivating costume, were now totally thrown aside; in this attractive style the French were continually improving; after the capture of the gallery of Florence, and other inspections into the works of antiquity, the most classic Roman style was next introduced; Madame Josephine, the late Empress, and her daughter the late Ex-Queen of Holland,

were models that a statuary might desire to copy, as the drapery of ancient Rome floated over their exquisite forms. As France, however, became more refined, and more concentrated under a courtly government, there was a nudity in this costume which savoured of licentious republicanism. The etiquette of full dress, and a mania for English fashions, became universal: however, the emulation of victory, and the humiliation of sometimes being conquered, alienated the minds of the ladies from British fashions, and they set themselves about studying all the various graces of the toilette, in inventing modes entirely their own; in this they have succeeded, and are again, as they were many centuries ago, the arbiters of taste to all Europe.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—*Coriolanus*, *The Tartuffe*, &c.—If *Coriolanus* could always be performed in the manner it was last at this theatre, it might be classed, if not as the *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic works, at least as one which must ever attract a crowded audience. Talma was most exquisite in his manner of performing. The indignation of a great heart, severely wounded, exhaled itself sometimes most energetically, and sometimes with the most bitter irony. Certainly there is no part of history that has afforded such scope to the talents of a dramatic writer. The only fault in *Coriolanus* is, that after he had taken up arms against the Romans on being banished by them, that he should suffer himself to be disarmed by the tears of his mother. In regard to the manner of his death, that is differently related by different historians. One says he was assassinated by the Volcians, another says he lived till a very advanced age, and another that he died by his own hand! In which latter opinion Cicero agrees.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.—*La Primavera Felice*; or *the Propitious Season of Spring*.—All the French Theatres have been ambitious of celebrating the nuptials of the Duke de Berri, and this is the fiction

M. Balechi has made use of on the occasion. The *Count de St. Foi* is at his country seat, his vassals are about to celebrate his birthday, and he is preparing to go to Paris to take the command of a corps belonging to the Royal Guard. Before he departs he is desirous of seeing a young maiden married whom he has taken under his protection, named *Corilla*, to *Robert*, the son of one *Don Nuvolone*, who has settled in the country. This *Don Nuvolone* is a kind of visionary, full of astrology and political prognostics. He has consented to the marriage, but he thinks he has perceived the tail of a comet, and that all the stars have combined to predict a day of great events, which has struck awe into his soul. This day, being that which commences the spring quarter, nevertheless, is a day of rejoicing; but is it not also the anniversary of a most melancholy event? The young lovers are so much the more afflicted at the sudden withholding of the father's consent, as the musicians were already engaged to celebrate the marriage. All that the *Count* and *Countess* are able to obtain from this obdurate parent is, that he will consent to the marriage if the day passes without any thing sinister taking place. The fete of the *Count's* birth-day commences; but

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soon the discharge of cannon is heard, and the politician is in an agony of terror, doubting not but what the gloomy predictions he has advanced are about to take place. A courier then arrives from Paris to inform them that this cannonading is only a joyful signal of the august marriage which is taking place. *Don Nivolone* has no farther objections to make, he gives up his visionary schemes, and sings with the rest an invocation for the happiness of France.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.—*The Road to Fontainebleau, or Preparations for a Fete.*—This is a very pretty vaudeville, which, though it owes much of its interest to local circumstances, has yet considerable merit in itself. A *M. de St. Remond*, the owner of a chateau on the road to Fontainebleau, has ordered preparations to be made for a fete, as the King and royal family are expected to pass by. *Madame Richard*, who superintends his farm, has a daughter and a niece, who are very desirous of being well settled, and who are beloved by *Charles* and *Augustus*, two brave Officers of the 10th regiment in the line, and who have been since exchanged into the King's Guards. The two young men are to form part of the escort which are to precede the Princess. They obtain leave to turn aside to pay a short visit to their mistresses. They meet in their way thither with a curious original, one *M. Renard*, a constant solicitor for a place, or employment, for above twenty-seven years: fatigued, at length, with fruitless endeavours, he adopts another mode of petitioning, by addressing his requests to *Madame Richard*, tending to the permission of marrying either her daughter or her niece, he is indifferent which. This grotesque, but pleasant character, keeps the audience in perpetual laughter. The gardener, *Julian*, is not less diverting. *Mademoiselle Javotte*, a vulgar flower girl, arrives from Paris with a young coxcomb whom she has compelled to give her his arm. These two characters are truly comic and striking. At length a handsome gentleman is announced, who has just descended from his carriage. *M. Renard*, fully persuaded it must be some nobleman, sets about penning a new petition: but this nobleman is no other than the *valet de chambre* of *M. de St. Remond*, who, on hearing of the loves of *Charles*

and *Augustus*, announces to *Madame Richard* his intention of uniting *Theresa* and *Caroline* to these two brave soldiers, while he promises to portion them and provide for their future establishment. *M. Renard* walks off, hanging down his head, and looking very silly. Shouts of loyalty and attachment are now heard, and all the village run out to welcome their beloved sovereign. The scene changes, and represents the park of *M. de St. Remond*, brilliantly illuminated for the fete: six transparencies are successively discovered, which are the portraits of the King and all the members of his family. Every one is saluted by an ingenious couplet which perfectly characterizes the august personages; and an animated and general *rondans* terminates this witty and striking representation.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Adolphus, an Anecdote found amongst the Papers of a Stranger; published by Mr. Benjamin de Constant. One Volume 12mo. Paris.

ADOLPHUS, a young man possessed of an elevated mind, and a restless imagination, timid through pride, reserved from awkwardness, in love with renown, and indifferent as to the means whereby he may attain it, desirous of loving, yet daring not to give up his heart to love, tries to charm away his want of employment by paying equivocal homage to the beautiful *Eleonora*. *Eleonora* is a Polish female arrived at mature age, whom a long series of misfortunes have obliged to emigrate from her country, and she is placed under the protection of a certain Count de P——, a very worthy man, whose kindness to her she has repaid in so grateful a manner that it has cost her her reputation. She is on these terms with her benefactor, to whom it must be confessed she has given several children. *Adolphus* pays a visit to the Count, who is his relation, is presented to *Eleonora*, pays his court to her in order to see what will be the result, and receives from her a repulse at which his pride is severely wounded; at length, by dint of a thousand follies and passionate protestations, he draws from her a confession that delights him, obtains a victory which calms his mind, and bar-

thens himself with a conquest that fatigues him.

What is he to do to get rid of his mistress in a decent manner? He has recourse to parental authority. The most pressing letters call him back to duty: he shews these letters; weeping and lamentations follow, and he is implored to delay his journey six months, that Eleonora may be prepared to encounter the pangs of absence. This is granted. But poor Adolphus, who thought only of pleasure without looking for the consequences, and who has thus fettered himself, becomes every day more wretched and more enslaved. His mistress, whose character seems a compound of pride and abandonment, of rage and tenderness, passion and sensibility, repulses him, and brings him back again unceasingly; as wretched and as enslaved as himself, she breaks her engagement with the Count, who still adores her, and whom she forsakes to follow Adolphus, who is at a loss what to do with her. In losing her protector she loses also that kind of rank she had hitherto held in the world; but what signifies her protector, or indeed the whole world? she has still Adolphus. But to complete her disgrace she has him not long. She cannot support herself under the torments of absence, and she sets off to seek her lover, who has returned to his father's house. Here the father of Adolphus commits a striking folly: instead of letting the languishing passion of his son die in good earnest, he rekindles it by forbidding the young man the sight of his mistress: at which interdiction Adolphus fails not to revolt, and carries off the lady to go and live with her. Partly from nobleness of mind, and partly from obstinacy, Adolphus resolves never to quit Eleonora: while the life they mutually lead is insupportable; they quarrel and make it up again twenty times in a day. The death of Eleonora puts an end to the punishment of this amorous pair, whose history is enough to make any one afraid of love.

Such as it is, this work is not devoid of some very striking and beautiful passages. Every character is traced with a masterly hand: the smallest traits in that of Adolphus strike the reader so naturally that he fancies he sees the man before him: he does

not create affection, not even esteem, and but little interest; but his weaknesses have something in them which attach one to him, and we feel for him all that pity which those who live in continual contradiction to themselves are generally sure of inspiring. Eleonora sacrificing to her lover a man to whom she had already sacrificed her reputation, Eleonora, a woman of strong passions, a mother without tender affection, raving alternately against that society which casts her from it, against her destiny which she has overthrown, against Adolphus over whom she tyrannizes, is a character common enough; but yet she fails not frequently to awaken attention by those incidents which proceed from her character clashing with that of Adolphus.

The style and language are excellent. The work is that of a philosopher, of an observer who has seized the passions as they presented themselves to his view, and has explained them rather than painted them. He abounds in slight details, but which are extremely interesting. The following extract will serve to justify our praises of this work:—

“Eleonora soon followed my letter. She informed me of her arrival. I hastened to her in the firm resolution of testifying the utmost rapture, though I felt it not; I was impatient to set her heart at ease, and to procure her, for one moment at least, a state of happiness and tranquillity; but her feelings had been wounded; she examined me with suspicion; and she soon discovered how much my joy was forced. She irritated my pride by her reproaches; she outraged my character, and painted me out so miserably weak that she revolted me more against her than against myself. We both gave way to senseless fury. Common civility was abjured, and all delicacy forgot. It seemed as if we were impelled by the furies to abuse each other: every thing that the most implacable hatred could have invented against us did we make use of in our language to each other; and these two unfortunate beings who alone in this world were acquainted with each other's hearts, who alone could do justice to each other, understand, and comfort each other, seemed to be governed by the most inveterate enmity, and ready to tear each other in pieces.”

The strength expressed in describing this situation hurts the other parts of the work. When two lovers have been placed in such a violent situation, the progression of the drama should be strictly observed. It is not worth while to set fire to a house and then to busy ourselves with only a few recds that may be blazing.

Poems by Miss D. P. Campbell.

Miss D. P. Campbell, a young lady resident in one of the northernmost isles of Scotland, who for some years past has contributed to the maintenance of a distressed mother, and supported entirely by her own exertions a younger brother and sister, proposes in furtherance of that support to publish a volume of Poems, the greater part of which were originally written without the view of ever extending them beyond the small circle of her own acquaintance until severe and accumulated misfortunes compelled her to offer them to the public.

An edition of these Poems was published at Inverness in 1811, when the authoress had not yet obtained her seventeenth year, for the amiable purpose of liberating her father from prison. That beloved parent is since dead; and the helpless situation in which he left his family has induced his unhappy daughter to attempt, by Subscription, a Second Edition of her Works, considerably improved and enlarged.

The above advertisement has been for some time privately circulating, but the list of Subscribers hitherto obtained being but barely adequate to the expences of printing, an appeal is respectfully made in her behalf to the benevolence of the public. In the earnest hope that the merits of the case will be considered such as to insure her a sufficient number of Subscribers' names, the Poems have been sent to press, and will be speedily published, in one handsome volume octavo.

These names, and any donations, will be thankfully received by the following Booksellers—Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; and Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster-row; Mr. Murray, Albemarle-street; Mr. Chapple, Pall-Mall; Messrs. Hookham and Sons, Bond-street; Mr. E. Lloyd, Harley-street; Messrs. Cowie and

Co. Poultry; Mr. Richardson, Royal-Exchange, Cornhill; Mr. Wilson, 45, Gracechurch-street; Messrs. Dean and Munday, Threadneedle-street; Mr. Carpenter, 314, Holborn; Messrs. Sharp and Hales, Oxford-street, London; and Messrs. John Ballentyne and Co. Edinburgh.

The price to Subscribers 10s. 6d.; to be paid on delivery of the Work.

A Catalogue of Books, with their sizes and prices, published since September, 1814, to the present time, will appear about the end of the month.

The Rev. Thomas Rees will soon publish, in a duodecimo volume, a translation of the *Rucovian Catechism*; to which will be prefixed, a Sketch of the History of the Unitarian Churches of Poland, for whose use it was composed.

Mr. G. Jackson, of Islington, has in the press, a new and improved *System of Mnemonics, or Two Hours Study in the Art of Memory*, illustrated by many plates.

Mr. Robert Fellowes has in the press a *History of Ceylon*, from the earliest period to the year 1815, with characteristic details of the people.

The Rev. John Bruce, of Newport, is printing *Juvenile Anecdotes*, designed for the moral and religious instruction of the rising generation.

Mr. A. Becket, whose Sketch of a Plan for the Relief of the People was submitted to the late Mr. Pitt, has for some time been engaged in perfecting that Plan under the title of *Public Prosperity*.

Mr. T. Wilson, Dancing-Master, has just published a *Complete System of English Country Dancing*, containing a great variety of new and fashionable Figures, new Reels &c. &c. And likewise a *Technical Ball Room Dictionary*, with the complete Etiquette of the Ball Room.

A new edition of Mr. Harmer's *Observations on various Passages of Scripture*, with many important additions and corrections by Adam Clarke, L.L.D. will soon be published, in four volumes octavo.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PRESENT AGE.

I AM already become a person of consequence in the forest of Senart; the chil-

dren all run after me with joyful exclamations, and which can be compared to nothing but hooting. I might be vain enough on this occasion to compare myself to the philosopher of Geneva, if I could conceal that Zameo partakes with me of this species of homage, which I would much rather be without. I am much more flattered by the frequent visits of Madame de L—— from Paris, and who generally makes me accompany her in those she pays her friends; it is a very convenient way of making me pass in review, and I take advantage of their curiosity by observing them as they are gazing at me.

Last Sunday Madame de L—— came to my hermitage to take me to dinner, at about a league's distance, with a Madame de Moronval, known by the excess, or rather as I could perceive by the ostentatious display, of her maternal tenderness. It was only five o'clock, and the company, when we arrived, were all wandering about the Park. Madame de L—— went into the apartment of Madame de Moronval, who was just completing her toilet, and left me alone with a little boy of about eight or nine years old, which she embraced, and presented to me by the name of Eugène: he was the son of the lady of the house, and he began entertaining me with smacking a great whip, which he held in both hands: then bluntly asked me what was my name? "My little friend," said I, showing him the back of a letter, "it is not customary to announce our own names, let me see if you can read it."—"I had rather you would tell it me, yourself," added he, pulling me by the skirt of my coat. I was obliged to comply, and in return for my complaisance, the little gentleman remarked, "You are very old, and you have got a very ugly face." I tried to make him comprehend that it did not depend upon myself to get rid of these two inconveniences, and that it was not civil in him to tell me of them: but instead of listening to me, he snatched off the little fur cap which I wear instead of a hat, and at the same time took off the wig, which I wear to cover my bald head in a country where it is customary to be always uncovered, according to the established rules of politeness. This roguish trick did not at all please me, I rose to run after the silly boy, who took refuge in his mother's room with

the spoils of my head. She appeared with him in a moment after, and made many apologies for what she called a childish trick, and scolded her child in that kind of way that made him long to begin his tricks again, while she could scarce conceal her own laughter at the figure I made, and at that which nature had bestowed upon me.

I adjusted my wig as I stammered out an ironical compliment to this tender mother, on the sprightliness of her son; she made me no other reply than in presenting to me her daughter Emily, a little lady who held up her head, seemed very reserved, and very rational; quite the opposite to her brother; she was not, however, a bit the better for that.

The dinner bell rang, and the guests all came in, amongst which were several children of different ages, who came in one after the other; and we seated ourselves at table; I was very glad to see that the children were confided to the care of a governess, and went to dine with her in another apartment. Eugène took care to let us know when he went out that he should come in again at the desert.

Our dinner was very dull; politics were the chief theme, and as every one appeared to have his individual ideas on that head, the chief end proposed seemed to be the confounding of prejudices and principles, duties and affections, and to try who should defend with most warmth his own particular interest, under the name of public interest, and who should be most obstinate in maintaining his own opinion, and in despising that of others; women joined in these discussions, and, as usual, adopted the dictates of passion instead of the arguments inspired by reason. Every thing was exaggerated: all the forms of repressed malevolence and polite animosity were exhausted, and nothing now remained but to resort to abuse: fortunately the remark of a lady who sat next me on a *tattooed* figure upon my left hand, diverted the subject; Madame de L——, who calls me her *wild man of the woods*, drew the attention towards me by speaking of the country I came from, and the long sojournment I had made among the savages: above twenty questions were now asked me at once, which every one took care to answer for me: when they permitted me to hear what

they said, I declared, like the Huron of Voltaire, that I came from a country where every one spoke in his turn, and always answered, himself, the question that was put to him: I now satisfied all those which had been addressed to me, in a manner to interest my hearers, and the conversation began to take a lively turn, while real French urbanity had succeeded to political discussions; suddenly a piercing shriek, issuing from one of the ladies, interrupted our amusement; we soon found out that it was caused by some mischievous trick of Eugene's: this amiable child had slid under the table, and had amused himself by running a pin into the leg of a young lady, whose charming countenance and modest demeanor had particularly excited my admiration.

It was not without much difficulty that the little troublesome creature was made to quit the post he had chosen; it was only by the threat of not partaking of the desert which was just put on the table. All the children, to the number of nine, now ran in, and from that moment every one was occupied with them alone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOBILITY SPRUNG FROM TRADE.

PENNANT, in his *History of London*, page 397, gives a curious list of some of our principal noble families, who owe their origin to trade, honest or dishonest, in the following words, viz.—“I beg leave here to remind several noble Peers of their industrious forefathers.”

John Coventry was an opulent mercer of the City of London, and Mayor in 1425, a most spirited magistrate. From him is descended the Earl of Coventry.

The family of Rich, Earls of Warwick and Holland, arose from Richard Rich, an opulent mercer, Sheriff in 1441.

The Holles's, Earls of Clare, and Dukes of Newcastle, sprung from Sir William Holles, Mayor in 1540, son of William Holles, citizen and baker.

Sir Thomas Leigh, Mayor in 1558, furnished the peerage with the addition of two, viz. Leigh, Earl of Chichester, and Leigh, Lord Leigh of Stoneley.

The Bouveries, Earls of Radnor, descend from Edward Des Bouveries, an opulent Turkey merchant, died in 1694.

Lord Ducie was descended from Sir Robert Ducie, Sheriff in 1620, Mayor in 1631, banker to Charles I., and afterwards created a Baronet.

Paul Bayning, Sheriff in 1593, was father of Paul, created Viscount Bayning.

The Cranfields, Earls of Middlesex, arose from Lionel Cranfield, a citizen, bred up in the Custom-house. The Duke of Dorset is descended from Frances Cranfield, heiress of the third Earl.

The noble family of Ingram, Viscount Irwin (now represented by the Marchioness of Hertford), were raised in the reign of Elizabeth, by Hugh Ingram, citizen, merchant, and tallow-chandler.

Sir Stephen Brown, Mayor in 1438, was a grocer, and gave us another Peer in the person of Sir Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montague, in 1554.

The ancestor of the Legges, Earls of Dartmouth, was Mayor of London in 1347; and in 1357, having in his trade of a skinner, attained great wealth.

Sir Geoffry Bullen, Mayor in 1458, was grandfather to Thomas Bullen, Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anna Bullen, and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth; the highest genealogical honour the city ever possessed.

Sir Baptist Hicks, a mercer, founded the Peerage of Campden.

Sir William Capel, draper, Mayor in 1503, founded the noble family of Capel, now Earls of Essex.

Edward Osborne, Mayor in 1583, was ancestor of the Dukes of Leeds.

Michael Dormer, mercer, Mayor in 1542, produced the future Lords Dormer.

From Sir William Craven, merchant tailor, Mayor in 1611, sprung the Earls of Craven.

Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward is descended from William Ward, a wealthy goldsmith in London, and jeweller to the Queen of Charles I.

KINGDOM OF HAYTI.

THE Royal Almanack of Hayti, for 1816, has been published: it contains one hundred and twenty-seven pages. Its court lists may vie with those of any empire, of whatever standing or complexion. The King, who has attained the sixth year of

his reign, will be forty-nine years of age on the 6th of October next. The Queen is in her thirty-ninth year. The Prince Royal, James Victor Henry, entered his teens on the 3d of March. He has two sisters, Princesses. There are five Princes of the blood. The ministers and grand officers of the crown amount to twenty. In the peerage are eight Dukes, nineteen Counts, thirty-four Barons, and nine Knights. The King's household consists of about one hundred and forty chamberlains, pages, professors, almoners, secretaries, &c. The Queen has fourteen ladies of the bedchamber, besides her male attendants. There are six regiments of guards. The order of Henry boasts upwards of one hundred and thirty members. In the army we find six marshals, nine lieutenant-generals, and twenty-one generals: of artillery, two regiments: of engineers, one corps: of infantry, twenty-four regiments filled up, and eight others named: of cavalry, two regiments: of naval officers, including the grand admiral, twenty-nine, besides cadets. Long lists are also given of the Fiscal and Judicial departments. The Queen holds her court on Thursdays at five o'clock. The King receives petitions at ten o'clock on the court-days, and returns an answer on the Thursday following. Such is the progress of this interesting settlement. The *Code Henry*, which has been published, is a thick volume. The laws are of course on the French model.

PALAIS ROYAL.

It is not without reason that the French call the *Palais Royal* the capital of Paris; within its narrow compass are concentrated and sublimated all the arts and vices, not only of Paris, but of Europe; it has scarcely undergone any change in its general aspect since last year, except in the absence of foreign military: the trader, the gambler, the lounge, the politician, the stranger, and the spy, move in a perpetual round of fraud, curiosity, *causa*, and vice. I visited a few evenings ago almost all the places of public resort within this singular place, and after two or three hours observation, could scarcely get over the impression that my absence was but of yesterday. In the coffee houses the same figures presented themselves, bending over the scanty columns of

a French newspaper, and occasionally sipping a little coffee, without cream, with a great quantity of sugar, and so strong as to enflame and intoxicate in a higher degree than the same quantity of any sort of wine. With it they usually take a small glass of pure brandy, and this, which costs about sixpence or sevenpence, is the evening refreshment of a Frenchman. The *Cafe de Mille Colannes*, in the *Palais Royal*, is still frequented by the English more than any other. But a curious piece of fraud has been practised upon the visitors—the principal inducement here was to see the beautiful woman, who sat enthroned in all the splendour of ornament and beauty at the bar of the coffee-house. Her dress was more rich and magnificent than any usually seen upon the stage; the diamond ornaments worn by her are said to have been worth several thousand pounds, and her inkstand, flower pots, and other furniture of the desk, which she had before her, were supposed to be of massive gold; the workmanship and the colour have certainly that appearance, and produce all the effect. She had black hair, black eyes, and was extremely fair, but had latterly lost much of her beauty by becoming too large; she exceeded even that stage which the French call *embonpoint*. Whether from this or whatever cause, she has retired from the temple, and her place is filled by a new and a younger, but far less beautiful idol, who receives from strangers, unconscious of their mistake, all the incense and adoration which they come prepared to offer to the former.

The *Cafe Montansieur* is as much frequented as ever; this is a very large theatre converted into a coffee-house, where the pit, boxes, and galleries are crowded with the young, dissolute, and idle of every rank of life; pimps, who offer to introduce gentlemen to the ladies of the Opera-house, and women who sell grossnesses of every description, which they call by the name of *polissoneries*. It is well provided with *gens d'armes* to prevent disorder in so numerous and miscellaneous an assemblage; but the gambling houses are the places that present the most extraordinary scenes. They are nearly as numerous as the coffee-houses, much more frequented, and open gratuitously to the world as a sort of lounge. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

After seeing number nine, one has a pretty correct idea of them all. On entering this house, the first thing that presents itself is a table, at which is playing the game called *roulette*. On the right is a long suite of spacious apartments, in the first of which they play *rouge et noir*; in the second, the same game, but for gold only; in the third, they play at cards, in which also there are sofas for those who are disposed to read the newspapers, talk, or sleep. What a varied group is that of the players! young military men; others who appear to be fathers of families; persons of the gravest deportment dressed like Abbés, and several of those survivors of the old school, who are called *Voltigeurs de Louis XIV.* An accurate observer might distinguish the bankers of a gambling house among thousands, so peculiar is the expression of their countenances. They play against the whole table, and thus are perpetually on the rack of hope and fear, as well as more deeply interested than the players; the consequence is, that the lines of thought and care are deeply marked upon their pale countenances, and the whole expression is that of a mind, the movements of which are painfully concentrated upon a single object. I have been told, that in no situation or climate is the waste of life so great. They are obliged to relieve each other at short intervals. No nerves could bear the tension for any considerable length of time. I have spoken only of the suite of rooms on the right; that on the left presents another scene. In the first, supposing it to be past eleven o'clock at night, they play hazard; the next, a large ball room, is crowded with the women of the town of the *Palais Royal*, who waltz with those who are tired of lounging or play; and at the end, a place where refreshments of every kind are laid out in profusion. The assemblage here is more numerous, and indeed much more decorous, than at the saloons of Drury-lane and Covent-Garden.

BIRTHS.

At Stockholm, the lady of the Right Hon. Edward Thornton, his Majesty's Envoy Extra-

ordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at that court, of a son.

At Bath, the lady of Michael Keogh, Esq. Barrister, of a son.

MARRIED.

At St. James's Church Westminster, the Hon. John Percival, eldest son of Lord Arden, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Anne Brodenell, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lord William Fitzroy, fourth son of the Duke of Grafton, and Captain in the Royal Navy, to Georgiana, second daughter of the late Tho. Raikes, Esq. of Upper Grosvenor-street.

At St. James's Church, the Right Hon. J. U. Frere, to the Right Hon. Lady Errol, of St. James's-place.

Lately, at Workington, Mr. Wm. Bennet, of Seaton, to Mrs. Sarah Twentyman, of the former place. This is the fifth time that the parties have entered into the holy state of matrimony. The bridegroom is in his seventy-third year, and the bride in her sixty-eighth! Both in bigamy. Previous to the knot being tied, the wife observed that she was younger than her husband.

DIED.

At Geneva, after a severe illness of near two years duration, which he bore with astonishing fortitude, Thomas Sydenham, Esq. late his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at Lisbon, and Knight of the Russian, and Swedish Orders of St. George, and of the Sword.

At his Lordship's seat, Pool Park, in Denbighshire, the Right Hon. Countess Lady Bagot. Her Ladyship was the eldest daughter of George, late Earl of Dartmouth, and sister to the present Earl.

At Hursley Lodge, Lady Heathcote, wife of Sir William Heathcote, Bart. and daughter of John Thorpe, Esq. of Embley.

At Reading, Berks, in his sixty-fourth year, the Rev. Joseph Eyre, M. A. rector of St. Giles, Reading, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, London.

At Chelsea, aged 73, Mr. John Kent, surgeon, late of Great Milton, Oxfordshire. He accompanied Captain Cook round the world in 1774.

At her house, at Hygate, Mrs. Crew, aged 69.

On the 11th ult. at Wittersham, Rodin Bridge, aged five years; about an hour after, Sarah Bridge, aged ten; on the 15th Harriet Bridge, aged three; and on the 18th, Sidney Bridge, aged twelve. The above all died of ulcerated sore throats.

Much lamented by a surviving husband and eight children, Mrs. Charles Dibdin, aged 35, wife of Mr. Dibdin, jun. of Sadler's Wells.

At Kingston-upon-Thames, in a fit of apoplexy, and in the sixty-third year of his age, Mr. Geo. Wilkinson, wine-merchant.

STREPPON OF THE HILL

Composed for N^o 88 of La Bell Assemblée

By M^r H O O K

2649

WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR PIANO FORTE AND FLUTE.

Flute 8^{va} alta

VINCE

Loco

Let others Damon's

p

praise rehearse, Or Colin's at their will, Let others Damon's

praise rehearse, Or Colin's at their will, I mean to sing in

rustic Verse I mean to sing in rustic Verse young

Strephon of the Hill young Strephon of the Hill young

Strephon of the Hill, I mean to sing in rustic verse young

Strephon of the Hill - young Strephon young Strephon young

Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade;
Beside a purling Rill,
Who should my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the Hill.

O lovely Maid, consent He cry'd,
Nor aim the swain to kill,
Consent this day to be the bride,
Of Strephon of the Hill.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

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FOR OCTOBER, 1816.

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For OCTOBER, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Eighty-ninth Number.

THE ALBANESE.

THIS highly interesting and pleasing phenomenon in nature, was born at a town in Essex, within forty miles of London, of English parents of the name of Harvey. They were people who were remarkable by no peculiar kind of complexion; but were of that ordinary colour, so natural to the English, which is neither fair nor dark, though rather inclined to the latter. They had six children; three of whom inherited the same complexion as their parents, and three, including the Albanese, of the same extraordinary appearance: the brother and sister who were possessed of the same coloured skin, hair, and eyes as the Albanese, are both dead.

The tint of Miss Harvey's skin is delicately fair, with a moderate portion of colour; but her hair is most wonderful: it is of the exquisite very pale straw colour of the silk worm's silk, as first spun by that miraculous production of nature, and of the same fine glossy texture. Her eyes are about a shade lighter than an Indian pink, a mixture of rose colour and lilac; they

are expressive, and though her eye-lashes and eyebrows are quite white, her countenance is strikingly animated. Her fine long clean hair is as pleasant to the touch as to the eye, and is kept so by frequent immersion in warm water, as she never uses either a comb or brush.*

Her manners are pleasing and well-bred; her voice sweet, and she sings with taste, though her vocal talents have not been much cultivated.

There is a delicacy and modest animation in her demeanour which render her truly interesting. Her conversation is fluent and agreeable; and she possesses that happy art of warding off and repressing impertinent remarks, without being impolite, while she yet maintains a proper feminine dignity.

* A very extraordinary circumstance occurred lately. A pregnant female was attracted by curiosity to go and see this beautiful phenomenon; she was delivered soon after of a daughter, whose eyes are the same pink colour, and the hair, which is of a fine straw colour, is now growing long and silky, like that of the Albanese.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

CERES.

CERES, the daughter of Saturn and Cybele, was one of Jupiter's wives, and mother to Proserpina. She taught men the art of cultivating the earth, how to sow and reap corn, and how to convert it into food. On account of those benefits she was worshipped as the Goddess of agriculture. She at first settled at Corcyrus, where she introduced the sickle, of which Pluto had made her a present: from thence she went into Sicily, where Pluto carried off her daughter.

As the young Goddess, in company with Cyane, a nymph, was engaged in gathering narcissuses, she happened to be perceived by the sable God. Conscious of never obtaining a companion willing to share with him the empire of the dead, he had recourse to main force: Cyane defended her mistress with all her might, but Pluto incensed at the resistance of the nymph, metamorphosed her into a fountain, and lifting Proserpina up in his golden car, disappeared with his prey.

The disconsolate Ceres was equally ignorant of the name of the ravisher and of the place where her daughter might be found; she lighted torches at the volcano of mount Etna, and over-ran Sicily calling after her: Echo alone repeated her cries, and her search proved of no avail. Still armed with her torches she mounted a chariot drawn by dragons, arrived first at Athens, where Celeus and his consort Meganira, welcomed her with hospitality; but the Goddess refused the cup of wine that was presented upon similar occasions; through a particular indulgence for the grief that oppressed her she would have feared to alleviate it by drinking the liquor. From Athens Ceres visited Eleusis, a city in Attica, and from thence took her flight to search over the whole world.

In the course of her travels she met with a multiplicity of adventures. In imitation of Latona she turned into frogs some peasants of Lycia who had disturbed the

waters of a fountain at which she wanted to quench her thirst. Another time she knocked at the door of a wretched hut to call for drink; an old woman, called Bauba, opened the door and brought a vessel full of drink to the Goddess. Ceres drank with so much avidity that a young child named Stelle, who saw her, could not help laughing; Ceres, in a passion, threw at him the liquid that was left in the vessel, and metamorphosed the child into a lizard.

Tired at last of her useless roivings, Ceres returned into Sicily. As she was wandering over the country she sat down one day by the side of a fountain that she did not know; it was the unfortunate Cyane, who, having retained the faculty of speech, discovered to her the name and abode of the ravisher of her daughter.

Ceres, without loss of time, applied to Jupiter, who promised that her daughter would return to her provided she had eat nothing in hell. Proserpina was going to depart the infernal regions, when Ascalapius, one of Pluto's officers, declared that he had seen her eat six grains of a pomegranate out of the garden. She was forced to submit; but Ceres, angry at the officious informer, threw some water of the Styx at his face, and turued him into an owl. Jupiter, however, in order to soothe the sorrows of Ceres, ordained that her daughter should spend six months with her and six with her husband. By Proserpina mythology means the seed which is the produce of agriculture; the grain of wheat, in fact, lays six months under ground, and six other months elapse from the moment it begins to shoot to harvest time.

Ceres's grief and her travels in quest of her daughter, constitute the whole subject of her history; the worship that was paid, and almost all the actions that were attributed to her are connected with them. With a view of rewarding the hospitality she had received from Celeus and Meganira, she taught their son Triptolemus agriculture. At the arrival of the Goddess the child was

labouring under a malady that deprived him of sleep and threatened his existence; Ceres, with one single kiss, restored him to life; she afterwards took charge of his education, and wished to render him immortal: for this purpose she suckled him with her own breast, and every night would have him cross over some burning coals that he might be purified of whatever he had mortal about him; but Megaira, true mother like, was anxious to know what Ceres did to her son, and frightened at seeing him in the midst of the flames, she sent forth a dreadful scream, and thus broke the spell which the Goddess wished to operate in his behalf.

Thus did Triptolemus lose the hopes of immortality, yet the attention of Ceres towards him continued unimpaired. When she had completed his education she made him a present of a chariot drawn by dragons, and dispatched him with a certain quantity of wheat and instruments of agriculture to teach husbandry to his fellow creatures. He encountered many dangers in his progress, but Ceres always kept watch over him. Lyncus, King of the Scythians, a barbarous nation that abhorred agriculture and lived upon the flesh and milk of their flocks, wished to put him to death, but was metamorphosed into a lynx.

Triptolemus, at his return, was selected by Ceres to be her high priest; he instituted at Eleusis, where he reigned after his father, famous mysteries in honour of the Goddess; there such as wished to be initiated were to go through the same ordeal as he had done himself. These were the most sacred mysteries among the heathens of antiquity, and they were accordingly denominated supreme mysteries: they were celebrated every year, and lasted nine days, during which all manner of business was suspended; they even who had presumed to present a petition in the temple of Eleusis would have been put immediately to death. Secrecy was the bond of that religious association, into which citizens of every description might be admitted after having gone through the trials of the initiation; murderers, sorcerers, villains, irreligious men, and gormandizers alone were excluded: Nero himself never dared to enter the temple of Ceres Eleusis, so predominant and powerful was the public opi-

nion of the sanctity of that place of worship. Those mysteries were celebrated down to the reign of Theodosius the First.

Ceres is represented as a beautiful majestic woman; her complexion is rather florid, but her hair is of a light colour; her head is crowned with a wreath of wheat ears and poppies; in one hand she holds a bunch of ears, and in the other a torch: sometimes she is seen with a torch in each hand, her flowing robe reaches her feet, and her chariot is drawn either by flying lions or dragons. She is also represented often holding a sceptre or a sickle, with two small children hanging at her breast, each of them holding a cornucopia.

MERCURY.

MERCURY, the son of Jupiter and of the nymph Maia, the daughter of Atlas, was the most busily engaged of all the Gods: he was considered as presiding over eloquence, as the protector of travellers, merchants, and thieves; he was besides, committed to conduct the souls of the dead to hell, and to bring them back from thence; he was, moreover, invoked in cases of marriage, as having the power of rendering the new couple happy. These manifold occupations, however, were nothing in comparison to those he had to fulfil for the other Gods, to whom he attended in the various capacities of minister, interpreter, messenger, and purveyor. He supplied them with and served them ambrosia, a divine food that kept them in a state of immortality; he superintended their sports, regulated the ceremonies to be observed at their entertainments and assemblies, heard the public harangues which he was appointed to answer: as minister and interpreter he was employed in all their negotiations, in all their treaties, and even in all their disputes, which were rather frequent, those amongst the Goddesses especially often offered him an opportunity of displaying his conciliatory abilities. In the capacity of a messenger he was continually posting over the heavens, the earth, and hell to discharge their commissions. Jupiter alone might have sufficed to keep him in constant occupation, yet Mercury executed whatever he was bid with more zeal than delicacy.

His genius, as God of thieves, manifested

itself at an early period, for when yet a child he stole Neptune's trident, Venus's girdle, Mars's sword, and Apollo's arrows; some even will have it that it was at this same period that he stole the flock of the latter, as we have related before. It was upon this occasion that he punished Battus, a shepherd: Battus was the only eye witness of the theft, and Mercury, in order that he should not inform against him, had made him a present of the finest cow in the whole flock. Mistrustful, however, of the shepherd in keeping the secret, he soon returned in the shape of a peasant, and offered him both a cow and an ox if he would give him some information respecting the thief. Battus was caught in the trap laid for him, and revealed all that he knew about it; when the enraged Mercury turned him into a loadstone, which serves to discover the alloy of base metal with gold.

Jupiter and Juno, whose commands and interest were most commonly in opposition to each other, caused no little embarrassment to Mercury, who at last, however, served Jupiter openly in preference, as he shewed by killing Argus. Jupiter, enraptured with the beauty of Io, the daughter of the river Inachus, and wishing to secure her against the penetrative jealousy of Juno, had metamorphosed her into a heifer. Juno, suspicious of some mystery, pretended to admire the beauty of the animal, which she demanded of Jupiter, who dared not refuse her request. The unfortunate Io was committed by Juno to the guard of Argus, a monster with an hundred eyes, fifty of which always kept open. Jupiter had recourse to Mercury, who borrowed Apollo's lyre, and, disguised as a shepherd, succeeded by his sweet music in lulling entirely Argus to sleep; he immediately cut off his head, and rescued Io, who gave birth to Epaphus. Juno placed the eyes of Argus on the tail of the peacock her favourite bird. Notwithstanding this essential piece of service, and several others of a like nature, Mercury, it is not rightly known in consequence of what, incurred the disgrace of Jupiter, who banished him from Olympus; so that for a time he was reduced, the same as Apollo, to discharge the humble duties of a shepherd.

It is perhaps at this period that must be placed his adventure with the daughters of

Cecrops, King of Athens; for it is difficult to conceive that whilst invested with his multifarious situations, he could find time enough to enjoy amusement. Cecrops had three daughters, Aglaura, Herse, and Pandrose: Mercury loved Herse, and wished to interest her sister Aglaura in his favour, which the avaricious Princess was agreeable to for a certain sum of money. Minerva, indignant at her baseness, inspired Aglaura with envy, that was soon converted into jealousy. Aglaura consequently contrived to prevent the visits of the God, who one day, exasperated at her resistance, touched her with his rod, and metamorphosed her into a stone.

Mercury is most generally represented in the shape of a handsome tall slim young man; he wears a cap surmounted with two wings, and his feet are winged in the like manner; in one hand he holds a purse and in the other his rod, or *caduceum*, which is a stick entwined by two serpents, and at the upper extremity of which are two wings. But his attributes varied according to his numerous employments; as God of eloquence he is attended by a swan, and sometimes a gold chain issues from his mouth; the cornucopia and trident indicate the God protector of commerce; the stick and the cloak, the patron of travellers; the ram that of shepherds; and the cock is the emblem of the vigilance that is requisite for the discharge of so many different occupations.

NEPTUNE, AND THE SEA DEITIES.

NEPTUNE, the son of Saturn, was allotted the empire of the seas when the three brothers shared the usurped dominions of their father, and received from the Cyclops the trident with which he commanded the waves. He sought in marriage the nymph Amphytrite, the daughter of Oceanus, whose empire he usurped. It was with great difficulty that he obtained her hand; but at last a dolphin, whom he entrusted with the negotiation, succeeded in surmounting the reluctance of the Goddess.

They had issue Triton (or the Tritons, for the poets reckon several to whom they attribute the same functions): Neptune made him a sea demi-god, and appointed him his trumpeter. He always went before him to announce his arrival by sound.

ing a shell: he was also said to possess the faculty of quieting the waves and of checking the tempest by using the same instrument.

Neptune, the same as Jupiter, was guilty of many infidelities, that became atrocious on account of the violence to which he had frequently recourse. He would often assume the shape of divers animals, and of all the Gods availed himself most of those metamorphosis; he even willingly communicated that talent to such as gained his good graces, and Metra put it in practice to prolong the days of her father Eresichton.

This Metra had been loved by Neptune, who had gifted her with the faculty of assuming whatever shape she liked, and to change it whenever she pleased. Her father laughed at the Gods and never offered them sacrifices. One day he carried his audacity so far as to destroy an ancient forest that was sacred to Ceres. The Goddess, to punish him, ordered Hunger to penetrate within his entrails whilst he was asleep, and to torment him without relaxation. Eresichton, in endeavouring to satiate his devouring appetite, soon exhausted all his resources. Then it was that Metra had recourse to her metamorphosis; she transformed herself into useful animals, which her father sold, but she would soon disappear from the eyes of the wondering purchasers, and returned to her father ready to assume another shape. The resources which Eresichton procured, however, by this means were not sufficient to satisfy the hunger that tormented him, and he finally devoured his own flesh.

Proteus, the son of Neptune and of Phénice, admitted as one of the sea Gods, was gifted with the same faculty by his father, but in a still higher degree. Neptune had appointed him to tend his flocks; and to reward him for his particular attention had besides bestowed on him the faculty of diving into futurity. This science, however, seemed to be rather more troublesome than useful to Proteus, who availed himself of his metamorphosis to elude the pursuits of those who came to consult him. In order to frighten them away he assumed the most dreadful shapes of either a lion, a dragon, a leopard, or a wild boar; sometimes he would turn himself into a tree, water, or even fire. The only means of

obtaining from him what one wished was to surprise him during his sleep, and to keep him bound fast without minding his transformations till he had resumed his former shape, and then he would answer.

Neptune had frequent quarrels with the other Gods; we have seen his dispute with Minerva respecting the city of Athens, he had another with the same Goddess about the city of Tressenum; Jupiter settled the business by ordering that the two deities should be equally worshipped. He also contended with Juno for the possession of the city of Mycenæ; the rivers of the country being appointed arbitrators gave it in favour of Juno, and Neptune, through revenge, dried their beds. He was more successful in his contest with Apollo about Corinth, where he was chiefly worshipped; the games that were celebrated in his honour on the isthmus where Corinth was situated, and named Isthmic games, were amongst the most renowned and the most brilliant.

We have already said that Neptune had been banished from Olympus for having entered into a conspiracy with Juno against Jupiter: employed by Laomedon King of Troy, he was defrauded of the remuneration that had been promised him, and to be revenged sent a sea monster that ravaged the country. This calamity was not to be removed until the child of a Trojan, chosen by ballot, should be exposed to the monster. Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon, chanced to be the devoted victim, but was rescued by Hercules, as we shall relate hereafter.

All the extraordinary revolutions of the seas were ascribed to Neptune; he was also considered as the author of earthquakes and of the alterations that occurred in the course of the different rivers: he was, moreover, worshiped as patron and protector of the walls and fortifications of cities, which he strengthened or overthrew at his pleasure. He was one of the most revered and dreaded amongst the heathen Gods, and most universally worshipped, especially in maritime countries.

Neptune is generally represented naked, or with a plain drapery; his chin is shaded with a bushy beard, he wears a crown on his head, and holds his trident in his hand; sometimes he is seen standing on the waves,

but more frequently in a car drawn by two or four horses, either terrestrial or sea horses; and is seldom seen unattended by Triton: when Amphitrite and the dolphins accompany him it is a sign of calm. To these is occasionally added the prow of a ship, on which are displayed articles of costly merchandise, the consequence of successful navigation.

There is nothing remarkable in the history of Amphitrite, the wife of Neptune: she is commonly seen drawn over the waves

in a car in the shape of a shell, surmounted by an azure sail held by the Nereids, and swelled by the breath of Zephyrs; the car is drawn either by sea horses or dolphins; sometimes the Goddess holds a golden sceptre in her hand, the Nereids and Tritons attend her car, some have the management of the reins, whilst others sound their shells in the shape of horns: it is said that she is sometimes represented as a mermaid, half a woman and half a fish.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

MRS. JOHNSON, DEAN SWIFT'S STELLA.

THIS most amiable female, both in mind and person, was wedded to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, yet she never could prevail on the Dean to acknowledge her as his wife, which was supposed to have resulted from pride on the part of Swift, as her father had been a menial servant to Sir W. Temple. Dr. Swift and Mrs. Johnson continued exactly the same way of life after marriage as before, living in separate houses, he at the deanery and she in lodgings at some distance from him, and on the other side of the Liffy. The outward respect and honour that this charming woman received are as often bestowed on a mistress as on a wife: strictly virtuous, she was yet compelled to submit to all the appearances of vice, except amongst those few people who were witnesses of the cautious manner in which she lived with her husband, who scorned to be married like any other man. But inward anxiety at length affected the natural calmness of her mind and the strength of her constitution; and from the first symptoms that her health was declining, she rather hastened than shrunk back in the descent; but it might be said that she was absolutely destroyed by that peculiarity of fate which it would not have been her lot to have experienced in an union with any other.

ESTHER VANHOMRICH.

THIS lady, better known to the world under the title of Vanessa, was another instance of the vanity and littleness of mind in Dean Swift, in his making public the

enthusiastic and almost ridiculous passion with which he had inspired her: endowed with a turn the most romantic, and possessed of vanity equal to his own, her highest ambition was to inspire this celebrated wit and author with mutual affection for her person. Her fortune was immense, and with a head and heart elated by affluence, she partook, with her mother and sister, of all the luxurious pleasures of the English court; but living in a course of extreme prodigality, they were reduced to distress, and after the death of the mother privately retired to Ireland, beginning their journey on a Sunday to prevent the pursuit of bailiffs. By the death of Vanessa's sister, which happened two years after their retirement into Ireland, she became heiress to the shipwrecked fortune: fond of dress, impatient for admiration, and eager to be regarded as a wit, she was in every party in the hospitable green isle, and frequently met Swift in them, at whom she directed all the battery of her attractions. She possessed several feminine accomplishments; her person was agreeable enough, but she possessed neither elegance or beauty: a great reader and a violent admirer of poetry, like Eloisa, she said,

"Make me mistress to the man I love;"

and all her highest aim was to be such to Swift. By nature haughty and disdainful, she looked on all women as her inferiors, and on the object of her love as superior to all his sex; but her love owed its origin to vanity rather than taste: while reading the works of this modern Rabelais, he rose in her opinion to a deity; and ere she had attained the age of twenty she felt all the

enthusiasm of love for a man of forty-five; but this man was favoured by courtiers, flattered, feared, and admired by the first men in the nation. Though the first thoughts of Esther might be said to be the mere phantom of imagination, yet they soon ripened into a serious and lasting passion. Swift, whose vanity was highly gratified at exciting this admiration in so youthful a bosom, taught her that vice when it defied shame was changed into virtue, and that vulgar forms were not binding to certain choice spirits: she listened to this sophistry with attention, and eagerly imbibed its principles, for they suited her exalted imagination; and if the hints given by this extraordinary satirist in his poem of *Cadmus and Vanessa*, have any foundation in truth, we cannot wonder at the sudden retirement of Esther to Selbridge, a small cottage and estate within ten miles of Dublin, where spleen and disappointment were her sole companions. The narrowness of her income, the coldness of the man on whom she deoted, with the loss of her reputation, all contributed to render her miserable and to increase the natural enthusiasm of her imagination. For several years Swift visited her frequently, and in those conversations which must ever remain unknown, Esther often pressed him to marry her, while his answers consisted of turns of ready wit more than formal refusals. She then wrote to him an epistle, the most moving and tender, insisting on a serious answer, either to accept her as a wife immediately, or to give her a positive denial. He carried his answer himself, and throwing down the letter on the table, remounted the horse which had brought him with a face glowing with anger and ill humour. Esther had seen him in all his tempers, and easily guessed by the austerity of his countenance at the contents of the letter; summoning her resolution, she read it with as much calmness as the cruelty of her fate, and the pride of a heart unfortunately too warm for her peace, would permit. By this fatal letter she found herself for ever discarded from his friendship and conversation, and her offers treated not only with disdain but insult; she met with reproaches instead of love, and with tyranny instead of tender affection. She survived but a few days, but was sufficiently mistress of herself

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to cancel a will she had made in Swift's favour, and make another. The retirement in which she had lived for some time had retrieved her fortune, and she divided it between the Bishop of Cloyne and Mr. Marshal, sergeant at law, her two executors. She had very little personal acquaintance with the Bishop, but most likely left to him the half of her fortune merely with a view of shewing Swift that she preferred a stranger before him. We have been tempted to class this eccentric female amongst the illustrious; not only as she was well known and received at the court of England, but as making so conspicuous a figure in the history of one of the first wits and profound scholars of his day.

LADY DAVIES.

THIS lady was a woman of a very extraordinary character, and pretended to have, in a very eminent degree, the gift of divination, saying, "that she received her predictions from a voice she often heard, and which predictions were wrapped up in the most dark and obscure expressions." The Sunday before her husband's death, as she was sitting at dinner with him, she suddenly burst into tears, whereon Sir John Davies asking her the reason, she said, "Husband, these are your funeral tears," to which he replied, "Pray, therefore, spare your tears now, and I will be content that you should laugh when I am dead." After Sir John's death, which happened, however, at the time she had prophesied, she lived privately at Parston, in Hertfordshire, and an account was published of her strange and wonderful prophecies in 1609.

MRS. CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.

SHE was one of the most extraordinary females that the last age, or perhaps any other, ever produced; though in 1733, she died at the age of twenty-seven, she was allowed, long before she had attained that period, to be one of the best scholars in Greek and Roman literature, also in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics; but she set no value on herself for her uncommon excellencies. What rendered her extraordinary talents yet more surprising was, her being married at the early age of eighteen, and her parents were poor illite-

U

rate country people. So that her great gifts rendered her truly illustrious, for it seemed a spirit poured out upon her, like that on the Apostles, of speaking all languages without the pains of study. Mrs. Pilkington writes, that in a long and familiar friendship with her, she never could gain any satisfactory account how she came

by such extensive knowledge; only that she said, she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare any time from her needle, to which her mother very closely kept her. She wrote elegantly in verse and prose, and was a most charming and entertaining companion in society.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

MANY have brauded the character of this celebrated man with parsimony, a stigma which several liberal instances completely contradict, and amongst which may be cited the following: Garrick had lent Mr. Berenger the sum of five hundred pounds on his bond; soon afterwards Berenger invited him to dine with him on his birth-day, and to meet some friends: Garrick sent his excuses in a letter, wherein was inclosed the bond, and an earnest request to apply it to the good cheer and entertainment of the company.

SCEPTICISM OF AN ORIENTAL CHIEF.

AT an audience given to two English travellers in Asia, the Jam, or Chief, put many questions to them, relative to the religion, customs, and *castes*, of the English; whether the French resembled them, and whether we still continued to beat them at sea. He received their answers on some points with great distrust:—"You tell me," he observed, "of a vessel that will carry one hundred guns, and one thousand men; it is morally impossible! where are the latter to get food and water? The King has scarcely so many guns in his *tope khaun*, or arsenal; and the crews of two such ships would overrun the whole of my country." And after listening to their description of the battle of Trafalgar, he observed, "As you say it has been so, I am bound to believe it: but had the holy Prophet foretold it, the Numrees (the people of the province) would have demanded proof of it from him."

POPE BONIFACE THE EIGHTH.

IT is well known to all those who are conversant in the ceremonies of the church

of Rome, that early in the morning of Ash-Wednesday penitent Christians repair to the different churches to receive the ashes that have been blessed by the Pontiff, Bishop, or Priest, and this is accompanied by the exhortation of, "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." When Boniface VIII. was about to sprinkle the ashes on the Archbishop of Genoa, against whom the Pontiff nourished a bitter enmity, he not only omitted the exhortation, but giving way, in spite of his holy calling, to the impulse of passion and resentment, he threw the whole contents of the dish in the face of his prostrate adversary.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN AN ANCIENT HIGHLAND LADY.

SIR EWEN CAMERON being several weeks closely pursued by a detachment of the King's troops, took refuge in the house of an old lady, who lived in a glen, attended by a single domestic; but an officer, grouse shooting, recognized the Knight on his way to this retreat, and keeping sight of him at some distance, lurked in the vicinity till evening. He was accompanied by one soldier, his servant, and both approached with their fuses loaded. Sir Ewen sat by the fire, his gun charged, and broadsword and dirk unsheathed, lay beside him. The door, grating on its hinges, warned him to look round, and before the soldier could level his piece, a ball from the chieftain's trusty messenger of death pierced his breast; then springing upon the officer, who missed fire, a desperate struggle ensued. Sir Ewen's weapons were out of his reach, but the officer wore a hanger, with which he wounded the arm of his antagonist; but the grasp of the other arm held him so

lose, that the thrust could not be repeated. The old bed-ridden lady raised her head, saying in gaelic, "when the eagle fails in subduing the foe with his claws, the chief of birds conquers with his beak." Sir Ewen understood the hint, fixed his teeth in the gullet of his foe, and strangled him. The old lady's servant had been sent to inform Sir Ewen's family he had arrived at the asylum, and at her return assisted in carrying the dead bodies far from the glen.

After the rebellion of 1715 had subsided some years, Sir Ewen Cameron went to London on urgent business. Wishing to be shaved immediately on coming to the metropolis, he went into a barber's shop. While the operator reaped under his chin, he called a boy by the name of Cameron to bring some part of his apparatus. "So you have a Cameron in your shop," said Sir Ewen.—"Yes, Sir, and I wish I had the Chief of his clan as I have you."—"If you had what would you do?"—"I would send the razor deep as it could go. The teeth of that Highland ruffian put an end to my father's life. He left a large family unprovided, and in place of being gentlemen as we ought, we have all descended as you see." In relating the story, Sir Ewen Cameron owned he was more afraid while under the barber's hands, than when prostrate beneath his father; and from that time never permitted any hand but his own to pass a razor over his face.

A LADY'S REBUKE TO DEAN SWIFT.

THIS Irish lady of rank and fortune was so patriotically captivated by the Draper's Letters, that she requested a friend to invite the Dean of St. Patrick to accompany him to her house. The Dean happened to be in good humour, and made himself extremely agreeable. He engaged to dine with the lady next day, and she selected a party she had reason to hope would be acceptable; she provided a bill of fare such as she understood Dr. Swift might prefer, and in short omitted no observance of courteous hospitality: but the Dean was irritable, sarcastic, and almost rude. He found fault with every thing, and lashed the company and their hostess with merciless satire. The dinner, the desert, and the wine were reprobated with the keenest ridicule, but Lady ——— endured all with

true Hibernian lightness of heart, and good nature.

In a few weeks she again invited Dr. Swift to dinner. The party was very numerous, and great was their astonishment when, on entering the dining hall, they saw only a large damask table cloth over some protuberances. Lady ——— intreated the company to be seated; they complied. Her Ladyship ordered the footman to uncover the feast, when lo! a number of volumes, splendidly bound, appeared.—"Mr. Dean," said Lady ———, "I was so unfortunate as not to discover what suited your taste when you last honoured my table, but you and these friends must be highly regaled with a treat of your own preparing."—The volumes were all Swift's own production. He sat a moment in sullen silence, but soon jumped up, took the lady's hand, and said, "A smooth edged weapon cuts deepest, but the wound it inflicts is soon healed."—The lady replied, "then give me your arm, and let every admirer of these works follow the celebrated writer."—All followed; the lady led the way to an adjoining room, where a plentiful dinner restored perfect conviviality to the Dean, and the day passed away delightfully.

HENRY ALTING.

H. ALTING, a native of Embden, was tutor to the Electoral Prince Palatine, whom he accompanied to England. Some time after his return to the Continent, he was received Doctor of Divinity at Heidelberg, and appointed Director of the College of Sapiense. When Heidelberg, in 1622, was taken by storm by the Imperial army, Alting was endeavouring to make his escape, but was met by a Lieutenant-Colonel upon duty, who said to him, "With this hatchet I have killed ten men already, and Dr. Alting would be the eleventh if I knew where to find him. Who are you?"—The Doctor, without being disconcerted, immediately answered, "I have been one of the Professors of the College of Sapiense."—The Officer seemed satisfied with the intelligence, and suffered him to go wherever he chose.

MICHEL BEGON.

M. BEGON, besides a rich collection of medals, antiques, and natural curiosities of

all sorts from the four parts of the world, had also a large library, containing the choicest works of the best authors. On the frontispiece of most of his books were written in Latin the words—*this book belongs to Michel Begon and his friends*. His librarian having observed to him that in thus lending his books to every body he was in danger of losing many of them, M. Begon replied, "I had rather lose my books than to appear to mistrust an honest man."

ISAAC DE BENSERADE.

It has never been ascertained whether Benserade was born of a noble family, according to some, or of humble parents, as others will have it. Be it as it may, from his early youth he shewed uncommon sprightliness and a spirit of repartee, which he preserved all his lifetime.

He was only eight years of age when the Bishop, who administered confirmation to him, asked him whether he would change his Jew's name for a Christian one? "I have no objection," answered the boy, "provided you give me something to boot."—The Prelate, surprized at the child's reply, said, "It would be a pity to take from him a name that he will render illustrious."—Benserade was very much reduced in his circumstances, when hearing

one day that some of his poems had been read in the Queen's apartments, which Cardinal Mazarin had praised much, adding that he likewise, when young, had made himself known at the court of Rome by his poetry. Our author, immediately upon receiving the intelligence, ran to the palace of the Cardinal, who was still in bed, forced the door, threw himself on his knees by the side of the bed, and manifested in so ludicrous a manner his joy and gratitude for the honour his Eminence had bestowed on him by comparing himself to him, that the Minister was induced to grant him his patronage, and a few days after gave him a pension of two thousand livres.

Benserade died aged seventy-eight, after having been for sixteen years a member of the French Academy.

THE CHANCELLOR, SIR THOMAS MORE.

In the family of this great man a servant was always employed to read during dinner time aloud, Sir Thomas holding it as a constant maxim that there is no security in conversing before serving men. In those times dumb-waiters might have been advantageously used, but then the *great* must have condescended to help themselves in a *literal* sense, as cheerfully as they did in a *figurative* one.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

DIANA DE POITIERS.

WHEN Henry II. of France was seventeen years of age he fell desperately in love with Diana, who was then arrived at the age of forty; she was then beautiful; her fine black hair hung in natural ringlets over a neck that was of a dazzling whiteness; her limbs were exquisitely fine and well turned, and her teeth white and even: for all the charms of her complexion she was indebted to nature alone, as no cosmetic of any kind was ever used by her; early rising, regular exercise, and uninterrupted health with an easy life, preserved

her beauty for many years, and this with a mind highly cultivated, and a taste for science, improved by reading, creates less wonder at the King's attachment to her than we are apt at first to feel. Her character may be easily summed up; it is amply depicted in the answer she made to Henry on his offer of declaring the children he had by her legitimate.

"I was," said Diana, "of a birth dignified enough to have been your wife; I have been your mistress because I loved you. I can never suffer myself to be declared your concubine by a public degree."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

JOHN LINGELBACK.

THIS ornament of the German school of painting was born at Frankfort, in 1625; at the age of fifteen he went to Holland, in order to improve himself, and his pictures there had acquired with their perfection such a degree of fame, that the demand for them was astonishing. In 1645 he went to France, where his admirers and the price of his works increased. Finding himself and his productions highly appreciated by painters of merit and renown, he was inspired with the emulation of visiting Italy, and having saved sufficient from his two years profitable labours at Paris, he set out for Rome, where he renewed his studies with intense application: but while his art seemed to engage his closest attention, he suffered love to break in upon his studies. A young female, the daughter of an architect, who lived opposite to the young painter, was continually at her window, which was exactly over against that of his apartment; and tender looks, expressive gestures, and *billets doux*, became at length his whole employment, and thence followed rendezvous in the churches and public walks. At last the damsel found means to introduce her lover into her father's house, whence, as he was retiring one night, he was surprised by the two brothers of his mistress, who attacked him with fury. Lingelback defended himself with so much bravery, that he disarmed and wounded them both, getting off with only a slight scratch himself. This proved a warning to him to bid adieu to intriguing, so general, yet so dangerous in the city of Rome.

After this event he applied himself more diligently than ever to his studies, in which his success was so great that he was amply indemnified for the loss of his mistress. He continued in Italy until 1650, and then returned through Germany to Amsterdam, where he displayed the proficiency he had made in France and Italy in ample form. The genius of this renowned painter was so fertile and versatile, that he was never known to repeat the same subject in his pictures. He engraved several landscapes. The exact time of his death is not known.

FRANCIS LE PIPER.

THIS excellent English painter was the son of a Kentish gentleman, descended from a Walloon family. His father, having a plentiful estate, gave his son a liberal education, and wished to bring him up either to a learned or mercantile profession; but his genius leading him wholly to designing, he could never fix to any art or business except the study of that for which nature had intended him. Drawing employed all his time and all his thoughts; his humour was always gay and facetious, and his sprightly manners were full of mirth and drollery. He took delight in drawing ugly faces, and had a peculiar talent that way; for, by a transient view of any remarkable face he met in the street, he would retain it so strongly in his memory, that in the draught it appeared as if the person had sat several times to him. It used to be said of him that he would steal faces; and men who were conscious of wanting agreeable features, never sat at ease in his company.

In travelling his fancy was eccentric, and peculiar to himself: he would suddenly take his departure, and his friends never knew where he was going, while he would perform the journey through France and the Netherlands on foot: his frolics have sometimes carried him as far as Grand Cairo. His friends were never advertised of his return no more than of his intended absence, which he did to try their affections and surprize them alternately with sorrow or joy. In this manner he travelled several times through Italy, France, Spain, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland, in which several countries he delighted himself in examining the works of different painters with pleasure and judgment, forming himself a complete master of design, in which no man of his style excelled, nor perhaps ever equalled.

His invention was fruitful, his drawing bold and free: in landscape painting he attained to a high degree of perfection, and was one of the first masters of perspective. In the latter part of his life he applied himself to modelling in basso relievo in wax, in which he became eminently successful.

Some time before his death an estate fell to him, by the decease of his mother, when giving himself up to very free living on this advance of fortune, he became indisposed through repletion, and employing a surgeon to let him blood, the man unhap-

pily pierced an artery, which accident proved mortal; and Piper being very fat, that circumstance no doubt contributed to render this mishap fatal. He died in Aldermanbury, in 1740..

THE ORACLE.—A PHILOSOPHIC TALE.

(Concluded from page 124.)

His numerous suite spoke him to be a man of fortune, and he was so. After having lived for some time in great splendour in the metropolis of Sevagy, he opened his book again, and read—*Know how to please at once others and thyself.*

This order could not be easily executed. Nirda for a long while weighed it in his mind, and could think of no other means than of enriching others at his own expence.

He began by rewarding liberally all his attendants, and advertised that he was willing to distribute among the necessitous his remaining property. Crowds of Sevagians soon flocked around him; some were really poor, many more were not so, yet Nirda was equally bountiful to all indiscriminately, and reserved nothing for himself. He next had recourse again to his oracle, and having interpreted its answer, he turned hermit.

The retreat which he chose was as agreeable and convenient as the mere productions of nature can be. A grotto, which the new hermit had only to decorate with a mat and a bed of dry leaves, became his asylum. At a few yards distance ran a purling stream, and a little farther rose clusters of trees overloaded with their fruit. Here Nirda awaited the consequences of his new metamorphosis.

This solitude brought back to his mind the recollection of his native spot, which idea was soon followed by the remembrance of Zulma. Whether it proceeded from remorse or from affection, her image always occasioned him great uneasiness. He then would reflect on the various events that had occurred to him. His destiny appeared to him altogether extraordinary,

and his present situation ridiculous. "Happy," would he exclaim, "is he who pleased with his parental home, is satisfied with what he possesses, and the love of his first mistress! He is not exposed to be a prisoner without a cause, a wanderer without knowing where to settle, or an hermit without a proper calling.

A whole week had already elapsed whilst Nirda was engaged in those reflections, lived upon fruit, and quenched his thirst at the neighbouring spring. He chanced to open his book and read—*Crown indigence and virtue.*

Nirda, for the first time, was surprized at such an order being given to an hermit. However, he went all over the country in search of a person that stood in the above double predicament. Long did he search in vain: some were indebted for their virtue to a competence, others were only poor, or lamented purchasing virtue at such a price. A certain Indian, who shunned the society of men, and whatever might flatter their ambition, appeared to Nirda to be the object whom the oracle meant him to favour; but he soon discovered that both himself and the said man were mistaken, for the latter was only actuated by pride and misanthropy.

Nirda returned to his cave with the idea that his oracle only wished to try him, but no lines appeared in the book to contradict the former prescription. He accordingly determined to continue his researches. One day as he was approaching the spring, he descried a young person that had just left it: she had scarcely any other covering but her hair, that was prodigiously long, which gave her the appearance more of a savage than of an Indian. Our hermit fol-

lowed her through the dark windings of a wood, and saw her creep into a nearly imperceptible cave, which he entered without any farther ceremony.

Every thing here announced indigence, and Nirda was accordingly in hopes of finding there what he was in search of. A venerable old man first attracted his attention: "Fear nothing," said Nirda to him, observing that he looked alarmed "I am in quest of virtue in distress, and if I mistake not I need not go any farther."

From the old man's conversation Nirda judged that his conjectures were right. Notwithstanding his advanced age, the veteran spoke but little, and the questions he would ask were suggested by prudence, not by idle curiosity. Nirda, after having answered them, made some inquiries himself. He was told that the young person had retired so hastily in consequence of shame, which was very natural in her situation, and our hermit left the old man, thoroughly convinced that none could be poorer or more virtuous.

He visited him again on the next day, and when he met him for the third time, offered to make him a King. The old man, on hearing such a proposal, began to suspect that his visitor was insane, and gazed upon him in silence. Nirda, the better to inspire him with confidence, shewed him the words written in his book, and revealed to him the secret of that mysterious volume.

The old man again eyed the hermit at first with astonishment, and soon after with an expression of joy. "King! Heavens!" cried he, "at last I see a part of my dream is to be accomplished. Grant that the rest may be accomplished likewise."

This exclamation redoubled the curiosity of the hermit: he begged of the old man to explain himself. "Yes," replied the latter, "your's are the same features; it is you who have so many times appeared to me in my sleep, and no doubt the words that I have been reading were written by the hand of Brama himself. However," continued he, "it is not me whom you must crown a King."

The veteran invited Nirda to sit on a bed of dried leaves, the only piece of furniture he possessed. "You behold in me," said he, "the favourite of the last King of

this country. I was too sincere not to prove a bad courtier; but the sovereign would still bear listening to truth. One day, however, that he was not in a humour to hear me, my favour disappeared: he had me confined, and forgotten in my prison.

"Four years had elapsed since I was in disgrace, and I no longer was solicitous of seeing an end of it. Judge of my surprize when I saw the King enter my dungeon: I felt upon the occasion more emotion than joy. He, sighing, embraced me, and released me of my fetters; from this mark of sensibility I judged that he had undergone some great misfortune: my conjectures were but too true.

"The man whom the King had appointed my successor prided himself of imitating me in nothing. He never offered the Prince but such advice as could please him, never would remonstrate, but encouraged all his imperfections. This minister's credit soon surpassed that which I had enjoyed; but he was ambitious of gaining still more. He presumed to love the Queen, who in fact was a beautiful woman: he next fancied that to please her a crown was indispensable, and accordingly aspired to usurp the royal authority.

"The King was then at war with two neighbouring Princes; compelled to divide his forces, he headed one part of them himself, and gave the command of the other to Yansu, his favourite. I shall not enter into a detail of the events of the campaign: they both performed wonderful actions, and committed great faults. The King at last suffered himself to be surprized, and was defeated; Yansu, on the contrary, conquered, treated with his beaten enemy, formed an alliance with the Prince who had beat the King, whom he forced to seek a refuge in his capital.

"Yansu had previously informed the Queen of his passions and of his designs, and exhorted her to entertain no apprehension as to the event, since in either case she must occupy the throne.

"The King, who had always treated his royal consort with indifference, began to love her most passionately when he found himself in danger of losing her; but though determined not to expose her to the hazards of a siege, he nevertheless dared

not entrust any one with the care of her. In his present embarrassment he remembered that I might still exist, and applied to me. My age, experience, and, above all, my reflections, had taught me to forgive the errors of men, and especially those of kings, who are indebted to themselves alone for their virtues, and that every thing conspires to lead them astray.

"I accepted the trust that was offered me. I conducted to the nearest sea port both the Queen and a young Princess only four years of age, the only heiress to the throne of Sevagy. They were both disguised, and I thought it advisable to use a similar precaution myself. We landed at one of those islands which are so numerous in those seas, and there we waited till we should hear from the King. The first news, brought by express, informed us that he had gained a great victory; but a week after it was rumoured that he had lost a second battle, and his life. The dreadful account was soon confirmed.

"The Queen soon followed her husband to the grave, and left me the painful charge of bringing up her daughter. The people who inhabited this same island were mere savages; some of them I endeavoured to civilize, but their chief took the alarm upon the occasion. He was told that I insinuated to those barbarians that they were men, and he accordingly determined that I should be punished. He ordered me to be apprehended, and I was robbed of all I possessed by those who put the order in execution: the islanders, however, rescued me and the orphan Princess. We secretly embarked, and once more reached the Continent. I wandered for a long time over different parts, with the heiress of Sevagy, in hopes of procuring for her the protection of some neighbouring Prince; but the usurper had bribed them all, so that instead of a support, we had every thing to apprehend from them.

"I then brought the Princess back to her native country, and thought this solitude should be preferable to a residence in any of the towns: here I have dwelt for six long years, without being recognized or molested. I comforted myself with the expectation that some revolution would drive Yansu from his usurped throne; his crimes are too enormous to go unpunished.

I confide in my presentment, in your book, in you; nay, I do more, I firmly believe that in desperate cases something must be left to chance."

Zanti, so was the old man called, then introduced to the hermit the heiress whom he was to crown. She was the same person whom at first he had mistaken for a savage: half naked did she appear, but less with a view of deceiving her enemies, than from an impossibility of procuring proper covering. The old man, however, had kept the Queen's ring and some other jewels that might be of use to prove the origin of the young Princess: nature besides had made her so like her mother, that whoever had seen the one might easily know the other. Notwithstanding this striking resemblance, Nirda relied still more on the fascinating power of novelty, well knowing that the generality will always be disposed to give credit to what they are astonished at.

The orphan, the old man, and the hermit now made towards the capital, where their arrival drew a great concourse of people, who viewed them with uncommon anxiety: Nirda then exclaimed, "this is your Queen; crown her, ye Sevagians, and punish the usurper who occupies her throne."

These words excited an extraordinary rumour; some repeated them with acclamation, others with derision. The report having reached the palace of Yansu, his guards came running, seized the Princess, the old man, and the hermit, and all three were conducted into separate dungeons.

Nirda reflected anew on the singularity of his destiny, yet he could not be persuaded that he must either die in a prison or on the scaffold; his chief uneasiness was about the Princess and Zanti. The recollection of Zulma would also assail him, for in spite of himself he would think of her when any misfortune befel him. "Tender Zulma," would he say, "I ran away from you, yet your image follows me unceasingly, and my remorse avenges you of my ingratitude."

Meanwhile the usurper wished to see her whom he wanted to dethrone. He soon discovered she bore a great resemblance to the Queen, and doubted not but she was her daughter. The sight ever

rekindled a flame that was not yet entirely extinct: he knew the first author of it was no more, and the young Princess appeared to him deserving of replacing her. Yansu supplied her with vestments suitable to her birth, which gave additional lustre to her beauty, and increased the passion of the tyrant.

Yanzu, alarmed at the virtuous zeal of the old man, and the boldness of the hermit, resolved to have them both put to death; but blinded by his spirit of revenge, he wished their execution to take place in public. They were accordingly brought to the place of execution, where an immense crowd had collected; here Nirda cried out again, "Sevagiens, the sage Zanti, the only man who has remained faithful to his lawful sovereign, is going to be murdered before your eyes: will you suffer it?"

At the name of Zanti all the worthy citizens were moved with indignation and pity; they all knew the venerable minister again, and felt for him, but no one dared to attempt rescuing him, for men of virtue are seldom enterprising, and prudent men are never so. In the mean time, however, the people began to recognize their former benefactor in the person of the hermit: they thought that the man who had enriched them was deserving of his life being preserved. They armed themselves with whatever weapons they could procure, and tore away from the executioner's hands both the hermit and Zanti. The guards were dispersed, and the palace was forced and plundered, as is customary in similar cases. In vain did Yansu muster a few soldiers: he was killed as he gave the word of command to annihilate the rabble.

It was high time for the young captive; every thing had been prepared to make her a wife and a Queen in spite of herself. All those preparations, however, were not useless, they served for her coronation, and the Indian author tells us, that in the midst of her pomp and grandeur she forgot neither the hermit or Zanti.

The latter was restored to his former high situation, and obtained new favours. The memory of the tyrant was proscribed, and they who had been most obligated to him, seemed to regret him least. With regard to Zanti, he did not wish to put

their gratitude to the test: he exhorted the young Queen to hate flattery, would always speak the truth to her, yet seldom was troublesome to her Majesty.

As to Nirda, he wondered at the success of his undertaking, and still in possession of his book and of his hermit's gown, he was preparing to go in search of other adventures. Meanwhile the oracle remained silent, and the Queen exerted her best endeavours to induce him to leave off his gown; she even thought of discovering new abilities in him, and determined, as she was to reward him for his essential services, to appoint him Commander-in-chief of her armies.

Nirda was endowed with courage and sound judgment. A veteran Captain, who had seen twenty battles won or lost, loudly maintained that those qualifications were of no avail without experience: Nirda in consequence appointed him to a command, which would afford him many an opportunity of displaying his boasted experience; but soon found out that if he had routine sufficient to commit no faults, he was too destitute of genius to induce the enemy to commit any.

A neighbouring King pretended to avenge the death of Yansu, or rather to become his successor. The new General marched to meet him, temporized at first with a view of appearing contemptible to his antagonist; Nirda finally set fire to his own magazines, and decamped precipitately. The enemy pursued him, rejoicing at their apparent success, and anticipating a complete victory: Nirda continued to fly, but halted on a sudden. One of his Generals, who had marched before him, lay in an ambuscade, and fell on their rear whilst he charged them in front. The invaders soon disencumbered themselves of their booty and of their arms to fly with greater speed: the King himself, wounded by Nirda, was taken prisoner, and conducted to the capital. The terms of peace demanded of him, though very moderate, he found extremely hard: he engaged not to wage war against his neighbours without a cause, and to assist such as were to be attacked undeservingly, fully determined, however, to break his promise as soon as he could meet with a favourable opportunity.

Nirda, like many a famous personage, on a sudden found himself a great man, without exactly knowing how it had come to pass. He had several other opportunities of shewing his abilities, neither did he let any one escape of rewarding men of talents of every description. He would punish treachery, but leave time to those who had only been unsuccessful to recover from their disgrace, and took great care not to be guilty himself of the same errors.

Zanti deemed the new General deserving of the highest recompense, and the young Queen partook of the same sentiments. She did not forget that she was obligated to Nirda for all she possessed; and what was more rare still, she recollected it with pleasure: she even would willingly have shared with him the crown which she owed to his persevering courage, but he took no notice of these kind dispositions, grew tired of the court, thought of Zulma, without however thinking of meeting her again, and aspired only to encounter new adventures, such as they might be. Whilst in this state of mind he opened his book, where he read—*The most peaceable court is an agitated sea. A stormy sea is often less dangerous than the most peaceable court.* Nirda interpreted that new oracle according to the situation of his mind. Let us seek over the whole extent of the seas a repose that the court will not afford. Nay, he was going to request the Queen would accept his resignation, when he met Zanti, who was commissioned by the Princess to offer him her crown and her hand.

He wished to decline, but hardly knew how. Summoned before the Queen to explain his motives, she asked him, rather bluntly, whether he found her so very ugly? The Indian, in reply, bestowed high encomiums on her beauty; he next urged the jealousy that his elevation would create amongst the courtiers; and finally, thought it expedient to speak of Zulma and of the passion he entertained for her, notwithstanding his long absence.

"She must be extremely handsome, then," said the Queen, in a spiteful tone.—"Less than your Majesty," returned Nirda; and now the Princess appeared more calm. She next asked the General whether he

left her court in order to go and be united to Zulma? He assured her in reply, that he intended to go at a greater distance from Zulma than ever. At these words the Queen recovered all her former wonted good humour, and she consented to accept his resignation.

Some of the Queen's presents he could not possibly refuse, and after having taken his leave and wept with the Queen and with Zanti, he hastened to the nearest seaport.

He found a ship ready to set sail for a distant country; as he minded not whither he should be carried, he embarked immediately. For a time they had beautiful weather, and the crew would keep swearing and drinking all the day long, under the protection of Neptune. But a dreadful tempest put an end to their revellings. The raging winds rendered superfluous all the skill of the mariners: they then thought of throwing overboard the most heavy and cumbersome articles in the vessel, but this measure not proving altogether sufficient, it was proposed, in order to appease the sea Gods, to sacrifice some of the crew or passengers, and Nirda being a stranger and rich, was deemed the best qualified to answer the purpose.

He therefore was plunged into the waves, but not with his riches. For some time he swam mechanically, till at last he thought he could feel the ground under his feet, but the darkness occasioned by the storm would not allow him to distinguish the objects. However, he succeeded at last in extricating himself from the waves, and day light returning he found himself on the summit of a rock that raised its head above the waters.

There again occurred to his mind all the extraordinary circumstances of his life, the many false measures that had brought on those events; his flight, his preferment, his downfall, the inconstance of sovereigns, that of the people, his own, and especially Zulma whom he had forsaken. Ah! Zulma, exclaimed he, tender Zulma, he who has betrayed you, who shunned your dear presence, is now checked in his flight, and will soon be punished according to his deserts.

As he was reasoning thus, he perceived the land which thick vapours had so far

concealed from his view: yet it was at too great a distance for him to hope being able to reach it. He knew nothing besides of the people who inhabited those parts. He had his book with him, yet this once was afraid of not having rightly understood its meaning, but his perplexity still more increased, when upon consulting it, he received no answer.

Judge of his amazement when he saw a great number of barges making towards him and surrounding the rock. He was soon after forced to enter one of those barges, when the rest escorted him on shore. His conductors uttered cries of joy, at which he was greatly alarmed. As soon as they had landed, Nirda was carried through the streets of a large city, exposed to the view of the people, and from thence conducted to the temple.

Here preparations had been made for a grand sacrifice. Nirda having long looked in vain after the victim, thought the honour of the choice had fallen upon him. The high priest now made his appearance, and came forward holding a knife in his hand. Other Bramins bore garlands of flowers, with which they decked the Indian captive. The High Priest next addressing Nirda, asked him which of the black or of the white sheep should be sacrificed to Brama?—"The black," replied the Indian, according to what he had always practiced, persuaded moreover that the difference was by no means essential. He was not aware that the priests of that country thought it of sufficient consequence to sacrifice, instead of the white sheep, such as dared to sacrifice a black one.

The High Priest laid down the crown by the side of the altar, and lifted up his knife. He then asked the Indian, as through mere matter of form; "Who are you?"—"I am every thing, and I am nothing," replied Nirda: "I have been a magistrate and governor of a province, a captive and a minister, an hermit and a General." On hearing this the sacrificator turned pale, and asked him, "What are become of your treasures?"—"I have none left."—"Your friends?"—"I never had any."—"Your flatterers?"—"I never wished for any."—"From what motive have you renounced your high offices?"—"From my own free will."—"Who has brought you among us?"—"My destiny."

"This is our King," exclaimed the people clapping their hands. The High Priest let his knife drop, and trembling placed the crown on Nirda's head. The new King astonished at all he saw, was conducted to a magnificent palace prepared for his reception. Previously, however, he was bound to revere the black sheep.

Nirda could hardly credit the reality of his new power; but he was soon told that in that country the crown was elective, and that the Oracle alone had the right to elect or to dethrone the Kings; that he exercised the latter privilege as frequently as he did the former, and that it rested with the High Priest to make his will known, and finally that this chief Bramin, who filled the throne till he had appointed the dethroned King a successor, was always very difficult in his choice.

It was now ten years since the late King had turned Bramin in obedience to the Oracle, and had died of regret for his obedience. The High Priest had proclaimed at the time, that they must choose for their monarch a man who, after having filled various high situations, had voluntarily given them all up, and regretted nothing.

In vain had a man of that description been sought for all over the country. Several foreigners whom chance had brought there, had not appeared worthy of succeeding to the King, but most of them had become substitutes for the white sheep.

Nirda thought it incumbent upon himself to justify chance, or rather his destiny, that had made him a King. He formed a most difficult undertaking, namely, of being thoroughly acquainted with all who surrounded him. He established a new order, and proposed to appoint grand master him who should give him the best advice, or, at least, the most agreeable. Each courtier set his imagination to work, and flattered himself of gaining the prize. One of them advised the King to oblige the most beautiful women in the country to make their daily appearance at court, that he might choose her whom he should like best; ordering at the same time that the preference thus given should be considered as an honour conferred on the lady's husband. Another recommended he should have every word he spoke engraven in gold letters. A third proposed to have a certain number of poets

in constant pay, who were to compose every day an ode in praise of the monarch. A fourth wished that every one on whom the sovereign would bestow a smile, should be reckoned a great man (Nirda lamented the meanness of this adviser). Some invited him to declare war against his neighbours; others to bear their insults with patience. An individual, whom Nirda had not yet taken notice of, approached him, and said—Love truth.—“You shall be the grand master,” cried out Nirda, “and I beg you will continue with me.” The only punishment the King inflicted on the rest was to have their advice made public.

The courtiers, from motives best known to themselves, wished the King to marry, and had collected round him a great number of handsome young women, who all promised they would love him dearly during his life-time, and burn themselves at his death. Nirda, however, was unable to fix his affections upon any one of them. They all left a void in his heart which Zulma alone could fill up. Tender Zulma, would he say, your disinterestedness deserves a crown: wherefore cannot you receive from my loving heart that for which I am obligated to chance.

Nirda, continually thinking of the means of recovering his beloved Zulma, had ordered to be brought to court all the Indians that should land on his island. Not long after, one was conducted before him already crowned with the fatal garland. Nirda concluded from his answers that he was a countryman of Zulma's, and that he must know her. He put several questions on the subject to the stranger with an emotion which confused the young Indian, whose perturbation of mind was seen to increase in proportion as he viewed the Prince. “How comes it,” said he, “that a person obscure and unknown in her own country, happens to be known by the sovereign of a foreign kingdom? Can he feel any concern in hearing of her?”—“Oh heavens! if I feel concerned about her!” exclaimed Nirda. This exclamation was followed by a scream uttered by the young Indian, who fainted away, and Nirda recognized his dear Zulma in the victim that was going to be slaughtered.

He shuddered, and detached himself the bonds that fastened her. Zulma recovered

the use of her senses, but was near expiring with joy in the arms of Nirda. He informed her of the measures he had contrived to recover her; and she imparted to him the events which had seconded his researches. The account altogether was well calculated to give satisfaction to him who listened to it.

Zulma avoided the pursuit of an Ouzra who loved her, to go in quest of Nirda, who had deserted her. This resolution was the consequence of a dream. A venerable old man had appeared before her in her sleep, and addressed her thus: “He whose loss you bewail is no less a prey to sorrow than yourself; he wishes for your presence; go, and let this ring be your guide: it is the ring of sympathy.”

Zulma awoke at these words, and the old man had vanished from before her eyes; but what astonished her most, the ring was really left in her possession.

Much less might be wanted to convey persuasion to the mind of a woman; especially when she is in love. Zulma set off as soon as she had procured for herself male attire, and so far as lay in her power, assumed the appearance of the other sex. She first repaired to Zeangir's, for her ring was to conduct her only towards Nirda, or those that were friendly to him.

What will appear rather extraordinary, Zeangir and Adelli had forgot neither their former distress, nor their benefactor; but they could not tell what was become of him. Zulma stopped with them no longer than the pleasure of hearing the praise of Nirda could detain her.

She next reached the state of which he had been Prime Minister. Here he was universally cherished since he had left the court. Zulma felt inclined to continue for some time with several courtiers who were great admirers of Nirda, although determined never to follow the good examples he had set them. She also wished to approach the Queen, but the ring would never allow her.

She now proceeded to the kingdom of Segavy. Nirda no longer resided there; but all spoke of his virtues and of his flight. Zanti still lamented his absence, and the young Queen regretted she had not fortitude enough to cease loving him; nay, to hate him.

This young Princess had already set aside

that simplicity which she had been accustomed to in the desert. She now knew how to dissemble nearly as well as any old courtier. The inquiries of the young stranger excited her curiosity; she wished to have some converse with him, and Zulma, always guided by her ring, offered herself, as of her own accord to answer all her questions, but was unable to impose upon her. The Queen soon found out that she had to deal with a female, nay more, with her rival.

The Queen soon discovered it was more easy to abhor Zulma than to hate Nirda, and from that moment she detested her, caressed her, offered to overwhelm her with benefits, and to retain her at her court. Zulma did not even suspect her animosity, returned her caresses, refused her offers, and proceeded on her journey.

She reached the port where Nirda had embarked; and procured a passage on board of the first ship that set sail. After some days of pleasant navigation, the sight of a pirate alarmed the peaceable crew. They, however, prepared to oppose a vigorous resistance. Zulma alone was quiet, and wondered at the inward inclination she felt towards the menacing pirate. Great courage was displayed on both sides. Zulma fought like the rest, till incapable of resisting a supernatural impulse, she jumped on board the enemy's vessel, and surrendered herself a prisoner. The ship she had just left succeeded in steering off, and Zulma alone remained a captive.

Her sex, owing to her disguise, was un-

known, and she was respected as a victim whom the High Priest alone had a right to slaughter. She appeared before him, voted for the death of the black sheep, and requested in vain being permitted to see the sovereign: it was very seasonably indeed that the order of the day had saved her from the sacred knife.

The Bramins, meanwhile, claimed their victim. They already proclaimed aloud that the altar would crumble down if it were no longer cemented with blood. Nirda suppressed their odious privilege, and forbade their ever spilling any: their clamours redoubled, but the people, who loved their King, decided that the Gods were as humane as he was.

Nirda now thought of fulfilling his promise, and of making Zulma his Queen. The ceremony of their marriage and of her coronation was celebrated with great splendour and public rejoicings. The book instantly disappeared.

Nirda, far from being surprised at the event, judged that his wandering career was at an end. He watched over the tranquillity of his subjects; never went to war but when forced so to do, and always returned triumphant; he reformed many abuses, tolerated unavoidable errors, loved his Zulma, made others happy, and at last was happy himself. "It is true, after all," would he say, "that multiplied errors are often conducive to the same end as the most prudent conduct!"

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

No. IV.

MARTIN GUERRE, OR THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND.—Martin Guerre was born in Biscay, and married in his eleventh year, January 1539, to Bertrande de Rols, of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a damsel as young as himself, and equally distinguished for beauty and good sense. This couple lived together in respect to being fortunate comfortably enough, though for the first eight or nine years they had no children. However, after the tenth year of her marriage, she brought him a son named Sanxi. Not long after, Martin, having defrauded his father of a quantity of corn,

thought fit to withdraw in order to avoid his resentment. At first, in all probability, he did not intend to absent himself long, but being either charmed with the liberty he enjoyed, or having conceived a dislike for his wife, which neither beauty nor prudence can always prevent, he for above eight years together forbore giving the least notice to her or his family where he was. This might well have exasperated a young woman in Bertrande's circumstances; but so unexceptionable was her character, that she never did any thing which deserved blame, nor provoked the tongue even of those who are ready to censure without

reason. At the end of eight years she was congratulated by her husband's four sisters, his uncle, and her own relations on his return; she who had sighed deeply for his absence was extremely joyful, and in the space of three years had two children by this renewal of marriage, one of which died as soon as it was born. During this space she and her new restored husband lived with great tranquillity at Artigues, where he transacted several affairs, sold estates there and in Biscay, and signed the contracts in due form.

But after some time, all of a sudden, Bertrande caused him to be apprehended, and presented a bill of complaint against him before the criminal judge of Rieux, praying in the close thereof, "that he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the King for the breach of his laws. To demand pardon of God, the King, and her, in his shirt and a lighted torch in his hand, declaring that he had falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon her, in assuming the name and passing himself upon her for Martin Guerre, and that he should be further adjudged to pay her two thousand livres for costs and damages."

This prosecution occasioned various conjectures; many were of opinion that it arose from some distaste the woman had taken to the man, or that it was a piece of revenge on account of a quarrel between them, others considering the good character which she had hitherto borne, and that she was naturally of a mild complying temper, imagined that she was at first easily prevailed on to believe this man her husband, and again as easily persuaded to give credit to the suggestions of Peter Guerre, her husband's uncle, who with some persons in the town pretended to have discovered him to be an impostor, and persuaded her to apply to the magistrate. They concluded thus because it is no uncommon thing for persons of an indolent disposition to act like mere machines, as they are influenced by others. On the other hand, the man exclaimed against the wicked conspiracy which his relations and his wife had formed against him. He pleaded in his defence before the judge of Rieux, that Peter Guerre, his uncle, had contrived this plot merely with a view to possess himself of his effects, which were of the value of eight thousand

livres; that he had drawn in his wife through the weakness of her understanding to be a party in this black affair, and that a more execrable villainy was never heard of.

He related the reasons which induced him to leave his habitation, and his adventures from the time that he quitted it; he said that he served the King in his wars between seven and eight years, that afterwards he enlisted himself in the troops of the King of Spain, but that most earnestly desiring to return to his dear wife and family, he quitted that service in a few months, and made the best of his way to Artigues; that on his arrival he had the satisfaction of being received notwithstanding the alteration which time and the cutting off his hair might have made, with the utmost joy by all his relations and acquaintance, not excepting this very Peter Guerre who has stirred up the present prosecution.

That this man having very frequently differed with him since his coming home, their quarrels had sometimes produced blows, and that once he would have killed him with a bar of iron had not his wife interposed. These particulars he digested into his answer to the bill of complaint preferred by Bertrande de Rols, praying in the close thereof, "that his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe that she was yet so wicked a woman as absolutely to deny the truth; that his calumniators might, according to the laws of equity, be condemned to suffer those punishments they would have inflicted upon him; that Bertrande de Rols should be taken out of the power of his enemies, and be hindered from dissipating his effects; in fine, that he should be declared innocent of the crimes alledged against him, and the prosecution be dismissed with costs." He submitted to a long examination before the criminal judge, who interrogated him as to matters which happened in Biscay, the place of Martin Guerre's birth, his father, his mother, brothers, sisters, and other relations; as to the year, the month, and the day of his (Martin Guerre's) marriage; his father-in-law, mother-in-law, the persons who were present at the nuptials, those who dined with them, their different dresses, the priest who performed the ceremony, all the little circumstances that hap-

pened that day and the next, even naming the people who put them to bed. His answers were clear and distinct to each of these points; and as if he had not been satisfied with performing what the judge required of him, he spoke of his own accord of his son Sanxi, of the day he was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met with on the road, of the towns he had passed through in France and Spain, of the persons he had seen in both kingdoms, and that nothing might be wanting to confirm his innocence, he named many persons who were able to testify the truth of what he had declared.

The court ordered Bertrande de Rols and several other persons whom the accused had cited to answer upon interrogatories, which they did; Bertrande answered in a manner that agreed exactly with all that the accused had advanced, except that she related the length of time they were without children. He was then questioned as to that point, and his replies were such as tallied exactly with what Bertrande had said, and never faltered in the slightest circumstance. He was next confronted with the woman he called his wife, and with all the witnesses, upon which he renewed his demand that she might be kept safely and apart from his enemies, which was granted. He offered certain objections to the credit of the witnesses produced against him, and required that a monitory should be published, exhorting all persons to come in and give what light they could as to the subordination of Bertrande de Rols, and the characters of the witnesses he had impeached: this was allowed him. But at the same time it was directed that an inquisition should be taken at the several places following; viz. at Pin, at Sagias, and at Artigues, of all the facts which might concern Martin Guerre, the accused, and Bertrande de Rols, and the reputation of the witnesses. All the discoveries on these proceedings were perfectly favourable to Bertrande, confirming her virtuous character, and proved she had not lost her senses during the absence of her husband, as the pleading suggested. In respect to the accused, of near one hundred and fifty witnesses that were examined, between thirty and forty deposed that he was really Martin Guerre, that they had known him

and conversed with him from his infancy; that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, air, tone of voice, and that they moreover were convinced of the truth of what they asserted by certain scars and secret marks which it was impossible for time to efface. On the other hand a greater number of witnesses deposed positively he was one Arnold du Tilh, of Sagias, and was commonly called Pausette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, air, and voice. The rest of the witnesses, to the number of sixty and upwards, declared, that there was so strong a resemblance between these two persons, that it was impossible for them to declare positively whether the accused was Martin Guerre or Arnold du Tilh. The criminal judge of Rieux ordered two inquiries and reports to be made to him, one with regard to the likeness or unlikeness of Sanxi Guerre to the accused, the other as to the likeness of the same child to the sisters of Martin Guerre. On the first it was found that Sanxi did not resemble the accused at all, and on the second that he was very like his father's sisters. In short, upon these circumstances, this judge thought proper to pronounce definitive sentence as follows—"That (the accused) Arnold du Tilh is guilty and convicted of being an impostor, and for that crime is condemned to lose his head, and further that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters."

This judgment was by many accounted too quick and too severe, for without arrogating to himself divine inspiration, people were at a loss to know on what ground the judge of Rieux founded his decision: matters appearing to other eyes so perplexed, that those who were well acquainted with the proofs on both sides knew not what to make of the matter. The public was therefore far from being displeased that the convict appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse, and this extraordinary cause now making a great noise, every body began to regard it with the utmost attention. That august assembly having received proper information of what had been done below, began to take all the necessary measures for a further inquiry with the utmost caution. In the first place they ordered Peter Guerre and Bertrande de Rols to be confronted in open court with the person whom

they accused, but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations the accused maintained so steady a countenance, spoke with such an air of assurance and truth, and answered every question with such quickness and perspicuity, that the members of that venerable tribunal readily concluded that he was the real Martin Guerre. While on the other hand the terror and confusion of Peter Guerre and Bertrande de Rols was so great, that they created strong suspicion of their being perjured and false accusers. But as these circumstances could not be considered as full evidence, an inquisition was ordered as to the principal facts in dispute, with this limitation, that none but new witnesses should be examined. The wise and prudent ordinance of the Parliament of Thoulouse was so far from procuring new light, that it served only to render this intricate affair still more obscure than it was before. Thirty new witnesses were examined: nine or ten of these were positive that the accused was Martin Guerre, and seven or eight were as positive that he was Arnold du Tilh. The rest having weighed all circumstances, and being afraid of injuring their consciences, declared plainly that they could not swear which he was. The Parliament were now more in doubt than ever; they could not concur with the criminal judge of Rieux, and yet they were afraid of discharging the accused;

but in order to put an end to so odd a cause, they summoned up the proofs on both sides. On the one hand it appeared that forty-five witnesses had affirmed, in terms the most express, that he was not Martin Guerre, but Arnold du Tilh, which they said they were the better enabled to do because they had known both persons intimately, eat and drank with them, and conversed constantly with them from their very childhood; nay, some of them went still further, for Carbon Barreau, uncle by the mother's side of Arnold du Tilh, acknowledged he was his nephew, and observing the irons that were upon his legs, bitterly lamented his misfortune in having a relation in such circumstances; he further said, he had at times been concerned in several contracts with his nephew, and he actually produced those writings signed by Arnold du Tilh. Most of these witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre was taller and of a darker complexion, that he was slender in his body and legs, stooping in the shoulders, his chin forked and turned up, his lower lip hanging, his nose large and flat, the mark of an ulcer in his face, and a scar in his right eye-brow; whereas Arnold du Tilh was a squat well set man, having thick legs, did not stoop, neither had he a flat nose, but in his face, indeed, he had the same marks with Martin Guerre.

(To be continued.)

EULOGIUM ON A WIFE.—BY A WIDOWER.

A SOCIETY of literary gentlemen, which was established in a neighbouring country, had founded, amongst several other rules, a decree that every one at the loss of some dear relation, such as wife, sister, father, or mother, should pronounce an eulogium in praise of the deceased; at the same time truth was to be preserved as much as possible amidst the praise which their affection might inspire them to set forth: one of the members lost a wife, who was very far from faultless, and with whom he had lived in a continual state of jarring discord. The evening, according to stated forms, arrived, when the widower was to perform his allotted task, and the society waited in anxious silence to hear the panygeric

which they all knew the deceased so ill deserved.

The gentleman who was to be the orator, was the least embarrassed of the party, and with the utmost composure he rose, and began as follows:—

“In obeying the rule which enjoins me to pronounce the funeral eulogium of my wife, be assured, gentlemen, that I experience the truest satisfaction: ten years of study makes me fully competent to speak on the subject I am about to treat of.

“Her modesty imposed silence on me during her life: whatever I offered, the least praise, the simplest mark of satisfaction, the smallest symptom of approbation on my part disgusted her. She even took

particular care to conceal from me what others said to her advantage.

"But before I draw the picture of my heroine, I ought to inform you of the accident which placed me amongst your fraternity."

"I was seized with a disorder which seemed to turn my brain; I had a violent palpitation at my heart, and I seemed devoured by a fire that made me lose my recollection, and entirely overthrew all my ideas. Sometimes I fancied myself a King, and the next moment a simple shepherd. I made a kind of jargon of my own, which I ornamented with all the furniture of the heavens. I spoke of nothing but the sun and the stars: I immortalized my Goddess, and was every moment threatening to kill myself. I made verses, though I never had any turn for poetry: in a word, I was bewitched, and the looks of the enchantress, which I could not find in my heart to quit, gave new force to her sorcery. I was obliged to have recourse to some remedy, and the first dose restored me to myself.

"This remedy was called marriage. My wife, I call her so because I was her husband, though in effect I was something like those noblemen who take the title of a place while another enjoys the revenues. She only looked on me as her steward. I had the charge of furnishing her with money for her expences and caprices. She called this care the duty of marriage on my side, yet never could I acquit myself to her liking. Her's consisted in letting me know all her wishes, and I can safely say that the multiplicity and quickness of her demands took from me the power of reproach.

"Her first care was to deprive me of every prerogative attached to the title that custom has long pronounced sacred. That superiority which nature seems to have given to our sex, she called an usurpation, and she undertook to found her despotism on the ruins of my authority, though confirmed by law. She made use of attentions, complaisance, kindness, and even caresses, to bring this about, and she bent me to obedience by a kind of enchantment. By degrees we became serious; then succeeded menaces and reproaches. The least delay caused such scenes as made me

tremble, for her soul was made to command, and therefore it was not likely she could descend to the study of household affairs. No, she wisely trusted to the prudence of her servants. She would have thought that the exercising those hands, which I had kissed so often, in any kind of housewifery, a degradation both to me and to herself: their destination was confined to the decoration only of my idol.

"I had the satisfaction of seeing my house filled with people, whose continual assiduity about her justified my choice: they joined with me in sacrificing to her, and ardently solicited to be numbered amongst her proselytes. My Goddess did not reject this incense, but she kept its fire under, for fear it should not very well agree with me; and in order not to augment my vanity, she only received their protestations in private.

"She took care, however, to increase their zeal by the splendour of her attire: our forefathers foolishly imagined that clothes had been invented for the sake of decency; my wife entirely set aside this Gothic notion. Every different part of her attire only served either to conceal a defect or to display a particular beauty: the constant change of fashion, which was eagerly watched and adopted by her, almost drained my strong box, for one head-dress alone carried off all I could gain in six months. She had read in some author that the four quarters of the globe were tributary to beauty, and she parodied this sentence with the most imposing eloquence. "It is for me," she would say, "that the Persian weaves the silk and cotton, the African dives for pearl to ornament my neck and arms, the Indian digs from the bowels of the earth those diamonds which glitter in my hair, the American searches the mines of Peru to enrich my habits, the European risks his life to bring me home these treasures, and my husband works to procure them, in order to lay them at my feet."—I do not know if the author regarded truth when he wrote the above thought, but I know it passed into a law in my house.

"You will certainly imagine that I had a right to the property for which I paid so dear: but is there any wife so simple as to seek to please her husband? Mine only adorned her person to prove to the public

* The members were all married men.

the superiority of her taste. From her toilette she flew to routs, to Faro, to the public walks, and to church, from whence she would return with her admirers, with whom she would boast of new conquests, or of the jealousies she had excited in two or three families.

“ It is but justice to say, that on certain occasions she took care to repair her extravagance by a well judged economy. Never was woman so skilled in finding out faults in a servant when she owed him money; these faults she exaggerated and multiplied, to send him away empty. She threatened him severely, and the poor wretch was glad to get away by giving up the wages that were due to him.

“ The cries of the poor never wounded her ears: she always, in a dictatorial tone, reproached them with idleness, and with the unworthiness of their profession. Her zeal was always awakened at the misery of the indigent, and never did she shew herself so good a citizen as when she found the law against beggars at any time put in force.

“ After the above trait, who can doubt but that she was a good Christian? I can give a proof by citing her behaviour at public worship: every day in the week, except on Sundays, she took her coffee in bed. Her devotion on the seventh day made her rise at eight, and she quitted not her toilet until eleven, in order to appear decently at church, where the least neglect in her dress would have been a scandalous omission. In a conspicuous and well lined pew, she was always seated next the door of it, to shew her humility, no doubt, and she kuelt on such an elevated hassock, that she appeared as if standing; there, during the time of the litany and other long prayers, she took a view of all the congregation, and the more it was crowded so much more fervent became her devotion.

“ We know that it is often a custom after church to call on a friend, or intimate neighbour. There my wife shone in a particular manner. She detailed the remarks she had made with the utmost exactitude: she mimicked the preacher in such a way that she made those expire almost with laughing who had wept at his sermon; and she gave such a ridiculous, though often profound, turn to the most serious

subjects, that, notwithstanding her sex, made her regarded as a prodigy of sense and learning. Her neighbours had their turn; nothing escaped her: the most simple movement, the most innocent glance, were explained after her way, and every one admired her *great charity*.

“ She was yet more admirable in the education she bestowed on her offspring. I have one daughter, which can be proved by the parish register, and the money her birth cost me. It took six weeks to embellish an apartment, where her mother was to receive visits after first quitting her confinement: and I purchased the congratulations of my friends much dearer than it would have cost me in twenty-five years to gain the hatred of my enemies.

“ My wife brought forth her child; she had performed her task; her delicacy would not permit her to finish her work; that was left to a nurse. Before my daughter could speak her squalling and crying already announced her spirit and the greatness of her soul: as soon as she could speak and understand what was said to her, my wife took care to tell her how pretty she was, and excited her to obedience by the promise of a good husband. This had such an effect, that the child visibly improved: at four years old she consulted her glass, and delighted in dress; at six she could laugh at her playfellows; and at seven took upon her the office of a mediatrix; at eight she began to roll her eyes, and her mother was preparing to give her some notion of religion, when death put a stop to her intentions.

“ I am now arrived at the most striking epocha of marriage; it is that stroke of the drama which some call the *denouement*, and the more tragic and perplexing are the incidents, so the actors become more impatient to come to a conclusion, as the spectators become more interested. I beheld my wife, after struggling for ten years against the dangers which are necessarily attached to life, about to enjoy that repose which, according to some philosophers, is the sole good we are to hope for. Judge, then, if I did not felicitate her with all my heart!

“ The disorder of my wife was of that nature that its first symptoms were pronounced mortal: the countenances of those

who surrounded her bed made her soon sensible of her danger. She asked for a looking-glass, and seeing her altered features she dashed the glass on the floor. 'It is all over,' said she; 'I must die.'—I thought it my duty to endeavour to inspire her with feelings of Christian resignation, but she cut me short at the first word. 'Hold your tongue, wretch!' said she, 'and preach your foolish nonsense somewhere else.'—She soon afterwards expired.

"Figure to yourselves a man who, in a dream, has been seemingly long tossed on a tempestuous sea, and who, waking on a sudden, his mind still under the delusion, is almost in doubt whether he is really safe. Such was my situation. After ten

years of trial enough to destroy the fortitude of the proudest stoic, I have arrived safe into port, by a stroke as sudden as it was unexpected.

"After this sketch, gentlemen, of my deceased wife's merit, I hope I shall not be judged unworthy of holding the place you have granted to me in your fraternity. Too happy, if your wives are perfect, in being allowed to be regarded as the most inferior member, if we are to be judged by the merit of our wives: but perhaps on some future occasion some one among you may choose to act with the same truth and candour as I have done."

S. G.

THE LISTENER.

NOVELTY.

THE following letter from a young man residing in London, contains much truth; I therefore publish it without further comment.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I find when a young lady arrives from Oxford or Cambridge, in London, she affects, according to long established custom, to find nothing surprizing in the metropolis; the houses have doors and windows as they have every where else; men have noses in the middle of their faces; women have soft voices and sparkling eyes, and all that she has been accustomed to.

But, by little and little, there are certain details which strike, charm, and captivate her senses, while they excite her wonder. She has all her gowns altered, nor will she go out in the last new hat she bought in the country: she purchases another, and has her shoes and boots made in Bond-street. She becomes a modish town lady, while the idea of being born in the country is a weight she would gladly shake off, and the idea of going back to her provincial town quite depresses her spirits.

I was very well acquainted with a young lady of this description, a cousin of mine, who came from Exeter. I accompanied her to one of our principal theatres; she

could not at first endure the seeing a new piece performed: the war of hissing and clapping distressed her feelings, and at the same time almost deafened her. Now, there is nothing new coming out, but she flies to me to escort her to the theatre; if there is not noise enough, she keeps knocking her feet in the box she sits in, and in order to increase the hissing, she takes the key of her tea-caddy and whistles behind her pocket handkerchief.

She shewed the same dislike to walking in the Park, or entering a pastry-cook's shop; but now since she has taken ice in Leicester-square, she declares she cannot live without it; and there is one favourite tree in the Park which marks the boundary of her walk. When she goes to the Opera she has her titled admirers, like all other beauties; she views them through her eye-glass, and they spy again at her: I am really astonished to see how easily she adopts those free manners of the town, which in the country would not fail to be censured as highly indecorous.

Yesterday she saw several ladies with short sleeves, and gloves which only came up to the elbow. Their arms were white and beautifully turned; their gowns were made so as to display entirely the back and shoulders; and I thought what a pity it was to expose so fine a skin to all the ravages of the weather. It is a pity

women will not cover themselves more decently; but my cousin Isabella says every woman ought implicitly to follow the fashion. She is young and thoughtless, but I see many a matron, sensible and prudent in other respects, yet who never departs from the laws of fashion. The reproofs of a husband, the murmurings of her relations, effect nothing; every thing is displayed according to the caprice of the fickle deity.

When my cousin Isabella first came from Exeter, she had a very prim and affected way of walking, and was so bundled up, that I thought she was not only round-shouldered but crooked: in less than a week I discovered that she had the finest shape in the world, fine falling

shoulders, and such a foot and ankle! with a leg most finely turned. She was accustomed to hide all these attractions, but now she takes advantage of the fashion of wearing short petticoats, and gowns cut low in the back, and without shoulder straps.

She pretends that she shall make as good a wife and better, than many precise country maidens. But I remarked, as she was known to be a girl of fortune, that when she first came to town several young men of good family were ambitious of paying their addresses to her; but now they have all fallen off, and she does not have one offer of marriage.

R. B.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF THE MOORS.

THE MOORS, so called by the Europeans, are a mixture of all nations who have at any time settled in North Africa, but the predominant character, physical and moral, is that of the Arab or Saracen. The name is unknown to themselves, and if, as it would seem, it is a corruption from that of *Mauri*, by which the Romans designated the people of a particular province, it has long ceased to be applicable to the present inhabitants. "If you ask a Moor," says M. Dupuis, "what he calls himself, he will answer that he is a *Moolim*, or believer, and his country *Bled Moolimin*, the land of believers." The Arabs distinguish them by the name of *Medainien*, or town's people. Europeans, however, are in the habit of applying indiscriminately the term *Moor*, not only to the mass of population in Northern Africa, but throughout all Asia to the confines of China; it is, in fact, almost synonymous with Mussulman. The Moors of Africa are rigid disciples of Mahomet: they pray five times a day with the face turned towards Mecca; perform their ablutions; circumcise their male children; believe that every man's destiny is pre-ordained and written in the book of fate; hate and despise Christians and Jews; shut up their women; and eat coosocoo: this is granulated paste, in which is smothered any kind of animal food, a dish universally in use from Arabia to the shores of the

Atlantic, and not unlike the pilaw of India, the granulated flour of wheat being substituted for rice.

The Moor never laughs, and seldom smiles; his grave and pensive appearance wears the external characteristic of a thinking animal, but it is the mere result of habit; there is no heart, no mind, no curiosity, no ambition of knowledge; he exists in a state of perpetual languor, which seems only excited into enjoyment when, in a total vacuity of mind, he is seen to stroke his beard. We say nothing at present of his harem, his domestic amusements can only be known to himself; but of his pleasures in public, next to the abstraction from all ideas, that of the bath seems to preponderate; few of any rank or opulence are without this luxury; but every large town has its public baths, which are generally annexed to some caravansera or coffee-house; here the Moor gets himself well rubbed down, and his joints stretched or shampooed; here he sips his coffee, and here he is amused with wild tales of genii or fairies.

THEIR FOOD AND MANNER OF EATING.

The refinement of eating and drinking constitutes no part of the Moors' happiness; they have plenty of good and wholesome food, but coosocoo is the standing dish; the manner of eating it is thus described by

Colonel Keatinge:—"The Mussulman, with his left hand, tears the meat to pieces, opens into and rolls up the grain, combs the offal from his mouth with his fingers, roughs his long beard, and with a notable regard to economy, throws it back into the dish, for a plastic hand to mould anew into a modification for swallowing." This the Colonel calls "philosophically eating to satisfy the claims of nature."—While on this subject, our readers may perhaps be amused with the bill of fare of an Imperialist sent to the house of the English Ambassador. It was brought by two men sweating under the load of a hand-barrow, the contents of which were an enormous china bowl filled with the national dish, and pride of the kitchen, *Cooscosoo*. This being deposited, was followed by an entire heep, skinned indeed, and bearing evidence of having undergone the process of the kitchen, but yet, apparently, possessing its intestines as in days of yore. The equivoque was, however, speedily solved, for incision being made, a bounteous discharge of contents extruded, ready dressed, in various fanciful forms of puddings, forced meats, minced meats, and indescribable *et ceteras* wherein it seemed as if this Arabesque taste had been trained to adhere to the modes of nature."

SUPERSTITION OF THE MOORS.

The Moors are great observers of ill omens: what they most dread is the influence of an evil spirit or an evil eye, to counteract which they wear charms round the neck, or carry in their stomach a portion of the Koran. The usual way of preparing this last preventive is to write down certain verses of the Koran, to burn them, and to mix the ashes with some liquid to be swallowed fasting; thus fortified, a Moor is proof against all the demons of "Dom Daniel's cave." Among their superstitions may be reckoned their abhorrence of black; their mode of expressing the number *five* by four and one; their abstaining from mentioning the word *death*, which they avoid as cautiously as the courtly divine did the "mention of hell to ears polite."—Spirits being supposed to walk abroad at night, he must be a Moor of no ordinary cast of mind who, unfurnished with the sacred precept just noticed, would venture

abroad in the dark: if a person should die suddenly, he is struck by some local demon. Thirteen in company is an unlucky omen; but this superstition, like some of the others, is not confined to the Moors, many a good lady in England would not sleep comfortably if by any misfortune her company at table consisted of thirteen. Among other superstitions an opinion prevails, we believe, in all the four states, that it is ordained the Moors shall lose their country on a Friday, during the hour of prayer, by the invasion of a people clothed in red; yet so inconsistent are they that at this hour all the gates of every city are carefully locked, as if bars and bolts could oppose the decrees of fate. They are not, however, mere theorists in predestination, but submit to every change of fortune with humble resignation, passing from a state of opulence to that of misery without a murmur; and when death approaches, the expiring man desires nothing more than that his face may be carefully turned towards Mecca, and, when assured of this position he bears his sufferings with patience, and leaves the world in peace.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG THE MOORS.

The wedding clothes of a Moorish lady are the accumulation of their whole life.—"Among the articles in the Princess's wardrobe were two hundred pairs of shoes, and one hundred pairs of rich embroidered velvet boots, barracans, trowsers, chemises, jilecks, caps, and curtains for apartments, and many other articles in the same proportion. Each set of things was packed separately in square flat boxes of the same dimensions; and were conveyed with great pomp and ceremony in a long procession out of one gate of the castle into another, escorted by guards, attendants, and a number of singing women, hired for the purpose of singing the festive song of *Loo, loo, loo*, which commences when the procession leaves the house of the bride's father, and finishes when it enters the bridegroom's house."

The following custom in Tunis, of fattening up young ladies for marriage, is extremely curious:—"A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room, shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ancles and wrists, as a piece of dress.

If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to the proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drouk*, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed, and their national dish *coososo*, the bride is literally crammed; and many die under the spoon." The same idea of corpulency, being a criterion of female beauty, is prevalent at Morocco, where Lempriere tells us the women use a grain which they name *el houba*, which they eat with their *coososo*; that they also swallow boluses of paste, heated by the steam of boiling water; and we recollect some other author stating, that it was a common practice for young ladies to cram themselves with rolls of bread soaked in warm water.

In general the bride is paraded round the streets at the head of the procession, shut up in a sort of cage, which is covered with fine linen, and placed on the back of a horse, mule, or ass, according to the circumstances of the parties; and this strange custom prevails among all true Musulmen, from the shores of the Yellow Sea to those of the Atlantic. "The procession ended, the bride received the visitors sitting on an elevated seat, with an embroidered veil thrown over her, almost covered with gold and silver ornaments, and having rings of gold round the ancles of four or five pounds in weight. Two slaves attended to support the two tresses of her hair behind, which were so much adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments, that if she had risen from her seat she could not have supported the immense weight of them." To understand the nature of this mass of hair, it will be necessary to take a peep into a Moorish lady's dressing-room; there we shall find her attended by a number of black slaves, one to plait, another to perfume the hair, a third to arrange the eyebrows, a fourth to paint the face, a fifth to arrange the jewels, &c. The hair behind is divided into two tresses, into which a quantity of black silk is worked, prepared with perfumes and scented waters of vari-

ous kinds, after which about a quarter of a pound of cloves, reduced to the finest powder, is worked into them; the fingers and feet are then stained black with henna, her fingers are covered with rings, and lastly, a string of gold and silver beads are thrown over her shoulders as a charm against witchcraft, or an evil or unfriendly eye.

CUSTOMS AT THE DEATH OF A MOOR.

The moment a death happens in a family the alarm is given by the shrill screaming of the words *woulliah woo*, repeated incessantly by the relations and every body in the house. These cries, heard at a great distance, bring every female acquainted with, or dependent on the family, to scream over the dead, and mourn with the nearest relations of the deceased; and it strikes one with the greatest horror to see the afflicted widow or mother, half dead with grief for her loss, obliged (according to the custom of the country) to receive the visits of not less than a hundred different women, who come to condole with her. They each take her in their arms, they lay her head on their shoulder, and scream without intermission for several minutes, till the afflicted object, stunned with the constant howling, and a repetition of her misfortune, sinks senseless from their arms on the floor! They likewise hire a number of women, who make this horrid noise round the bier placed in the middle of the court-yard of the mansion, over which these women scratch their faces to such a degree that they appear to have been bled with a lancet at the temples; after the ceremony is over, they lay on a sort of white chalk, to heal the wounds and stop the blood. These women are hired indifferently at burials, weddings, and feasts; at the two latter they sing the song *Loo, loo, loo*, and extempore verses. Their voices are heard at the distance of half a mile. It is the custom of those who can afford it to give, on the evening of the day the corpse is buried, a quantity of hot dressed victuals to the poor, who come to fetch each their portion, and form sometimes immense crowds and confusion at the doors; this they call the supper of the grave.

The dead are always dressed for the grave; the ears, nostrils, and eyelids are stuffed with a preparation of camphor and

rich spices. An unmarried woman is ornamented as a bride, and bracelets are put on her arms and ankles. The body is wrapped in fine white linen, sanctified at Mecca, which is generally procured in their life time, and carefully preserved for their last dress. At the head of the coffin is placed a turban, if the deceased be a male, corresponding with his rank; if a female, a large bouquet of flowers; if a virgin, the *loo, loo, loo*, is sung by hired women, that she may not be laid in the ground without having had the *wedding song*. On Fridays, the eve of the Mahomedan Sabbath, the women visit the tombs of their deceased

relations, under the idea that on that day the dead hover round to meet their friends, and to hold commerce with those that may be deposited near them; and on this account they conceive it to be the more necessary to dress the dead, that they may not in such an assembly of ghosts complain of the neglect of their relations. The tombs are neatly white-washed and kept in constant repair; flowers are planted round them, and no weeds suffered to grow. Small chapels are generally built over the tombs of persons of rank, and decorated with flowers placed in large China vases.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,—Though the following receipt cannot be of importance to your fair and affluent readers for their own use, it may afford a gratifying opportunity to enhance pecuniary benefits, by imparting economical information to the objects of their bounty, who by diffusing the method for cheap washing, will be able essentially to serve their neighbours, though they must be themselves beholden to charity. The communication of useful knowledge is at once the easiest and most valuable exercise of benevolence; and if rendered universal, how much evil might be prevented or remedied. The introduction to the Third Part of Mrs. Grant's *Popular Models* suggests an idea not unworthy of serious contemplation from all who can conduce in giving efficiency to means for preventing crimes.—“Were the hawker's basket supplied with simple treatises on agriculture, arts, mechanics, and manufactures, with moral stories, and plain directions for the care and government of infancy and childhood, vehicles of corruption would be transformed into distributors of invaluable benefits. The exertions of Bible societies cannot be too much applauded; they will not fail to improve the well inclined children of poverty, but those of less happy propensities must certainly excite deep commiseration, and the earnest endeavours of benevolence to point out their danger: to these it will be necessary to promise

amusement, while we covertly seek their reformation; and having touched their hearts, in opening their contracted understanding by humouring and pleasing their fancy, they may be through time prepared to study the holy Scriptures. Let us not be discouraged because our efforts can be but comparatively insignificant; if we are not satisfied with doing good, unless on a splendid scale, we may suspect our philanthropy to be no more than a modification of pride, intent on signalizing itself rather than solicitous to promote the general welfare of our species.”

Should LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE fall into the hands of a reader who cannot contribute more to the relief of the poor, let her exert her utmost diligence to make known a receipt for cheap washing. The most opulent may incalculably promote the comfort of the needy by deigning to circulate the following particulars:—Separate coarse and fine linens into two tubs, and pour over them tepid or cold water. You should also soak all the coarsest in a distinct vessel, taking care that all be thoroughly wetted. After soaking two days, wring, the fine cloths, and rub out all dirty spots by a very slight application of soap. Lay a quarter of a pound to two dozen of men's shirts, or to other cloths in equal quantity; after rubbing out the spots set the linens on the fire with cold water, in a clean copper boiler. When the water has boiled turn

the cloaths and their lee into a clean tub, and when cold enough to be touched, take a little and a little of the lee and wash the boiled linens, so send them to bleach. If you cannot conveniently spread them on grass, pour boiling water over them. When wrung and shaken out, after washing, let them remain in the hot water till they can be handled for rinsing in blue and water. The lee which scalded the fine linens will help the same operation on those of coarser quality, which are to be treated in the

same manner; and their lee will clean articles of a yet inferior kind. If the water is hard, two ounces of soda dissolved in hot water and mixed with the cold water, will be necessary before the cloaths are thrown in. Besides a great saving of soap, the work takes much less time, and the linens are exempted from severe friction, which in the ordinary way renders washing proverbially destructive to cloaths unless in very careful hands.

CHARACTER OF A YOUNG LADY.—DRAWN FROM LIFE.

HARRIET is not a beauty, but in her presence beauties are discontented with themselves. At first she scarcely appears pretty, but the more she is beheld, the more agreeable she appears. She gains where others lose, and what she gains she never loses. She is equalled by few in a sweet expression of countenance; and without dazzling beholders she interests them. She loves dress, and is a good judge of it; despises finery, but dresses with peculiar grace, mixing simplicity with elegance. She covers her beauties so artfully as to give play to the imagination. She prepares herself for managing a family of her own, by managing that of her father. Cookery is familiar to her, with the price and quality of provisions; and she is a ready accountant. She holds cleanness and neatness to be indispensable in a woman; and that a slattern is disgusting, especially if beautiful. The attention given to externals does not make her overlook her more material duties. Harriet's understanding is solid, without being profound. Her sensibility is too great for a perfect equality of temper; but her sweetness renders that inequality harmless. She suffers with patience any wrong done her; but is im-

patient to repair any wrong she has done, and does it so cordially as to make it appear meritorious. If she happen to disoblige a companion, her joy and caresses when restored to favour, shew the burden that lay upon her heart.

The love of virtue is Harriet's ruling passion; she loves it because no other thing is so lovely; she loves it because it is the glory of the female sex; she loves it as the only road to happiness, misery being the sure attendant of a woman without virtue. Of the absent she never talks but with circumspection, her female acquaintance especially. She has remarked, that what renders women prone to detraction, is talking of their own sex, and that they are more equitable with respect to the men. Harriet never talks of women but to express the good she knows of them; of others she says nothing.

Without much knowledge of the world, she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does. A good disposition does more for her than art does for others. She possesses a degree of politeness, which, void of ceremony, proceeds from a desire to please, which consequently never fails to please.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

ON THE VICTORY AT ALGIERS.

As eagles in their airy flight,
As lions rising in their might,
They rush'd resistless to the fight,
To battle and to victory.
Then sped the hissing war-bolt, driv'n
Impetuous through the vollying heav'n;

And rampart, fort, and tower, were riv'n,
Around the shrinking enemy.

Dark Chief—thy bravest held his breath,
When Britons dealt the work of death,
Where Turk and Christian fought beneath
A sulph'rous burning canopy.

And, Mussulman, 'twas thine in vain
To brave the war-storm's frey rain,
That, fate-wing'd rattled o'er thy slain,
In fearful, madd'ning revelry.

It shower'd beneath the solar beam;
It sparkled in the lunar gleam;
And through the night that fatal stream
Flash'd wide o'er heaven's concavity.

Then floating down the blood-red sky,
The Cross victorious glared on high—
The recreant Creacent flutter'd nigh
No more in hated rivalry.

Exmouth! 'twas nobly done, and soon—
And, ere the glorious morrow's noon,
The slave had leap'd from dungeon gloom,
To life, and hope, and liberty.

England shall lift the goblet high
To those who live—their memory,
Who died (as all might wish to die)
She gives to immortality.

TO —

WHEN evening wraps in twilight shroud
The farewell beams of day,
How sweet to quit the busy crowd,
And steal from toil away;
And while the pale moon, pining bright,
Soft glimmers o'er the lea,
To gaze upon her tranquil light,
And think of heaven and thee!

And thus when all the slamb'ring air
A stillness breathes divine,
Or only angels waken there,
And spirits pure as thine,
On fancy's wing to flowery vales
And distant groves I see,
Complain me to the dying gales,
And sigh my soul to thee.

Moments there are when every thought
That dwells on things below,
And life itself depicts nought
But gloom and varied woe;
Yet memory from her lonely bower
One twinkling star can see,
And in that drear despairing hour,
'Tis bliss to muse on thee!

Oh! that our souls in viewless flight
Could mount the air at will,
And sail upon the clouds of night
When all the earth was still!
How oft from worldly bondage riv'n,
From worldly passions free,
I'd soar to yonder azure heav'n,
And stretch my arms to thee!

There when the pensive moonlight shone
We'd wander thro' the sky,
And, leaning o'er our fleecy throne,
Look down with wond'ring eye

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On verdant valley, rippling stream,
On summit, tower, and tree,
Where lovely slept the placid beam,
Serene and chaste as thee.

And may not such, in years to rise,
When all of earth is past,
When death bestows what life denies,
Be ours perhaps at last.
Oh 'twere enough for evermore
To wean each sin from me,
To think in heaven, when time is o'er,
My soul may welcome thee!

Then till that hour, while yet on earth,
Oh! be what thou hast been;
And let me love the angel-worth
Mine eyes have never seen—
Still pour upon my list'ning ear,
While yet that bliss may be,
Those melting strains, so sweetly dear,
That won me first to thee!

Nor think the world's tumultuous throng
Shall tempt my thoughts away,
Or steal me from the syren song
That sooth'd my early day;
The pensive charm that song could give,
Through each reserv'd decree,
Shall fondly smile and brightly live
To tell my soul of thee.

No midnight moon, nor vesper star,
Nor flower of modest fame,
But yet, tho' thou art distant far,
Shall whisper me thy name;
Nor aught of beauty can I trace,
Nor aught of goodness see,
But in the dear resembling grace
I'll still remember thee.

TO MARY.

AND now, when seated by thy side,
In rural bower, on friendly shore,
Say, Mary! didst thou ever chide
My stay? or deem my love was o'er?
And blushing list, in hall or dale,
With pleasure to some rival's tale?

If so, how wrong'd a faithful heart,
A heart which never lov'd but thee;
No! since the hour that saw us part
Thy love was every thing to me,
Oh! had that cheerful vision fled
This form had fill'd a narrow bed.

And oft when midnight dank and drear,
Has heard the rousing bugle call,
And dying comrades claim'd the tear
That brav'ry sheds on soldier's pall,
My heart a lonely comfort felt—
No danger hover'd where thou dwelt.

Z

And 'mid the wreck of war and strife,
When battle's rage no respite knew,
And lingering groans of parting life
The heart of many a soldier drew ;
I joy'd to think that steel nor shot
In thy lov'd laud could harm thee not.

And now, tho' danger's blast is o'er,
And 'neath this shade we meet again,
Tho' distant far the hostile shore,
The comrade's grave, the battle plain.
Believe my heart as true to thee,
Tho' parted not by shore or sea.

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

*By Arthur Brooke, to his Female Readers; written
after the publication of a volume of Poems.*

THOUGH the harp may be sinking in sadness,
whose strings

Were so lightly once awakened for you,
Yet it still to the theme of its infancy clings,
And its last fading tribute of melody brings
In this warm unaffected adieu.

May your charms, which the dullest, the coldest
might move,

In a verse less unworthy be wreathed ;
May the tale of affection as oft as you rove
By the sweet star of eve, in the voice that you
love,

Be as truly as tenderly breathed.

Forgive if the feeling too freely has flowed
From the warmth of a juvenile tongue ;
By your lips be a soft admonition bestowed,
But oh in your hearts be it only allowed
To have better been fancied than sung !

In its pride let the cold callous eye of the sage
On the song look indignantly down,
Let ignorance turn with distaste from the page,
And pity we still the moroseness of age,
Where envy lies hid in a frown.

The joys of our being how fleeting and few !
How distant our hopes from above !
There is but one blessing substantial and true,
Oh woman ! that blessing is centred in you,
And is only imparted in love.

THE BLUSH OF INNOCENCE.

THE blush that paints Belinda's cheek,
Outvies the rose's dye ;
Or beaming Morn's refulgent tints,
Which streak the eastern sky :
Enthron'd upon her modest brow,
Sits virgin Innocence,
Whose timid hand the veil doth throw,
Which proves her best defence.

The vestal purity of heart
That glowing blush bespeaks,
Confers a loveliness and grace,
As vain vermilion seeks ;

'Tis conscious Virtue's soft alarms,
Arou'd by Nature's laws,
To guard her sacred, youthful charms,
Endearing whilst it awes.

ON MRS. ALSOP,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MRS. JORDAN.

Rise! daughter, from Thalia's bier,
Seductive empress of our smiles ;
Rise! daughter, dry affection's tear,
Nor longer yield to sorrow's wiles.

For sorrow ne'er could death reprieve,
Nor all the bitterness of woe
Regain the soul when doomed to leave
This fickle transient scene below.

And if such could, of what avail
The hope so great would check our grief,
O'er every bitter pang prevail,
And send us back without relief.

Rise votress of the mask and song,
Anew thy origin betray ;
Her sweet and silvery sounds prolong,
Her fairy step again display.

The lively archness of her smile
Her eye's expressive brilliancy ;
Her soul's bewitching gestures while
Engaged in Comus' revelry.

Such charms, fair Alsop, grace thy power,
Thy mother's genius lives with thee ;
A boon from Heav'n in a sprightly hour
The heart to charm with chaste'n'd glee.

As when the moon withdraws her light,
O'er the horizon casts no ray,
Bright Venus oft illumines the night,
With kindred lamp to cheer the way.

H. R. H. P. D.

ON THE FIRST VISIT OF THE RED- BREAST.

WELCOME sweet bird! thou need'st not fear,
Thou art not such a stranger here,
Welcome to board and bed!
I know thy little twinkling eye,
Thy sidelong hop, and manner shy,
Thy timid note as who would cry,
Give me a crumb of bread.

My cat, tho' velvet be her paws,
Shall not affright thee with her claws,
Nor seize thee for a dinner ;
Nor will I snare thee in a cage,
As songsters in this cruel age
Are coop'd in iron hermitage ;
I am not such a sinner !

Is there who, lost to pity's sense,
And supplicating innocence,
Would hurt thy smallest feather?
I would not give that man my heart,

Nor secrets to his care impart,
Nor steer, with him, by friendship's chart,
My course in stormy weather.

Is there a maid of narrow mind,
Who knows not to be doubly kind
To such a plea as thine :

Tho' she were fair and fitly grown,
And other nymphs in grace outshone;
Were beauty's envied prize her own,
I would not call her mine.

A pilgrim once, infirm and poor,
His pittance begg'd at Alfred's door,
As ancient legends say;
But Alfred's royal self was poor,
And one small loaf was all his store;
The generous monarch could no more,
He gave the half away!

Thy frontlet no escalap wears,
Nor cross upon thy breast appears;
But thou dost need a friend!
Then welcome be thy twinkling eye,
Thy sidelong hop, and manner shy,
Thy timid note of charity,
When winter snows descend.

Were I, sweet bird, the child of want,
And pining too on measure scant,
If thou should'st come and sing,
My easement I would owe to thee,
Together would keep jubilee,
Thou should'st a little pilgrim be,
And I would be a king!

WOMAN'S A CYPHER.

SAYS a boy to his sister ('twas but a boy's
speech),

"Insignificant lady, stand out of my reach!
"Man's the lord of creation, the head and the
boast;

"But woman's a cypher, a cypher at most."

"Now, father, that's rude," cried the girl in a
pout;

"Do you hear what my brother is talking about?
"Do, take mother's part now, and tell us the
truth;

"Dear father, are women all cyphers, forsooth?"

Papa took the cause up, and looking quite grave,
Hemm'd thrice ('tis a way which great orators
have);

Then stopp'd half a minute, then sagely began—
"Yes, woman's a cypher, considered with man.

"I know the assertion will make you all stare;

"I think I can prove it, dispute it who dare.

"For an O, when its plac'd at the right hand of
I (one) done."

"Will make one of ten times the value.—'Tis

A bachelor I—how forlorn would I feel!

My parlour how cheerless! how tasteless my meal!

My pleasures would prove a vain fanciful dream,

And the sun of my joy but a transient beam.

At fifty old Cælebs no partner can gain
And mumbles out vows treated best with disdain;
Still must bear the broad sneer, as not able thro'
life,

Nor worthy to have that despised thing—a wife.

So women are cyphers: the simile's good,
If rightly we take it, as every one should,
If the girl be but worthy, then some one will
know,

By her aid, how to tenfold importance to grow.

ON THE INTERMENT OF MR. SHERIDAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HERE place with pious hands his honour'd dust,
Where sleep the ashes of the wise and just;
Where genius, worth, and valour rest enshrin'd,
Rulers of earth, and masters of the mind!

Lo! from his throne immortal Handel bends,
And o'er the reeds his sacred bands extends;
In heaven's own climes the pealing notes arise,
And roll in thunder thro' the vaulted skies—

"Glory to God"—the angel strains begin—

"Glory to him, who broke the bonds of sin."

"Come, spirit come, forsake you lower sphere,

"Wake to new life, and breathe the eternal
year!

"No slave of passion, no rude hand of power,

"Here rules the fates, or frames the torturing
hour;

"But Justice at the golden portal waits,

"And Mercy's hand unlocks the sapphire gates;

"Here is the beauty of the Godhead known,

"His power confess'd, his deeds of wonder
shewn,

"Here shalt thou kiss in joy the chastening rod,

"And rest thy head upon the lap of God.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON,

Author of several valuable literary Works.

HIGH in the honour'd list of female names,
Whose worth and talents these fair isles adorn;
Thy merit, Hamilton! distinction claims,
Which shall descend thro' ages yet unborn.

Virtue's disciple, thou wert skill'd to warn
Her youthful votaries 'gainst the various
snares

Contriv'd by Vice t'entrap them unawares,
Where Pleasure's rose conceals Remorse's thorn.

And well thy pen could rustic manners trace,
Or with good humour'd satire point the tale,
Design'd offensive habits to efface,
And thus improve the intellectual scale.—

But Heaven, to whose decisions all must bend,
Now to her native sphere has called bright Vir-
tue's friend.

H.

FASHIONS

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

High dress of fine French cambric; the border ornamented with four tucks, and finished by a broad muslin flounce: full double ruff of fine lace, left open at the throat. Over this dress is worn that elegant pelisse, entitled the *ORIENTAL*, of black, faced and ornamented with Cachemire shawl trimming, and lined with amber coloured sarsnet. British bonnet of amber curled silk, surmounted by ears of Indian corn, and the crown encircled by a wreath of corn leaves. Limerick gloves; and half boots of pearl grey kid.

No. 2.—PARISIAN PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Round dress of fine muslin, ornamented at the border with rich embroidery between two flounces of broad lace. Lilac sarsnet spenser, elegantly ornamented with silk trimming. Hussar hat of lilac sarsnet and fine blond, surmounted by a full plume of white feathers, and placed very backward over a plaited *cornette*. Lilac shoes laced with ribband of the same colour; gloves of lemon coloured kid, and a parasol of a very light lavender colour, shot with white, and white border.—A Parisian shawl of lemon colour, with a superb border of different coloured flowers, is sometimes thrown over this dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The fine mild weather, so aptly styled by the Americans the Indian summer, and which not unfrequently marks the month of October, has been productive of that gaiety of attire which has set the inventive fancy of taste and genius again to work. Fashion flutters her varied wings over the toilettes of Britannia's daughters, and waves

her magic wand commanding her votaries to follow, while she leads them to those repositories where she reigns the sovereign arbiter of female costume.

Amongst those favoured receptacles where the versatile deity may be said to preside, we must not forget to acknowledge her power in the elegant *Magasin de Modes*, belonging to Mrs. Bell, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square; who, amongst her novelties for out-door costume, has produced a beautiful pelisse of fine cloth of that much admired and modest colour, the pearl grey; when this dress is worn for the promenade it should be accompanied by a close bonnet, made of white satin, ornamented with pale pink satin and crape, with a bunch of full blown white roses in front. For the out-door carriage costume, nothing can be reckoned more elegant than the Oriental pelisse, as given in our Engraving, with the curled silk British bonnet. Other carriage hats are made of white satin, with the edges scalloped, elegantly trimmed in a style and with a material entirely novel; they are partially turned up in front, and finished with a plume of zebra feathers, lilac and white; or some ladies prefer this hat entirely white.

Morning dresses are chiefly of fine cambric, and have little novelty in the form since last month. A favourite half dress for young ladies is made of very fine striped India muslin; it is finished in the frock style, with long sleeves, made partially high, and ornamented round the border with a flounce edged with coloured embroidery. The most favourite evening dress is the Austrian bridal robe of *Comme gauze*; this to be properly appreciated must be seen, description cannot do it justice; the front of it is peculiarly beautiful, for while it modestly conceals it heightens female attractions; and the superb richness of the flounces, and their exquisite light-



CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Invented by M^{rs} Bell 26 Charlotte St. Bloomsbury

Engined for La Belle Assemblee 27th Nov^r 1846.



AN ALBION COMPANY, 100 N. BROAD ST. N. Y. C.

ness combined, render it one of the most unique habiliments ever produced for a youthful and royal bride.

Amongst the most elegant head-dresses invented at the above mentioned *Magasin le Modes*, must be classed the Exmouth cap, made of fine tulle and white satin, with the Moorish, or Algerine turban, of pale blue velvet, finished by a superb plume of blue and white variegated feathers. An evening *toque*, of crimson velvet, with a superb white ostrich feather, promises to be much in favour as the cold weather shall succeed to the present mild temperature of the air. The Glasgow cap is, however, now pre-eminant as a head-dress at dinner parties and select evening assemblies; that now most in favour is of white satin: the Scottish border is of pink and white, and the plumes white edged with pink: this head-dress has a beautiful effect by candle-light.

In speaking of dresses, we forgot to mention the Wirtemberg evening dress of black velvet; it is finished round the border by four rows of pink satin and narrow black velvet, each row confined by small gold buckles in front. The body is made low, the waist short, and the sleeves, which are also short, are peculiarly elegant; they are slashed, but entirely in a new kind of manner, after the Spanish fashion, and the slashes are beautifully filled up by a full puffing of net.

Before we take our leave of Mrs. Bell we cannot forbear noticing her taste in the article of those solemn insignias relative to mortality; and we have had an opportunity of viewing several articles of mourning she has just finished for a noble family of very high distinction. The plain Cypress robe, elegantly trimmed with weed crape, forms the chief dress; and over this may be thrown at pleasure, the *Artemisa* scarf of black velvet, lined with white satin, and edged all round with a rich fringe of white silk. With every dress we have above cited the ARMENIAN DIVORCE CORSET will be found a valuable acquisition to every lady who studies not only her own ease, but the captivation of her form.

In addition to what we have above stated we have only to observe, that poplins, figured sarinets, and the new Dalmatia cloth, are the most favoured articles which

compose the dinner dresses. Cosmo gauze and satin are reckoned most elegant for evening. And a new black fancy Leghorn bonnet, though straw and curled silk are in high estimation, is nevertheless preferred for walking, as more elegantly retired.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS

WHETHER from unaccountable whim, or from the present mildness of the weather, I am at a loss to conceive, but the Parisian dames by no means attire themselves now according to the declining season.

A large *fichu* of cambric trimmed with broad lace, and an enormous pelerine cape, ornamented in the same manner, is frequently all the out-door covering that shields the busts of the gallic beauties at the morning promenade, while their fair hands yet carry the parasol. The *fichu* I speak of is of a new construction. It has two short pointed ends, which hang just below the waist, and these ends are confined under a girdle of black velvet clasped with gold. Though the French ladies will not own it, nevertheless, the number of English females here have given a British feature to Parisian fashions: I do not find them thereby improved; the inhabitants of every nation look best in their native costumes, and the taste of French women in regard to their own fashions, has ever been deemed unrivalled: they need not, therefore, resort to others, they are awkward imitators too of English fashions and manners. Silk spencers, elegantly trimmed with frogs, fringes, and tassels, are much worn by those composing the higher classes; but pelisses, large shawls, and warm mantles, have yet made but a very slight appearance, and that only amongst the most matronly.

The most intricate mazes of a French toilet, and the most difficult to follow, are the hats and bonnets, which are always so varied it is impossible to say which is most in vogue: this versatility is very pleasing, because most ladies adopt the form, size, and colour best suited to their features and

complexions. Those hats, however, which have a flat rim, worn extended, are reckoned the newest, but they are more frequently now made of satin or sarsnet than straw: sometimes they are ornamented at the edges with a blond, which is not broad, and is made to stand upright: some ladies tie round these hats a narrow scarf of fine India muslin spotted with gold, which they twist in folds round the crown, and finish it in a bow on the left side. Straw bonnets are generally trimmed with bright green ribbons, cut in the form of leaves, with a large bunch of the same material on one side, and a few daisies on the other. Bonnets of jonquil satin are also much worn, they are lined, bound, and trimmed with dark blue, and are ornamented with yellow roses or white daisies. Cambric and fine India muslin bonnets are much adopted in morning *deshabille*, or of white *gros de Naples*, lined with rose colour. A new material for dress hats has lately made its appearance; it is of black *tulle*, striped and spotted with satin in the form of stars; this hat is generally ornamented with a full bunch of red or yellow roses, according to the dress worn with it, or what is of infinitely more consequence, the complexion. The next favourite dress hat is of yellow or white crape, the former ornamented with blue field flowers, the white with red daisies.

There is scarce any alteration in the fashion of the gowns, except that those worn in undress are made extremely plain, and have no ornaments round the border except about seven very narrow tucks placed very close one over the other, or a letting-in of embroidered muslin; the evening dress reckoned most superb is of pearl coloured satin, elegantly and richly trimmed with fine Mechlin lace.

Veronica, a little blue flower, placed on one side, is the only head-dress worn by very young ladies, or a wreath of full leaves of yellow satin ribbon. *Toques* with full plumes of white feathers are worn by the more mature beauties.

Pale pink kid slippers, or those of white spotted silk, are worn in full dress. Variegated half boots are now general for the promenade.

COSTUME OF THE TRADESMEN'S WIVES AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

FRENCH and English fashions being universally adopted at the Russian court, it is amongst these middling classes that we must look for that national *costume* which has long distinguished the inhabitants of foreign countries, especially such a country as Russia, but few centuries rescued from a state of barbarism, and consequently the bulk of her people are yet strongly attached to those modes of dress which formerly characterized them; especially as much finery distinguishes that of the wealthy merchant's wife and daughter.

In her gala dress, nothing can be finer than a rich tradesman's wife of St. Petersburg. Her petticoat is of stiff brocade, in various coloured flowers; the shoulder straps of the same are richly embroidered with gold. The body consists of a jacket of stuff or velvet, bound with gold lace, with full white *chemisette* sleeves, reaching to the elbow. On the head is placed a diadem of gold, set very tastefully and richly with different coloured gems and pearls, though many wear a more becoming head-dress, consisting of a large square handkerchief wound very prettily round their heads, with one corner hanging down their backs: this handkerchief is beautifully variegated with silver and different colours. Their necks and arms are bare, and laden with jewels, and every finger is crowded with rings.

Their common summer dress, by being less heavy, is infinitely more becoming. The petticoat and body are of very light brocade: a piece of a light, variegated material is bound round the head, and depends from thence like a mantle over the shoulders, which are covered with a very elegant kind of pelerine of crimson velvet, faced with gold; sapphire ear-rings, set round with pearls, and two rows of pearls round the neck, in the centre of which is an image of St. Nicolas, the tutelary Saint of Russia, richly set in jewels, complete this singular, and to a pretty woman, very becoming attire.

The middling classes and peasantry of Russia almost all adopt one custom: that is, married women conceal all their hair under their head-dress, while the unmarried

ed females display theirs; their only head ornaments being a bunch of ribbons to tie the hair, or a gold diadem in front.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

THOUGH the English in the earlier ages were fond of imitating foreign fashions, which might be owing perhaps to the various conquerors which, at different times, subjugated this nation; yet we find some particular feature or other in their dress that was not to be found in any other country. In the reign of Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn wore yellow on the death of Catharine of Arragon, and at the conclusion of Mary's reign, the ladies in general wore a long cloak, when Cardinal Pole was at the height of his glory, and which they denominated a Cardinal; the ruff and farthingale universally worn was in compliance with the fashion in Spain, to flatter the consort King of Mary. At the death of Cardinal Pole, the cardinal was no longer worn by any of the higher classes.

A blooming virgin at that era was more solicitous to conceal her attractions than the most aged matron is at present; the very neck and throat were entirely concealed, and the arms covered to the wrists; the petticoats hid the shoe, and the *coiffure* was as close as possible, from which depended a light transparent veil, which fell down behind, and seemed meant occasionally to conceal the face also.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the maiden Queen being ill made and very round shouldered, she increased the size of the farthingale and ruff to an enormous appearance, thereby losing the deformity of her figure in that of these disguises.

As her Majesty left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died, and had dresses made according to the fashion of every country, it is singular that there should be such a uniformity of dress in all her portraits, and that she should be at all times so loaded as she was with ornaments.

Long stays were much worn at that period, and Lady Hudson, who was a leader of the fashion, always wore her's longer than any lady of the court.

In the reign of Charles I. ladies wore their hair low on the forehead, and parted in small ringlets, the most becoming of all ways of dressing the hair, and evidently taken from the French fashion, worn by the beautiful Maria Henrietta, the Queen of the unfortunate monarch: many English ladies, however, at that time, wore their hair curled like a judge's wig, while others had it braided and rounded in a knot on the top of the crown like the head-dresses of the present day. Strings of pearl were wove amongst their tresses, and ear-rings, bracelets, and other ornaments in jewellery, were universally worn.

Laced collars, the same as those worn at present, were much worn in this reign round the necks of the ladies, and were called *Vandyck* collars. The bosoms and arms were exposed, and often painted white.

The heels of their shoes were so high they could hardly walk, and the trains of the gowns were twice as long as the height of their whole figure; which made it customary for ladies of quality to keep boys as pages or train-bearers.

Ladies in the reign of Charles II. wore in the summer their hair dressed like a wig, without any cap; they wore on their necks half handkerchiefs surrounded with a broad scalloped lace, and the cuffs of their gowns laced in the same manner: the sleeves of the gown were slashed according to the Spanish fashion, but instead of these slashes being filled up with satiu, velvet, or silk, they were literally slashes which discovered the linen worn underneath. In the winter they concealed their locks under a close black hood, and a black mask just concealing the nose was worn when they walked out, with a sable tippet and a large muff of the same.

The ladies about the court paid particular attention to the curling and frizzing their hair, setting it off with trinkets, then called heart-breakers, these consisted of strings of pearl, and ornaments of ribband or flowers: hoods of various colours were much worn at the theatre.

Green silk stockings were worn by one of the greatest beauties of the gay court Charles II. and consequently became a general fashion.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

IN Drury-Lane, Mr. Stephen Kemble has made his annual appearance (annual we believe and hope we may call it) in *Falstaff*, and being the best *Falstaff* on the stage, is received with the welcome which he merits. We are almost afraid to say what we nevertheless find to be true, that the comic mirth of Shakespear belongs so much to his own age and times, and is so grounded in them, that from the want of a more intimate knowledge of those times, their manners, colloquial dialogue, and home habits, they always appear tedious to us upon the stage. We laugh at the *Clown* and *Audrey*—at *Falstaff* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, because it is a dramatic indecorum not to laugh; but we confess we never feel that mirth of mind, that quick sense of life, reality, and the ridiculous, which is the proper effect of comic humour.

The excellence of Shakespear, as a general dramatist, as the poet of all ages and all times, is in his pictures of general passions, affections, and feelings; of those which, being the same in all ages and characters, always find their corresponding images in our minds and memory. His *Juliets*, his *Rosalinds*, his *Perdittas*—in a word, all his high characters, whether in his comedies or tragedies, are of this character and in this style of painting; their feelings, their sentiments, even their language, belong to every age.

Mrs. Davison has re-appeared in the *School for Scandal*. Her *Lady Teazle* does not please us so well as that of Mrs. Glover. It has, indeed, spirit, strength, and pregnant meaning; but it occasionally wants elegance, where elegance would add very considerably to the effect. It still more frequently borders upon positive coarseness. The wheedling has occasionally more of the coarseness (we must be allowed to use a Latin term) *pellicis quam conjugis*. Mrs. Davison has so much merit and so much ability to correct her few faults, that it would be unjust to her excellence not to point them out. We have much pleasure in this friendly task.

Covent Garden maintained an equal and honourable rivalry. In *As You Like It*, Mr. Charles Kemble deserves more praise than we know how to bestow. He was as natural as the feelings of the character require, and as romantic as the situation demands. Young in *Jacques* is entitled to the same praise. It is impossible, indeed, to see this play without imbibing some of the poetical melancholy, some of the musing and meditation of its all-powerful author. None of the plays of Shakespear are more full of matter, none (as it appears to us) are more strongly stamped with the peculiar colour and character of the mind of its writer.

Shakespear would doubtless feel in a forest, such a forest as that of Arden, as his own *Jacques*; the images of nature and circumstance would excite a similar tone, and a like train of images and similitudes. And in like manner, his imagination, taking its more wild and playful wand, would call up the like forms of lovers in courts and groves,—the accomplished and poetical minds and forms of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*, of *Sylvius* and *Phoebe*—of a banished Prince holding his court in a forest, and of an usurper rendered penitent by experience of the vanities of all worldly splendour.

Mr. Macready has made a creditable effort in *Othello*. He is an actor whom experience will render a most valuable acquisition to the public and managers: he has one merit, and that in a new actor not an inconsiderable one. He does not attempt to give an unnatural novelty to the character by the insertion of tricks and oddities of dialogue, action, or gesture, a fault of which Kean is too guilty. A particular character may express a strong feeling in a particular way, or in various ways, of which a good actor will make his selection, but the limit is still nature; and generally speaking, these kind of transitions are more frequently mechanical than natural, more frequently like those tricks in music in use with ordinary composers, of which the overtures of our pantomimes, and most of our musical pieces, afford so many examples.

Two novelties have been produced at this theatre; the one a new melo-drama, *The Broken Sword*, the other a young lady in the character of *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*. *The Broken Sword* has an interesting story, and with the usual accompaniments of good scenery and music. We know not whether the story has any foundation in truth, but the incidents are such as might happen, and the scenery was pleasing. The songs pleased us so little, or at least made so little impression upon us, that we are at a loss to recal any of them. Whence is it, that in the musical composition of the present day we are undoubtedly inferior to every other nation in Europe? Is it not because we have abandoned our own national tone, and in seeking for science have forsaken nature? Mr. Braham, the best singer of the day, has in this respect done more to spoil our national music, than we can find it easy to pardon him. His mad songs, his despair bravuras, his uniform, monotonous, and to us most unmusical extravagance in composition, are scarcely compensated even by his singing.

Miss Mori, in *Rosetta*, was well received by the audience, and as far as we can judge by a first appearance promises well. Her voice is good, her science very creditable to herself and master, and her taste such as experience will doubtless correct. Her acting is better than we are used to see in a singer: some of her songs, *In love should there meet a fond pair*, wanted the effect, or appeared to want it, of those who sing from feeling, of those who enter into the tone of such delightful music, and thus give to music the effect of the more full painting of poetry. But even this feeling, the correct exhibition of it at least, is a part of the trade of an actress, and the apprenticeship of a season or two may give it. It is amazing to us, indeed, how much is represented, and even well represented, by those who do not understand what they say.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.—*Gli Orzi*—*La Clemenza di Tito*.—By appearing again in her favourite character of *Cuirace*, Madame Sessi has experienced once more all the applause which was bestowed on
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her at the Theatre l'Odeon. The peculiar energy and grandeur of dramatic expression form the style of her acting. Therefore there is little doubt of her obtaining unparalleled success in the difficult part of the Governor's daughter, in *Don Juan*, by Mozart. Mademoiselle Brizzi merited well the applause bestowed on her for her manner in giving the celebrated air of *Frenar vorrei le lagrime*. This young and lovely singer deserves every encouragement; if she faithfully adheres to nature, she will one day rise to the top of her profession. Her voice is a fine *contralto*, with a mixture of the *soprano*, which renders it delightful.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—*Sketch of the Pantomime of Samson*.—The boulevard seems for some time to have given up the tribunals, in order to explore the fertile mines of holy writ. After having made a melo-drama from the subject of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, they have placed Samson in a pantomimic ballet. This subject, which seems as fit for a dance as *Hamlet*, might serve to please the Neapolitans, who discover a motive in every caper and *pirouette*: and we would next recommend David dancing before the ark.

In the first act of the pantomime of *Samson*, the great men of the kingdom are assembled together to celebrate the marriage of *Samson* and *Dalilah*. The son of *Manoah* has just laid at the feet of his mistress the most costly gifts; but notwithstanding the kind reception he receives from the Philistines, it is easy to perceive they are plotting against his life.

The *fête* begins, and in the midst of the rejoicings the Philistines seize hold of *Samson*, bind him with cords, and are about to stab him. *Samson*, who thinks this is only a joke, suffers himself to be bound, but soon discovering their treachery, he puts his enemies to flight, forces open the gates of the city of Gaza, and escapes the threatened death.

The second act commences by a shepherd's holiday. *Samson* appears carrying the gates of the town on his shoulders; he is pursued by the troops of *Phanor*, King of the Philistines. A combat ensues, and the death of the Hebrew Hercules must inevitably follow, if the Almighty had not provided against it, by sending the jaw-

A a

bone of an ass, from the top of a rock which rises suddenly out of the earth. Furnished with this singular weapon, he makes a prodigious slaughter of the Philistines; but he is ready to sink under a violent thirst occasioned by his fatigue, when, throwing the jaw-bone against the rock, according to the author of the pantomime, a stream of brandy issues from it, from whence he recovers his strength. *Dalilah* then comes forward to offer terms of peace in the name of her father, the King. He is conducted in triumph to the palace, and marries the daughter of the Prince he has just before vanquished. The marriage is celebrated by a general feast.

In the third act *Dalilah* teizes *Samson* to discover to her where lies his extraordinary strength. *Samson* confides to her the fatal secret, and tells her it is in one particular lock of hair. *Dalilah* then gives to her husband a stupefying beverage, which he swallows, and immediately falls asleep.

The Philistines arrive to put him to death. *Dalilah*, who does not so soon wish the death of her husband, does all she can to oppose their intentions, and offers to put *Samson* in their power, deprived of all his strength. At this moment he is defenceless, and at the mercy of his enemies, for during his sleep she has cut off his hair. The Philistines lead him to the temple of *Dagon* to sacrifice him, but he implores the assistance of Heaven, and his usual vigour is restored. His hair grows again: he feels a new existence circling through his veins; and animated by a divine spirit, he seizes the pillars that support the temple, shakes them forcibly, the edifice falls, and *Samson*, with a prodigious number of the Philistines, are crushed beneath its ruins. On this the curtain drops.

The performer who danced the character of *Samson*, threw a remarkable strength and vigour into his steps and attitudes; and Madame *Queriau* was remarkably graceful in the cutting off the fatal lock of hair. The spectacle is most brilliant, and the dresses and decorations superb; but there is such a profusion of dances that it is rendered absolutely fatiguing. Nevertheless it met with unbounded applause, and promises to be eminently successful.

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.—

Outline of The Old Uncle, a comedy, in one act.—We scarce know how the title of comedy can be given to a mere succession of scenes, which compose this piece, a sketch of which is as follows:—

An old officer, a *M. Mercourt*, very gouty and very rich, inhabits a castle with his niece, *Eugenia*, situated about a hundred leagues from the capital. He is informed that two of his nephews, reckoning on his speedy death, have purchased in the neighbourhood of his estate a farm and some meadows, which may in the end serve to aggrandize the heritage they expect he will bequeath them. The uncle, rather piqued at this excessive forecast, takes advantage of their arrival to give them a lesson. He associates in his project his valet-de-chambre, *Germain*, who makes the young men believe that *M. de Mercourt*, having become very avaricious now he draws near his end, is resolved not to consent to the naming his heir, except it shall be one of his nephews, who will make him the most costly presents. *Ernest* and *Germeuil* hasten to offer to their uncle the property they have just been purchasing. *M. de Mercourt* shews himself much affected by this act of generosity, and the lesson he gives to his nephews is to bestow their present in portioning with it *Eugenia*, his niece, the daughter of his brother, who had died insolvent, and she is married to *Charles de Mertreuil*.

This dramatic bagatelle is not wanting in wit; it was well received, and loudly applauded:

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Narrative of a young Frenchman, who was exiled to Cayenne, during the Consulship of Bonaparte. 8vo. pamphlet. Paris.

THIS is a relation of the exile of *M. Feruagus*: and in 1802, at a time when the people were wild after caricatured fashions, when green and black collars, ridicules, and chemises *à-la-victime* took up the whole attention of France, a young man composed an epigram against the Corsican, which was handed about in different societies, and in a few days its author was thrown into a dungeon, from whence he was only emancipated to be transported to St. Domingo. He imagina-

ed, when he left France, he should no longer witness the iniquities of the tyrant; but the sight of St. Domingo soon taught him that Bonaparte yet reigned there—it was in ashes; columns of fire flamed from its ruins, while faintly might be discovered amidst the wreck the bodies of a few soldiers, which had become a prey to infection, while the negro battalions had fled towards the mountains from that death they were not likely to escape.

The young man was first welcomed by the brother of an actress, and who was the secretary of General Duguat. "Oh! you are come!" said he, with an ironical kind of pleasantry; "we have been expecting you for some time. It is said that you are very witty—sit down, I beg of you. *Après*, you are going to prison: you know, that, I suppose?" and without waiting for an answer, he expedited an order to a jailor, and the prisoner was dragged to close confinement, from which he was not suffered to go out, until he was transported to Cayenne, with all the officers of Toussaint Louverture, who had been abused by the expectations of an honourable capitulation. The unfortunate wretches had taken with them their property, and fancied themselves free; but they were soon plundered, loaded with fetters, and the author of this narrative saw them disembark on a little island, where they were chained to the rocks by their necks and bodies, and where, abandoned by every friend, they died in about seventeen days. Such was the policy of the first Consul, such were the slaves, who were the assistants of his crimes.

But here only is the commencement of the long and painful sufferings of the narrator. It is not possible to form an idea of any thing more monstrous than the character of Victor Hugues, the commissary of the government of Guyanne, and that of Guitton, keeper of the slaves of Naucibo. We could fancy we were reading the pages of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, wherein she has amused her fancy by loading one man with every kind of crime.

On the first day of his arrival, M. Fernagus could easily foresee the lot that awaited him. The square wherein the prisoners were punished, was exactly opposite the bars of his dungeon. He heard

the groans of agony, he beheld blood streaming from the lashes of the executioner, while near the spot lay a wretched negro, almost reduced to a skeleton, who had lived for two years bound to a plank, with a collar of iron about his neck, and an iron hoop round his body, almost crushed with the weight of the chains with which he was loaded, and which, weighing above an hundred weight, totally prevented him from changing his position, even when he essayed to sleep. Such is the spectacle offered by civilized Europeans to the savage nations of America; and it seems as if they had discovered a new world only to make it the patrimony of executioners.

In the mean time the exiles did not always remain in the dungeons; every morning they were sent into the woods to cut down those enormous trees which seemed to resist every effort of the ax; their labours were often continued until late at night, and then these unfortunate wretches were sinking with fatigue by the light of those fires which had been kindled to drive away beasts of prey. It is difficult to conceive how a man of twenty years of age, weakly, delicate, accustomed to all the luxuries of polished life, could support such an accumulation of misery. It is requisite to read this pamphlet through to form an estimate of what he suffered, wherein the reader cannot peruse without the most lively emotion, the account of his flight, the loss of his guide, his despair, his terror, his useless marches, his return to prison, the arrival of the ferocious Guitton, followed by his ministers of vengeance: seventeen months of captivity, seventeen of severe agony, were at length terminated by a deliverance almost miraculous.

After these details it is useless to say that the narrative of M. Fernagus has left nothing for those readers to desire who are fond of having their feelings probed to the quick; and as for those who are in search of motives to detest and despise mankind, they will find but too much cause to satisfy their misanthropic passion by perusing a work, the chief characters in which are either victims or executioners.

W. H. Yate, Esq. will soon publish, in two octavo volumes, *Free Suggestions and*

Reflections, submitted to the Legislature of the United Kingdom.

The Rev. R. Warner, of Bath, will soon publish, *Sermons for every Sunday in the Year*, including Christmas Day and Good Friday.

Dr. Badham is preparing for the press, an *Itinerary from Rome to Athens*, by the route of Bruundusium, the Ionian Islands, and Albania, with classical recollections of the various sites that occur in the journey.

S. T. Coleridge, Esq. has in the press, the *Statesman's Manual*, or the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight.

Mr. D'Israeli is printing a third volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*. He has also nearly ready for the press, a *History of Men of Genius*, being his Essay on the Literary Character considerably enlarged.

The Rev. W. Wilson, Master of St. Bee's School, is preparing for publication, *Collectanea Theologica*, or the Student's Manual of Divinity; containing several Latin tracts.

Poems by Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland, now publishing in London by Subscription, will be ready for delivery at the close of the present month, or the beginning of next. For an interesting account of this amiable but unfortunate young woman, see page 140 of our last Number.

Memorandums of a Residence in France in the Winters of 1815-16, including remarks on society and manners, and notices of some works of art not hitherto described, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

Mr. Maurice Evans proposes to publish in an octavo volume, the *Aegis of England*: being a collection of addresses, in which have been communicated the thanks of Parliament to officers of the navy and army, with notes biographical and military.

Mr. Thielcke is engraving a set of Six Prints, to be published by subscription, from designs of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, under the immediate patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family; they will be ready for delivery in the early part of December.

Early in October will be published, *Purity of Heart*, or the ancient costume, a tale in one volume, addressed to the author of *Glenarvon*, by an old wife of twenty years.

THE MIRROR OF FRENCH MANNERS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PRESENT AGE.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE mothers mutually complimented each other on their charming family. How old was this one? What school was he at? How many years was this little girl at nurse? and other questions equally important, in which those who were the least interested affected to be the most.

But the persecution was but just begun. Scarce had we entered the saloon to take our coffee, when the father of one of these marmosets, with his cup in his hand, wished to give us an idea of his son's knowledge in history; and with a voice that commanded attention, asked him what King of France it was that succeeded Charles VIII.? The child replied, without hesitation, that it was Charles IX.: more than three parts of the company, in admiring the promptitude and the precision of the reply, paid very little attention to the want of exactness, and seemed, as well as the historian that was just breeched, to have entirely forgot the good Louis XII., the brave Francis I., the gallant Henry II., and his son Francis II. the first husband of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

Madame de Moronval, who only waited for an opportunity of displaying her daughter's qualifications, made her advance forward into the midst of the circle, and with the most gentle and maternal confidence she said, "Emily, what are the Hamadryads?"—"Mamma," replied the little lady, "you ought first to have asked me about the Dryads, from which the others are derived." At the word derived, Madame de Moronval cast a triumphant glance round the circle, to which every one answered by a sign of applause. But the best, or rather the worst, was when Miss Emily, at the general request of the company, began to dance, very much out of time, a part of a new ballet, wherein she exhibited all the deficiency of her charms. She was highly applauded, and her modest mother scarce appeared satisfied: "My love," said she, "it is plain you have not practised beating the bars this morning." She laughed in my face when I asked her if she meant her daughter to be an opera dancer? A tall dry looking man, who sat reading a newspaper in a corner, smiled at

ly question in that kind of way as to make me fancy he had understood its meaning.

Another little girl, somewhat piqued at the little attention which was paid to her, was desirous also of playing her part, and advancing into the midst of the circle, she said, "Manima, shall I repeat what is the *sensible* and the *dominante* in the gamut, and the diatonic major?" The mother of this child, that I had some reason to believe was very *sensible* and tolerably *dominante* by her behaviour to her husband, wished to evade this proposal, and during the argument, some gentlemen took an opportunity of slipping away; I wished I could have followed them, but I was obliged to wait the orders of Madame de L——.

To put a stop to this emigration, card tables were set; but before the players took their seats, we were obliged to hear a sonata of Mozart's mangled to pieces by the indefatigable little Emily, whom her mother, most cruelly towards us, made to go over again every passage, and they were numerous, which she played false; at length, she finished, and we began to play.

The game of chess is the only one which I have not forgot. The tall dry looking man whom I mentioned above, proposed to take a game with me, and I accepted it in order to be freed from the importunities of the children. We were playing pretty equal, our forces were the same in this second game, for I had lost the first, and I seemed by one move likely to gain the second: I had every prospect of giving my adversary a *cheque mate*, and while I was enjoying my triumph, and the surprize I should thereby give to him, a plaguy child, of whom I cannot now think of without being vexed, as he ran playing round the saloon, threw down the chess board, and rolled along with it on the carpet. I was in such a rage, which the ladies augmented by their uncivil peals of laughter, that I execrated all the children in the world. "What, are you really so courageous," said the mother of the little blunderer, in a tone of irony, "to oppose yourself against these poor little innocents?"—"By Heavens, Madam," said I with something certainly of a savage bluntness, "such innocents would almost make me ready to pardon Herod." This increased their laughter,

and Madame de Moronval reminded me that a similar accident had befallen St. Preux. But I took care not to let the little brat imitate the example of Julia, by presenting me his cheek to kiss.

A servant entered very seasonably to tell Madame de L—— that her carriage was ready; I took leave of the lady of the house as civilly as possible, while I inwardly promised myself I would never visit her again during vacation time. I was full an hour before I could find my fur cap and my cane, which these young monkeys had hid in the garden, and were amusing themselves in seeing me hunt for them; a footman at length brought them to me, and we drove off. On our way home I made Madame de L—— agree with me in my opinion, that children brought up in this manner could not fail of becoming insufferable as men, and ridiculous as women; and that if the old school kept children at too great a distance, the new system rendered them much too familiar, and destroyed the distinction of parent and child. Why cannot a medium be struck out between these two extremes?

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.

OMENS.—KNIVES, SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c.—It is unlucky, says Grose, to lay one's knife and fork crosswise. Crosses and misfortunes are likely to follow. Mellon, in his *Astrologaster*, in his catalogue of many superstitious ceremonies observes, "25. That it is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for fear it cuts away all love that is between them." Thus Gay in his second Pastoral of the *Shepherd's Week*:

"But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
"For knives, they tell me, always sever love."

It is, says Grose, unlucky to present a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or friend, as they are apt to cut love and friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompence must be taken. To find a knife or razor denotes ill luck and disappointment to the party.

THE HOWLING OF DOGS.—A superstitious opinion prevails, that the howling of

a dog by night in a neighbourhood is the presage of death to any that are sick in it. We know not what has given rise to this: dogs have been known to stand and howl over the dead bodies of their masters, when they have been murdered, or died an accidental or sudden death; taking such note of what is past, is an instance of great sensibility in this faithful animal, without supposing that it has in the smallest degree any prescience of the future. Shakspeare ranks this among omens:

“The owl shriek’d at thy birth; an evil sign!
“The night-crow cry’d, aboding luckless time;
“Dogs howl’d, and hideous tempests shook down trees.”

The howling of dogs, says Grose, is a certain sign that some one of the family will very shortly die. The following passage is in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* :—

—————“I hear the watchful dogs
“With hollow howling tell of thy approach :”
and the subsequent is cited in Poole’s *English Parnassus, voce Omens*.

“The air that night was filled with dismal groans,
“And people oft awaked with the howls
“Of wolves and fatal dogs.”

CANDLE OMENS.—The fungus parcels, as Sir Thomas Brown calls them, about the wicks of candles, are commonly thought to foretell strangers. In the north, as well as in other parts of England, they are called letters at the candle, as if the forerunners of some strange news. These, says Brown, with his usual pedantry of style, which is well atoned for by his good sense and learning, only indicate a moist and pluvius air, which hinders the avolation of the light and favillous particles, whereupon they settle upon the snout. That candles and lights, he observes also, burn blue and dim at the apparition of spirits, may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it happens often in mines. Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, says, that “if a candle burne blew, it is a signe that there is a spirit in the house, or not farre from it.” A collection of tallow, says Grose, rising up against the wick of a candle, is styled a winding sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family. A spark at the candle, says the same author, denotes that the party opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. A kind of fungus in the candle, observes the

same writer, predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, speaking of the waking dreams of his hero’s daughters, says, the girls had their omens too, they saw rings in the candle.

AT THE BARS OF GRATES, PURSES, AND COFFINS.—A flake of soot hanging at the bars of the grate, says Grose, denotes the visit of a stranger, like the fungus of the candle, from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, among the omens of his hero’s daughter, tells us, “purses bounded from the fire.” In the north of England, the cinders that bound from the fire are carefully examined by old women and children, and according to their respective forms, are called either *coffins* or *purses*; and consequently thought to be the presages of death or wealth: *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*. A coal, says Grose, in the shape of a coffin, flying out of the fire to any particular person, betokens their death not far off.

CHARMS.—SALIVA, OR SPITTING.—Spittle, among the ancients, was esteemed a charm against all kinds of fascination: so Theocritus,

“Thrice on my breast I spit, to guard me safe
“From fascinating charms.”

And thus Persius, upon the custom of nurses spitting upon children;

“See how old beldams expiations make:
“To atone the Gods the bantling up they take,
“His lips are wet with lustral spittle, thus
“They think to make the Gods propitious.”

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their barbarous diversion, unless it was originally done for luck’s sake. Several other vestiges of this superstition, relative to fasting spittle, mentioned also by Pliny, may yet be placed among our vulgar customs.

The boys in the north of England have a custom amongst themselves of spitting their faith (or as they call it in the northern dialect, “their saul,” i. e. soul), when required to make asseverations in matters which they think of consequence.

In the combinations of the colliers, &c.

about Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy.—Hence the popular saying, when persons are of the party, or agree in sentiments, that “they spit upon the same stone.”

In “*The Life of a satirical Puppy called Nim*,” &c. 8vo. Lond. 1657, p. 35. we find the following passage: “One of his guardians (being fortified with an old charm) marches cross-legged, spitting three times, east, south, west, and afterwards prefers his valour to a catechising office. In the name of God,” quoth he, “what art thou? whence dost thou come,” &c. seeing something that he supposed to be a ghost.

Fish women generally spit upon their handsel, *i. e.* the first money they take, for good luck. Grose mentions this as a common practice among the lower class of hucksters, pedlars, and dealers in fruit or fish, on receiving the price of the first goods they sell.

We gather from a collection of the ancient religious customs in North Wales, drawn up by a Clergyman deceased, that there, “in the church, they usually spit at the name of the devil, and smite their breasts at the name of Judas. In their ordinary conversation the first name gives them no salivation, but is too familiar in their mouths.”

The following is in Scot’s discovery of witchcraft.—“To heal the King or Queen’s evil, or any othersoreness in the throat, first touch the place with the hand of one that died an untimely death; otherwise let a virgin, fasting, lay her hand on the sore and say, Apollo denyeth that the heat of the plague can increase where a naked virgin quenleth it: and spet three times upon it.”

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

The following article is extracted from a New York paper:—“Wanted a young lady, about seventeen or twenty-one years of age, as a wife; she must be well acquainted with the necessary accomplishments of such; she must understand washing and ironing, baking bread, making good coffee, roasting beef, veal, &c. boiling a fowl, broiling a fish, making tarts, plum-puddings, and deserts of all kinds, preserv-

ing fruit and pickles, expert with the needle, keeping a clean and snug house; must know reading, writing, and arithmetic; never been in the habit of attending the ball-rooms; she must have been taught true and genuine principles of religion, and a member in church of good standing. She must not be addicted to making too free use of her tongue, such as repeating any report that is injurious to her neighbour, or using taunting language to any person about her house. Any lady, finding herself in possession of the above accomplishments, will please address to *Alphonso*. It will not be required that she should exercise all those requisites, unless a change in fortune should take place, at which time it will be necessary in order to live with such economy as to prevent a trespass on our friends, whose frowns and caprices we otherwise must endure, what every man of noble mind will despise. At present she shall have a coach and four at her command, servants in abundance, a house furnished in the modern style; shall always be treated with that tender affection which female delicacy requires, and nothing shall be wanting that will be necessary to contribute to her happiness.”

ORIGINAL VIRGINAL BOOK OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ONE of the curiosities in the valuable cabinet collection of the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam; it may be gratifying to many of your readers to be informed, that the original Virginal itself, which belonged to that illustrious Queen, and upon which she was known to be so excellent a performer, is still in existence, and in a state of perfect preservation. This curious and beautiful instrument is now in the possession of Mr. Jonah Child, artist, of Dudley, who would have no objection to transfer it to a more suitable possessor. It was purchased at Lord Spencer Chichester’s sale, at Fisherwick, about twelve years ago, and was the property of the late most noble the Marquis of Donegall. The case is covered with crimson Genoa velvet, upon which are three ancient gilt locks, finely engraved; the instrument is made of cedar; the inside of the case is lined with strong yellow tabby silk; the front is covered entirely with gold, having a border of gold round the inside

two inches and a half broad. There are fifty keys with jacks and quills, thirty of them ebony, tipped with gold, and the semitone keys (twenty in number) are inlaid with silver, ivory, and different kinds of wood, each key consisting of about two hundred and fifty pieces. The royal arms of Elizabeth at one end are most exquisitely emblazoned; at the other end, a dove rising luna, crowned, holding in its right foot a sceptre, and standing upon an oak tree, scooped and irradiated. The painting is done upon the gold with carmine, lake, and blue ultramarine, and the ornaments are minutely engraved upon the gold, which give it a most beautiful appearance; but it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the exquisite workmanship of the whole. The superiority of the ornaments is such that no artist can possibly delineate them, so as to make an engraving of them.

BIRTHS.

The wife of Mr. Greenbery, parish-clerk, Whitby, was safely delivered of three children, two boys and one girl, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

MARRIED.

At Knaresborough, Mr. John Temple, who, though hoary with the flight of seventy winters, was still susceptible of Cupid's dart, and repaired to Hymen's altar, to be made happy during the remainder of his days, with Miss Hart, of the same place, a blooming nymph, in the 19th year of her age.

At Weybridge, after a courtship of fourteen years, Mr. William Crook, aged 86, to Miss Amelia Sheers, aged 30.

DIED.

At his house in Belgrave place, Pimlico, Mr. Thomas Clark, aged eighty, one of the most singular and well known characters which this great city has exhibited. He was the proprietor of Exeter Change, and occupied with the sale of cutlery, turnery, &c. about one half of that extensive range of building. Here his dealings were marked with the utmost integrity, and here he realized a fortune said to be immense. What he sold was good, the price asked was invariably the price taken, and this excellent rule, added to the moderation of his profits, secured him that rapid retail custom which filled his coffers with the fruit of fair industry. But what perhaps in-

creased his wealth still more, was the moderate, we may say penurious nature of his habits. Every day he dined with his plate on the bare board, in his little closet, and probably the expense of his meal, with his pint of porter included, never reached the sum of one shilling. After dinner he was accustomed to take one glass of spirits in water, at the public house opposite the end of the Change, and thence returning to resume the business of the day. Morning and evening saw him on his old horse, with his rider as well known at Charing-cross as King Charles himself. We have heard many stories of Mr. Clark; some of them founded on his peculiarities, but not one to his discredit. Though addicted to the accumulation of money, it was by honest means; and what appeared to others hard self-privation, was probably to him, who relished no higher pleasures, an enjoyment, as it was a second nature. Nor was he incapable of performing, at times, actions of the most liberal and honourable kind. Among the anecdotes told of him, it is reported, that when the income tax was imposed he gave in his schedule at £6000. The tax collector returned it to him for amendment, under the supposition that he had returned (and over-rated too) his whole stock, instead of his annual income. Mr. Clark hitched on another thousand, and assured the collector that he was sure it was the full amount. "Aye, but," said the other, "I want your income, not your property."—"Are you content?"—"Yes!"—"So am I," replied the old trader, and wished the astonished collector a brief good morning. In his will, we hear, he has remembered all his faithful servants in a handsome manner. A likeness of Mr. Clark, on horseback, is familiar to our print-shops, and conveys a perfect idea of his original character. His features were by no means of a common class, and his sagacity and sense were very obvious when he conversed on any subject. Upon the whole he was an eccentric man, but one in whom eccentricity was not vice; odd in his manners, but upright in his intercourse with the world—attached to money with a miser's love, but capable of many generous, benevolent, and disinterested acts of humanity and charity.

At Cheltenham, aged 81, Richard Reynolds, Esq. a member of the Society of Friends, and a friend to all mankind. It is believed that he usually distributed £5,000 per annum, in different acts of charity in Bristol and elsewhere.

At Nottingham-place, Edward Howard, Esq. F. R. S. third son of the late Henry Howard, Esq. of Glossep, in the county of Derby, and brother to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

Mrs. Shaw, formerly Miss Rennell, of Covent Garden Theatre. In her the musical world has sustained a great loss.

A
H Y M N
 WRITTEN BY MERRICK
 Set to Music for No 89 of La Belle Assemblée
 BY MR HOOK.

2650

N.B. This may be sung either as a Solo or a Duett.

P *ANT* *1* *2* *3* *4*

Sing to the Lord some new taught song

Sing to the Lord some new taught song

Earth to his praise the note pro - - long.

Earth to his praise - - the note pro - - long.

With rapt'rous zeal With Ho - ly Flame

With rapt'rous zeal With Ho - ly

With rapt'rous zeal With Ho - - ly Flame in -

Flame With rapt'rous zeal With Holy Flame in -

- spir'd his Be - - ne - - fits be - - long.

- spir'd his Be - - ne - - fits be - - long.

Bless bless his name from day to day

Bless bless his name from day to day

let his sal-va-tion prompt the lay

let his sal-va-tion prompt the lay

Till realms re-mote his acts have

Till realms re-mote

known And mans whole Race his

his acts have known And mans whole

won-ders own And mans whole

Race his wonders own And mans whole

Race his won-ders own.

Race his won-ders own.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SUPPLEMENT for the present Year's Volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, will be published with the next Number of this Work, on the 1st of January, 1817. It will consist of a Review of the most popular Works of the Year, forming an epitome of the Literature of the present times.

Since our Observations on Fashions went to Press we received the account of the death of the PRINCE OF MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ—a loss ever to be regretted by every admirer of bravery and virtue.

WE have received some very pleasing Poetical effusions, of which we shall be happy to avail ourselves as early as the pressure of previous communications will admit.

The *Cossack's Grave*, will appear in our next. Sonnets signed S. and others to *Memory and Hope*, shall meet with prompt insertion.

Our obliging Correspondent J. P. B. will find some of his Songs duly appreciated in our next Number.

M. N. O. is misinformed as to our pecuniary allowance; and our pay list being now complete, his MS. is preserved with care till he reclaims it.

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, Proprietor of this Magazine, and of the Weekly Messenger, Clare-Court, Drury-Lane.

DECEMBER 1, 1816.



M^{rs} (Dress)
of the
Drury Lane Theatre.

Published by John Bell, Dec. 21st 1810.

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Published by John Bell, Dec. 12, 1866.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For NOVEMBER, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Ninetieth Number.

MRS. ORGER.

In the dramatic constellation of the last century, the brilliant stars that formed it rose gradually from the obscure horizon to their meridian of histrionic fame; at the present day, however, it has been more frequent for those who illumine our hemisphere to burst upon us in the full glare of day, and sometimes to dazzle by their brilliancy, even whilst their light was insufficient to direct us. Bewildered by this glare, the public become partially blind to that merit which, acquiring power in its progress towards excellence, is yet unobtrusive; and the real powers of the candidate for applause and favour are too often unnoticed, because that progress has been witnessed through each gradation.

We know of none to whom this observation applies more especially than to the lady whose portrait ornaments our present Number—an actress who has been nearly seven years before the public tribunal, and whose improved histrionic skill, if now seen for the first time, would be more pointedly appreciated than it is at present. To personate the first characters, either of the sock or buskin, certainly requires great powers; but though in characters of less

force, a smaller exertion of genius is considered as necessary, we cannot help thinking that an equal degree of merit exists.

When Mrs. Orger first appeared in town, we believe on the 10th of October, 1808, she was so much at home in *Lydia Languish*, as to confirm her engagement by well-merited applause; an applause which she has justly deserved through a long and varied series of characters. Indeed her first appearance shewed that she had powers whose cultivation was far from being completed by her former practice at provincial theatres.

She has been pronounced by many of the diurnal critics to be the most lady-like actress on the stage; and her late performances of *Rose*, in *Is he Jealous?* *Flippanta*, *Tilburina*, &c. prove her not to be deficient in humour.

Mrs. Orger's maiden name, we believe, was Ivers; the young lady of that name, now performing at Dfury-lane, being her sister. Her husband is a man of genius and learning, and has lately made himself conspicuous in the literary world by an elegant translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

NEREUS.

THE authority of Nereus over the seas was of a more ancient date than that of Neptune. He was the son of Oceanus and Thetis, and married his own sister Doris, by whom he had fifty daughters, named Nereids. Being of a mild and peaceable disposition, he yielded to the pretensions of the brother of Jupiter, and retired to the Ægean sea with his wife and daughters, who entertained him with their singing and dancing. He was reckoned very skilful in the art of divination, but was no more inclined than Proteus to gratify the curiosity of visitants. Altars and places of worship were sacred to him in several maritime parts of Greece. He is represented, like most sea Gods, as an old man, with hoary locks, from which the water trickles, and crowned with sea-weeds.

The Nereids are young maidens, represented with no other covering besides their long hair, and sporting over the smooth surface of the waters. They are often seen carried by dolphins or sea horses; their heads are crowned with pearl; in one hand they hold Neptune's trident, in the other a dolphin or a statue of victory, or a crown, or a branch of coral.

Nereus was not long before he had a companion named Glaucus, whom he appointed his secretary for his researches in future events; he was said to be the son of Neptune and of Nais; but at any rate he was a famous fisherman from the city of Anthemon, in Beotia. One day that he had laid the fishes which he had caught on a certain herb near the banks of the sea, he observed that they shuffled about in a strange manner, and jumped back into the sea; anxious of ascertaining the properties of the herb, he eat some, and instantly leaped into the waves without being able to resist the impulse. Oceanus and Thetis admitted him among the sea Gods; and the inhabitants of Anthemon, surprised at his wonderful disappearance, erected a temple and offered sacrifices to him.

"Glaucus," says a Greek author, "has

a wet and hoary beard, his hair hangs floating over his shoulders, his eyebrows are thick and meet in such a manner that they seem but one; his arms are in the shape of fins, and his breast is covered with sea-weeds; the remainder of his body resembles that of a fish whose tail is turned up as high as his loins."—Glaucus, be it well understood, was merely a famous swimmer, who was finally drowned.

LEUCOTHOE AND PALEMON.

LEUCOTHOE and Palemon, whose first names were Iuo and Melicerta, were also acknowledged as sea deities. Iuo was the daughter of Cadmus, sister to Semele, the mother of Bacchus and the wife of Athamas, King of Thebes. After the death of her sister, she undertook the education of her son, of whom Jupiter was the father. Juno, through jealousy, sent the Furies to torment Athamas. In one of his raving fits he fancied his palace was a forest, and his children so many wild beasts; he seized the eldest, named Learchus, and dashed him against the wall. Iuo, seized with horror and fright, ran away with young Melicerta in her arms; but Athamas who had not recovered the use of his proper senses, pursued her sword in hand. Iuo, on her reaching the sea shore, invoked Venus, who was her grandmother, and plunged into the waves. Neptune, in compliance with Venus's request, admitted them among the deities of his empire. Iuo was worshipped by the Greeks under the name of Leucothoe; the Romans called her Matuta. Thetis took care of Melicerta, who was also worshipped under the name of Palemon.

SCYLLA.

FROM the description of the sea Gods we shall proceed to that of the sea monsters; and the first that we shall introduce was indebted to Glaucus for his hideous transformation. Scylla was a young nymph of the most enchanting beauty; Glaucus saw and loved her, but unable to gain her good

graces he applied to the magician Circe, the daughter of Hecate, who promised to use her magic art in his favour.

Circe herself loved Glaucus, and jealous of Scylla, she threw a magic composition into the nymph's bath, which turned her into a hideous monster with six heads, each of them armed with three rows of teeth, and twelve arms, at the extremities of which were crooked claws; a litter of dogs issued from her body round her waist, and their howlings mingled with her tremendous voice, which resembles the roaring of a lion. A God even would have been frightened at the sight of her. Scylla shuddered at her own figure, and plunged into the strait that bears her name: there to be avenged of Circe, she sunk the ships of Ulysses whom the enchantress loved.

Opposite to the cave in which Circe dwelt, there was a gulf equally dangerous called Charybdis. Charybdis was a woman who, having stolen Hercules's oxen, was shot by Jupiter, and metamorphosed into a dangerous gulph that retains her name. It was difficult for mariners in that narrow pass to avoid both those monsters, which has given place to the French saying, "*Tomber de Charybde en Scylla*," meaning, to fall from one danger into another.

THE SYRENS

WERE also monsters, less hideous indeed, but still more dangerous. They were three sisters, the daughters of Calliope and of the river Achelous: their names were Partenope, Leucosia, and Ligea. Companions of Proserpina, and grieved at her elopement, they begged of the Gods to supply them with wings that they might go in quest of her all over the earth; which request was granted. When the abode of the Goddess was fixed in hell, they settled on some steep rocks near the sea shore in the vicinity of the island of Capreia, and by the sweet melody of their voices, which were inferior to those of the Muses alone, allured all those navigators that came too near their habitation. Such as were imprudent enough to listen to their enchanting music became so enraptured that forgetting their country, and forgetful of themselves, they stood motionless, and valued their existence only as it afforded them an opportunity of hearing these bewitching songstresses.—

Hunger would soon put an end to their lives, and the banks of the sea was covered with the bones of the unhappy victims.—The Syrens attempted to stop the Argonauts, but Orpheus, who accompanied them, took up his lyre and enchanted the Syrens themselves to such a degree that they kept silent and threw their instruments into the sea. Ulysses passed pretty near their abode, but warned by Circe to guard against their dangerous allurements, he stopped his companion's ears with wax, and ordered himself to be tied to the mast of his ship, forbidding, at the same time, any one to let him loose, whatever signs he might make. These precautions proved not over useful; Ulysses, delighted with the sweet singing of the Syrens, soon wanted to be released, but his companions knew better than to obey his signals, his ship steered off, and the Syrens, through vexation, plunged into the sea.—This fable shews the ruinous effects of pleasure when courted to excess, and how much prudence is required to guard against its allurements.

The ancients represented the Syrens with the head and the upper part of the body of a woman, and the inferior part of a bird, or with the head of a woman and the body of a bird; but the moderns have uniformly represented them as half woman and half fish, because perhaps they are inhabitants of the sea. Their faces are of the most accomplished beauty.

THE WINDS.

THESE dreadful children of Cælum and of Terra, come naturally enough next to the Gods of the seas, over which element they especially exercise their destructive powers. The ancients, who dreaded their power, made Gods of them, to whom they erected temples and offered sacrifices. The four chief winds were Boreas, Auster or Nautus, Eurus, and Zephyrus: according to mythology the other winds were their children.

Boreas, who is sometimes called the King of the Winds, resided in Thrace, the poets tell us; he first carried off Chloris, the daughter of Arctus, whom he transported to mount Caucasus, and by whom he had Hyrpæa. He next loved Orithia, the daughter of Erectheus, King of Athens. The attention and solicitations of Boreas

could never induce the Princess, who dreaded so rough a spouse, to give him her hand. Boreas, finding that his supplications were of no avail, tried what effect his rage might produce. Covered by a black cloud, he descended upon earth, which he ravaged, and carried off Orithia in a whirlwind. By this second wife he had four daughters and two sons, Calais and Zethes.

These two brothers signalized themselves among the heroes of antiquity: they rescued Phynas their brother-in-law, whom the Harpies tormented, and joined in the expedition of the Argonauts. On their return they quarrelled with and were killed by Hercules. After their death they were placed amongst the winds, and come nine days before the dog days.

Calais and Zethes are represented with their shoulders covered with gilt shells, wings at their feet, and long hair of an azure hue.

Boreas (the north wind) is represented as a robust man with wings, his cheeks are puffed up, his countenance stern, and an angry look. When he traverses the heavens he is enveloped in a fog, or mist; when he overruns the earth he is surrounded by clouds of dust. Several artists have represented him carrying off Orithia.

Auster, or Nautus (the south wind), is of a high stature, his head silvered over by age is encircled with clouds; he has a gloomy appearance and water trickling all about him. The ancients represented him pouring rain on earth, or drying his wings after a shower; the moderns have degraded him by placing a watering-pot in his hand.

Eurus (the east wind) was reckoned by the ancients an impetuous young man, flying with dishevelled hair, and following close the tempest which he had excited. The different effects which he produces in our climates have determined the moderns to represent him strewing flowers with both his hands wherever he passes, and behind him is seen the rising sun. His complexion is swarthy like that of the natives of the east.

The Greeks and the Romans considered Zephyrus, or Zephyr (the west wind), as the cooling breeze that tempered the scorch-

ing heat of their climates, and accordingly have personified him under the most agreeable figure. Crowned with flowers he has all the bloom of youth and the beauty of the God. Supported by similar wings to those of a butterfly, his naked body seems to be transparent, and glides lightly through the aerial vacuum of which he is composed. He had been given Flora for his wife, and winged children, called after him Zephyrs, eager to obey his commands, had been appointed his attendants.

Every one must be sensible that the attributes of the Winds must vary according to the effects which they produce in the different countries; but, in general, all agree to represent them as inconstant, fretful, and turbulent.

Jupiter and Juno appointed a king to rule over those seditious subjects, and fixed upon Æolus, a son of Jupiter, and sprung from a Prince of the same name, who had reigned in Æolia. This king settled his empire in the islands that were formerly called Vulcanic, and Lipari became his chief residence. In order to prevent such ravages as those which the winds had often occasioned, he kept them confined in caves, from whence he let them out at his pleasure, and whereto they returned at his command. He once confined them in leathern bags which he entrusted to Ulysses, but the companions of the hero having imprudently opened the bags, they blew a tempest that sunk his vessels. Æolus was particularly patronized by Juno, whose resentment he served with equal zeal and fidelity; the Goddess had even obtained for him the honour of being admitted to the table of the Gods. He is said to have had six daughters and as many sons, who had intermarried together.

Æolus is represented as a stern old man, wrapped up in a cloak, and seated on the mountain which contains the winds; his eyes are cast on the ground; he holds in his hand a sceptre, or rather an iron pike, whose point rests on the side of the mountain: sometimes he wears a crown as an emblem of his superior power and authority.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

THE COUNTESS OF SEBASTIAN.

THIS lady, whose maiden name was Cumiane, was the distinguished favourite of Victor Amadeus, when Prince of Piedmont. She married, by the order of the Queen his mother, the Count Sebastian, her Majesty's Premier Ecuyer. And when the Countess no longer enjoyed the affections of the Prince, she yet had the address effectually to secure his friendship and esteem, still maintaining over him the most unbounded influence. She had an apartment given her in the palace which communicated with his own, and from whence she had an opportunity of familiarly visiting him without interruption yet without scandal; and she was afterwards named one of the ladies of honour to the Princess of Piedmont.

As soon as she heard of the abdication of Victor, being naturally of an ambitious disposition, and well versed in intrigue, she immediately went in quest of an abbot of the monastery of Feuillants, and confessor to King Amadeus. She suggested to him, and to the curate of St. John's, the King's spiritual director, that his Majesty, in order to make reparation for the injury which he had done her and her family, had since the death of the Queen, now that she was become a widow, frequently promised to make her amends by a private marriage; and having abdicated the throne he ought no longer to delay ratifying this promise, as he meant to fulfil the duties of a Christian and a man of honour. She then promised these two ecclesiastics that if, by these means, she became the wife of the Prince, she would employ all her interest with her husband to promote them to the highest dignities in the church. The two ecclesiastics did all in their power to forward this plan: and the King was very well pleased to have such a companion in his solitude as this lady, to whom, as to another self, he might confide the most secret sentiments of his heart. He therefore sent for her and married her publicly, demanding 100,000 crowns of the King his son; and which sum being granted, he instantly bestowed it upon his wife, that she might purchase with it an estate for

those children she had by her former marriage. She purchased with it the marquise of Spigna, and assumed the title.

In the solitude that Amadeus had imposed upon himself, she took care to study and to suit herself to his humour; at the same time finding the King dissatisfied with his house, and determined on going to great expence to repair it, she persuaded him that as he had so many fine palaces in Piedmont, he might chuse one better for his health than that he at present inhabited: she had other reasons besides the health of the King, but those she took care not to discover till she knew how they might correspond with his inclinations.

By flattery and affected fondness she was successful in completely gaining his good graces, and with great art and penetration she endeavoured to discover his secret reasons for abdicating his crown; and she learned, to her inexpressible joy, that he meant to resume it in two years. She instigated him still to preserve the real power of authority; this gave offence to those who had sworn allegiance to his son, in whose favour Amadeus had willingly abdicated; and on that memorable night, when a host of armed men advanced towards the bed-chamber of Amadeus, the Countess had scarce time to shield herself in her wrapping gown, as she cried out, "Sire! we are betrayed." She was not allowed to say any more; two officers seizing her, conducted her to an adjacent apartment, where they ordered her to dress, and they then conveyed her to the Castle of Ceve, in Piedmont. Her favour was now entirely at an end, and she sunk into a fatal dejection of spirits; her whole sustenance was weak broth, which she would suffer no one to prepare but herself.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

HER Ladyship, who had been a widow forty-five years, was well known for her religious tenets, and her firm support of Methodism. Ardent, romantic, and an enthusiast in love as well as in religion, every sentiment of the former passion lay entombed with the lord of her heart and the husband of her choice. Her warm af-

factions turned to the great source of life and love, and only an immortal and incomprehensible Being could succeed him to whom her virgin heart and most tender affections had been devoted. The world of wealth, fashion, and flattery offered their resources in vain; her heart's most poignant feelings were deposited in the shrine of her loved Lord, and her eye rested on futurity with devotion and hope. The mild and unostentatious effusions of the church of England's devotion, seemed to her enthusiastic feelings too cold, or at best but lukewarm. Her disposition naturally prompted her to good works; she thought them insufficient, and she listened eagerly to that faith which, with a Redeemer for its object, taught her to rely on that solely as the means of salvation. The purity of her life, and her unbounded benevolence, has given favour and reputation to a sect

she so long, so ably, and, though no more, she may still be said to support, which, from many combining circumstances might otherwise have fallen into disrepute.

Constant in love as in religion, so long as she remained a widow, which was till her death, did her beautiful bust stand placed on the tomb of her departed husband, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the county of Leicester; where, by her will, she directed that her own remains might be deposited, in as plain a manner as possible, her coffin covered with black, and her corpse habited in the same suit of white silk that she wore at the opening of a chapel in Goodman's Fields.

In the course of her life she had expended above one hundred thousand pounds in public and private acts of charity; and died at her house in Spa Fields, Islington, on June 17, 1791, at the age of eighty-four.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

THE DUCHESS OF LONGUEVILLE, SISTER OF THE GREAT CONDE.

When a female is endowed with superior understanding, and is of a rank which places her above others, she may reckon these endowments more misfortunes than blessings, when, like the subject of this sketch, she may be compelled to pass the best part of her youth in the midst of factions: it is next to an impossibility, when every head is in a state of fevered exaltation, when only one subject is started, and when age and mature reflection are not come to our assistance, that we can preserve the calm of perfect rationality. How then could it be expected that a young, sprightly, and witty woman, should be without leaning to one particular opinion; or how could she keep from maintaining it when she found it of advantage to her own interest? In the mean time as soon as a woman allows herself to discourse on, and decide on public affairs, she always draws on herself the hatred of the party who is averse to her cause; and the less fear she shews in rendering herself the public talk, so much the more is she taken to pieces.

Such was the conduct of several ladies belonging to the court of Anne of Austria,

and among them the Duchess of Longueville, sister to the great Condé: she was the daughter of Henry Prince of Condé, and of Margaret of Montmorenci. She married Henry of Orleans, Duke of Longueville, whose family was descended from the brave Count of Dunois, a natural son of Louis Duke of Orleans, assassinated by the Duke of Burgundy.

The Duke of Longueville, who was a man of superior sense, valour, and virtue, was fond of peace, but was led by his Duchess to espouse the party of the Frondeurs, while she gave herself up with ardour and perseverance to the cause she had espoused: and she placed herself at the head of those who combated for the merit of the sonnet of *Urania*, by Voiture, against that of *Job*, by Benserade, who had always defended the Prince de Conti. It was the lot of the Duchess to be the defender of bad causes; there was certainly much elegance and poesy in the sonnet of Voiture, but that of Benserade finished by a thought expressed with so much original grace and elegance that it was infinitely better.

At length, disgusted with so much discussion, the Duchess bounded her views by taking under her protection men of letters; and this she pursued with all the

dour, which might be expected from her energetic character, and extensive and well formed understanding. She was now enabled to obtain a more desirable celebrity than what she had hitherto enjoyed, and she joined with the two brothers, the Great Condé and the Prince of Conti, in encouraging rising talent, and in giving to acknowledged merit the most shining marks of esteem; while piety, the most sincere and unaffected, put the finishing stroke to her character.

After the death of the Duke of Longueville she retired from court, and consecrated the remainder of her days to austere penance: yet though she renounced the pomp and dissipation of the world she did not exclude herself from society, or from the charms of intelligent and interesting conversation. She died on the 13th of April, 1679, in the sixty-first year of her age.

MADMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.

THIS distinguished Frenchwoman was the daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. She was born in 1627, and made a conspicuous figure in the party of La Fronde, and though a Princess of the blood, acted the part of an Amazon and a rebel to the royal authority. She was endowed with a courage seldom found in her sex, while in full possession of beauty, wit, and virtue, she was sought in marriage not only by several Princes, but by Kings. Attached to France, to her kindred, and above all, to liberty, she rejected all their propositions, and remained unmarried to the age of forty-four years. It was at that period that a passion, in the end the most fatal, deprived her of peace and gave a final shock to all her happiness: her attachment to the Duke de Lauzun is well known, as well as his artful conduct and base dissimulation towards her. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, by the native pride and purity of her character, had prevented every one that approached her from addressing her in any strain of gallantry; and having never loved, she was a novice in all the arts put in practice by the artful and designing lover.

One night she told the Duke de Lauzun that she had long loved, in secret, a gentleman belonging to the court, and she de-

sired him to guess who it was? The Duke affected astonishment, and pretended to be much puzzled to divine who it could be? Mademoiselle imagined that he did understand her, but that his great respect prevented his declaring himself; she therefore told him she would write his name, and rising, she wrote on one of the pier glasses, which was covered with dust, with her finger, the name of Lauzun.

Few are unacquainted with her declaration to the King of her passion, with his consent to her marriage, her joy, and her despair when he retracted his consent.—Lauzun was made a prisoner, and it was not till ten years after that Mademoiselle de Montpensier obtained for him his liberty. And when this Princess, aged then fifty five, ought to have regarded Lauzun only as a friend, she fancied she had recovered a lover, and was foolish enough to engage herself by a private marriage to a man whose temper was soured by long and unjust imprisonment, and who now treated her with a contempt he had no farther motives for concealing. She forgot the duties of a wife in the recollection of the distance birth had placed between her and her husband, and she forbade him her presence. She now sought consolation in literary pursuits, which she had always loved and cultivated: she died at the age of sixty-six.

Voltaire tells an anecdote of this Princess which, notwithstanding her independent character that caused her sometimes to swerve from long established etiquette, we believe to have been purely the invention of that extraordinary man. He asserts that at the death of Oliver Cromwell the French court went into mourning, and that "Mademoiselle was hardy enough to appear the very evening the court put on black, in colours, at the Queen's drawing-room." Mademoiselle, in her memoirs, declares that the court did not wear mourning for Cromwell; she says, moreover, that the court was then in mourning for a foreign Prince: and she adds, that if it had thought proper to wear it for this usurper, she thinks her *courage would have shewed itself in her absenting herself that evening from the Queen's drawing-room.*

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

JEU D'ESPRIT OF A FRENCH MINISTER.

DURING the long war under the dominion of Bonaparte, the nickname of *pequins* was given to all those who were not military men. A French Marshal apologizing at the table of the minister for not having come in till all the company had been some time seated, said, "I should have come earlier, but I have been detained by some *pequins*."—" *Pequins!*" echoed the company, "what are *pequins*?"—"Oh!" rejoined the Marshal, "we call *pequins* all that are not military."—"Yes," said the minister, "as we call every thing military that is not *civil!*"

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU being once dining with a friend, bestowed great encomiums on the wine; and the next day his friend sent him fifty bottles, at which Rousseau felt himself offended; he took, however, ten bottles and returned the remaining forty. Shortly after he invited his friend and his family to supper. When they arrived they found Rousseau busily employed in turning the spit. "How extraordinary it is," said the friend, "to see the first genius in Europe employed in turning a spit!" "Why," answered the philosopher, "if I were not to turn the spit your supper would be spoiled, for my wife is gone to buy a salad." At supper Rousseau produced the wine which his friend had sent him, and which till then had not been tasted: but no sooner had the philosopher put the glass to his lips than he pushed it from him, exclaiming that it was not the same he had drunk in his friend's house, and that he perceived he had a design to poison him. In vain his friend protested his innocence; Rousseau's imagination was prepossessed with the idea, and they never met again.

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF MRS. PIOZZI.

ONE evening at Streatham Park, a person asked Dr. Johnson how he would, if in his power, distribute the great offices of state amongst the literary ladies of his acquaintance? "I would appoint," said the Doctor, "Mrs. Carter Lord High Chancellor of England."—"And what place

will you give to the lady of the house?" enquired one of the company.—"Oh! we will give her," answered Johnson, "only a seat in the House of Commons; she will rise of herself."

MR. THOMAS GUY, FOUNDER OF GUY'S HOSPITAL.

GREAT events often spring from very trivial causes; and the public are indebted to a very trifling incident which caused the greatest part of Mr. Guy's immense wealth being applied to charitable purposes. Guy had a maid servant whom he had assured he would marry; and, preparatory to his nuptials, he had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended, so far as to a particular stone which he had marked. The maid, while her master was out, innocently looking on the paviments at work, saw a broken place they had not repaired, and mentioned it to them; but they told her that Mr. Guy had directed them not to go so far. "Well," says she, "do you mend it; tell him I bade you, and I know he will not be angry."—It happened, however, the poor girl presumed too much on her influence over her wary lover, with whom the charge of a few shillings extraordinary turned the scale entirely against her; for Guy, enraged to find his orders were exceeded, renounced his matrimonial scheme, and built hospitals in his old age.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

EDWARD lying one afternoon on his bed with his curtains drawn round him, a poor and pilfering courtier entered the chamber, and finding the King's casket open, which Hugoline, his Chamberlain, had forgot to shut, he took out as much money as he could carry away; his avarice, however, caused him to pay a second visit, and even a third; on which the King, who lay still and pretended not to see, began to speak, and told him to make off with himself as quick as possible, for if Hugoline discovered him he was not only liable to lose what he had taken, but also to have his neck stretched with a halter. The fellow was no sooner gone than Hugoline came in, and was very much agitated at seeing the casket

open and almost empty. The King, however endeavoured to relieve his mind, saying, "he who has it needs it much more than we do."

A LADY'S ECONOMY.

Mr. and Mrs. A——, of T——, married from the most sincere attachment, and lived near fifty years together in uninterrupted harmony. A few years after their union Mr. A—— said he did not like to have his wife asking small sums like a dependant, and bid her mention how many hundreds she believed might nearly suffice for her personal requisites and household expenditure. He gave a hundred more than she demanded, and paid it punctually every quarter. In the fortieth year of their blissful association Mr. A——'s health declined, and he was desired by his physicians to go to Bath for a season. Mrs. A—— urged him to fix the time for their departure, but

he objected to raise money he had at interest, and their income he said would not allow him to support the dignity he had ever maintained in his own country. "My dear," she replied, "tell me have you been satisfied with our table, and all the particulars of our establishment that fell under my regulation."—"I would be very unreasonable, indeed, if I could be dissatisfied," returned Mr. A——. "Then my liberal provider," said the lady, "I can pay all costs at Bath, where we may appear as the father and mother of sons who are an honour to their country. I kept my savings until they would have double value on coming seasonably to the hands of my dear Mr. A——, and now they are all your's."—The lady, from her bureau, produced bank cheques to a considerable amount. May all husbands and wives be influenced by this example from real life.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

It is always with peculiar pleasure that we record, for the amusement and instruction of our fair readers, the biography of those females who have been eminent for their virtues and their accomplishments; of this lady it has been said that she was a grace for beauty, and a muse for wit.

She was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, Master of the Savoy, and one of the Prebendaries of Westminster: she was born in St. Martin's-lane, London, a short time before the Restoration of Charles the Second.

Her paintings were all executed in a very beautiful style, in the manner of Sir Peter Lely, whom she appeared faithfully to copy. She drew the pictures of James the Second, the Duchess of York, Mary of Modena, and several pieces of still life, and many scripture and historical pieces.

She was maid of honour to the Duchess of York, the first wife of James the Second. She died of the small pox, in 1685, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, and was buried in the chapel of the Savoy, where a neat

marble monument was erected to her memory, with a Latin epitaph.

SIMON VARELST.

THIS celebrated painter was a real ornament, amongst numerous artists, to the reign of Charles the Second. His excellence lay in painting flowers, to which he attained a higher eminence than any painter before or since. He was born in Holland, and the precise time of his arriving in England is unknown; but his pieces were so universally admired, that he obtained a price for them never before given in this country. He was patronized by the Duke of Buckingham, who, seeing his immoderate vanity, and his Grace being always prone to mischief, he spurred the poor man on to attempt portrait painting. Varelst, who thought nothing impossible for his pencil, easily fell into the snare, and drew the Duke himself, but crowded it so much with different kinds of fruits and sun-flowers, that when it was shewn to the King his Majesty mistook it for a flower piece. However, as it sometimes happens, Varelst was laughed at until he was admir-

ed, and Sir Peter Lely became the real sacrifice to the jest; he lost much of his business, and retired to Kew, whilst Varelst engrossed the fashion, and for a single half-length he was paid one hundred and ten pounds. All his portraits were exceedingly laboured, and finished with the same delicacy as his flowers, which he continued to introduce into them.

Lord Chancellor Shaftsbury going to sit to him, was received by the painter with his hat on. "Don't you know me?" said the Peer.—"Yes," replied the artist; "you are my Lord Chancellor. And do you know me? I am Varelst. The King can make any man a Chancellor, but he can make nobody a Varelst."—Shaftsbury was disgusted, and sat to another painter.

In 1685 Varelst was a witness on the divorce between the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. One who had married Varelst's half-sister was brought to set aside his evidence, and deposed his having been mad and confined. Certainly Varelst might be said to be a lunatic with self-admiration, and he often used to call himself the God of Flowers. He went once to Whitehall, saying he wanted to converse with the King for two or three hours. Being repulsed he said, "He is King of England, I am King of painting; why should not we converse together familiarly?"

Varelst was confined in a private mad-house towards the end of his life, but though he recovered his senses his genius was totally gone. He lived to a very great age, as late as the year 1710, and died in Suffolk-street. In James the Second's collection was the King and Queen painted by his hand, and a full length of the Duchess of Portsmouth. In Lord Pomfret's were nine of his flower pieces.

He left a very accomplished daughter, who painted in oil, and drew small historical pieces and portraits: she was also well skilled in music, and spoke Latin, German, French, and Italian.

ANTONIO VERRIO.

THIS excellent painter was a Neapolitan, and his works were chiefly placed in a situation unworthy their merit, namely, on ceilings and staircases.

Charles the Second, wishing to revive the manufacture of tapestry at Mortlake,

which had been interrupted by the civil war, sent for Verrio to England; but changing his purpose, consigned over Windsor to his pencil. The King was induced to this by seeing some of his paintings at Lord Arlington's, at the end of St. James's Park, where Buckingham House now stands. The first picture Verrio drew for the King was his Majesty in naval triumph, and which is now in the public dining-room in Windsor Castle. Verrio executed most of the ceilings there, together with the whole side of St. George's-hall, and the chapel. On the ceiling of St. George's-hall he had pictured Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury, in the character of Faction, dispersing libels; as in another place he revenged a private quarrel with the housekeeper, Mrs. Marriot, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the furies. With still greater impropriety he introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and the surveyor of the works, in the modern periwigs then worn, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

Charles the Second paid him generously as a painter, and also gave him the place of master gardener, and a lodging at the end of the park, now Carlton House. Verrio was expensive, and kept a great table, while he often pressed the King for money with a freedom which his Majesty's own frankness encouraged. Once at Hampton Court, when he had but lately received an advance of a thousand pounds, he found the King so encircled by courtiers that he could not approach. He immediately called out, "Sire, I wish to speak to your Majesty."—"Well, Verrio," said the merry King, "what is your request?"—"Money, Sire; I am so short in cash, that I am not able to pay my workmen, and your Majesty and I have learned by experience that pedlars and painters cannot give credit long."—The King smiled, and said he had but lately ordered him a thousand pounds.—"Yes, Sir," replied Verrio, "but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left."—"At that rate," said the King, "you would spend more than I do to maintain my family."—"True," answered the painter, "but does your Majesty keep open table as I do?"

On the accession of James the Second, Verrio was again employed at Windsor, in

Wolsey's Tomb-house, then destined for a Romish chapel. He painted James and several of his courtiers in Christ's Hospital, London. Among other portraits there by him, is that of Dr. Hawes, a physician.

The Revolution was by no means agreeable to either the religion or principles of Verrio. He refused to work for William the Third, and from that time he was employed by Lord Exeter, at Burleigh, and afterwards at Chatsworth; at the former he painted several apartments, which are reckoned among his best works. In that room where the history of Mars and Venus is represented, he has placed his own portrait; and has placed the likeness of a churchman on Bacchus bestriding a hog-

head: indeed, in a procession of the burlesque kind, not very honourable to the Romish religion, he took the liberty of introducing the portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His best piece was the altar-piece of the chapel at Chatsworth, which represents the incredulity of St. Thomas. He painted too, but not in a very superior style, the great staircase at Hampton Court, for King William: indeed this was as ill done as if he had resolved to spoil it from principle. When his eyesight began to fail him Queen Anne bestowed on him a pension of two hundred pounds a year for life, but he did not enjoy it long: he died at Hampton Court, in the year 1707.

ALMORAM; OR THE LAST OF THE HUMAN RACE.—A VISION.

To Alla, who sitteth above the heavens of other heavens, be all praise! To him who holds the thunder of wrath to crush the presumptuous worm of his creation, and who designed to send the angel of instruction to Almoram, as he dwelt under the perfumed pavillions of luxury, be unwearied homage and thanksgiving: for he, by his angel, hath taught me that man, alone and unbefriended, is the child of despair; and the highly exalted monarch, without the assistance of his brothers of the earth, is an useless and miserable being.

Abdulhamed, my father, the well-beloved Sultan of the east, expired in the lap of age and wisdom, and left me, his son, in possession of all the blessings of riches and peace.

"Wealth is mine!" I exultingly cried; "and the mighty Sultan of the east shall enjoy it." The feast was prolonged till midnight, the song, the dance, resounded through my palace, the perfumes of the east were exhausted, and the mines of Golconda ransacked to decorate my dwelling, while the artist laboured with continual and unavailing toil, to please my vitiated taste.

My kingdom, which my father had governed with care, and enriched with the treasures of his wisdom, was now the seat of anarchy and misrule; the ministers of

my pleasures alone were rewarded, and the faithful administrators of justice cast forth to poverty and disgrace: the wives which I wedded, I loved with caprice, and hated without cause. In vain the imans exhorted, and in vain my vizier represented to me the ruinous state of my finances, and the growth of turbulent rebellion, which was shaking my throne: pleasure was the word, and death the fate of those who should dare to dispute the despotic will of me, their tyrant.

Eneruated by slothful delight, the sanguinary deeds of individual slaughter were yet new to me; and the native tenderness of my heart recoiled with horror at the murders I began to inflict from caprice, and the insolent pride of uncontrouled power. Benhadad, the virtuous iman, alone ventured to brave my fury; his admonitions sunk into my mind, his boldness in the cause of justice and humanity awed me, and I continually forbade the daily mandate I had issued for his death. At length, I caused a proclamation to be published, declaring, that weary of the fatigue of reigning, I was about to invest Almet, the son of my vizier, with my regal dignity and unlimited power during my retirement. In vain the cringing courtiers bowed around me; in vain they knelt, intreated, and abjectly implored I would not quit, for an instant, that exalted station which I occu-

pied as a God! Disgusted with their servility and adulation, I commanded them, sternly, from my presence, and while rage deformed my features, and while the angels of darkness appeared to hold dominion over me, the treacherous ministers of my former pleasures exclaimed, "Almoram is mad! chain him, and banish him from the society of men."

Blessed be the angel of instruction, who has taught the worm of the dust the way to attain the love of his fellow mortals, while he taught him, by adversity, dependence on the assistance of his brethren. The gaudy throne, the turban beset with jewels, may dazzle and enchant, while they fill the eye with the golden sand of prodigality and deceit: but it is compassion, universal benevolence, justice, moderation, and love to our fellow creatures, which can alone enrich the diadem, and give to its wearer the homage of the subject's heart.

On that memorable day, when affliction taught me wisdom, I looked around, in vain, for a friend: the brutish guard of my own palace assisted to bind, yet closer, the chains of their master: but what was my grief and despair to find that Almet, my friend, the son of my vizier, opposed not their daring attempts against me! But assuming immediately the authority of the Sultan, he commanded the crowd to disperse; who, shouting, exclaimed, "Long live the virtuous Almet our deliverer from the tyranny of Almoram!"

Almet ordered me to be treated with respect; and assigned me handsome apartments near my seraglio: I cursed him, myself, and all my subjects; and resolving to exclude myself entirely from the society of men, I ordered that none might be allowed to approach me: instead of asking my own heart the cause of my people's hatred, and acknowledging, on the examination, that my own wayward conduct had caused my present misfortunes, my hatred to mankind increased; and I now desired only to live and die, in my present state, without beholding again a human being, or even being obliged to exchange another sentence with a fellow-creature.

Thus wasted I seven moons, when that of Shaban came round: that period had given birth to the virtuous Almet, and his people, no longer mine, began to celebrate

it with pomp and rejoicings. The shouts of the multitude assailed my ears, as they rent the heavens with applause. The brazen trumpets sounded, and the well-toned cymbals beat time to the sprightly dance. It was not from an envious wish to join in pleasures, with which I had long been satiated, but I felt my hatred to mankind increase by this day's festivity: again I cursed them all; and, like the chained tyrant of the Lybian deserts, my ferocity increased with my hatred towards the whole human race. "Would," exclaimed I, "that I could see the total extinction of mankind." Scarce had I uttered the impious wish, when the angel, whom the all-forgiving and bounteous Alla sends from the third heaven to instruct and lead back by the path of truth the son of the dust, stood arrayed in shining and celestial splendour, before me. "Almoram," said he, "thou hast offended against the Most High! He formed thee and thy brethren of the earth, to assist and support each other, by mutual offices of kindness and service. Exist, if thou canst, alone; thy wish is fulfilled; burst then the bonds of thy confinement, for no human power is able to controul thee."

Malignant joy and gratification sparkled in my eyes; but in the midst of my exultation a dimness came over them, the angel of death seemed to assert his power, and the last agonies of my guilty life appeared threatening its final close. A deep sleep fell upon me, from which I awakened, gay, refreshed, and seemingly happy, in the midst of spacious and well cultivated gardens: here all the sweets of Arabia regaled my ravished senses, but dead and awful seemed the silence which reigned around me. I thought, however, no more of the celestial presence of the angel, than of a dream which had left a deep impression on my mind.

I quitted the gardens and traversed an extensive plain; the beasts of the field fled from my presence, or glared ferociously defiance on me. I directed my steps towards the city, I met not with one human being; I entered my seraglio, but mute and solemn was the scene where mirth and harmony were wont to preside. The rose of beauty had vanished, and I stood alone where thousands had waited to catch my com-

ands, and bent the knee before me. Mournful and sad, I passed through the avenues of my palace to the divan: I seated myself in the tribunal of justice, but my vicer no more attended to offer his advice, I bear to me the thanks of my people for benefits received, or to present the petitions of misery and indigence. Where will this end? thought I: Ah! what is man in the midst of solitude?

The sun shone at that moment with unusual splendour and heat; I walked to the apartment of fountains to enjoy the coolness of that retreat, or repose under the shade of the lofty Acacia. Sweet was the refreshment imparted to my senses, in this shady recess; I ceased to repine, and, sinking into repose, I slept soundly for two hours.

As, on my awaking, I cast my eyes to the other end of the apartment, I beheld the remains of a banquet, and the calls of hunger made me gladly advance to partake of what I would have spurned at before, the leavings of others! Alas! the meats were putrid, the fruit was mouldy, and the wines had become eager. I ran, before darkness overshadowed the face of nature, to my gardens; I plucked the half-ripened fruits, I ate with eagerness, and assuaged my thirst at a translucent stream. Indigestion, from the crudity of the fruit, oppressed me, but where was now a physician to relieve the mighty Almoram? He who now, according to his wish, reigned alone!

The cool caves of the rock, where the liquor forbidden by our Prophet was deposited, were fastened with massy padlocks, and I wearied myself to find the keys till sickness and despair made me discontinue the search, and the darkness of night overtook me. I made shift to find my way to a chamber, wherein was a downy couch, on which I threw myself, but in the awful stillness of the night how bitter was my lonely anguish, and how horrible my solitude! No more the voice of Zulema, my favourite slave, lulled me to sleep to the dulcet sounds of her lute: my own respiration terrified me, and each sigh I breathed seemed the finishing of my existence; and who, now would support the helpless Almoram when his last hour drew nigh? To Alla, to his vice-gerent Prophet, whom I had so bitterly offended by my crimes, I

dare not apply. At length the wished-for morn peeped its golden rays through the windows of my chamber: I arose, I entered the shops of the bakers and the confectioners; and though their cakes had become stale and unpalatable, some of them were yet in a state of preservation. I allayed my hunger, and afterwards entered my sumptuous stable of ivory: I found my horses fainting for want of food, and my fleet Arabian courser, which had long been my cherished favourite, in the last agonies of death, from the privation of that pampered indulgence he was used to enjoy. Unskilled in pharmacy, in vain I endeavoured to recall his generous spirit; with a painful struggle he groaned out his last, and to save the remainder of my horses, I reflected, must be now my care. I was employed in their service the greater part of the day; and the wretched and desolate Almoram was now compelled, alone and unassisted, to toil in attendance on the beasts of the field! How different to the splendid lot he had once experienced! When Princes and nobles bowed the knee before him, and the slave durst not stand in his presence!

The fatigue I experienced from my unusual exertions, caused me to fall into a deep and heavy sleep when evening came, and from which I did not awake till the dawn of the next morning: I repaired again to my stables, where I found the greater part of my over-gorged cattle dead from excess. I smote my breast, I burst into tears; I dared even to accuse the all-powerful Alla of injustice, and his Prophet of cruelty. I fled, overwhelmed with despair, to the seaside: surely thought I, mankind, if extinct on this part of the earth, are not totally so; some friendly island may yet retain my species, and by a signal I may attract the notice and pity of the mariner who may chance to touch near this desolate shore, to transport me from this awful scene. Alas! the vessels had drifted into the midst of the ocean; some were wrecked on rocks, all had their cordage torn, and formed a wild and isolated prospect, worse than the doleful and solitary city I had left. Where was the pride which had, till now, filled the bosom of the wretched Almoram? "Oh! what is man," I exclaimed, "without society? Where is his boasted glory? The

time of final destruction is at hand, and the Almighty, in his wrath, has prolonged my days to witness it. The human race is extinct for ever; and what is helpless unassisted man?" The fierceness of pride subdued, the conviction of my own helpless state, when dependant on myself, began to soften my heart, and prepare it, like a genial soil, to produce better fruit: the retrospection of my past crimes shocked me; but the mercies of Alla, I acknowledged, were infinite. I repaired to a mosque, I bent, in humble adoration, but the scene around me was awful and desolate beyond imagination: no more the iman set forth the praises of Alla and his Prophet; no breath, no voice was heard; nought but the deep sighings of the afflicted and wretched Almoram. "Oh! Alla!" I cried, as the sacred roof re-echoed to my prayer, "O thou, to whom all things are possible, hear thy servant and the creature of thy will: the lowest slave, who hid his face at my presence, would now be a treasure to me, and I would clasp him to my bosom with a brother's love."—"Art thou then convinced Almoram," said a voice, mild as the Sabaen breeze, "art thou then convinced of thy dependance on those who serve thee, and that, though fate made them lower in birth, are yet thy brethren, the children of the

same Almighty parent. Art thou at length convinced, that pride is not made for the reptile of the earth?" Oh! how soothing, thought I before, would be the speech of man to my ear! but how ravishing was the voice of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, speaking conviction to my delighted understanding, and proving that my prayer had found acceptance with the Most High!

A radiant cloud fell on the hallowed pavement of the mosque, and the angel of instruction again stood before me. "By repentance, Almoram," said he, "thou hast purified thy soul, and the all-gracious Alla has accepted thy prayer. Return to thy palace, where Almet waits to deliver again into thy hands the ensigus of majesty, and to reseat thee on thy throne. Let the visions of the past night never be effaced from thy memory; love thy subjects, study their happiness, and learn to conquer pride and luxury." The angel then departed, and I awakened, as out of a deep sleep, and found myself lying on my embroidered couch of state, and my Zulema watching beside me. Almet joyfully delivered into my hands the insignia of my regal state; and by my command ordered the instructive vision of Almoram to be engraved in letters of gold for the use of posterity. S. G.

LEGEND OF A BROWNIE.

To the fair readers of *La Belle Assemblée*, who may be unacquainted with the ancient superstitions of the Gael, it will be acceptable to premise, that all old castles in the Highlands were believed to have a Brownie, a green maiden, or matron, who watched over the interests of the Chief, and punished artifice in the retainers, or neglect in the domestics. Those notions were doubtless introduced and maintained by policy. The following legend seems designed for inculcating fidelity to the Chief, and to deter young men from piratical enterprizes, or attachments to the daughters of a strange land.

The golden-haired Chief of the sky having almost finished the shining course of a day, draws near to his broad bed in the western ocean. His dazzling level beams touch

with gorgeous dyes an accumulation of many shaped clouds, reflected by the waveless bay: the gales quietly repose in deep caverns. Not a leaf rustles on the oak; and as evening advances, grey mists, slowly rising from a reedy pool, rests like snowy wreaths upon the dark browed cliffs. Yet the seal retreats further from the beach, where he basked in the glittering rays of departing light; and the screaming sea fowl, with dissonant claug, seek the creviced rocks. Far as the eye can reach the wild tribes are seen flapping the salt brine from their oozy wings, and each, cowering to their accustomed shelter, they hush their hoarse voices in thick low murmurs. A heavy moaning sound rolls with the labouring mass of waters, as they sink and rise in foamy-headed billows, and

burst upon the shore. The strife of roaring winds has begun, and scatters the gathered vapours, as they fly from the squally breath of the fierce spirit of the hills. The moon, dark red, throws out her fiery horns among her towering clouds, and shews no bigger than the sea-pye riding on her waves; a distant sail, now raised on the ridgy summit, now lost in a yawning furrow, the ship drives to sunken sharp-pointed reefs: awful voices bellow through the dire obscurity.

"Is it the wild bull of the desert? or the wolf howling over his prey?" says a shadowy figure, wringing his hands, on a promontory in view of the wreck. "No; those times have been swallowed up in successive years. Numberless generations have lived and died since the desolate Brownie beheld the customs of his ancestors changed for ever; and here he awaits the last of his race. He comes, dragged by his faithful dog through contending tides. The dim watery ghosts of his fathers throw aside the skirts of their foggy robes, as they bend to bid him welcome. On Terrachar they cast glances of reproach. They scorn the wretch who raised his hand against his Chief. These failing eyes have wept blood to see strangers make their dwelling in the lofty pile once brightened by the hero whose unerring hand cleaved the heart of a traitor. Lo! the sons of other vales come to draw the dead from the involving sands. My offspring lies a stiffened corse, and hardly will his web-footed dog permit the bearers to take his dear remains from the grasp of ever enduring attachment. Now were the valiant in one moment dismissed from mortal life to the airy halls of their fathers! They are dashed to the beach by eddying currents, and thence conveyed to the watted barn until day returns, when they must be given to the last embrace of the earth."

Tottering in his hasty steps the Brownie pursued the bearers of the dead; but frequently shrieking from the wrathful brow of attendant ghosts, he came too late for entering the door of their silent abode. Like a thin curling smoke he glides through the watted side. The tempest is lulled by softly pattering rain. Pale and motionless lie the riders of the deep. Ro-

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bust, hardy, and active as the untamed horse of the mountains, they rejoiced in the early dawn. Night has wrapped them in darkness, on which no morning shall arise. One cold but beautiful form is the pillow of his dog—now he looks wistfully in the face of his master; he wags his tail, he scrapes gently with his paw on the hand that shall caress him no more; he whines, he raises his voice in loud lamentations, and again fondly lays his head on the bosom that heaves no longer. The Brownie, with fixed eyes, shares the grief of the four-footed follower. The tears of a troubled spirit bathe his furrowed cheeks; he wipes them with his grisly locks, and perceives a shade, lovely in youth, standing close beside him. He mournfully speaks.

"Offspring of my loins! avert not thy dim countenance from thy sad primogenitor."

Shade. I feel my soul cling to thee, yet how shall I look upon a ghost that dares not approach the green hills, or tranquil caves of our fathers. Wherefore art thou denied the repose of heroes?

Brownie. Forlorn and abandoned as thou seest me, I was in my day the most powerful vassal of my clan, and a daring rider of the fathomless seas, but passions, wild as the hollow, swoln, white-topped dashing billows, ingulphed my fame. My joy lived only amid the strife of raging men, or in the boisterous mirth of shells, or in the scorching flame, flashing from the eyes of costly bedecked charmers in the halls of strangers. The couch of peace, the blushing sigh of modest loveliness I contemned and derided; and I roved from isle to isle in quest of spoil or pleasure. My dark ship and her ferocious mariners were the terror of the north. The sons of icy lakes purchased my right hand of friendship with the choice of their stores, and gave the snowy bosomed Algetha as the pledge of their faith. My stately form, my eagle eye, and ruddy cheek, were her secret delight. She entwines her white arms of love round the neck of her spouse; but his unstable burning thoughts wandered to borrowed lights. I fled by night with Gewullina, and left Algetha to endure a mother's throes for a deceiver. Gewullina was fresh in all her beauty as the blossoming heath, and sportive as the suckling

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roe, but her heart was cold as the icicle pendant fern, and changeable as the many-tinted arch, shifting before reviving sunbeams. She forsook me to wed a youthful hunter of my clan. Furious, I turned my prow to the gales, and tried to forget Gewullina in the ravage of distant coasts, and the enchanting helpless imploring of captive virgins. I said to myself the gladness of Terrachar never shall decline; but as shadows on the smooth face of the lake, so are the gay hours of a rover. This moment they spread fair and joyous, the next they are broken by tempests, or covered by hideous gloom. Moon after moon, and season after season rolled away, and laden with the wealth of shores far remote, I be thought me of Algetha, who alone gave hopes of transmitting my name to posterity; but the boisterous winds and surly rulers of the sub-marine castles came abroad in horrid affray. Plank disjoined from plank in my twelve-oared berlin, and I only reached the stony verge of the sea. Bruised and senseless I was found by Gewullina, who watched for the plunder of shipwrecked men, while the lovely daughters of our own woody glens prepare the splintered pine to warm them, and lay the softest skins of deer to cherish their wearied frame on the couch of fragrant heath. Gewullina recognized and bore me to her dwelling. By wiles unknown to the daughters of the Gael, she had crept into favour with the Laird. He had given one of his infant twins to her breast, and the Dalt* grew up in all the guile of his nurse. Gewullina, in a flowing speech, persuaded the Laird to restore the rights I had forfeited by my long absence; but the gleaming light of her smiles shone not for love of Terrachar. He must put forth all his power for her Dalt, against the elder of a doubly fruitful birth. The youths shot up as two branching oaks watered by many streams; but Niel, the son of Niel, had no suspicion that under the name of brother lurked a deadly foe. With her nurturing

* *Dalt* signifies nursing, *choalt*, the relations of a nurse, or foster-father. Among the Gael these are endearing ties. The history of those twins are given in the third part of the *Popular Novels*, and exhibits a noble picture of ancient magnanimity and feudal chivalry.—EDITOR.

milk Gewullina infused a proud determination not to be less than the first of his name, and though she lured me to her purpose, I had no thought of pointing my spear against him I was bound to defend with the warmest drop about my heart. The deeds of his early prowess were wafted far as the voice of bards. The side-long glance of virgins stole over his manly form, and his fame floated high in the quivering tones of the harp. The sons of music sung how the Chieftain of Mull, and Neil, the valiant son of Neil, chased the roe, and their swift steps outstripped their followers. A ship from the coast of strangers had sent five of her brawny sons to take water from the living fountains. They sought the arms of the Chiefs, despising their bloom of youth.

"No son of the earth shall wrest by force or fear our shining steel from our hands," said the Chiefs. "We are yet to gain renown, but our race is the race of the brave. Ye wish for the branching horns of a stag. Wait our conquest over—his fleet limbs, his carcase, and his horns, shall be yours. We war not with strangers when they would slake their thirst in our valley of streams."

A ruffian basely comes by surprize, and struck the weapon from the Chieftain of Mull. Niel, the son of Niel, covered him with his shield, and with his quick descending brand defended him until the rushing speed of the retainers hurried the invaders to their bark. The song of bards arose, and echoed from tower to tower, from hill to hill, and passed lovely over the green vallies. They told to future times how, with unripened arm, the hero guided the victorious blade; how his soul, kindling with the fire of Oscar, the son of Ossian, the son of Fingal, consumed the practised sinews of war. Terrible in the tempest of strife, he is the radiant beam to cheer the feast of shells, or support the panting huntress, returning wearied from the forest. His eyes, rolling in the liquid light of love, meet the downcast stealing look of the virgin, and heave her bosom with tender joy. While yet a young plant, expanding his graces to a mother's melting gaze, he wrestled but to overcome, and his arrow never missed the destined mark. With downy cheek and stripling

gility he saved his friend from the ponderous spear of the stranger; and as many ills, pouring over their pebbly course, meet at length in one mighty river, so the obler sports of the boy lead to a manhood f ever growing fame. The smile of the hero was to his people as the firstlings of n early spring; his valour their buckler and pride. His arm never was uplifted to strike a clansman, and his favour refreshed their souls as the spray of water-falls gives a livelier hue to the deep green flowing grass. His ire blasted the oppressor, as the north-eastern gust withers all that oppose his angry progress; but milder than the unruffled breath of summer, he cherished the feeble, or, as the meek beam of morning absorbs the showers of night, so his words of comfort, and the bounties of his hand, dried up the tears of the sorrowful. He lived and died amid the light of renown. What, then, was Terrachar, who aimed the fatal yew at his magnanimous heart? but Terrachar designed the messenger of death for another, unconscious that Gewullina would have made him the murderer of his Chief.

"By the pale rise of morning," said she, "the Chieftain of Mull comes to woo the blooming daughter of Norman. More-alluin is wearied by his burning sighs, and her soul rests upon the ripe features of Terrachar. It pursues his steps on the hill, the *strath*, or rustling wood. Do thou meet this sapling of the windy isle, and lay him low as a young birch torn from its root by the trembling torrent."

"In the madness of my jealousy," I replied, "I will meet him as the forked lightning. My thunderbolt shall crush his boyish love."

Gewullina laughed in malice: she expected that the elder brother of her Dalt should fall beneath my rage, and that his followers must avenge him by shedding my blood.

She sent notice to Niel, the son of Niel, that a wolf reared her growling breed in a den of Craiganach. With three fol-

lowers the ardent hunter sought the spot before day. By his stately mien I knew a Chief strode foremost; but darkness hid his visage from my eyes. My whistling shaft drew a purple gush from his arm, and reckless of the pain he followed the direction of my bow. He sprung upon me as the shaggy hound upon the trembling hare. My guilty hand was lopped by his pole-axe. My false partners stunned the Chief by a blow, and secured themselves by flight. I escaped to the surrounding lofty forest; a quaking marsh lay before me, and attempting to bound over, I plunged to its muddy bottom. The guilty hand that might have slain a Chief was far from me, and spent by streaming blood, I perished among noisome reptiles. No stone covers my grave, no bard celebrates my deeds of valour. Half viewless phantoms assembling round my drooping ghost, forbade my entrance to the vale of shadowy joys. My fathers have renewed their youth, but age after age faded the shrivelling apparition of Terrachar. I haunted the flinty souled Gewullina in all her ways, and filled her dreams with terror. She stalks a green restless spirit among desolate battlements and towers, and we meet but to upbraid each other. On the wings of the southern breeze I sailed to Algetha's lonely turret. Her lovely head was silvered in grief, but calm was her spotless soul. My son was the brightest beam of the valiant. In the hour of peril his race were firm as the everlasting mountains, and dreadful to oppose as the rapid current that divides two lands; but as the sea subsides when conflicting winds retire to their caves, so they smoothed their brow when their courageous arm had won the peace of heroes. Their blood flowed through a long line of renown: to thee it descended a tide of glory; and thou shalt conduct thy wandering ancestor to the hall of rest. For thy sake my fainting spirit shall be admitted to them who are great in song."

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT CAVE IN WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

BY DR. MAHUM WARD, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE country for a considerable distance round the cave is not mountainous, yet broken and rolling. It was seven in the evening when I reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Miller (the overseer of Messrs. Wilkins and Gratz, in whose laud the cave opens), who met me at the gate, and as he anticipated my object, bade me welcome to all his house afforded.

During the evening Mr. Miller made arrangements for my visiting the cave next morning, by procuring me two guides, lamps, &c. I could hardly rest during the night, so much had my curiosity been excited by my host's account of the "regular confusions" in this subterraneous world.

At eight in the morning I left the house, in company with my guides, taking with us two large lamps, a compass, and something for refreshments, and entered the cave about sixty rods from the house, down through a pit forty feet deep, and one hundred and twenty in circumference, at the bottom of which is a fine spring of water. When at the bottom of this pit, you are at the entrance of the cave which opens to the north, and is from forty to fifty feet high, and about thirty in width, for upwards of forty rods, when it is not more than ten feet wide and five feet high. However, this continues but a short distance, when it expands to thirty or forty feet in width, and is about twenty in height for about one mile, until you come to the First Hoppers, where saltpetre is manufactured. Thence it is about forty feet in width and sixty in height to the Second Hoppers, two miles from the entrance. The loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls, on either side, almost the whole distance from the entrance to the Second Hoppers. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. The walls of the cavern are perpendicular in every passage that I traversed; the arches are regular in every part, and have bid defiance even to earthquakes. One of my guides informed me, he was at the Second Hoppers, in 1812, with several workmen, when those heavy shocks came on which were so severely felt in this country. He

said, that about five minutes before the shock, a heavy rumbling noise was heard coming out of the cave like a mighty wind: that when that ceased, the rocks cracked, and all appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large rocks fell in some parts of the cave.

As you advance into the cave, the avenue leads from the Second Hoppers, west, one mile; then S. W. to the chief city, which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue is from sixty to one hundred feet in height, and about the same in width, the whole distance, after you leave the Second Hoppers, until you come to the cross roads, or chief city, and is nearly upon a level; the floor or bottom being covered with loose limestone and saltpetre earth. When I reached this immense area (chief city), which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

I can give you but a faint idea of this chief city. Nothing under heaven can be more sublime and grand than this place, covered with one solid arch at least one hundred feet high, and to all appearance entire.

After entering the chief city, I perceived five large avenues leading out of it, from sixty to one hundred feet in width, and from forty to eighty in height. The walls (all of stone) are arched, and are from forty to eighty feet perpendicular height, before the arch commences.

The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact, we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at any loss for the way out on our return), was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it and took another that led us east, then north, for more than two miles further: and at last, in our windings, were brought out by another avenue into the chief city again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area, and after having refreshed us and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time, through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the second city. This is covered with one arch, nearly two hundred feet high in the centre, and very similar to the chief city, except in the number of avenues leading from it, this having but two.

We passed through it over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east, about three hundred rods, when we came upon a third area, about one hundred feet square, and fifty in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about thirty feet high, and which fell upon some broken stone, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

We then returned about one hundred yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our right, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about sixty yards, which carried us within the walls of the fourth city, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the further end of which must be four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre earth on one side of the avenue, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

I had expected from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the chief city; but was sadly disappointed when I found the end a few hundred yards from the fourth city, which caused us to retrace our steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and once completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes.

At length we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the chief city at ten at night, however, as much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out.

We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief city, which carried us southeast about nine hundred yards, when we entered the fifth city, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewn with broken limestone. Fire beds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about two hundred and fifty rods, when, finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed, but a few yards from this last mentioned city, as I came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any that we saw, running almost due south for five hundred rods, and very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of the cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stone, called out, requesting me to follow him.

I gathered up my papers and compass, and after giving my guide, who sat with me, orders to remain where he was until we returned, and, moreover, to keep his lamp in good order, I followed after the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued to step from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty from the smallness of the passage, which is about forty feet in height, we entered upon the side of a chamber at least one thousand eight hundred feet in circumference, and whose arch is about one hundred and fifty feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows (pointing downwards) upon the slabstones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, "where all things are hush'd, and nature's self lies dead." I must acknowledge I felt a shivering horror

at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed since I entered the cave at eight in the morning; and at that "time o'night, when church-yards groan," to be buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern, the grave perhaps of thousands of human beings, gave me no very pleasant sensations. With the guide who was now with me I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it for the distance of a mile in a southerly direction, when my lamps forbade my going further, as they were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered, and how far we might have travelled had our lights held out, is unknown. It is supposed by all who have any knowledge of this cave, that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three branches of this cave.

It was nearly one o'clock at night when we descended the Passage of the Chimney, as it is called, to the guide whom I left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, halloing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above.

Very near the vertical passage, and not far from where I had left my guide sitting, I found some very beautiful specimens of soda, which I brought out with me.

We returned over piles of saltpetre earth and fire beds, out of one avenue into another, until at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the chief city, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the Second Hoppers.

I found, when in the last mentioned large avenue or upper chamber, many curiosities, such as glauber salts, Epsom salts, flint, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifications, which I brought out, together with the Mummy which was found at the Second Hoppers. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted and worn down with nineteen hours continued fatigue.

I was near fainting on leaving the cave and inhaling the vapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the

pure air which is occasioned by the size of the cave. The pulse beat stronger when in the cave, but not so fast as when upon the surface.

I have described to you hardly one half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the Second Hopper have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about sixty rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the Second Hoppers. It is called the Glauber salt room, from salts of that kind being found there. There is also the sick room, the bat room, and the flint room, all of which are large, and some of them quite long.

The last that I shall mention is, a very winding avenue, which branches off at the Second Hoppers, and runs west and south-west, for more than two miles: this is called the Haunted Chamber, from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautifully incrustured with limestone spar, and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently fifty feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the stalactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a cellar formed of this spar, called Wilkins' armed Chair, which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar, fluted and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shown with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps.

A part of the Haunted Chamber is directly over the bat-room, which passed

ler the Haunted Chamber, without making any connection with it. My guide went into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about one hundred yards from Wilkins' armed Chair, on the side of a smooth limestone rock, or twelve feet, which we passed with much precaution; for had we slipped from our hold, we had gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," if I may get from a cataract of water, whose dis-sound we heard at a very considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging to the wall, and winding down under the Haunted Chamber, and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage twenty or thirty feet in width, and from ten to eighteen high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as other parts of the cave. At the further part of this avenue we came upon a reservoir of water, very clear, and delightful to the taste, apparently having either inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but about forty feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar, and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty surpass any very similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about twenty feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as white-wash would have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit holes in my path that appeared to have been lately sunk, and which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called the Pool of Clitorius, after the *Pons Clitorius* of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that after drinking of it a per-

son has no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and continual in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us until we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by Wilkins' armed Chair, and back to the Second Hoppers.

It was at this place I found the Mummy which I before alluded to, where it had been placed by Mr. Wilkins, from another cave for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried as to weigh but twenty pounds when I found it: the hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue; the top of the head is bald; the eyes are sunk into the head; the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face; the lips are dried away, and discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect even to the nails, and very delicate, like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty.

She must have been some personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me she was first found by some labourers, while digging saltpetre earth in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep, between four limestone slabs. She was muffled up, and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow, which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry, all which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the

Indian kind ever exhibited in this country. Among the articles was a musical instrument, made in two pieces, of cane, put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers: she had likewise by her a bowl

of uncommon workmanship, and a vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.

My friend, Mr. Wilkins, gave me the Mummy, which I brought away, together with her apparel, jewels, music, &c.

THE FRIEND AND THE PHYSICIAN.

ERASTUS had acquired great wealth by commerce; he was, however, neither a stupid nor unfeeling being; but as every one generally pays tribute for the possession of a great fortune, his character had become violent and irritable, and he was tormented with the vapours.

Happily Erastus possessed what few rich people enjoy, that is a faithful friend, a possession money will not purchase; he had also a physician, a skilful observer.

These two men, both possessed of profound erudition, had each very eccentric systems. Mordaunt, the friend, never remonstrated; and Neville, the physician, never ordered any remedies. The former corrected faults by physical applications, and the latter attacked the malady by moral discourses.

Erastus saw them every day, and constantly amused them with the account of his sufferings.

If he confessed to his friend that he had put himself in a passion with his servants, Mordaunt immediately told him every time he felt this angry disposition coming on, to drink nothing but cold water till the fit was over.

He had confessed that at the end of every month the proving of his steward's accounts had put him quite beside himself, and Mordaunt had determined him to prepare himself for this examination by a very temperate diet, a few doses of magnesia, and exercise violent enough to create transpiration.

Every morning his children's tutor brought them to him, and informed him of their progress in learning the preceding day. When the report was not favourable, Erastus stormed, threatened, and gave an example of wisdom by putting himself in a passion; his friend requested him never to give reproofs except when in the bath,

and not then till he had been in it at least an hour.

Erastus took it in his head that his wife ought to be a model of perfection; and in order to bring that about, he judged proper once a year to recapitulate to her every fault she had committed, all of which he had carefully noted down. The conversation began very mildly; by degrees it became more animated, and at length became so acrimonious that it terminated in the most violent manner. Mordaunt, at length, prescribed for the day before these explanations were to take place, a bleeding, either more or less copious, according as the list of faults might be more or less numerous.

The method the Doctor took was totally different. Erastus had complained of a weight over his temples, which he felt every morning, and which he said was such, that he was fearful of an apoplexy. Neville had persuaded him to form a library, and make a collection of pictures. One morning when he awoke, he found artists and booksellers waiting his orders; he looked over some beautiful editions, admired the *chefs d'œuvre* of the different schools of painting, and had not a moment to think of his malady.

After Erastus had taken his meals, he did nothing but yawn; he could not keep from falling asleep, and he was troubled with painful indigestions. His physician made him form agreeable acquaintance with people of both sexes, females who were admired for their amiability, and men of worth belonging to every class. After dining with them the conversation became lively, versatile, and intelligent: Erastus did not sleep, and he digested his meal well.

For habitual lassitude, for irritation of the nerves, and melancholy, Doctor Neville

had recommended public amusements; but this remedy not being sufficiently efficacious, he had pointed out objects that his patient might materially serve; he had also proposed the founding of some very beneficial establishments, and the solacing of virtue sinking under poverty and misfortune. This was what he called his universal *panacea*, and the effect produced by it was infallible.

We are assured that in a few years Erastus became mild, healthy, and, notwithstanding the care of riches, truly happy. It is also added that, having tasted the most exquisite delight by some of the proposed

remedies, he has continued them though in a state of perfect health; and has arrived at a very advanced age without experiencing any of its infirmities, without receiving the smallest contradiction from his wife, and without his children ever having harboured the thought that he had lived long enough.

Unfortunately these remedies will not agree with every one; but they may be applied with certain success on all those who form the class of the wealthy, and who have seldom any other malady than what may be said to be of their own creating.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. V.—THE STORY OF MARTIN GUERRE, CONTINUED.

THE shoemaker who used to make shoes for Martin Guerre deposed, that Martin's foot reached to the twelfth size, whereas the foot of the accused reached no further than the ninth. Another swore that Martin Guerre was dextrous in fencing and wrestling, whereas this man knew nothing of the matter. John Espagnol, who kept a public-house, declared, that the accused acknowledged to him that he was not Martin Guerre. Valentine Raugie deposed, that the person accused, perceiving that he knew him to be Arnold du Tilh, made a sign to him with his finger that he should say nothing. John de Liberas deposed to the same effect, and added, that the accused gave him two handkerchiefs with a strict charge to deliver one of them to John du Tilh, his brother: there was also some hearsay evidence produced, which M. Coras says, that although the law does not admit when passing through several mouths, yet is considered when heard from the accused or the first author. Two persons swore, that a soldier of Rochfort passing through Artigues, was surprised that the accused called himself Martin Guerre, declaring aloud that he was a notorious impostor, for that Martin Guerre was in Flanders, and had a wooden leg in the room of one he lost before St. Quintin, in the battle

of St. Laurence. They considered also, that the report of Sanxi Guerre did not at all resemble the accused. It was added, that Martin Guerre was a Biscayen, where the language is very different not only from the French, but from the Gascon, but the accused could not speak the Basque, though he took pains to mingle a few words with his French, using them with a visible affectation. There was also a number of witnesses who deposed, that Arnold du Tilh had from his infancy the most wicked inclinations, and that since he had been hardened in wickedness, a great pilferer and swearer, a defier of God, and a blasphemer; consequently every way capable of the crime laid to his charge, and that an obstinate persisting to act a false part was exactly suitable to his character: these circumstances bore hard upon him. On the other hand there were thirty or forty witnesses who swore that he was really Martin Guerre, that they knew him intimately, and remembered him from his childhood: among these were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, who were all brought up with him, and who all had the reputation of being women of good sense, and two of their husbands brothers-in-law to Martin Guerre. Such as were present at the nuptials of Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, deposed in favour of the accused. Catherine Boere, in particular, said, that when

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he carried the *medianoche* (or what we call sack posset), after they were in bed, she saw Bertrande's spouse, and that the person now accused was the same. The greatest part of these witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre had two scars on his face, that his left eye was blood-shot, the nail of his first finger grown in, that he had three warts on his right hand and another on his little finger; all which marks the accused had. Other witnesses deposed that Peter Guerre and his son-in-law, had laid a plot to ruin the accused: that they had sounded John Loze, the consul of Palhos, to know if he would advance money for that end; that he refused, and told them that Martin Guerre was his kinsman, and that he would rather give money to save than undo him. That Peter Guerre and his cabal prosecuted the accused contrary to the will of his wife, and that many had heard them say that the accused was Martin Guerre, his nephew. Almost all of the witnesses declared that when the accused arrived at Artigues he saluted by name all Martin Guerre's familiar acquaintance, that to those who hardly remembered him he recalled to mind the places where they had been, the diversions and entertainments they had partaken twenty years back as if they had newly happened; and what is more remarkable, made himself known to Bertrande de Rols by reviving in her memory several circumstances that happened on the day of their marriage, and also the most secret circumstances: he said also, after the first salute, "Go look for my taffety breeches with the white lining, which I left in a chest." She owned the matter of fact, and said she found the breeches in the chest, not knowing they were there. Pasquier says, that the accused told himself an adventure that Martin Guerre met with in the country where he went with his wife. There were only two beds for Martin, his wife, a brother, and a sister, the two women lay in one, the two men in the other. Add to this the perfect resemblance of the accused to the sisters of Martin Guerre, both in their air and the features of their faces. Moreover, what ought not to leave the least doubt, is the behaviour of Bertrande de Rols herself towards the accused at the trial; when she was confronted with him

the accused challenged her, upon the solemnity of an oath, to acknowledge him, made her judge in her own cause, told her that he would submit to suffer death if she would swear he was not her husband. But what answer did she make? Why, that she would take no oath, nor yet believe him. As to her behaviour to the accused before the prosecution, she lived with him near four years without complaining; she behaved herself dutifully as a wife ought towards her husband, and thus it was pleaded in his favour. Was this because the accused had so perfect a conformity with Martin Guerre that his wife could not perceive the least difference? Was nature so intent on making them resemble one another that she resolved the wife should not be able to find the mistake? In a body so like would she lodge a soul of the same character? for Bertrande alledged no difference at all in that respect. When she was told by somebody that the accused was not Martin Guerre, did she not give him the lie? Did she not declare that she knew him better than any body, and that she would murder those who affirmed the contrary? And to shew that it was not possible the accused could be no other than Martin Guerre, did she not say that it was he or the devil in his skin. How often did she complain of Peter Guerre and his wife, who is her mother, because they would force her to prosecute the accused for an impostor. Did they not threaten to drive her out of their house if she did not come into their measures? It is plain therefore that she is led aside at present, and a slave to the passion of Peter Guerre and her mother.

It was alledged further, that the accused had been imprisoned by the Seneschal of Thoulouse at the suit of John d'Escornbeuf, who was privately instigated thereto by Peter Guerre. It was confidently objected to him that he was not Martin Guerre; and Bertrande de Rols complained that Peter Guerre and his wife were continually soliciting her to enter a prosecution against the accused in her own name, to have him convicted of a capital crime. Being acquitted by the Seneschal's pronouncing a sentence of disagreement (*une appointment de contrarieties*); and

returning home to his wife (as he called her) she received him with all possible kindness, gave him a new shirt, washed his feet, and slept with him as usual, and yet the next morning he was hurried to prison by Peter Guerre, by virtue of a paper signed by her the night before, even the night on which she had expressed all this fondness for him; nay, she had discovered her tenderness since his being in prison, by sending him money and clothes. It would be too tedious to insert at large the pleadings of the lawyers on this very perplexed affair; never were any arguings more eloquent, delivered with greater energy, or more charming than those of the advocates on each side, as they are cited by M. Coras, the original reporter of this case; but after all their harangues the Parliament was still in doubt, and at last considering the nicety of the case, and the consequence of annulling a marriage and illegitimating a child, they began to incline to the part of the accused, and had thoughts of reversing the judgment of the inferior judge. While the Parliament were puzzling themselves

what sentence to give, of a sudden, as if he had dropped from the clouds, or rather had been led thither by the immediate interposition of Providence, Martin Guerre himself appeared, having a wooden leg, as the soldier related. He set forth in his petition a distinct account of the impostor who had taken his name, and demanded to be heard. The court hereupon ordered that he should be kept in safe custody, and that he should be confronted with the accused, with Bertraude de Rols, his sisters, and the principal witnesses for the accused. He was interrogated on the same facts as the accused had been, and his answers were true indeed, but neither so clear nor so particular as those given by the accused. Arnold du Tilh being confronted, behaved in such a manner as struck the whole assembly with amazement; he treated Martin Guerre as an impostor, as a fellow suborned by Peter Guerre; nay, he confidently declared, that he would be content to be hanged if he did not unravel the whole mystery, and prove all his enemies cheats.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LISTENER.

THE following letter is from a gentleman whom I before mentioned, as having early seen the madness and folly of being professedly a man of pleasure, and had retired entirely into the country. I thought it a pity at his age that he should thus seclude himself from the gay world, and succeeded in persuading him to pay a short visit to London; he complied with my request, after returning home, in writing me the following letter:—

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

WELL, my dear friend, according to your wish I quitted my quiet fire-side, and launched out into the gay world again for a few days; Heaven knows the sort of figure I cut in it. As that man who is by nature a coward is prompted for once to resent an affront, recollecting all that has been done against him, and recalls on the ground every mark of enmity he has received, so when I had once taken the resolution of emerging from retirement, and accepting the numerous invitations I received, I had

courage to shew my face the same evening in three different brilliant parties, as select as they were agreeable; but, nevertheless, where I hope never to be seen again.

I will just give you a recital of what passed last Friday se'nnight. I returned home from a walk about three in the afternoon, and after shaving and refreshing myself, I stretched myself on my sofa while the fire was lighting in my library, which I generally make my dressing-room. The hair-dresser was soon announced; who was employed a much longer time than you would imagine in turning the curls on the summit of my head, and in giving a uatural looking wave to the other part, which is composed of hair that really by nature is as straight as a candle and as stubborn as the bristles on a hog's back.

After undergoing this punishment, Hoby sent me my shoes: I tried on six pair of dress shoes before I could find any that would at all fit me; and the pair I kept were so short and tight round the heel that they took the skin off.

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Next came the tailor; out of two pair of small clothes, one of a pale straw colour Kerseymere, the other of black satin, I could not wear either; those of satin were too tight, and the kerseymere too large; these, however, I was obliged to fix on, for fear of the consequences of having my satins too tight. Having purchased some beautiful shirts, frilled with the finest French cambric I could possibly procure, I had sent them to a famous laundress in order to have one elegantly plaited for this important Friday; but it was five o'clock before she brought home one, and that not half aired. I must, my dear Mentor, have set great store by your counsels, to have endured all this torment; when I tied on my cravat I did it according to the strictest rules of fashion; and when I was well buttoned up and well harnessed, I ordered a carriage to proceed to the place where I was expected to dine, not without some disquietude on the manner in which I should conduct myself.

My carriage went at a very slow rate, one would imagine the coachman had been paid by the hour; he only had to cross a square, and to pass through two short streets, and he was exactly thirty-two minutes in going: when I entered the house the company was just sitting down to table.

Only conceive my embarrassment: the servants did not know who I was, and I did not know the servants; but they looked very angry at seeing me arrive so late; and I heard the butler muttering something between his teeth. I was desirous of taking my seat without deranging any one, but I deranged every body. An old lawyer, who was seated at the bottom of the table, found himself by my coming in thrust close to the door, and made a face about an ell long. A handsome Viscount, who at the time I entered was displaying his wit to the lady who sat next to him, looked as if he never could forgive me for preventing his finishing a studied sentence; he was on the right of the lady and I was placed on her left, and she very obligingly half turned her back on me all dinner time. As I had nothing to hope for from her I tried to enter into some general conversation; I began on the present state of political affairs; but I was told that was a forfeit,

and I was compelled to swallow a tumbler of clear water.

The day was very cold, and that did not serve to warm me; to add to this there was a door behind me that opened and shut incessantly, and through which there came a wind that almost cut my legs off.

You will perceive, my good friend, what a figure I should have made without the kindness of the lady of the house; she is one of the best women in the world, and she continually addressed to me that kind and polite conversation which could not fail to console me in the midst of tortures.

The desert was placed on the table: you know I seldom take any thing but a biscuit after dinner with my wine; there were none, however, with this desert. I was foolish enough to feel vexed; the wine appeared poor and flat; there was confectionary of every kind, and sweetmeats, which I detest.

When the coffee was served I took leave of this party, and went to a house where I had been invited to make one at a little private dance. It was the birth-day of the lady of the house, a young married woman. I there met a famous poet of the present day, but he had the headache: and some verses that he had made on the occasion, and which he recited, soon convinced us of the disorder in his brain. I had been near a week composing a little air for the occasion, and adopted the words to the tune of the charming polacca sung by Braham in *The Cabinet*. There were three verses; and I declare I knew not of one indecorous word or meaning they contained; but such is the delicacy of modern ears, and the quickness of modern conceptions, that at the first verse the young ladies blushed up to their eyes, at the second the mammas began to shrug their shoulders and find their seats uneasy, and at the third there was not a papa but what turned his back upon me.

For my part I know my poetry was lively and, as I thought, adapted to the occasion, but that was all; and I was put very much out of countenance to find it so ill received. I have since shewn the song to some particular friends, and amongst the rest to a few of those who could not bear to hear it sung; and not one individual but what has intreated to be favoured with a copy.

In this company there was a young lady who warbled like an angel; and every one began praying her to *Catalanize*. Having never heard the term before, I knew not what to make of it, till the young lady began to sing an air from *Semiramide* in the style of *Madame Catalani*. But she declared she could not continue, and the cruel virtuoso deprived us of the pleasure of hearing any more than two or three notes; she would sooner have given a drop of blood than another. Besides, a young person is not to learn to sing to be called upon on every occasion; formerly, when they had only one singing master, they were more obliging; now they have ten music-masters, and never sing when they are first asked.

They began dancing; I was always fond of the exercise, but now I could not endure it. I cannot bear to be jumping up and down like a puppet upon wires before another puppet, and from whom, when once the figures have begun, one cannot get out a single word.

There was a young lady who played some waltzes on the piano-forte with infinite skill and expression. I was desirous of waltzing, and I was hardy enough to engage the finest dancer in the room, and for which I soon became a wretched vic-

tim. I knocked myself against every other couple, my head grew dizzy, and I was obliged to sit down after having almost thrown down all the groups that had gathered in swarms to look at the waltzing. Totally disconcerted at this accident I took my hat, and to divert my mind went off to the Faro-table of an old lady, who is my near relation; it was, however, near two in the morning, and I found all the ladies in a rage with a little German Baron, who had absolutely swept the bank, and was triumphantly carrying off his winnings.

I was requested to see a pretty female gambler home, who had lost every shilling she had about her; and I was again compelled to make use of a miserable Hackney-coach; it is in conducting a pretty lady home that we feel in a peculiar manner the want of one's own carriage; however, it happened to be one of the new Hackney-chariots. I had a long wearisome way to conduct a lady home, who was in a very ill humour at having lost all her money.

Now what have I gained by my journey to town but fatigue and crosses? Ah! my dear friend, say no more against the comforts of my dear fire-side in the country, where I can enjoy my Homer and Plutarch without molestation.

RUSTICUS.

ALEXIS.—AN IDYL.

CLOSE to a spring, whose limpid waters gently meandered from a steep mountain, the former retreat of the Vestals, now guarded by a silent water nymph, under the shade of an hazel nut tree, encircled with luxuriant vine, amidst bowers of honeysuckle, jessamine, and sweet briar, Alexis, the son of Sophia, slept on a bed of rushes. His affectionate mother stood gazing at the infant, whilst Agatha, not yet four years of age, was seated near the couch of her brother. The lively linnnet and gay-feathered goldfinch were warbling at a distance, perched on the stem of a lilac.

A bee that had just flown from a valley adjacent to the hamlet where Alexis reposed, finding him asleep, mistook him for the budding rose, so blooming was his complexion. She was just going to alight on his coral lips, when the babe awoke.

I drew near Sophia, of whom I begged being permitted to hold the infant in my arms, and my request was granted.

At that same moment Alice, the youthful, lively shepherdess, appeared before me, whilst Alexis, smiling at the sight of my metal coat-buttons, invited me, with his fore finger pointed towards it, to shew him his mother's (Sophia's) miniature picture, which I carefully wore close to my heart. The innocent babe would also try to lay hold of and play with my watch chain.

Alice, jealous at seeing me bear so sweet a burthen, eagerly solicited I would surrender it up to her. I then looked up to Sophia, who nodded assent. Proud of having obtained such a favour, the young maiden carried away the infant. No quicker will the ringdove fly to her nest when she hears her young bemoaning her absence,

and calling her back. No swifter will the swallow cross the aerial plain, than Alice, with Alexis in her arms, hurried to reach the hamlet. Her companions were in equal haste to overtake her. How joyfully were the lovely maidens! How playfully would they next return, quite out of breath, to flock round Sophia, and to do her homage. Methought I beheld, in the island of Cythera, the mother of the Graces in the midst of her attending nymphs.

I was delighted with the harmless sports of the young villagers; neither did I lose sight of Alexis. Sometimes I could see him unintentionally remove the nosegay that veiled the snowy bosom of many a shepherdess, whom I contemplated with no less attention; their gentle taps the child returned with greater spirit, intent on striking the last blow. A day will come (thought I within myself) when he will contentedly obey their powerful authoritative nod.

Alexis is the beloved of the whole village. His name is re-echoed through the hamlet. A few days after, at an early hour, I met Amelia, who was bearing him

a wreath of flowers. "See," said she, "how eager is Arabella in preparing a garland of roses for the dear child."—Behold Clarissa untying the ribband that binds her own hair, to adorn Alexis's cap. "Thrice happy infant!" said I, "what offering shall I bear thee? My most ardent wishes for thine uninterrupted prosperity.

"Dear babe! thou hearest me not! but when reason has enlightened thy riper years forsake not, desert not this delicious spot, where thy forefathers have enjoyed happiness as a reward for their virtues. Place thine household Gods near those whom they prayed to. From the abode of truth and hospitality, mayest thou behold the rising and the setting of the sun, and finally die happy, after having reckoned fourscore and ten revolutions of that grand luminary.

"Sophia, as soon as the first rays of day pierce through thy windows, take thy son into thine hands. Lift him up towards heaven. Pray to the God of love and Hymen. Petition, as an only favour, that Alexis be thy image."

FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE SHETLAND FISHERMEN.

BY MISS D. P. CAMPBELL.

O! FAIR arose the summer dawn,
No sullen mist was seen to lower;
Night's dreary shadows were withdrawn,
And morning blest the golden hour.
The stilly air was breathing balm,
The sea-fowl clamour'd on the shore;
The sky serene, the ocean calm,
And hush'd the breakers' deaf'ning roar.
And slowly in the glittering east,
The sun reveal'd his beauteous head;
His beamy glories round him cast,
On rock and steep their radiance shed.
A trembling stream effulgent lay
Across the ocean's rippling bed;
While fast the breezes brush away
The dew drops from each glossy blade.
The soaring lark escapes the cage,
But still is heard her matin song;
The sea-gull floats with ominous cry,
The hungry raven fits along.
And heard is many a female voice,
Loud echoing through the rocky shore;
And lisping infants gay rejoice,
And listen for the distant oar.
At length the six-oar'd boat appears,
Slow moving o'er the fav'ring tide;

The long, long stay, with artless tears,
The little prattlers fondly chide.—
"How could you lag so long at sea,
"High blew the wind, and mammy wept;
"Tom could not weep, though sad was he,
"While sweetly little Mary slept."
Anxious the wife her partner views,
He drags his weary limbs along.
"Hey, Kate!" he briskly cries, "what news?"
Then carols blythe a seaman's song.
"How couldst thou, William, stay so long
"Upon the dark and stormy sea?"
"Where tempests sweep and perils throng—
"Oh! think on thy poor babes and me.
"Dark, dark and dismal was the night,
"And fearful was the tempest's roar;
"And many a specter'd ghost or sprite,
"Shriek'd wildly on the sea-beat shore.
"I listen'd fearful to the wind,
"And heard a groan in every blast;
"A thousand fears disturb'd my mind,
"Even when the tempest's rage was past."
"And we've successful come, dear Kate;
"Behold, my lass, the plenteous load!
"To-day we'll dine in lordly state,
"On turbot, haddock, ling, and cod."
The hardy sire, with raptur'd eyes,
Kisses his rose-lip'd babes and Kate;

Then to his humble home he hies,
 And blesses Heav'n with heart elate.
 Though coarse his fare, yet sweet to toil,
 The morsel seems to hunger sweet!
 The scanty produce of the soil,
 Is all he asks of man or fate.
 Then on his straw couch careless thrown,
 He sinks into refreshing sleep;
 Leaves it to paltry wealth to groan,
 And pumper'd luxury to weep.

ADDRESS TO SHETLAND.

BY THE SAME.

The land of cakes has oft been sung,
 In many a poet's strain;
 But never did the land of fish
 A single verse obtain.
 If e'er I won a note of praise,
 To thee the meed belongs;
 Thy misty hills, and humble vales,
 Inspired my infant songs.
 Oft wandering by the sea-beat shore,
 I woo'd the pensive muse;
 Nor will thy genial, fam'd of yore,
 This votive lay refuse.
 Long be thy sea-wash'd rocks around
 Industry's peaceful seat,
 By thy proud natives long renown'd,
 First trod by princely feet.
 Long, long may Lerwick's nymphs be fair,
 And free from ev'ry art,
 But such as Virtue's power declare,
 To charm the gallant heart.
 And fertile prove the sterile meads,
 Clouth'd rich with waving grain;
 Where nought was seen but noisome weeds,
 Or dreary desert plain.
 And may that source of half your wealth,
 The ocean's finny race,
 Confirm the hardy fisher's health,
 And foreign tables grace.
 O Danford dear! each barren hill
 Fond memory views with love;
 To thee my fancy wanders still,
 Where'er my footsteps rove.
 Still Laxford's winding stream I greet,
 Or hail the sea-beach wild;
 Where oft I rov'd, with careless feet,
 Nature's untutor'd child.
 I dreamt not that a fairer spot
 On earth's broad surface lay;
 Nor ever wish'd with vent'rous foot
 Beyond thy bounds to stray.
 And when I read of cultur'd charms
 Beyond the northern main,
 And towering trees whose leafy arms,
 Spread o'er the flow'ry plain,
 I read, and fancy cloth'd thy steep
 With groves of stately pine;
 The river flows, the torrent sweeps,
 And every grace was thine.
 See o'er the weedy sand-bank glide
 The wave with murmur low,

While on the undulating tide
 The mildest zephyrs blow.
 O! Laxford, once my happy home,
 A long, a last adieu!
 The mourner doom'd so far to roam,
 Returns no more to you.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE HUNTER,

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIA.

GIFT of my honour'd parent, now no more,
 Spirits assist, while I her loss deplore;
 As now blest memory recalls to view,
 Her donor's worth in every action true;
 And tracing back the flying steps of time,
 Renews the past, when Beas was in her prime.
 My good old faithful mare—ah! many a day,
 O'er hedge and ditch she bore me safe away.
 Oft I awoke at twilight's early dawn,
 To greet Aurora, Goddess of the morn,
 As from the sober East a welcome guest,
 She rose more pleasing in her cloudy vest;
 For misty sky foretells a noble run,
 That veils from sight the solitary sun.
 What calm delight was mine as casting round
 The woody skirt I mark'd the sapient hound;
 When Reynard broke, and o'er the country flew,
 Firm on her trusty back, no fear I knew:
 For few with her in speed and strength could vie,
 Sure in her leap, and steady to the cry;
 Her temper tractable, though never tame
 When striving at the burst his brush to claim:
 Then boldly forward press'd my fav'rite lass,
 Each rival sister emulous to pass.
 Oh! sing with me ye lovers of the scene,
 Diana's sports, of rural joys the Queen!
 The mirth-inspiring horn, as thro' the vale
 It sounds enchanting in the southern gale;
 The secret bliss that in the bosom glows,
 When the blithe huntsman into cover throws
 The jovial pack;—and hark! the challenge hear,
 Sweet music to the merry sportsman's ear.
 Sons of Actæon hail! to you belong
 The Muse's chaplet and the Poet's song:
 Hare, fox, and stag, eight years did I pursue,
 And was, I trust, a master kind to you.
 And now, alas! the pleasure of the chace,
 To gloomy thought and sorrowing give place!
 No more, my lost companion of the field,
 Can you to me those mutual transports yield:
 And search all England round I ne'er shall find,
 A horse so well adapted to my mind.
 One evil hour she left Macarty's * care,
 And chang'd from pure to pestilential air;
 Grim sickness seized upon her writhing frame,
 In fatal spots the baneful farcy came.
 Vain was the farrier's skill her life to save,
 Each moment saw her hast'ning to the grave;
 A prey to dire disease, she droop'd and fell,
 I dropt a tear—and bade my mare farewell!

TALLYHO.

* Proprietor of the hunting stable at Croydon.

ENGLAND IN 1816.

In eighteen hundred ten and six,
 Old England's glory some would fix,
 Peace throughout Europe; royal marriages,
 New streets, new palaces and carriages!
 New stars, new ribbons, and new crosses,
 A coinage new, whate'er the loss is—
 Splendid new bridges, splendid lights,
 And columns destined for our knights!
 Sounds not this well? Then who would think
 We stood on ruin's very brink?
 For now the picture but capsize
 And view it with your proper eyes.

In London flashy shops behold,
 And new bazaars, but nothing sold;
 In every street a carpet out,
 That shews my lady on her route,
 To spend her poor remains in France,
 And teach her children how to dance.

Then for the country—Farmers breaking,
 Hosiery half ruin'd, landlords quaking,
 A solemn gloom! no sun, no hay day,
 Between this very hour and lady,
 The panic general, and the stocks
 As flat almost as the new docks—
 Then a subscription by the great,
 Lest all our poor should emigrate,
 A boon that seems too sure a test
 Of apprehension for the rest.
 But last and worst, a ministry in doubt,
 Too weak to stand, too strong to be turned out.

THE TURBOT.—A TALE.

LORD ENDLESS, walking to the hall,
 Saw a fine turbot on a stall.—
 "How much d'ye ask, friend, for this fish?"
 "Two Guineas, Sir."—"Two Guineas! pish!"
 He paused, he thought, "Two Guineas! zounds!"
 "Few fish do-day, Sir."—"Come, take pounds:
 "Send it up quick to Bedford-square,
 "Here's a pound note; now mind, when there,
 "Ask for one pound, and say that's all—
 "My Lady's economical."

The fish was sent, my Lady thought it
 Superfluous, but—my Lord had bought it.
 She paid one pound, and cried, "Od rat it!"
 Yet could not think the fish dear at it.
 A knock announces Lady Tatter,
 Come for an hour to sit and chatter;
 At length—"My darling Lady E.
 "I'm so distress'd—you know Lord T.
 "Can't dine without fish, and 'tis funny,
 "There's none to-day for love or money."

"Bless us," cried Lady E. "two hours
 "Ago, a turbot came, 'tis yours,
 "I paid but thirty shillings for it,
 "You'd say 'twas dirt cheap if you saw it."

The bargain struck—cash paid—fish gone,—
 My Lord, and dinner came anon;
 He stared to see my Lady smile,
 'Twas what he had not seen somewhere:

There was hash'd beef, and leeks a boat-fall,
 But turbot none—my Lord look'd doubtful.—
 "My dear!—I think—Is no fish come?"
 "There is, love—leave the room, John—mum!
 "I sold the fish, you silly man,
 "I make a bargain when I can;
 "The fish which cost us shillings twenty,
 "I sold for thirty, to content ye—
 "For one pound ten to Lady Tatter—
 "Lord! how you stare! why, what's the matter?"
 My Lord stared wide with both his eyes,
 Down knife and fork dropt with surprise;
 "For one pound ten to Lady Tatter!
 "If she was flat, ma'am, you were flatter;
 "Two pounds the turbot cost—'tis true,
 "One pound I paid, and one pound you!"
 "Two pounds! good Heavens! why then say
 "It cost but one pound?"—"Nay, ma'am, nay,
 "I said not so—said nought about it;
 "So, madam, you were free to doubt it."
 "Two pounds! good Heavens! why, who could
 doubt
 "That the fish cost what I laid out?
 "I would have been madness (you may rate)
 "In such a case to hesitate."
 "'Tis never madness," he replies,
 "To doubt, I doubt my very eyes.
 "Had you but doubted the prime cost,
 "Ten shillings would not have been lost.
 "Though you and all the world may rate,
 "You see 'tis best to hesitate."

SONNET.—TO MIE BELDAME. *

IN IMITATION OF THE POETRY OF THE 17TH
 CENTURY.

PROUD Dame! I'm wearie of thy cruelty,
 I will no longer write beneath thy scorn!
 Lo! I send back my hated chains to thee,
 Which, oh! too long in fondness I have
 worn. [swaine,
 Haplie, they'll serve to binde some gentler
 And make him bend and crouch as I have done;
 Live on thy momentary smile—and then,
 Sicken and die beneath thy killing frowne!
 From hence I'll teach thy falsehood to mine eye,
 My wilder'd eye shall bear it to my tongue;
 And when I age and ugliness espie,
 I'll swear, by thee, it is both faire and young!
 Strange metamorphosis! thro' slighted love,
 A beldame, hence, a wrinkled bag shall prove!

ON A LATE DISPUTE AT THE BAR.

To wrangle and write both lawyers agree,
 To fight they were not come together;
 Since pens are their weapons, we justly may say,
 That both of them shew a white feather.

* Beldame properly signifies *beautiful mistress*; how the word came to be accepted a decripit or ugly woman, I am at a loss to define. Therefore as no cause save irony can exist for so gross a contradiction, I have assigned it to the wayward fancy of a slighted lover.—J. B.

FASHIONS

FOR

DECEMBER, 1816.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No 1.—BALL DRESS.

A white crape frock over peach coloured satin, beautifully finished round the border with tulle, blond, and garlands of roses. Body of peach coloured satin, ornamented in a manner to correspond with the skirt. Wreath *à-la-Flore* round the hair, formed of fine blond and roses in full bloom. White kid shoes and gloves; and carved ivory fan. The hair is arranged in full curls, and dressed short at the ears.

No. 2.—PARISIAN EVENING COSTUME.

A round dress of soft white satin, superbly ornamented round the border with flounces of broad Vandyck lace, and puffings of tulle; the dress made partially high, with Vandyck lace tucker. White Persian sash, with short ends, the ends trimmed with lace: the sleeves of the dress finished with letting in of lace, and puffings of tulle to answer the border of the dress. The hair divided by a bandeau of white satin, arranged in curls round the face, and elevated in the Chinese style on the summit of the head. Shoes of pale blue kid, and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE present court mourning, though it is likely to be far less general than was at first expected, has yet, in a manner, clipped the wings of Fancy, and given to her varied attractions something of a sombre hue. Those of high rank are seen at present taking their customary promenades in pelisses of black twilled sarsnet, to which the warmer material of velvet is likely in a very short time to succeed. Though the orders for the mourning are but very slight,

yet bombazeen and Merinos seem very prevalent for half dress; crape frocks over black sarsnet are universal for evening costume, and a beautiful tissue of black and silver forms the most favoured article for full dress, with a superb Vienna toque of black velvet, intermixed with folds of silver tissue.

Amongst those who rise superior to the ridiculous custom of mourning for an individual whom they personally knew not, and whose want of the more shining and conspicuous virtues may have caused the mind imbued with them but little to regret, are some females, not only of immense wealth, but exalted birth. These, whose patriotic spirits wish to encourage, as much as possible, our native looms, are vexed that a mourning, protracted beyond the usual limits for what is merely that of the court, should disappoint the industrious artizan in his works of varied labour, have wisely and meritoriously been determined to think for themselves, and continue to array themselves in colours appropriate both to their complexions and the winter season: our gracious Regent has also issued an order, highly advantageous to trade, that protracted court mournings shall not be general.

In order, however, not to appear too conspicuous, some ladies have adopted what was formerly styled a mourning *à-la-militaire*, consisting of black and scarlet. For this, the Andalusian robe, invented by Mrs. Bell, forms a beautiful dress for dinner parties of select and friendly societies. It is of a rich Irish black poplin, embroidered round the border with scarlet in a light and elegant pattern, and finished under her superintendance by the ingenious assistant she keeps in constant employ. With this dress is worn the Andalusian hat of black satin trimmed with scarlet,

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and adorned with full garlands or bouquets of natural flowers. Black velvet dresses trimmed with pink satin and ermine, with a *toque*, or dress hat, to correspond, forms a dress which, to those who are fond of adopting an appearance yet more wintry in their attire, is at once becoming, costly, and elegant.

The Glasgow cap, still in high favour, is now reckoned most elegant when made of curled silk, and a white carriage hat of the same material, with a zebra feather of the palest shade of sea green and white is worn by some of the first rate ladies of taste and beauty.

The Venetian spenser of amber-coloured sarsnet, elegantly diversified with puce colour velvet, and fringed with congou leaf colour, is an appropriate dress for the carriage in morning visitings, while a spenser of fine cream-coloured cloth, richly embroidered in Neptune blue and garnet, forms a warm and unique covering for morning walks. This spenser is the most novel and beautiful that can be conceived; it is all in one piece, yet sets most admirably to the bust, and imparts the most lovely contour to the female form. The most favourite carriage pelisse is one Mrs. Bell lately finished for a lady who ranks high in the fashionable world; it is styled the Arabian pelisse; the material of which it is formed is of pompadour purple, and it is trimmed in a manner impossible to add justice to, by description, with rows of ribband and ermine: evening dresses finished in the same manner are also in high estimation.

For the opera, a most beautiful envelope is just now finished; it is of a pale dove colour cloth, richly embroidered down the front with embroidery of floize silk, in different colours: the envelope is lined with amber-coloured sarsnet, and has satin sleeves, the colour of the cloth.

The bridal morning robe of plain or embroidered muslin, forms a most elegant home costume; it is superbly trimmed with fine Valenciennes or Brussels lace, and has Austrian sleeves, finished at the wrists with lace and muslin *bouillones*. For dinner dresses poplins promise to be universal; and for evening dress velvets, French silks, particularly the rich levan-

tine, are most in requisition for the matron ladies, while the younger sport the Como gauze, or the lately imported new article of beautiful texture, the tissue gauze, the most favoured of which has amber flowers on a white ground; this material is peculiarly calculated for ball dresses: it has a lustre in the flowers little inferior to gold, and dazzles without being glaring.

Amongst the head-dresses the Russian *toque* of crimson velvet, with gold tissue gauze, is most appropriate to the theatre, for it is only ladies in their teens, who have any pretensions to fashion, who are seen without caps; indeed, the mode of wearing no cap has become so common, that the youngest ladies generally ask the milliner's aid for some youthful mode of fancy, before they reckon themselves properly dressed for a theatre or a rout; therefore, however young, something encircles the hair; and often a wreath of holly oak flowers, or dark tinged carnations, is seen on their beautiful tresses.

It is always with pleasure we see flowers forming the ornament of the British fair, for it is the support of many an industrious artist, and there is no ornament more appropriate or emblematic to female beauty. We are happy to say, that now no lady is reckoned completely dressed, without she has a bouquet of artificial flowers, closely imitative of those of nature.

The *cornette*, finished in the hussar style, is only becoming to a very lovely face. The Norman hood is sweetly adapted to every age and every feature, if the female wearing it is not too short; this was exclusively invented at the Repository of Fashion, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, and is amongst the best head-dresses formed by the elegant inventress: it is made of the finest net and lace, and ornamented in a very peculiar and novel style, with exotic and rare flowers.

The favourite articles in jewellery are pearls, and of these some ladies of wealth and high fashion make not only bandeaus for the hair, but have them thickly set and formed into girdles and belts.

The favourite colours are pompadour purple, Neptune blue, congou leaf, and carnation red.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME:

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

It is now, and but now, that the Parisian *belles*, like those *coquilles surannées* who strive to forget the winter of age, have just seemed to recollect that it is not always spring or summer. Fashion, therefore, now steps forth, arrayed in all the comfortable clothing of pelisses, carricks, fur-lined mantles, and well wadded spencers, which latter articles are very prevalent for out-door costume; and the spencers are made to wrap over the bust, while a warm pelerine cape shields the shoulders from the cold, and over that a falling collar, that conceals near three-fourths of the cape.

The pelisses are made much the same as they were last winter, but novelty in this comfortable and judicious envelope is daily expected: you shall have the first intelligence I receive. The clumsy, though warm carrick, admits of no change; and that magnificent, expensive, but appropriate winter covering, the Witzchoura, has not yet made its appearance, even amongst those who alone are able to sport it, the rich and great. Under all the shieldings from the wintry cold, white gowns are indispensable for the morning costume.

The usual winter fashion of grey hats, lined with rose colour, has already taken place, while the fair beauty prefers a hat of celestial blue, trimmed with white. Black hats are very general, ornamented with lilac ribband; these hats are either of straw or velvet; if of the latter material they are often trimmed with bright jonquil. Hats entirely black are, however, reckoned most elegant. Straw hats still continue to be partially worn, and are ornamented with rich winter flowers, or fancy flowers made of velvet. Spartan bonnets of white are much worn in the public walks: they have a bunch of scarlet geranium placed on the right side, and a ribband of white satin striped with the same colour as the geranium, is placed in large quills at the edge of the brim. The

Spartan bonnets that are made of straw, are ornamented with a bunch of blue field flowers, with ribbands to correspond: the edges of fancy straw hats are generally bound with a very broad striped ribband. Bonnets of cambric are still worn for morning dresses, and transparent bonnets of crape, or *tulle*, are frequently seen in carriages, and are much worn in half dress at the theatres: these transparent bonnets are generally ornamented with rose-coloured ribbands, which are placed in twists or flutings over the wires that quarter the brims.

Gowns of light coloured sarsnet finished by a border of white satin ribband *applique*, are reckoned most elegant for evening dresses; and white satin robes, worked with rich embroidery of different colours round the borders, are much worn in *grande costume*: over this embroidery is placed a beautiful Vandyke trimming, *à l'Espagne*. Long sleeves are universal, and are slashed, after the Spanish fashion. A rich scarf of black lace is now universally thrown over the shoulders in evening dress. Merino crape is very general in gowns for dinner parties and half dress.

Head-dresses now begin to boast that pleasing variety which generally prevails during the season of winter. *Cornettes*, of a less antique appearance than those which have been lately worn, are very general for home costume; they are made of *tulle*, and have a bouquet of flowers placed on one side. *Toques* of black velvet are much in favour at the opera; they are called Russian *toques*, and are, of course, in the diadem form in front; but the newest article of this kind is made higher on one side than the other: they are sometimes adorned with black feathers, sometimes with white, and these feathers are two flat ones, with a jet bandeau placed at the edge of the *toque* next the face.

The hair is dressed partly in the Chinese and partly in the Grecian style: those ladies who have fine hair, or are very young, seldom wear any other head ornament than a row of large pearls, a bandeau of lapis lazuli, or a beautiful ornament of fine enamel. The pearls, or lapis lazuli, are made to follow the different plaits of the hair, which are wound round the

head, and which terminate in a kind of cockleshell on the summit.

The favourite ornaments in jewellery are pearls, coral, and lapis lazuli, but all armlets and bracelets are now made of hair, and which are often dyed purple; and when of this colour this material is frequently worn as a belt on yellow or white gowns, and has a very beautiful effect.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

It is necessary to revert back a little to the latter end of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and to the beginning of that of Queen Mary, to remark the high estimation in which Turkey velvet was held for ladies' gowns; so much so, that it had become ridiculous, and the ministers of religion inveighed against the expensive fashion in their sermons. The hair was dressed in large tufts or curls, and stuck with badly set jewels. In the reign of James the First ruffs of yellow crape, or muslin dyed, were very prevalent; unac-

quainted with the machine now in use for crimping gauze, the ladies used to flute them with quills or bodkins; the gauze, crape, or muslin, being previously made as stiff as the strongest writing paper. With these ruffs a lady thought her neck sufficiently shielded; her bust and shoulders were left bare, and a high crowned hat placed very backward finished her grotesque appearance. The yellow ruffs disappeared entirely after the execution of Mrs. Turner, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, that atrocious woman going to the place of execution in such a ruff.

With the second Charles came in with more freedom of manners, a yet more licentious style of dress. Fantastic and indecent, appearances were only saved when the bust was partially wrapped over, in order to display the fringe or embroidery imported from Paris, otherwise the shoulders and bosom were entirely uncovered, while the favourite ornament hanging on the latter was a lock of some accepted lover's hair.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

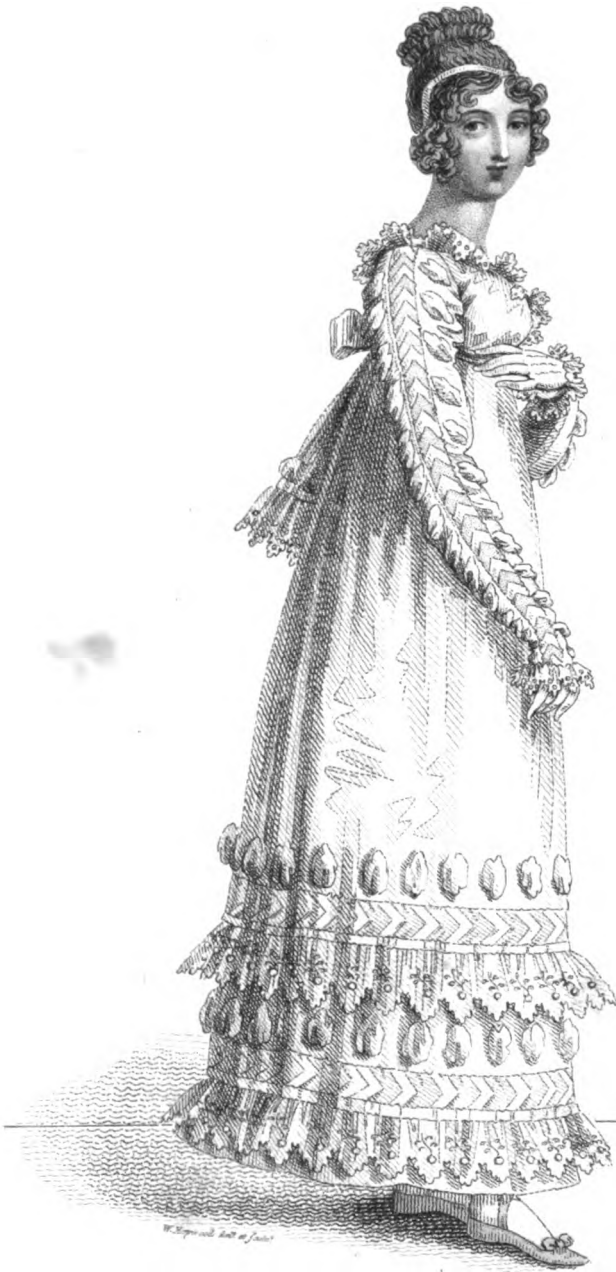
THE THEATRES.

WHILST Mr. Kemble is gratifying the taste of the town by going through the course of his characters, and is therein exhibiting those characteristic powers in which he has no rival, Kean, with a just and laudable ambition, is daily seeking new opportunities for the display of what he possesses himself, and thus, between these two admirable actors, the public has a most pleasing and impressive example of what art in one, and natural powers in the other, can effect. We do not intend, indeed, to assert, either that Mr. Kemble is deficient in nature, or that Kean does injustice to his natural powers by a neglect or ignorance of art and study.

Kean is perhaps nearly (indeed fully) as artificial as Mr. Kemble; almost all his happy points are laboured, and his art,

indeed, is in some cases too manifest, and by exciting the idea that it is acting, lessens the impression of the imaginary reality. But Kean can never be produced with Kemble as an equal example of the effect of art and industrious application. It is by the effect of this art and industry that, in despite of a hollow sepulchral voice, Mr. Kemble fixes upon the mind and feelings; it is by the effect of this art that Mr. Kemble triumphs over a nature manifestly phlegmatic, and, in high tragic declamation, and even in the extreme tone of passion, does not diminish the sympathy of the spectator by appearing to speak and act what he does not and cannot feel.

It is the effect of the same art and of the same study which, having enabled him in the first instance to form his voice, his mien, and even his countenance, to what is required by his business, has enabled him



PARISIAN EVENING COSTUME.
Extrait de la Belle Illustration de la Mode

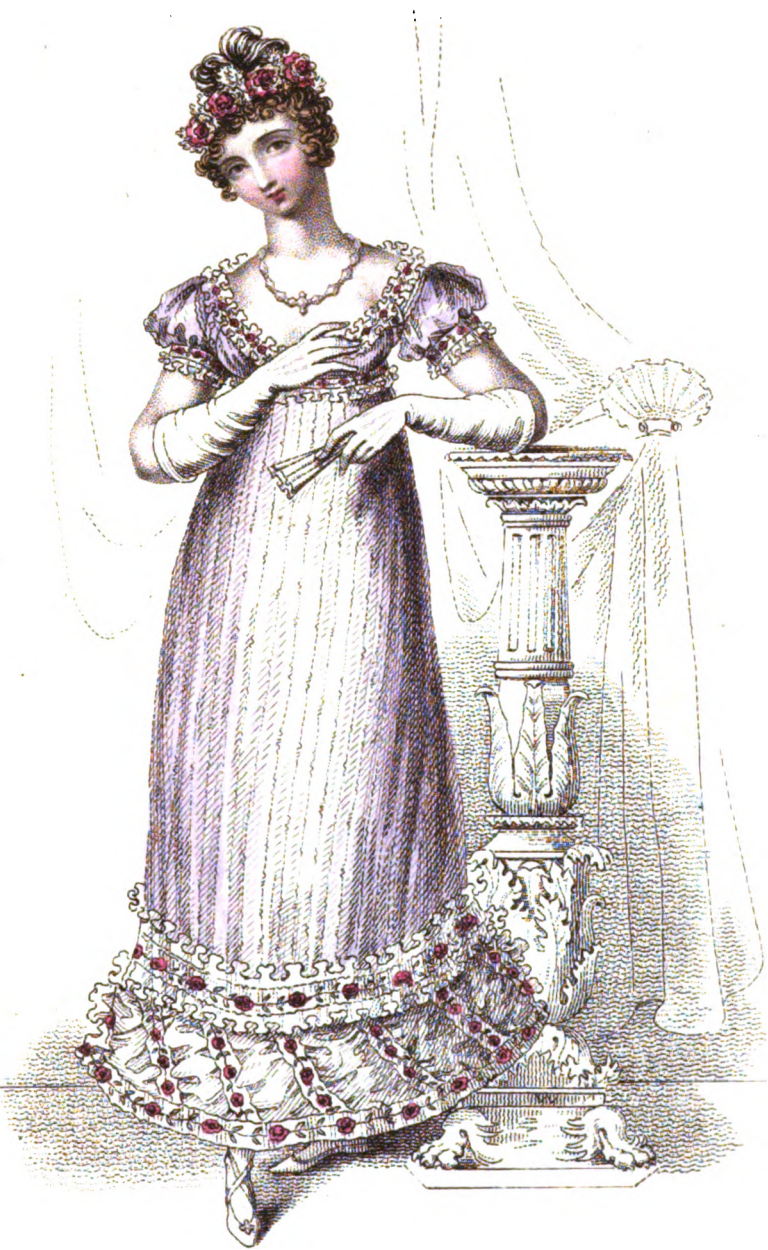


BALL DRESS.

Invented by M^{rs} Bell 26 Charlotte St. Bloomsbury.

Engraved for La Belle Assemblée N^o 90 Dec^r 1826.

PARISIAN EVENING COSTUME.
See page 130 La Belle Mode for details.



BALL DRESS.

Invented by. Mrs Bell 26 Charlotte St. W. Warrington.

Engraved for La Belle Assemblée N^o 90 Dec: 1st 1816.

with the same line and rule, to apply his acquired talents to all his characters and situations, and thus to be in every thing what his judgment and his books inform him that he should be. By knowing the music of the recorders, and where it lies, he can play them to his will. The art of Kemble, therefore, is the result of a judgment formed by study, reading, and habit, to a most correct taste and knowledge, and is the application of his judgment, thus formed to his own powers and personal talents, so as to improve any advantages and to overcome all impediments.

The *Timon of Athens* of Kean, and the *Cato* and *Coriolanus* of Kemble, are striking examples of the characteristic excellence of each; the one full of passion agitated to madness, the other of majesty never losing or forgetting itself; the one sublime from its images of horror and terror, the other great from its quality of exalting the spectator by the images of dignity and virtue. In *Cato*, *Coriolanus*, and *Cardinal Wolsey*, we will take upon us to say, that no stage, at no time, has ever produced a superior actor to Mr. Kemble—no one who so well understood these characters, and so sufficiently performed them. In *Timon* Kean is entitled to the same praise, and a praise which in the same way belongs characteristically to himself. We should be sorry to see Kean in *Coriolanus*, or Kemble in *Timon*: nothing could exceed Kean's exhibition of the madness of *Timon*, as nothing in *Coriolanus* can exceed the majesty of Kemble. Both of them in these parts were in their peculiar element; Kean as the genius of the storm and tempests, the king of the winds and whirlwinds, and Kemble, like the cloud-compelling Jupiter of Homer, collecting or dispersing, calling up or laying at rest the tempests by a shake of his ambrosial curls, commanding every thing, and participating in feeling with us one. In the performance of *Timon* (which has been revived at Drury-lane), we were much annoyed with the actor who performed the part of the *Cynic*; he reminded us only of an angry conjuror in a pantomime. The *Cynics* of Athens were not such men as these; they were philosophers, and sincere; they spoke as other men: they were at home, and of course

spoke in the ordinary domestic manner, in the practice and profession of their principles; they never ranted, and certainly never gesticulated like Mr. Bengough. Some of the dresses were any thing but Greek.

The robe with the purple hem was the *pretexta* of the Romans. The scenery was delightful, as much as there was of it, but if we remember the scene rightly, the long walls, the distinction of Athens. in the time of Pericles, Alcibiades, &c. are either totally omitted, or are painted on the wrong side of the city,—on the land, instead of towards the sea. But we saw the scene from a distant part of the house, and have it not very distinctly before our memory. These panoramas add greatly to the attraction of the theatre, and the Managers would find it to their interest to give them more frequently.

We must not omit the *Volumnia* of Miss O'Neill. This lady, with every talent which her best friends can wish her, was only unfit for this character, because her youth and comeliness unfit her for the gravity, the dignity, and the collected sobriety of a Roman matron, and totally negative the ideal reality of her personification.

No one can imagine, for a moment, that she is the mother of *Coriolanus*, Mr. Kemble; the assertion shocks our faith, and lessens, as far as it goes, the verisimilitude of the scene. In every thing that is graceful and beautiful, that is soft and womanly, let us see the idea of the poet stamped and realized in Miss O'Neill; she is formed of metal to take and give the impress, be the lines what they may, with the fullest effect and delicacy. But the Roman and Spartan matrons require another kind of representative. Their features were nearly as hard as their money; their beauty was more in their virtue and dignity than in their faces.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW Comic Drama, or Musical Drama, in three acts, the author of which is Mr. Moreton, called *The Slave*, was produced on Tuesday, the 12th of November, at this Theatre, and it is justice to add, that we have seldom seen a Drama the scenery and music of which more took and held possession of our interest.

There are two kinds of plots, the one a natural action, or series of natural actions, which, beginning in embarrassment and involu- tion, proceed in a natural order to a suitable conclusion; all the dramatis personæ being actors in it, and each in a greater or less degree, assisting towards its catastrophe. The second, and more usual plot, is little other than a booth or scaffolding, no matter how put together, and whence collected, having no purpose but to supply a place for the characters to act in, and to afford the means of a certain quantity of puns, jokes, and mistakes, to those intended to be the humourists of the piece.

It is the practice of the present day, and an excellent one it is, that the author himself should send his plots to the papers, and we are particularly grateful for this favour upon the present occasion, as it would surpass our powers to relate it. The plot, therefore, as thus sent, is as follows:—

The action of the piece arises from *Captain Clifton's* having formed an ardent attachment to *Zelinda*, a slave belonging to *Col. Lindenburg*, whom he met in Europe under the assumed name of *Alkmar*, and who won from *Clifton* the money he had procured to emancipate *Zelinda* and her *Child* from slavery. *Clifton* arrives at Surinam while it is in the possession of the English, and finds the settlement endangered by the Negro rebellion, and *Zelinda* beloved by *Gambia*, an African slave. He commands a successful expedition against the rebels, in which his life is saved by his African rival; and on the Governor's granting *Clifton* the privilege of emancipating a slave, he sacrifices his feelings for *Zelinda* to a sense of duty and gratitude, and gives freedom to *Gambia*. At this time his enemy *Alkmar*, or *Lindenburg*, arrives, and hearing that *Clifton's* mistress and child are his slaves, he exults in his power over them, and contrives to have *Clifton* thrown into prison for debt. *Gambia* no sooner hears of *Clifton's* fate, than he resolves not to be out-done in gratitude, and sells himself to *Lindenburg*, and restores *Clifton* to freedom. *Lindenburg* demands of the Governor possession of *Zelinda* and her *Child*, and attempts the chastity of *Zelinda*. *Gambia* interposes, and in the struggle wounds his master, yet wishing to preserve *Lindenburg's* life, he staunches the wound, in doing

which he perceives a brand of infamy on his breast; during this, *Zelinda* has made her escape, and joined *Clifton*. *Gambia* conducts them to the spot where he has concealed their child, but being closely pursued, is (after having ensured their safety) himself taken: and brought back to his wounded master, who orders him to be delivered over to justice, first branded and tortured: but alarmed at the mysterious hints *Gambia* throws out of his own disgrace, he dismisses his attendants, and in a conference with the African, all is explained. Struck with the noble conduct of *Gambia* in not betraying his secret, but who is anxious to preserve his guilty life, he gives him his freedom, and puts into his hand a paper emancipating *Zelinda* and her *Child*. The overjoyed *Gambia* hastens to communicate the glad tidings to *Zelinda* and *Clifton*, who is dispatched to England with an account of the restoration of peace with the settlement, accompanied by *Gambia*, who concludes with an appropriate pauegyric on the efforts of this country in the cause of Africa.

It must be acknowledged that here is plot enough for a musical drama,—plot enough, indeed, for a history like that of the Peloponnesian war, and told, moreover, as pompously and gravely. We have, however, no fault to find with it. It lays hold of the curiosity, attracts an early and late attention, and, in some of the scenes, makes a marked impression upon the affections. Nothing can be more pleasing than the scenery; and with such scenery we could pardon even an indifferent plot.

The music of this drama was by Mr. Bishop, and does him, according to our own taste, very high credit. It is not, indeed, very new; most of the airs we had heard before, either wholly or in part, but we were happy to hear them again. Any thing is preferable to that noisy, bombastic bravura, that tedious and common-place monotony, which Braham, adapting his music to his voice, has within these few years introduced amongst us. The bravura does not belong to our national music; we are not a nation of sighing and dying, and mad and despairing lovers. It is physic to us when we see Braham and his school straining their voices, and the fiddles of the orchestra, in representing this madness and

despair, and we always hail with pleasure the return to the characteristic simplicity of our song and music.

In the song of the *Mocking Bird*, Miss Stephens was inimitable. It is impossible to do justice to the sweetness and melody with which she articulated the word *pretty*. The word itself, as to its literal composition, is musical, and she afforded an example what she could effect if the theatre could find composers worthy of her.

Emery sang a ridiculous song; it amused us, however, the first time, though we could now wish it omitted. This actor has a most coarse and unseemly habit of strengthening his action by an occasional oath. The audience ought not to tolerate it: surely no one need be told that it is an irreverence, and a direct crime against a Being not to be lightly spoken of; and that this public toleration, and, as it were, approval of it, is nearly tantamount to a participation in it. Except on the stage, indeed, the practice in all decent conditions is very rapidly disappearing, and let us not revive it in our youth by seeming to tolerate it there. The good sense, the correct taste of the people (we speak of it with pride), has long since banished from the stage all the gross indecency of the former age; and with a most just sense of the value of morals beyond pleasures, has not deemed even wit a sufficient compensation for grossness. Let us accomplish the business, and in the midst of our mirth, avoid every thing offensive to our higher interests.

We cannot sufficiently remember any of the dialogue to give it any detailed examination, but we sufficiently remember to assert that it did not deserve this attention. The serious parts approached very nearly to pompous nonsense. One of the speeches may stand as a specimen for nearly the whole—"Life, life's a vale of misery, but the greater part of this misery is gas, which, illuminated by the sun of philosophy, kindles into radiant clouds and golden vapours." Many of the lighter parts, however, were highly entertaining. *Miss Von Frump*, *Fogram*, and the two *Sharpshoots*, were the genuine creatures of mirth—a little overstrained and caricatured, perhaps, but infinitely amusing. Mrs. Davenport, in the character of *Miss Von Frump*, and

Liston, Emery, and Jones, in their respective parts, greatly enlivened the piece. Macready, who performed the *Slave*, was the hero; he has done himself great credit by the performance. It was vigorous, and occasionally most feelingly pathetic.

Sinclair acted a Scotchman. We remember once, in our younger days, seeing Astley summoning Valenciennes as the *Duke of York*, seeing Kelly as *Sir Sidney Smith*, and an actor (somewhat like Symonds) as *Bonaparte*. But Sinclair, as a Scotchman, and a Captain of a man-of-war, excelled them all.

At this theatre a new piece, *The Careless Master and Careful Servant*, was introduced as an afterpiece, and experienced, we think, rather a harsh reception. The leading incident, that of a servant being so absurdly careful, as in his great care to put every thing into a place where it was certain to be broken, is at once farcical and not impossible, and therefore is according to just taste and rule.

The piece, however, had two gross faults; in the first place, the whole dialogue was vapid, foolish, and absurd; and secondly, the circumstance of the servant turning upon the master is not so natural as his folly,—indeed, is entirely unnatural and extravagant. With a better dialogue, the farce would have succeeded, and would have deserved to succeed.

DRURY-LANE.

A new Comedy, the *Guardian*, was produced on Tuesday night, Nov. 5th, at Drury-Lane, and from the name of the author and his just reputation at the promise of its appearance, excited the expectation of something better than usual. Mr. Tobin, the writer of this play, was the author of the *Honey Moon*, a drama, which in its versification, as well as in its plot, is one of the best copies, in modern times, of the ancient school. It has not indeed much vigour, and perhaps still less originality, but it has a character of elegance, and poetical imagination, which takes hold upon the taste. The following is the plot:—

Barton is uncle to *Waverley*, an idle Templar, but a well disposed young fellow, in love with *Julia Sedgemore*. The same

Barton, who is an old attorney, though an honest one, had been the steward and friend of the deceased father of *Julia* and her brother, and was, in conjunction with their aunt, *Lady Nightshade*, left their guardian, and trustee of their fortunes. *Lady Nightshade*, a broken female gambler, driven to extremities to recruit her purse, and set up her faro-table for the ensuing winter, encourages *Lord Fillagree*, a worthless coxcomb, to attempt some liberties with her niece *Julia*, which by leaving her reputation at his mercy, may terrify her into a marriage with his Lordship. It is at the same time stipulated between them, that *Lady Nightshade* is to receive £5,000 of her niece's large fortune immediately on the celebration of the marriage. The plot has been luckily overheard by a waiting-maid, who apprizes *Waverley* of it in time to admit of his rescuing *Julia* at the moment when she requires his assistance. He then persuades her of the insecurity of her longer residence under her aunt's roof, and places her in safety under the protection of *Lady Wellgrove*, their common friend. This elopement beginning to be talked off, *Hinton*, a sort of tattling busy-body, gives *Sedgemore* to understand that his sister has been carried by *Waverley* to his own chambers. On proceeding thither, *Sedgemore* catches a glimpse of a female whom *Waverley* was hurrying into concealment, and whom he presumes to be his sister; but on threatening to force his way into the room, the lady, frightened at the altercation which she hears, comes forth and discovers herself to be *Lady Wellgrove*, the avowed object of *Sedgemore's* affections, who had merely called on *Waverley* with a message from his mistress, and ran to hide from an apprehension of her lover's jealousy. *Sedgemore*, conceiving himself to be doubly injured, will hear of no explanation, but writes *Waverley* a challenge, which the latter accepts, sending his servant with the answer, and with another letter intended for *Hinton*, whom he desires to act as his second, detailing to him minutely the circumstances of the case, which fully exculpate the writer, *Lady Wellgrove*, and *Julia*. In his agitation *Waverley* misdirects the letters, so that *Hinton* is terrified out of his senses by receiving the hostile appointment

designed for *Sedgemore*, who, on the other hand, gets the epistle containing the full exculpation of his antagonist; and at the meeting which afterwards takes place, an entire reconciliation is effected. *Sedgemore*, having acquired at his aunt's house an unhappy propensity to gaming, finds the usual comforts attending such indulgences in the mortgages on his estate, the felling of his timber, and an extensive acquaintance with the Jews. After an affecting conversation between him and *Barton*, in which the latter conjures him by his father's memory to reform his vicious habits, a Jew money-lender, under the name of *Levi*, is introduced to him, who accommodates him with more money at fifty per cent. This occurs before the hostile interview with *Waverley*; and at the moment when they had amicably settled their differences, a bailiff touches each of them on the shoulder, bearing them off to prison at their guardian's suit, who had lent them severally large sums of money. The same person in the Jew's habit had likewise waited on *Lady Nightshade*, and been employed by her to raise the wind by selling her ward's jewels. He visits the two young men in prison, under the pretence of lodging a detainer against *Sedgemore* for the amount of his last loan; they both present at his head the pistols with which they had returned from the field, threatening to shoot him unless he became their bail. This matter becoming serious, he throws off his disguise, and appears before them as *Barton* himself, who declares that he is their only creditor, reads them a lecture on their extravagance, and proceeds with them to *Lady Wellgrove's*, where the two couples are united.

This comedy has the same character as a comedy which the *Honey Moon* has as a poetical drama. Its general style is taste, correctness, and the avoiding every thing offensive in satire or even by extravagance of praise. Its defects are want of vigour, want of originality, want of knowledge and observation even of those conditions of life whose characters the author professes to paint; he evidently sees life only through the comedies of others, and his life therefore, however suitable to the times of the writers he imitates, is any thing but the

form of living manners. He might as well have produced the wigs, ruffs, and hoops which we remember our fathers to have described as the daily costume of their youth. Thus, for example, some of his characters are from Fielding's novel, *Tom Jones*; some from the *Jealous Wife*, and some from the *School for Scandal*. No one ever beheld in the present day, or in any time near the present day, two such characters as *Lady Nightshade* and *Lord Fillagree*; two characters, indeed, only run from the mould of *Lady Freelove* and *Lord Trinet*, in the *Jealous Wife*, and what is worse, because still one farther remove from living originals, these characters were not original even to that play.

The dialogue has the character we have above described? correct in point of language and sentiment, and about as spirited as the morning interchange of observation between two old ladies returning from church. It never sins on the part of wit or profound meaning. It is what every one may say, and every one not understand, but which, by the way, every one has not exactly leisure to hear. It might probably improve about the end of the play, for the beginning set us to sleep, and we must not therefore speak of that remainder which we did not hear. There were likewise some characters (and one in particular performed by Harley) which were copied with more fidelity than spirit from other characters in the *School for Scandal*; and which were, therefore, as little in nature as the characters in that admirable play, and which in the *Guardian*, being out of wit and meaning too, more annoyed than pleased us. The writer, indeed, betrays his plagiarism by the awkwardness with which he uses them. In taking these characters without the wit to use them, he too frequently reminded us of the Spartan boy, who stole the fox that devoured him; or rather of a highwayman, who stealing the Sheriff's horse, and not knowing how to ride him, was carried by him to the gaol door.

The fact seems to be, that Mr. Tobin was a young man of good abilities and a decided literary taste, but that being as yet very young, and totally unacquainted with life and manners, he wrote, as many other men of ability have written, from the nature he found in books. In short, he wrote come-

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die as Pope wrote English Pastorals; transferred the scenery, the manners, the language of Arcadia to the banks of the Thames, made his Daphnes bathe at Brentford Butts, and his Shepherds watch their flocks, contend on their reeds, and talk of the equinoxes at Twickenham Ferry.

All this is excusable as the first essay of a poet, and where there is something, as we have above said, to blind us to the absurdity, and to make us value the picture, be the subject what it may. But as some comedian, we believe, says, to steal as beggars steal, to kidnap gentlemen's children, and then to dress them in rags and patches, this is double larceny; it is larceny of the child and larceny of the clothes. It is rather the business of the resurrection men, stealing a corpse for its shroud and autotomy.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—*Sketch of Charles of France, or Love and Glory*.—The scene of this piece is laid in Provence. A misanthropic and churlish Baron lives retired in his castle with his charge *Floretta*, whom he destines for his nephew *Bianco*, whom he has never seen. Some pilgrims, who say they are pursued by Saracen pirates, request an asylum of the Baron, who will not receive them, but they are introduced into the castle clandestinely by the wife of the keeper. The *Princess of Sicily* is one of these pilgrims, and by a private agreement with *Bianco* who, as Esquire to *Prince Charles of France*, he has promised to conduct her to the Baron's castle, in order that the Princess may see without being known, the man to whom her hand is promised. The Prince, on his side, who has formed the same project, presents himself in the midst of a company of Troubadours, under the name of *Bianco*. This double disguise promises some very gallant and curious scenes; but they are defeated by a distressed host of villagers, who enter to claim the assistance of the Baron against the Saracen pirates, who are ravaging all the coasts. The Prince draws his sword, and walks forth to meet the enemy.

He soon comes off conqueror. The Princess, who knows him by his valour,

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wishes to prove it, and tells him she is Queen of Syria, offering him at the same time her throne and her hand. The Prince is moved with the offer, but nobly refuses; while the Baron is furious that his pretended nephew does not seize the opportunity of placing his descendants on the throne. The arrival of the *Prince Charles of France* and the *Princess of Sicily* is now announced, and these two august personages soon make their appearance under the rich and splendid costume to which they are entitled: they then solemnly pledge their mutual vows of fidelity.

A combination of interesting adventures, ingenious allusions, and well timed sentences, excited universal applause, which continued from the first scene to the end of the piece. The overture was charming: an exquisite duo, *Salut France chérie!* the finale, and a rondeau full of sentiment and harmony, were almost sufficient of themselves to ensure the success of the piece.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.—*Il Matrimonio Segritto (The Secret Marriage).*—*First appearance of M. Garcia.*—The time is now passed, when the establishment of an Italian theatre at Paris inflamed men's minds more violently, perhaps, than at a subsequent period the most important political discussion. Time and experience, the only infallible judges in the world, have given judgment in this great cause. All French amateurs, without exception, regard it as not less useful to the art than agreeable to themselves, the establishment of a theatre, which transports them at pleasure to Rome or to Naples, and puts it in their power to compare the productions of those famous capitals with those of our own. "I wish more than ever," said Girty (*Essay on Music*, vol. iii. p. 440), "that Italian singers would fix themselves at Paris." Italian music is an antidote to the evil, which it is necessary to cure.

Although the cure is not yet quite complete, it is impossible not to acknowledge how much the remedy has already operated. Does the question relate simply to execution? Ask the people of taste who were in the habit of frequenting our lyric theatres previously to 1788, the era of the establishment of the *Theatre de Monsieur*, and they will inform you in what a strange

manner the most celebrated actors and actresses then sung. I am aware, that an exception must be made with respect to two subjects of different sexes, Madame Sainte-Huberty and Lais, but that distinction is still more to the advantage of the Italian school, to which they strove to approach as near as possible. With respect to the artist who still constitutes the glory of our comic opera, none can be ignorant, that it was in the midst of the company of that brilliant theatre I have just mentioned, that his brilliant talents were matured.

Let us consider, under a still more important point of view, the advantages we have derived from the vicinity and the rivalry even of the *Opera Buffa*. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to cast an eye upon the list of the works that have been composed before and after that era. The comedy *A Ariettes*, a bastard species, that took its rise from the ignorance of the musicians, has yielded its place to the genuine lyric comedy. A composer in the enjoyment of some degree of reputation, and anxious for its increase, would not venture to present to a theatre a division which was not enriched with some of those accompaniments, to which musical nations attach so much value. Is it not, in a word, to this splendid improvement upon our musical system, that we are indebted for those performers, who, if they are encouraged and supported, will elevate the French school to the same height with those on which our rivals pride themselves so much.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.—*Sketch of the Chevalier de Canolle, a comedy in five acts.*—The scene of this piece is laid at Bourdeaux, which is subject to the malcontents, called the *Frondeurs*. The *Duke de la Rochefoucauld* commands there under the orders of the *Duchess de Longueville*, whose brothers, the great *Condé* and the *Prince de Conti*, are detained at Havre. The *Marshal Melleraye*, at the head of the royal troops, hastens to besiege the town, and has already made himself master of the isle of St. George, the command of which he has intrusted to the *Chevalier de Canolle*: the *Castle of Vair*, however, still holds out in favour of the rebels. The parliament is divided: *M. Nérac*, first Surintendant of Bourdeaux, is a prudent character, who,

above all things, is resolved to have good order preserved in the town; but it is easy to see that he leans to the royal cause.

The Duke and the Duchess confide to each other their fears and their hopes. It is scarce possible that Bourdeaux can hold out much longer; each party seems desirous of treating with one another, and if they draw back a little, or attempt any resistance, it is only to gain a more favourable opportunity or more advantageous conditions. In placing his two principal characters in this situation, the author has bereft himself of one great advantage, that of faithfully displaying their historic character. The Duchess is not that ardent and impetuous female who, by a single sign, could animate the zealous will of her partizans, who were set in motion by all the springs of war, and were lighting up, by the fire of her eye, the torch of civil war; neither is the Duke that bold and enterprising man who, subjugated by the beauty of the Duchess, would have warred against the Gods, after combating against his King: irresolute, without boldness, the sport of the most shameful indecision, neither of them daring to avow their regret at their useless and extravagant conduct, and sinking with shame at having no other resource but that of devoting themselves to the most abject repentance. It was not the most happy idea, we must say, to bring forward on the stage two chiefs of a party only to make their confession, and unable to express any thing more than sorrow for their faults.

In this state, bordering on despair, they nevertheless attack the island of St. George, which is carried after a vigorous resistance, and the *Chevalier de Canolle* is there taken prisoner.

Canolle experiences some comfort in his situation; he is in love with *Mademoiselle de St. Averte*, and is beloved by her: this young lady, without partaking of the sentiments of the *Duchess de Longueville*, is attached to her person, and honoured by her protection. The misfortune of *Canolle* is also fortunate for her.

The *Chevalier de Canolle* is a most amiable man; brave even to rashness, gay, even to madness, and of strong feelings and passions: this is sufficient to render him adorable. The Duchess gives a ball, and

Canolle obtains leave to open it with *Mademoiselle de St. Averte*: this mixing of *fêtes* with battles, of gallantry and war, is according to the manners of the times; it was a distinguishing character during the Fronde, and which the author has very classically made use of.

While they are preparing for the dance at Bourdeaux, the *Marshal de la Melleraye* takes the fort of Vair; this unwelcome piece of news arrives, and what renders it the more so, is the certainty that *Colonel Richen*, who commanded there, is accused before a council of war, and the intelligence soon after arrives that he is sentenced to death. The Duke, in concert with the Duchess, endeavours to draw some profit from this event, and to stir up the people of Bourdeaux against the court: Their manœuvres are but too successful; the excited populace loudly call for the arrest and judgment of an officer of equal rank to that *Colonel Richen* formerly held. The *Chevalier de Canolle* is the only one whom this demand can menace: the Duchess perceives the danger to which he is exposed, and to avert it she engages him to marry *Mademoiselle de St. Averte*, on the sole condition of his espousing the party of the Fronde. *Canolle* rejects this proposal with contempt. In the meantime the sentence given against *Colonel Richen* is put into execution; the fury of the people knows no bounds; they repair to the palace, and demand the head of *Canolle*. The ball is interrupted; *Canolle* is ignorant of his danger, and he gaily advances forward to learn the cause of the tumult, while he gives orders for the entertainment to proceed. The contrast of his joy and that of his mistress to the general grief and agitation, has a fine stage effect, and had a happy influence on the success of the piece, which until this event had seemed dull and tedious.

La Rochefoucauld perceives, what he found he should have first mistrusted, that the sedition has been carried too far, and that the mouth of the tiger is not so easily closed: in concert with *Nérac*, he places himself at the head of his army and the town guard, and disperses the crowd. But *Canolle* is not yet in safety: in vain they surround him, and hold out to him illusive hopes: he finds that he is con-

demned, and he prepares courageously for death. His arrest is brought to him; he receives it without changing countenance, and only regrets life on account of *Mademoiselle de St. Averte*, and the sorrow she will experience at his loss. He falls into a gentle slumber; on his awaking his friends express their astonishment at his sleeping so sound. "I was taking a sample," is all his reply; and this simple sentence drew forth a thunder of applause.

At this awful moment a Captain belonging to the town guard rushes into the palace, to ask of the Duchess pardon for one of his friends condemned to death, for having a hand in the late sedition: the Captain takes *Canolle* for one of the officers belonging to the Duchess, and intreats of him to become his mediator in this business. *Canolle* consents; he writes to the Duchess, and as he is about to perish, he saves the life of that man who had more eagerly than any one desired his death.

The guards now enter to take *Canolle* to execution; but just as he is going out from his weeping friends and his fainting mistress, *Nérac* arrives, charged with private orders from the Duke and Duchess: he capitulates for the town with the *Marshal de la Melleraye*, who makes the pardon of *Canolle* one of the stipulated conditions. This pardon is proclaimed with reiterated shouts of "Long live the King!"

The two last acts ensured the success of the piece; the three first are cold and languid.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Ferrandino; or a Sequel to the Adventures of Rinaldo Rinaldini, the Robber Chief.
2 vols. 12mo. Paris.

THIS romance is a tissue of enigmas, intrigues, and elucidations, and which elucidations explain nothing: it seems as if the author had a mischievous propensity to excite incessantly the curiosity of his readers without ever satisfying it; even the title commences mysteriously, being the sequel of the adventures of Rinaldo Rinaldini, translated from the same author, by M. H. du Perche! Who is this same author we are not informed, and this author, faithful to his mysterious plan, places as a motto to every book or chapter,

a few unconnected sentences, of which we endeavour to find the sense in the chapter, but are only the more bewildered. The following sketch will give an idea, however, of what may be read and what may be guessed at:—

The scene is laid in Italy, and the work begins, like some operas, with a terrible storm. This storm violently agitates the little island of Lamprodisia, adjoining to Malta. Lamprodisia contains only three houses and a little chapel consecrated to the Virgin Mary. The author informs us that these three houses are inhabited by three hermits, a Christian, a Greek, and a Mahometan: these three hermits have all lived in the most perfect union. The Greek dies the first, and is interred by his brethren; the Mahometan receives the same service from the Christian; and he himself is buried by a Corsair, who touches for a moment at the island. Such is the commencement, though these hermits have nothing more to do in the romance.

The island becomes the temporary habitation of Ferrandino, who appropriates to himself the effects of the three hermits, and who conceals himself there from the search of his pursuers. The storm awakens in him some feelings of remorse, and not without reason; for this Ferrandino, under the habit of a hermit, is no other than Rinaldo Rinaldini, a well known robber chief, retired from his old business.

Rinaldo knows how to take upon him every form; virtue and humanity dwell constantly on his lips, and never was a villain so well acquainted with the most noble sentiments: but he is not the most unfortunate brigand that ever lived; men fear him and women adore him. Every day is marked by new conquests: he turns the head of every female at first sight, and they offer him what they will scarce ever grant to a worthy man: they are even ready to sacrifice their lives for him. Fortunata, Flametta, Serena, Seraphina, Margalisa, Olimpia, Aurelia, Rosalia, Dianora, Ersilia, although Italians, all dispute and peaceably share the empire of his heart. Every one of these nymphs are beautiful, amiable, tender, and worthy that eternal love which he swears severally to them all.

He does not remain long in the little island of Lamprodisia, but quits it to visit

Sardinia; from whence he passes into another island, and lands in different parts of the shores of the Mediterranean. He is wonderfully well received in the finest castles, where ladies of the most exquisite beauty give *fêtes* in honour of his presence; and here follows a succession of dancing, singing, feasting, and amorous scenes: and we must repeat that Rinaldo is much more fortunate than any honest man could hope to be. What is most admirable he is never in want of money: he, or some of his companions, which he meets from time to time, have always at their disposal the treasures of a mysterious personage, who is called the old Fronteya. This person is a kind of old man of the mountains, who has his spies and secret agents every where, who corresponds with the higher powers, has an excellent house, beautiful gardens, and a *seraglio* at the service of his friends.

There are three things which constitute the charm of life, love, flowers, and music. Ferrandina possesses all these: with a guitar in his hand he wanders through the delightful gardens of the old Fronteya, where, seating himself in a fragrant arbour, he has one of those enchanting and docile inhabitants of this delightful dwelling by his side. It is a whimsical circumstance, but old Fronteya keeps, in one of the apartments of his palace, six skeletons, and his fancy is to have guard mounted every night round these skeletons, as if he was afraid they should make their escape.

Ferrandino arrives at a castle situated on the summit of a lofty mountain. This is a dark and mournful dwelling, but Rinaldo finds there, as usual, a very pleasant society in that of a lovely young girl, who falls desperately in love with him. Ferrandino is ignorant of the innocent occupations of the inhabitants of this castle: they are coiners, and their workshops are in subterraneous recesses, where he happens to enter by chance. They endeavour to rid themselves of him, in order to be assured of his silence, but fortunately he finds amongst the coiners one of his old acquaintance, and he proves the truth of the maxim, that it is good to have friends every where. Scarce has the hero escaped this danger, when soldiers are sent from the Neapolitan government to attack the castle. Ferrandino hides himself in the

mountains, in order to evade the pursuits of justice, when, after some strange events, the old Fronteya discovers himself to be the son of the Sultana Fardina, and the father of Ferrandino, and all on a sudden he becomes the Pacha of Cyprus.

Ferrandino, son of the Pacha Saladin, might have remained at this island, sheltered from all the attacks of capricious fortune; he might have enjoyed a life of ease, but after having gone through so many adventures he was not capable of appreciating the happiness of tranquil life. He quits the island of Cyprus, sails over distant seas, and is taken prisoner by a Maltese galley. After experiencing a multitude of adverse adventures, he is killed in fighting against the revolted Cypriots. After this period the hero is no longer styled Ferrandino, or Rinaldini, but Selim. It is under this last name that Saladin has him interred, and the Pacha of Cyprus, in the epitaph he composes for his son, takes upon himself the title of Sultan.

Mr. Curtis, aurist, of Soho-square, has much improved upon artificial ears for deaf persons, which being adapted to the ear increase the collection of sound. To remedy the defect of those which were first invented in France, Mr. Curtis has introduced a small tube, which by contracting the passage will cause the sound to enter with greater force. The ears are placed over the natural ears, which they are made to resemble.—Mr. Curtis has also invented a hearing trumpet, on the same principles as the speaking trumpet used at sea, and which shuts up in a small case for the pocket.

The continuation of Miss Burney's *Tales of Fancy* is expected in the course of a few weeks.

The Rev. W. N. Darnell is printing a volume of *Sermons* on practical subjects.

The Rev. J. Nightingale has in the press, in a quarto volume, *English Topography*, or a description of the several counties of England and Wales, with a map of each county.

Dramas, by Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. are printing in two octavo volumes.

Mr. T. Dibdin is preparing for the press *The Posthumous Dramatic Works of the*

late Mr. Benjamin Thompson, which will be published by subscription, for the benefit of his widow and six children.

The Rev. C. Simeon, of King's College, Cambridge, will soon publish in octavo, four *Discourses*, preached before the University in November, 1815.

A History of Great and Little Malvern, embellished with engravings, is in preparation.

Mr. George Cumberland has prepared for the press a work *On the commencement and Progress of the Art of Engraving*, as far as relates to the advantages art has derived from the productions of the Italian school.

The Rev. G. G. Scraggs, of Buckingham, has in the press, in two duodecimo volumes, *Questions resolved in Divinity, History, Biography, and Literature*.

SPANISH IMPOSTOR.

On the 19th of last March, a young man was arrested, at Narbonne who went about begging and ringing a bell. He appeared to be both deaf and dumb, and every means were employed to find out whether or no he really was so. He was half naked, and had so voracious an appetite, that he greedily picked up and ate what had been thrown away by the other prisoners. In a fit of madness or despair, he gave himself a wound with a knife, and was transferred to the hospital. On the 12th of April, a man who had been born deaf and dumb, a pupil of the able Sicard, went to Narbonne, and the young prisoner was immediately introduced to him. He joyfully answered several signs made to him, and the Sicur Valment declared that he was a foreigner, that it was very cold in the country he came from, and that he used to be employed in fishing. He was presented with many patterns of different coloured cloths, they gave him a pair of scizzors, a needle and thread, and requested of him, by signs, to place in his hat the cockade belonging to his nation; and it was soon discovered that he was an Austrian.

In July, when the young man returned to prison, he changed his system, and made signs that he knew how to read and write. The Commissary of Police went to him, and it was imagined at length that this deaf

and dumb man was a Spaniard, named Manuel Elavaria, and that he was a native of Murcia. He gave answers to several questions put to him, and ministry was taken up in the care of giving an asylum to this unfortunate deaf and dumb being in some charitable foundation, when, on the 7th of August, an end was put to the farce he had so ably played. He had requested of the Commissary of Police to come and see him, when he declared himself to be Francis Codina, a native of Tortosa, aged nineteen, and a fusileer in the third company of the first battalion of the regiment called the Gonagalara regiment. He had pretended to be deaf and dumb for fear of being ordered to Spain, where he knew he must be shot for desertion; and he would never have broken his long silence, but that he had heard that his sovereign had granted a general amnesty to all deserters. Not finding this intelligence true, he requested permission to enter the French service.

PLAYING CARDS.

CARDS are mentioned as the diversion of the Scottish Court in 1501, before our had any idea of them. They were called *quartes*, four sided things, in French, *cartes*. Charles VI. was the first we read of in Europe who made his amusement consist in arranging and disposing the four suits originally devised to represent the four classes or description of men, *hommes de choir*, viz. quoir men, choir men, clergy, now called hearts; *carreaux*, or picques or spades for the soldiery; and *trèfle*, or trefoil, clubs for the agricolists. These are green still in some packs of cards on the Continent; and as to the suit of diamonds, they have in Italy now, when playing taracco, the representation of a coin upon them. The king of hearts had a chorister's gown on his back, A. D. 1783, at Seville and Barcelona; but *las de picq*, as a good soldier, conquers in every game. The nine of diamonds had a reference to nine luckless merchants, combined for some discovery; enterprise, about the time when all eyes were turned westward; it is called the curse of Scotland, from their failure. It is a well known vulgarity in England to say, "Come, Sir, will you have a stroke at the history of the four kings?" meaning, will you

ay a game at cards. Yet has this phrase a deep and rational meaning. These four kings represent the four great monarchies—

Jews, Greeks, Romans, Franks.

Order - - David, Alexander, Cesar, Charlemagne.
 They lead the } Hearts, Spades, Clubs, Diamonds.
 our suits }
 Names - - Esther, Angine, Pallas, Judith.

The above names are yet on the packs of cards in France. Knaves are valets. Ser-tus Burn tells us, that, in Saxon, *knafa* or *napha*,* signifies a servant. The Spades, notwithstanding the *treffe*, call that *it bastos*. Accordingly, we find the ace of clubs at ombre and quadrille, called *uto*. We, translating, thence say clubs; and the thing we call spades is evidently a like's head; but we do not mean a gar-ner's spade, we mean a sword, from the panish *espado*.

METHOD OF MAKING ARTIFICIAL LOADSTONE.

DISCOVERED BY THE LATE DR. G. KNIGHT.

HAVING provided himself with a large quantity of clean filings of iron, he put them into a large tub that was more than one-third filled with clear water: he then, with great labour, worked the tub to and fro for many hours together, that the friction between the grains of iron by this treatment might break off such smaller parts as would remain suspended in the water for a time. The obtaining of these very small particles in sufficient quantity seemed to him to be one of the principal desiderata in the experiment.

The water being by this treatment rendered very muddy, he poured the same into a clean earthen vessel, leaving the filings behind; and when the water had stood long enough to become clear, he poured it out carefully without disturbing such of the iron sediment as still remained, which now appeared reduced almost to impalpable powder. This powder was afterwards removed into another vessel in order to dry it; but as he had not obtained a proper quantity thereof, he was obliged to repeat the process many times.

Having at last procured enough of this very fine powder, the next thing to be done was to make a paste of it, and that

with some vehicle which would contain a considerable quantity of the phlogistic principle: for this purpose he had recourse to the linseed oil, in preference to all other fluids. With these two ingredients only he made a paste, and took particular care to knead it well before he moulded it into convenient shapes. Sometimes, whilst the paste continued in its soft state, he would put the impression of a seal upon the several pieces, one of which is in the British Museum.

This paste was then put upon wood, and sometimes on tiles, in order to bake it dry before a moderate fire at a foot distance, or thereabouts. The Doctor found that a moderate fire was most proper, because a greater degree of heat made the composition frequently crack in many places. The time required for the baking or drying of this paste was generally five or six hours before it attained a sufficient degree of hardness. When that was done, and the several baked pieces were become cold, he gave them their magnetic virtue in any direction he pleased, by placing them between the extreme ends of his large magazine of artificial magnets for a few seconds more, as he saw occasion. By this method the virtue they acquired was such that when any one of those pieces was held between two of his ten Guinea bars, with its poles purposely inverted, it immediately of itself turned about to recover its natural direction, which the force of those very powerful bars was not sufficient to counteract.

MOTHER OF PEARL.

WHAT we call mother of pearl is not the shell of the pearl oyster, but of another fish of the oyster kind, called *Acre*, or *Auris Marino*. The inside of this shell is very smooth and polished, and of the whiteness and water of pearl itself, together with a delightful mixture of red, blue, and green; its outside has the same lustre after the first leaves have been cleared off by aquafortis and the lapidary's skill. Wens of pearl are certain excrescences in the form of pearls sometimes found in the bottom of pearl shells, which the lapidaries have the skill to saw off and join together, and use them in several works of jewellery.

* It also signifies a youth.

BIRTHS.

At Hetherside, in Kirklington parish, the wife of Mr. John Dodgson was delivered of a boy on Thursday, and on the following Monday she was again delivered of a girl.

MARRIED.

By special license, Sir Robert Gardiner, K. B. to Miss Macleod, daughter of General Macleod, and grand-daughter to the Marquis of Lothian.

At St. James's Church, the Earl of Warwick, to Lady Monson.

At St. George's Hanover-square, Henry Meux, Esq. of Great Russell-street, to Mary, the eldest daughter of Tho. Smith, Esq. of Bolton-street, Piccadilly.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sam. Ford, Esq. late of the Adelphi Terrace, to Hannah, only daughter of the late J. Bramah, Esq. Pall-mo.

At St. Martin's, Stamford Baron, Mr. J. Saile, to Miss M. Mewse. The bridegroom is in his 64th year, and the bride in her 55th. Upon her clay-cold heart no impression had previously been made, though assailed by the entreaties of thirty-eight lovers, each "sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress's eye-brow;" but the thirty-ninth happy swain, "came, saw, and conquered."

At Padstow, Mr. Slauson, to Miss Bewes. This pair may be justly said to have expedited their business,—as they were married on Tuesday, grew sullen on Wednesday, did not speak to each other on Thursday, on Friday words came forth, but they produced an open breach, so that on the Saturday evening they separated by mutual consent.

DIED.

At Fleming Villa, Old Brompton, the Right Hon. Joseph Henry Blake, Baron Wallscourt, of Ardfray, county of Galway.

At his house in St. James's-square, the Earl of Beauchamp. His Lordship went to bed on Sunday night in apparently as good health as ever he was in his life. About five o'clock on Monday morning he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and immediately expired.

At Cheltenham, after an indisposition of only a few days, J. King, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies of that place.

At Biddeford, Devon, Mrs. Joan Shaddick, aged 110 years: she retained her faculties to the last, and within these two years was capable of performing manual labour.

At Merton, of a paralytic disorder, Mr. Ebenezer Robertson, at the great age of 92 years. He performed the duties of parochial schoolmaster of that parish for nearly half a century, with diligence and assiduity.

In the New Road, Tavistock-square, after a few days illness, General Bell, an old and most respectable inhabitant of the parish of Tulsewell, in Jamaica, aged 87 years, much lamented by all who knew him.

Mrs. Taylor, wife of Mr. John Taylor, a respectable woollen-manufacturer, of Earlsheston, Dewsbury. A short time before her death Mr. Taylor became unwell: his indisposition gradually increasing, he became seriously ill for two or three days prior to her interment, and while the neighbours were in the act of taking the body of the deceased wife out of the house, to convey it to the grave, he also became a corpse!

Suddenly, Mr. Cromwell, of Hammersmith, brewer. As he was passing through the neighbourhood of Bedford-square, on horseback, on his return from the corn-market in Mark-lane, he was observed by several persons to sit with difficulty on his horse. On his arriving in Tottenham-court-road he reeled so much that two men seized the reins of his horse, and got him off. He had strength and articulation sufficient to utter "corn-chandler's," which he repeated, and nothing else; which, together with signs, the people assisting him understood to be to take him there, which they accordingly did. The master of the shop, who knew him, was from home; his wife did not know him, and he therefore was treated with no more attention from her than humanity dictated. He remained in the shop, and a crowd was collected in consequence, his dress not bespeaking him a man of wealth or respectability, until he could be removed to the parish workhouse; but previous to his removal his pockets were searched, when they found bank notes to the amount of £1,300. A surgeon was sent for, who examined him, and declared that his death was occasioned in consequence of the breaking of a blood vessel near his heart. It is said that he has died worth nearly two millions and a half. He was 75 years old, and has been accumulating property for a great number of years, living himself at the most trifling expence. He frequently bought his clothes in Monmouth-street, and wore them as long as they would hang together; his breeches were very greasy and ragged; his stockings usually contained many holes; in fact, he could not be distinguished from his men. He provided plenty of food for the house, but it was in a very rough style; and his hog feeders and other men sat at table with him in their working dress. Although Mr. Cromwell did not allow himself the comforts of life, or even in some instances the common necessities, yet he was by no means void of feeling or natural affection towards others. His two brothers are heirs to his immense property.

I'LL STILL REMEMBER THEE

A SONG

Composed for N^o 90 of La Belle Assemblée

By M^r HOOK.

2651

"The Words selected from the last Number"

W E N D E R L Y

When Eve-ning wrapt in
twilight shroud The fare-well beams of day How
sweet to quit the bu - sy croud And steal from toil a -
- way and steal from toil a - way And while the pale moon
shi-ning bright soft glimmers o'er the Lea And
while the pale moon shining bright soft glimmers o'er the Lea To

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The first system starts with the word 'W E N D E R L Y' written vertically on the left. The lyrics are: 'When Eve-ning wrapt in twilight shroud The fare-well beams of day How sweet to quit the bu - sy croud And steal from toil a - way and steal from toil a - way And while the pale moon shi-ning bright soft glimmers o'er the Lea And while the pale moon shining bright soft glimmers o'er the Lea To'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

gaze up - on her tranquil light And think of Heaven and
 thee And think of Heaven and thee and think of Heaven and
 thee. To gaze up - on her tranquil light To
 gaze up - on her tranquil light And think of heaven and
 thee and think of heaven and thee - *mf*

so midnight moon or vesper Star,
 Nor flower of modest name,
 But yet tho' thou art distant far,
 Shall whisper me thy name,
 Nor aught of beauty can I trace,
 Nor aught of goodness see,
 But, in the dear resembling grace
 I'll still remember thee.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SUPPLEMENT for the present Year's Volume of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* was published with the present Number of this Work, on the 1st of January, 1817. It consists of a Review of the most popular Works of the Year, forming an epitome of the Literature of the present times; including *Warden's Letters from St. Helena*—*Narrative of recent Events in Ceylon*—*Peninsular Sketches*—*Malcolm's History of Persia*—*Lord Blaney's Journey through Spain and France*—*Account of the Kingdom of Caubul*—*Narrative of the late Events in France*—*Travels of Ali Bey*—*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—*Memoirs of the King of Poland*—*Paris Chit Chat*—*Mrs Grant's Popular Models*—*Memoirs of Barbary*—*A Journey into North Wales*—*History of Richelieu's Administration*—*Lord Byron's Poems, &c. &c.* Also a *Title-Page and Index to the Volume.*

It is requested that all Literary Intelligence relative to Works in the Press, &c. may be sent to the Office before the 20th of each Month; as the extensive circulation of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* through the United Kingdom and the Continent, obliges the Proprietor to have it sent to press by the time above specified.

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JANUARY 1, 1817.



Hair sculp.

*Miss Fennell,
of
Queen Lane Theatre.*

Published by John Bell, Junr, 1787.

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character of *Imogen*, in the new Tragedy of || appear in our next number.
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Published by John Bell, Jan. 31st 1867.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

For DECEMBER, 1816.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

The Ninety-first Number.

MISS MARGARET SOMERVILLE.*

THE fair candidate for histrionic fame whose Portrait embellishes our present Number, was born in Lanarkshire, in Scotland, on the 26th of October, 1799. She commenced her education at a respectable seminary for female tuition in Sloane-street, and finished her accomplishments under the care of the Misses Curtess, at Paddington. Here she formed a permanent friendship with Miss Hayter, the daughter of the celebrated artist; and Mr. Hayter, jun. mentioned Miss Somerville to the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, as a young lady likely to become an acquisition to the Theatre. A fine person, a melodious voice, and much judgment in enacting the part she undertook, gave fair promise of excellence in the profession she had chosen. When we consider the extreme youth of Miss Somerville, we find ourselves fully warranted in the prophetic hope in which we please ourselves to indulge, that she will one day become an ornamental and real acquisition to the Stage.

Miss Somerville made her first *debut* at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, in the character of *Imogen*, in the new Tragedy of

Bertram, in May, 1815; which character she performed twenty-two successive nights with the most marked and enthusiastic applause: and this is the more extraordinary, as she was not a year from school, and utterly unacquainted with the Stage; nor did she reckon even one public performer amongst her acquaintance. All her recitations consisted in select pieces of poetry, with which she frequently excited the warm admiration of her friends; who, considering her native talents, and her fine figure, so peculiarly adapted to the Theatre, and too striking to be buried in obscurity, prevailed on her parents to allow her to be introduced to the Committee of Drury-Lane Theatre. Their approbation is now fully evinced, by Miss Somerville's obtaining a permanent engagement, which there is every reason to believe will be a real acquisition to the Stage and to the scientific admirers of the drama.

* This Portrait was intended to have been placed at the commencement of the next Volume; but owing to a mistake of the Engraver, it was substituted for that of Miss Merry, which will appear in our next Number.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY.

THE SEA.

BESIDES the deities who presided over the liquid element, the sea itself, personified under the name of Oceanus, was paid divine honours. This worship was founded on the advantages one derived, the dangers which one apprehended, and the phenomena, which in those days were inexplicable, that had been observed. When the sea was thought to be angry the people would sacrifice a bull or a horse; or when calm, a hog or a lamb: frankincense and libations constituted also a part of those religious ceremonies.

The seas are represented in the shape of whales, dolphins, or some other monstrous huge fish, or of a ship seen at a distance; the whale seems particularly to be the emblem of the ocean: urns are never seen in the representations of seas, that attribute is exclusively appertaining to rivers and fountains.

RIVERS.

We have already said that the rivers, and even the fountains, were considered as the children of Oceanus and of Thetis. On this account they are connected with the sea deities, and ought, perhaps to be mentioned before the Winds, which, foreign to the liquid empire, visited it most frequently only to commit great depredations. We shall adhere to such divisions as appear most natural, in preference to all others, and introduce at once the Nymphs that presided over the fountains, with those of the groves that overshadowed them. To treat here of the rivers only, we shall merely observe, that the origin which mythology ascribes to springs and fountains in general, implies a physical truth most clearly demonstrated. The vapours of the sea, attracted by the heat of the sun, or carried off by the winds from the summit of the foaming waves, collect in clouds which attracted yet checked in their progress by the mountains, roll in watery shoals along their hollow flanks, and form within their cavities those vast reservoirs which actually

give birth to the different rivers. Thus it might be said poetically that the springs of every description were the offspring of the sea.

The rivers acted a very eminent part in mythology, and shared in the divine honours that were paid by all the nations in ancient times: they were not to be crossed without a previous invocation and the washing of hands; altars were erected, and either bulls or horses sacrificed to them; and their waters, besides, were to be tintured with the blood of the victim.

Poets and artists generally represent them under the shape of old men, with a bushy beard; according to some traditions, however, such rivers as did not fall into the sea were represented as youths or as women. Both have long hair hanging loose, and are crowned with bulrushes: softly reclining on a bed of rushes, they are seen leaning on an urn, from which streams the waters of the river over which they preside; the urn stands either on a level or is reclining, to shew either a peaceable or a rapid stream: sometimes they are represented in the shape of bulls.

Besides the above common attributes, each river had a particular characteristic, such as the plants that floated on its surface, or the fish that were more partial to its bed, or any object or remarkable monument in the country through which it ran. Thus is the Nile represented with a veil over his head, meaning that its source is not known: he holds a cornucopia because to him is Egypt indebted for its fertility; he is also seen with the *holcusdoura*, or water chesnut in his hand, which grows in his bed; at his feet is either a crocodile or a hippopotamus, which inhabit his waters; at a distance are seen the famous pyramids. The Tiber is represented leaning on a she wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, &c. &c.

The most famous rivers of antiquity were Scamander, Simois, Xanthus that ran through Troas, and wished to oppose the Greeks that were going to besiege Troy;

Xanthus swelled his waves against Achilles, and the hero was very near being overpowered when Juno sent Vulcan to succour him. The God set the plain on fire, and forced the river to retreat into his bed, previously exacting his oath never more to assist the Trojans.

Achelous, who, smitten with Dejanira, presumed to contend with Hercules, had recourse, but in vain, to several metamorphoses to escape his formidable antagonist, and turned himself into a bull; Hercules, however, felled him to the ground, tore off one of his horns, and forced him to hide himself among his bulrushes.

Eurotas, whose waters bathed Laconia, and to whom the Lacedemonians, pursuant to an express law, paid divine worship; his flowery banks were covered with olive, myrtle, and laurel trees. There it was that Apollo went to bewail the loss of Daphne; that Jupiter, in the shape of a swan, made his appearance before Leda; that Castor and Pollux used to take their exercise; that Helen, their sister, was carried off; lastly, where Diana enjoyed in preference the pleasures of the chase.

The Nile, that held the first rank amongst the Egyptian deities, the rivers of hell, and the Tiber that bathes the walls of the Queen of the world.

THE LEAP OF LEUCATE.

AGREEABLE to those unaccountable inconsistencies which abound in mythology, the ancients pretended that that same sea which had given birth to Venus had also the power of extinguishing the passion of love: this privilege, however, did not extend beyond one particular spot. We shall here repeat what has been said on the subject.

In the island of Leucate stood a promontory formed by a steep mountain which rose perpendicular above the level of the sea, and was called the Leucadian rock. Apollo, it is said, had discovered that the waves which bathed the foot of the mountain had the property of curing that fatal passion, and even of entirely obliterating the remembrance of the beloved object. Such as would have recourse to this violent remedy were to plunge from the top of the rock, certain that either cure or death awaited them in the sea. It was reported that

Venus had tried the experiment with success when desirous of removing the wearisome recollection of the unfortunate Adonis. In consequence of this story the rock of Leucate became most famous, and thither crowds were seen to resort.

Amongst the victims of the prevailing extravagant superstition we still regret the tender hearted Sapho, a Lesbian, whose immortal poems are so lively descriptive of the passion which agitated her breast; the man she loved was equally insensible to the powers of genius and to the sprightliness of wit. Phaon was a mariner, who having received on board his vessel Venus in the disguise of an old woman, was presented by the Goddess with a vase of alabaster full of exquisite perfume. He had scarcely used it when he became the handsomest of all men. Sapho, seduced by his captivating appearance, loved him to distraction; but her affection was repaid with contempt. In her despair she determined to seek at Leucate for a remedy to a passion which she, perhaps, secretly was ashamed of. With steady steps she climbed the steep mountain, fastened her lyre to the altar of Apollo which stood on its summit, and plunged into the waves, where she perished. Others pretend that Apollo, moved with compassion at her sad destiny, had metamorphosed her into a swan.

CEYX AND ALCINOË.

We have thought that we might be allowed to affix the two following histories to those of the sea deities, as not being entirely foreign to the subject.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer, and King of Trachinia, who married Alcinoë, the daughter of Æolus, a descendant of Deucalion, had been wrecked on his return from consulting the oracle of Apollo. Alcinoë, warned by a dream, came running to the sea shore, and the first object that struck her eyes was the inanimate body of her husband; even death was not to separate them, and she rushed into the sea. The Gods, in order to reward their mutual attachment and fidelity, metamorphosed them into kingfishers; and ordained that the sea should continue calm whilst the birds were building their nests. The kingfisher was sacred to Thetys: the supposed time of her laying her eggs was held sacred by

the vacation of all courts of justice; and by the *days of Aloys* is still meant days of peace and tranquillity.

LEANDER AND HERO.

On the opposite banks of the strait of Helespontus were situated two cities, divided only by that narrow canal. Hero, a priestess of Venus, inhabited Sestos, on the European coast; the youthful and handsome Leander was a citizen of Abydos, on the Asiatic bank. The loving couple, notwithstanding their union, were obliged to live separately, yet every night Leander would swim across the strait, and the crossing of 850 yards never appeared long to him except on his return. Hero used to hold a lighted torch in her hand from the top of a tower to guide Leander. For

some time the calm sea favoured their meeting; but their happiness was not to be of a long duration, and the inconstancy of the waves still added to its fragility. A tempest had lasted for seven days; Leander beheld, while shuddering with impatience, the signal that summoned him to meet his wife; unable to wait any longer for the return of a calm, he plunged into the bellying waves, where he found his grave. His corpse was cast by the waves on the coast of Sestos, and Hero, unwilling to survive him, rushed into the sea.

This tragical history has supplied several poets and artists with an interesting subject. Medals have been struck representing Leander swimming towards Sestos, preceded by a flying Cupid bearing a torch in his hand to light the adventurous lover.

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

ANNA D'ARFET.

THE original name of this beautiful female, who lived in the glorious reign of Edward III. is by many supposed to have been Dorset: it is certain she was of illustrious birth, as a gentleman of the second degree of nobility, named Robert-a-Machin, was not thought worthy by her ambitious and haughty parents of aspiring to her hand; and on a discovery of the mutual passion of Anna and Robert, the latter was imprisoned. On his release he found that his beloved mistress had been compelled to marry a nobleman she disliked, who had carried her to a castle near Bristol. The friends of Machin made his injuries their own, and one of them found means to enter the service of Anna, in the capacity of a groom. Under pretence of deriving benefit from the sea air, she frequently took long rides along the shore, and at length found means of escaping with her lover; and she embarked with him in a vessel while a tremendous tempest was coming on, which augmented with the darkness of night. The intended port of France was missed, and the vessel was driven at the mercy of the winds and waves: in the morning they found themselves in the midst of an unknown ocean, and after twelve more anxious mornings they dis-

covered land. This was the first discovery of the island of Madeira, and the place wherein Anna took shelter first with her lover is still called Machico, from his name of Machin. Anna fell sick at finding herself in this hopeless state on an uninhabited island, and soon after expired. Her lover consecrated a chapel, or hermitage, to Jesus the Saviour, in which he deposited her precious remains.

ELIZABETH HARDWICKE, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

A fortune-teller once told this celebrated lady that she should not die while she was building: she accordingly bestowed the greatest part of her immense wealth, which she had obtained from her three husbands, in erecting magnificent and spacious seats at Hardwicke, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and Worksop. The predictions of the Sybill, however, were verified; her Ladyship died in a hard frost, when the builders, carpenters and masons, were disabled from working.

THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER.

QUEEN MARY, during one of the absences of her illustrious husband, King William III. contributed to make herself unpopular by her determination of having

All the beauties of the court painted as large as life, destining them as ornaments to the palace at Hampton Court. Lady Dorchester urged her Majesty, as much as lay in her power, to give up her intention. "Think only, Madam," said her witty Ladyship, "if the King was to ask for the portraits of all the great wits and wise men of his court, would not the rest think that he called them fools?"

MRS. FRANCES BROOKE.

THE maiden name of this female, distinguished for her literary abilities, was Moore, and she was the daughter of a dignified clergyman. Her suavity of manners, her virtues, and high accomplishments, have justly classed her among those females who may boast the title of illustrious for mental endowments; and she is well known for being the author of *Julia Mandeville*, a most pathetic and beautiful little novel. Her husband was chaplain to the garrison of Quebec, and she accompanied him soon after her marriage to Canada, where she peened that excellent epitome of Canadian manners and pursuits, in her elegant and well written novel of *Emily Montague*, and which passed through several editions.

On her return to England she cultivated an intimate friendship with Mrs. Yates, the actress, which ended only with that lady's life. And during this connection Mrs. Brooke became acquainted with Garrick, and wrote some pieces for the stage; but being dissatisfied with his conduct she wrote her novel called *The Excursion*, wherein she handled the Manager pretty severely. Her anger was just, but her resentment favoured too much of acrimony: and having given way to the impulse of passion she bitterly repented it, and retracted all she had said. She next gave to Mr. Harris *The Siege of Synope*, a tragedy she had written with a view of placing Mrs. Yates in a principal character: its want of energy rendered it unpopular, and being devoid of originality it excited little admiration. *Rosina*, however, her next dramatic production, made ample amends, and was justly appreciated by an admiring public; this Mrs. Brooke very generously presented Mr. Harris with. We have little more to record of this distinguished female except that she was honoured with the esteem and friendship of Dr. Johnson, and was the admiration of all the first characters of her time.

CHARACTERS OF CELEBRATED FRENCH WOMEN.

MADEMOISELLE GAUTIER.

SHE was first a celebrated actress, and afterwards became a Carmelite nun, having retired from the Theatre Français, in 1726, after having been the most eminent in her profession for ten years. She was tall, finely formed, and her countenance was remarkable for preserving all the bloom and freshness of youth to a very advanced period of her life. She was an excellent poet, and painted in miniature in a very superior style. She was reckoned the strougtest woman of her time, and there were few men who could be a match for her in wrestling: she sent a challenge to Marshal Saxe, who overcame her in a boxing match, but he acknowledged that it was with difficulty, and that no one but himself could have done as much. She has been known to roll up a plate of silver with the same ease as if it had been a wafer.

Mademoiselle Gautier had many lovers; and amongst them the Great Marshal of Wirtemberg, with whom she took a journey to the court of the Duke. This Prince had a mistress of whom he was very fond; whether or no Mademoiselle Gautier was superior in personal charms, or whether from a natural caprice and jealousy inseparable from her character, is not known, she treated the favourite in so impertinent a manner that the Duke forbade the actress his court.

On her return to Paris her vexation at being thus driven home, inspired her with the design of revenging herself by an open insult. She therefore went *incognito* to Wirtemberg, and keeping herself concealed for some days, she meditated on the means of putting her revengeful scheme in execution.

Having learned that the mistress of the

Duke was taking an airing in an open carriage, she took one also, to which she had caused to be attached a pair of very mettlesome horses: and passing with wonderful rapidity behind the carriage of her enemy, she tore off the wheel, overturned the calash, drove away like lightning back to the inn she came from, where post horses were stationed ready in waiting, and took her road back again to Paris, in order to avoid the result of this adventure.

Although Mademoiselle Gautier had amongst her numerous train of admirers some very amiable and distinguished men, she yet had no affection for any one of them; but she conceived a violent passion for Quinault Dufresne, an actor possessed of a remarkable fine person, and whose appearance on the stage was always hailed by thunders of applause. Mademoiselle Gautier wished him to marry her, but the fonder she became of him the more indifferent his behaviour was towards her. He would not hearken to her proposals of marriage, and this woman, of so violent and determined a character before she knew what love was, now sunk into a deep and settled melancholy. This created in her mind the first wish of retiring from the world, and made an entire change in her character.

When once she became an inmate of the Convent of the Carmelites she never had any more commerce with the world; never did any victim whose days are devoted to castigation and penitence, carry Christian humility farther: she thought herself unworthy of being numbered amongst the

chaste sisterhood she had voluntarily joined; and sorry we are to record the want of charity so visible in secluded devotees, for they looked on the unhappy penitent with the utmost contempt. As Mademoiselle Gautier had ever been a decided favourite with the Queen, she was treated with a degree of outward consideration which she by no means aspired to. She took the religious name of sister Augustine, of the order of Mercy: and the wife of Louis was charmed with the honour she did to it by the sentiments of piety and meekness she continually displayed; her Majesty kept up a constant correspondence with her, and the night before her death the actress sent the Queen a copy of verses of her own composing, expressive of her hopes in eternity, but containing rather too much adulation and flattery to be employed by a dying person.

Mademoiselle Gautier after having been some time professed, recovered the usual gaiety and cheerfulness of her disposition, which she continued to preserve to the end of her life, which took place in 1757; her vivacity, however, seemed only to prompt her to greater fervency in the discharge of her religious duties. She became blind for the few last years of her life, but even in this situation she would not allow any one to wait on her; being resolved, as she said, to be a burthen to no one if it could possibly be avoided. The Pope had long before this affliction, for what reason no one could divine, given her a brief, or permission, to appear in the parlour of the Convent without her veil.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

BEN JONSON.

WHEN Jonson wrote his comedy intitled *The New Inn*, he was hissed out of the house on its first appearance: this he took much to heart, and shortly after was taken sick and, became in a very poor and necessitous situation. The King, who heard of it, sent him a present of ten pounds; and Jonson, when he received the money, made the following remark. "His Majesty has sent me ten pounds because I am old and poor, and live in an alley: go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley."—

The good natured monarch only laughed at this sally, and sent an hundred pounds more for the relief of this admirable poet.

THE LATE LORD CLIVE.

WHEN, as Mr. Clive, his Lordship received his appointment of writer in the East India Company's service, in the year 1743, he arrived at Madras in the nineteenth year of his age, in 1744. At school he had detested the drudgery of the desk, and had ever been impatient of controul; the same disposition grew with his years,

and rendered his appointment as irksome to his superiors as it was to himself; while an innate dignity, amounting to an almost insufferable haughtiness, made him regard those in office as infinitely beneath him. His conduct to the Secretary who was placed over him may be adduced as a proof, which on one occasion displayed itself in that insolent way, that the Governor, to whom it was reported, commanded him to ask the Secretary's pardon. This submission was made in the most contemptuous manner: but the Secretary admiring his determined character, received it graciously, and even invited him to dinner.—“No, Sir,” replied Clive, “the Governor did not command me to *discuss* with you.”

MAGNANIMITY OF GEORGE I.

GEORGE at the first levees he held in England always expressed an anxious solicitude to see Sir Charles Kemys; but after much importunity his Majesty was informed that Sir Charles was not very well affected to the recent settlement in his favour. “Pooh, pooh,” said the King, “tell him he must come; for I long to smoke a pipe with him.” This message was delivered to Sir Charles, who declined the invitation with this answer:—“I shall be happy to smoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover, but I cannot think of it as King of England.” George had the generosity to regret the loss of such a companion, without meditating against him the smallest injury.

MELANCHOLY ANECDOTE AFTER THE SURRENDER OF TOURNAY.

THE evacuation of Tournay was followed by one of those occurrences so shocking to humanity, and yet so frequent during the French revolution. Amongst the numerous victims of insatiable barbarity were two beautiful young women respectably situated as milliners in that city: it is no wonder that, lovely as they were, they should find many admirers in the Duke of York's army, which had been so long and so frequently encamped in the neighbourhood. The young women selected their favourites, and an intercourse of hearts subsisted between them and two English Officers. After the evacuation of the town letters from their absent lovers were found

in their possession. Accused of having corresponded with the enemy, they were instantly hurried to the fatal cart, conveyed to Lisle, and guillotined.

SINGULAR, CIRCUMSTANCE.

The chaplain of one of the principal hospitals at the west end of London, distinguished by his indefatigable attention to the duties of his office, met with the following remarkable occurrence. As he returned in the evening from a village near town, he was stopped in a lane by three footpads who demanded his money. Whilst he was preparing to deliver it up, one of them looked earnestly at him, and said:—“Sir, a'n't you parson of St. George's Hospital? The gentleman, much surprised, answered that he was. “Then,” said the robber to his companions, “we must not rob this gentleman, he was very kind to me. And Sir,” continued he, “if you will go with me I will see you safe out of this lane, and no one shall hurt you.” The gentleman accompanied him, and as they walked along the man confessed he had been a patient in the hospital, and would never forget his kindness to him. This naturally induced the gentleman to endeavour to dissuade him from continuing in his present dreadful mode of life. He was visibly affected, and said distress had driven him to it, but that he was determined to leave his companions next morning. When they parted, the gentleman said, “Well, friend, if it had not been for you I should have been robbed, if not worse; therefore I must beg your acceptance of a few shillings.”—“I will not take them,” answered the man, and I hope, in future, to make a better use of the good advice you gave me when you used to sit by my bed-side in the hospital.” The gentleman then repeated his exhortation, and the man his promises, and thus they parted.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

THE employment of his confidential secretaries was, of all kinds of slavery, the least supportable. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue, nothing was regarded. A minute's absence would have been a crime. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest, all must be given up. The

Baron de Maineval, the Baron Fain, knew this by hard experience; but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence, the most implicit reliance on their discretion, and a truly royal liberality; they both deerved his confidence. One day at two o'clock the Emperor went out to hunt: he will probably, as usual, be absent four hours. Maineval calculates; it is his father's *jour de fête*: he may surely venture to leave the palace for a short time. He has bought a little villa, and is desirous to present it to his beloved father, and to give him the title deeds. He sets out, the whole family is collected, he is warmly greeted, they see him so seldom. The present is given, the joy increases, dinner is ready, and he is pressed to stop: he refuses, "the Emperor may return and ask for me."—"O, he won't be angry—you are never away."—The intreaties redouble; at last he yields, and time flies swiftly when we are surrounded by those we love. In the mean time the Emperor returns, and even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.—"Maineval! Let him be called."—They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient—"Well, Maineval!"—They fear to tell him that he is absent, but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length Maineval returns.—"The Emperor has inquired for you; he is angry."—"All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He makes up his mind, however, and presents himself: his reception was terrible—"Where do you come from? go about your business. I do not want men who neglect their duty."

Maineval, trembling, retires: he did not sleep all night; he saw his hopes deceived, his services lost, his fortune missed—it was a dreadful sight. Day at length came; he reflected—"He did not give me a formal dismissal."—He dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's Cabinet. Some moments after the Emperor enters, looks at him, does not speak to him, writes a note, rises, and walks about. Maineval continues the task he has in hand without lifting up his eyes. The Emperor, with his hands behind his back, stops before him, and abruptly asks—"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"—"No, Sire," timidly replies Maineval, rising up to answer.—"Sit down, you are ill; I don't like people to tell me falsehoods; I insist on knowing."—"Sire, the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty, deprived me of sleep."—"Where were you, then, yesterday?"—Maineval told him the motives of his absence.—"I thought this little property would gratify my father."—"And where did you get the money to buy this house?"—"Sire, I had saved it out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me."—The Emperor, after having looked at him steadily for a few minutes, said, "Take a slip of paper and write; the treasurer of my civil list will pay to the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs."—He took the draft and signed it.—"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

RICHARD GIBSON.

No less remarkable for his skill in painting than for his diminutive stature; and the singularity of his history, as well as his abilities in drawing, merits a place in this miscellany.

He was page to a lady who resided at Mortlake, in the reign of Charles II. and was placed by her with Cleyne, to learn to draw, in which he so well succeeded, that he was enabled to copy the works of Sir Peter Lely with great exactitude. He married a woman of the same size as himself in the presence of Charles I. and his

Queen, that illustrious lady bespeaking a beautiful diamond ring for the little bride, but the troubles coming on immediately afterwards she never received it. The name of the woman Gibson married was Anne Shephard, and the little pair were each three feet ten inches high: the poet Waller wrote an epithalamium on their marriage. Gibson was page to the King, and had attained such a pitch of excellence in the art of painting, that a picture of the man and the lost sheep by him caused the death of the celebrated Vanderdort.

Gibson taught Queen Anne to draw,

and went over to Holland to instruct her sister Mary, the Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen of England. The small couple, whose pictures were painted hand in hand, after the manner of Vandyke, and which picture was in the hands of an auctioneer in 1712, had nine children, five of whom lived to maturity, and were of a proper size.

Richard, the father, died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried at Covent-Garden: his little widow lived until 1709, and was eighty-nine years old at her death.

ISAAC OLIVER.

In the branch of miniature painting this artist has been thought to excel all that went before or came after him; and every nation might be challenged to produce a greater master, unless a few of the works of Holbein might claim an exception.

Of his family there is no account that can be depended upon; he studied under Hilliard, and had some instructions from Zucchero: his works sufficiently tell whatever else relates to him. Dr. Meade was in possession of some of the most capital: Oliver's own portrait, remarkably small, a beautiful head of Mary Queen of Scots, a profile of Queen Elizabeth, Henry, Prince of Wales, Ben Jonson, and a whole length of Sir Philip Sidney. All these were purchased by the Prince of Wales, the father of his present Majesty, George III. The painting made by Oliver of James I. served for Rubens and Vandyke, when they had occasion to draw that Prince after his death.

Of his drawings several are now extant, and one in the closet at Kensington Palace, known by the name of Queen Caroline's closet. The subject is the placing of Christ in the sepulchre, and consists of six-and-twenty figures. Another large drawing is the murder of the Innocents, copied from Raphael.

He did not always confine himself to water colours; there are several instances of his working in oil, as may be seen in his own portrait, and in those of his wife and children, a head of St. John the Baptist, and the Holy Family.

Isaac Oliver died at his house in Blackfriars, London, in 1617, aged sixty-one: he was buried in St. Anne's Church, in that parish, where his son erected a monument, with his marble bust, but which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

JOHN GREENHILL.

This was one of the most promising of all Sir Peter Lely's pupils: he was born at Salisbury, of a very good family, and at the age of twenty he made so fine a copy from Vandyke's celebrated picture of Killigrew with the dog, that it was mistaken by every one for the original. Indeed Greenhill united all the beauty of style preserved in the paintings of Vandyke and Lely, and formed therefrom the most exquisite combination of accuracy and grace. The print of Sir William Davenant, with his nose flattened, is taken from one of Greenhill's paintings.

His heads in crayons are replete with grace and beauty, and have long obtained universal admiration, both from the connoisseur and the transient observer. Greenhill was at first very industrious and laborious, but forming an acquaintance with several of the players, he fell into a debauched and idle course of life, and coming home late one night from the Vine Tavern, he tumbled into a kennel in Long Acre, and being carried to Walton's, the painter, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, he died in his bed that very night, the 19th of May, 1676, in the flower of his age. He was buried in St. Giles's Church, and Mrs. Belin, the famous novelist, who was a great admirer of his person, wrote an elegy on his untimely death.

Sir Peter Lely was very jealous of him, and refused to let Greenhill see him paint, until the scholar procured his master to draw his wife's picture, and stood behind him while he drew it. If this account is really true, the generosity of Sir Peter Lely is the more conspicuous, as he settled forty pounds a year on Greenhill's widow, who was left in most indigent circumstances, with several children. She was a very beautiful woman, but did not long enjoy the bounty of Sir Peter, as she died raving mad a short time after her husband.

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.—A PASTORAL TALE.

It was during the month when roses deck the bowers, and win many a kiss for rural lovers, that I strayed, in a pensive reverie, along the borders of a limpid rivulet. I reached a spot where four weeping willows waved their flexible boughs over the gliding stream and the spreading turf that clothed the shore. A blooming rose tree grew beneath their shade; its flowers were gently balanced by the foaming breeze. "I will gather one of these roses," I exclaimed; "I will select the finest for my Annette. In adorning her bosom it will awake pleasing emotions in her heart, and to present her with this small pledge of my faithful love will be a new source of delight to my soul."

Already my hand touched the flower destined for my Annette, when I perceived some characters, half hidden by the moss, on a stone at my feet. Without gathering the flower, I stooped to read the inscription; it was on a tomb—the tomb of a young shepherdess.

Like the rose she bloomed the short space of one day, then drooped her head and died.

Time had covered the characters with moss; with my hand I pushed it aside, and read the following words:—

"The maid whose dust these stones inclose
 "Soon shared her lover's doom;
 "Death snatch'd them both, and for a rose
 "They sleep within the tomb."

I remained for some time reflecting on the epitaph, and endeavouring to divine the history of these two lovers, when a young maiden from a neighbouring hamlet approached, to draw water from the stream on whose brink I stood. She guessed my thoughts and anticipated my request. "You are, then, acquainted with their misfortunes," said I.—"Yes," she replied; "my grandmother has told me their melancholy story."—"Many years have passed since they lived; love like their's no longer exists in our days."—"Alas! no, it does not," she rejoined, and I thought by her accents she felt but too much the truth of her assertion."

"Will you, my fair maid," said I, "put down your pitcher, and come under the shade of these weeping willows, beside this rose tree, and for a few moments rest yourself on this moss-covered stone, and relate to me the history of these lovers who were so tenderly attached."—She willingly assented, and putting down her pitcher, seated herself beside me; leaning on her hand she bent towards the rose tree, and looking sorrowfully at the inscription on the stone, one would have imagined she had known those of whom she was going to speak, and that their remembrance caused emotions which almost prevented her relating their history; but soon recovering herself she began as follows:—

"She who has reposed here for a hundred years was called Helen; she was the handsomest and the wisest shepherdess of the hamlet: she had never loved any but Charles. Charles's affections were all centered in Helen. Born at the same time, at the same place, they grew beside each other, and were united by love like two young branches of a vine, which meet, entwine, and together live and die. Such true lovers had never been before seen, and, notwithstanding, so prudent: all Charles asked was a chaste kiss, and Helen never regretted the kiss she had given—"Here the ingenuous relator paused and blushed.—"I understand you, my fair maid," said I; you act like your prudent grandmother."—The amiable girl blushed still deeper, cast her eyes on the grass her hand had been listlessly gathering, and then continued her relation.

"Who would have thought that jealousy could have entered into two hearts so closely united? Ah! there is much truth in the saying, that happiness lasts but for a moment, and that it is in the finest day that storms surround us and the thunderbolt deals death. Helen thought Charles was faithless; this gave a mortal blow to her peace, but she would not stoop to reproach her guilty lover with his crime. 'I will not change like him,' she exclaimed, 'but I will no longer love.'—Then she

assumed an air of indifference; it was only assumed, for her heart was torn with grief.

"Charles, however, who had no suspicion of his misfortune, came on the morn of a festival, with his usual frankness, to salute his beloved mistress. Alas! love had flown; no tender smile greeted his approach, no friendly appellation. O poor Charles, what were your feelings at that moment!"—Here the young girl turned her face away to wipe off some tears which had escaped from her eyes.

"Never did this faithful lover meet Helen without leaving her some remembrance of his affection: that day he had brought her the finest rose of his garden, still imperled with the morning dew. 'My dear Helen, my sweet friend,' said he, 'here is the finest rose of my garden.'—'You must keep it, Charles,' she coldly answered; 'Helen will never again receive any flowers gathered by your hand!'

"The unhappy lover remained speechless; he perceived he had lost Helen's heart, he thought he had lost her for ever. 'Helen,' said he, 'you will no longer, then, receive my flowers; however, I will leave you this rose, you will pick it up—and perhaps you may let a tear fall on it when I am no longer here to offer you another.' In saying these words he laid the rose on the ground before the cruel Helen, and departed.

"On his way he met a regiment of soldiers, who were cheerfully departing for the wars. Charles addressed the commander—'Captain,' said he, 'I will become a soldier; give me arms and place me in your ranks.'—'Brave young man,' answered the Captain, 'here are arms, come with us, and march to glory.'

"As soon as Helen saw her lover depart her heart failed her; for a long time she gazed at the beautiful rose which Charles had placed at her feet; at last she stooped and took it up: in inhaling its perfume she bathed it with her tears. O unhappy Charles! if thou could'st have seen this tear shining on thy rose, like a fine dew drop! But he did not see it, he was already far off; he never knew that Helen still loved him. Soon the proud shepherdess reproached herself for her assumed indifference, and no longer re-

strained the tears that weighed heavily on her heart. Her rose was wetted with them. She looked at it more than once; that rose which had been given her by Charles. She now pressed the flower she had disdained to her lips, and afterwards hid it carefully in her bosom. No one would have guessed it was there; but it rested next her heart, and that was enough. 'O my beloved Charles!' she mentally exclaimed, 'forget my cruelty. To-morrow no more sadness—to-morrow I will give you as much happiness as to-day I have caused vexation.'

"To-morrow! Ah, poor Helen, why put off till to-morrow the happiness you might have bestowed to-day? To-morrow you promise yourself much pleasure, but to-morrow will prove a day of tears.

"The next day, almost as soon as the dawn of morning, Helen went to meet her lover; her heart was gently agitated at the thoughts of seeing him again. Instead of Charles some young maidens approached her. 'Helen,' said they, 'do you know that Charles has quitted the hamlet? We saw him yesterday, adorned with a cockade, marching in the ranks with the soldiers who are going to battle.'

"'Charles! Charles gone!' cried Helen. Struck with this terrible blow she fainted, and fell; they ran to her assistance, but it was a considerable time before she returned to life, and the first words she uttered was to ask for Charles. No one answered her inquiries, and poor Helen wept bitterly, then drew the rose from her bosom, where it had remained. 'Here it is,' she said; 'this flower will be the cause of all our misfortunes. Ah, Charles! why were you not informed that after your departure I placed it next my heart? O my friends! never refuse the gifts of innocence which your lovers may offer you.'

"From that day the heart-broken Helen withered with grief, like the rose which she always carried in her bosom. She asked of every one news of Charles; if he would soon return? and no one could answer her inquiries. At last news arrived, but it was fatal; Charles had been killed in battle. Before he expired, he said to his best friend, and brother in arms, 'If you go to the hamlet were I was born,

there you will see the insensible Helen; tell her that Charles will offer her no more roses from his garden. Charles is dead! and he loved her. I loved her, my friend,' added he, almost expiring; 'do not forget to tell her I loved her.'

"After these words life fled, and Helen had no longer a lover. Weep, weep, cruel maid, and endeavour to give life to the rose which died in your bosom; it is all that now remains of Charles.

"But no, Helen wept not; she looked up to heaven, pressed the dried rose to her heart, died, and ceased to suffer. They doubly are united in the abode where God places the just when they leave their earthly cares. Helen is at present happy, happy to all eternity, with her faithful and tender lover.

"Those who have survived her have here deposited her earthly remains; here, beside this stream, is the spot which was once the garden of Charles. It is said that this rose tree, whose aged root is covered

with moss, is that from which Charles had gathered the fatal flower that Helen would not receive. It was placed with her in the tomb, and they both mouldered together; but each spring the rose-tree produces fresh ones, which shed their leaves to embalm the tomb of Helen.

"If you have loved,' added the young maiden, 'if you still love, gather one of these roses; but for your happiness only present it to her you love when you are assured she will accept it, and that she will repay you with a smile.'

Such was the narrative of the young maiden: she looked once more at the rose-tree, sighed, arose, took up her pail, bade me adieu, and disappeared.

Like her I again looked at the rose-tree, again read the epitaph; with a religious respect I extended my hand over the rose I had already wished to gather, well convinced that my beloved would receive it with pleasure, and in my presence place it in her bosom.

CHARACTER OF ALI PACHA, THE PRESENT RULER OF GREECE.

Any thing connected with the Ionian Islands is at this moment an object of some interest. We present our readers, therefore, with a sketch of the character of Ali Pacha; who, possessing power on the neighbouring Continent, must be conciliated as the friend, or guarded against as the enemy of our new dependencies. What caution it will be necessary to adopt in all our transactions with this person, may be gathered from the account given of him in the volume of the Ionian Islands, lately published from the French of M. Vandoucourt, who describes him as having raised himself to his present power by a union of ambition, falsehood, and cunning.

Among the other events of 1814, by a happy combination of circumstances, were these Islands snatched from the power of France, and placed under the secure protection of this country. It was also a fortunate circumstance at this period, that the naval forces of Great Britain were so near at hand to secure them, when they might, perhaps, have fallen under the power of the ambitious Ali Pacha, before they could

receive succours from any of the European powers. From the description of the governments and extent of country now dependent on Ali Pacha, it is easy to see that he is at present the most powerful European dependant of the Ottoman empire. The provinces of which he disposes, and which with reason may be called his states, or dominions, constitute a good third of all Turkey. The governments of which he holds the firman, or imperial diploma, are, 1st, The Visirship of Joannina, to which he has added several districts, wrested from those of Delvino and Avlona: 2d, The Sandgiak of Avlona, reduced to the sole district of this city, and which is governed in his name by a Pacha dependent on him: 3d, The Visirship of Ochrida, excepting the cantons of Mat, Ischimo, and Akhissar: 4th, The Visirship of Karli-Hi: 5th, The Visirship of Trikala, with the exception of Larissa. The ancestors of this surprising man have lived in obscurity; the first of the family whose name occurs in the chronology of the Ottoman empire is Ali's grandfather, who was killed at the

siege of Corfu. His father, Veli, had been Sandgiak of Delvino; but having fallen under the displeasure of the Porte, he was deprived of his office, and replaced by Selim Bey, on whom Ali avenged himself. Veli, the father, seems to have died of a broken heart, from having been despoiled of the greatest part of his inheritance, leaving several children, among which were two sons, one of whom was Ali, then thirteen years of age, in the year 1760.

Ali's mother was a woman whose courage was only equalled by her ambition. Far from bending under or seeking to avoid the misfortunes which bore down her family, she boldly withstood the ills of fortune, and opposed the torrent that widely threatened her with impending destruction. It was about this time she was taken prisoner by the inhabitants of Goritzza, when her ransom absorbed the greatest part of the treasures she had been able to save. Schooling her children in the arts of dissimulation and revenge, she soon discovered the due effect of her lessons and example in her two sons, but more on the mind of Ali than his brother. Nature had bestowed on him all those qualities which afterwards enabled him to create a formidable power, and preserve it; and the energies of his mind were distinguished by a most early display. Scarcely had Ali attained his sixteenth year, when he was seen defending the inheritance of his father by force of arms. He was not, however, the chief, his mother still governed. Such were the limits to which his command was at first confined; but, indeed, his youth withheld all confidence in his talents. Burning, nevertheless, with a desire to break through the trammels of dependence, so little congenial to his restless character, we soon find him unbosoming himself to his mother, and confiding to her part of his designs, as well as the deep and daring project he had formed of dividing his enemies, and defeating them in detail. Fortune, however, more than once put him to great trials before she bestowed her favours.

Coming to that period, the peace of Campo Formio, when the Seven Islands came under the protection of France, he saw, or thought he saw, a storm preparing against Turkey. Nothing more was wanting to induce him to enter into correspond-

ence with Napoleon, at that time General-in-Chief of the army of Italy; and from that time till 1814 (such is the man) his attention and thoughts were turned to which ever way his ambition and avarice led him, regardless of any one else.

To read his mind particularly, he seems to nourish all the vices which can inspire horror into those who may become his victims, or fear among his most confidential satellites. The want of money, under which he laboured from the commencement of his career, and was so long an obstacle to his elevation, caused him to contract early the habits of avarice and rapacity. To give is a word foreign to his vocabulary, and a feeling estranged from his bosom. He resorts to all kinds of pretext. A merchant appears in his dominions with effects, of which he is anxious to obtain possession; he calls him to his presence, and with an insulting parade of equity, he purchases, but at the prices he himself has fixed. A rich vassal dies, and he wishes to inherit the whole or part of his property; to effect this all means are alike good. "My friend, (said he one day to a young Greek of my Joannina, whose father had just died) your father was a most respectable man; I sincerely regret his loss; we were most intimate friends; on his death-bed he bequeathed to me his house, furniture, and gardens."—"But my Lord, (said the youth,) that is more than three-fourths of my whole fortune."—"My child, (replied Ali,) the will of your father ought to be held sacred by you, and if you have the impiety to disregard it, I will cause you to be hanged." Thus he feigns a will in his own favour, and with the most insulting irony praises the deceased.

We are sorry we have not room to enter more fully into the character of a man, so finely drawn by our Author in his interesting volume. Contrarieties seem to unite in his mind; he possesses an astonishing memory, of which instances are given. He is very revengeful, and the only modification of which his vengeance is susceptible is the longer it is delayed it is more cruel, and his anger more violent. He is a handsome man, and possessed of a physiognomy which he knows how to render engaging when he conceives it necessary. Extremely attentive in his behaviour, his manners and

address are elegant. He is choice in his dress; he dresses even sumptuously. In his countenance may be read frankness and honesty; indeed, not one of the passions which agitate him within is ever to be seen; jealousy, fear, hatred and vengeance, are confounded under the form of a cloudless satisfaction, and under the soft expres-

sion of an irreproachable conscience. To resist him it is necessary to be possessed of a perfect knowledge of his character, and always to hold the picture before one's eyes; and still his dissimulation is so disguised and profound, that one almost feels a reproach for being on one's guard, and acting with a salutary distrust.

THE LISTENER.

IN my quality of Listener, I find myself frequently compelled to attend to the communications of the indigent, as well as to those of the rich and great. I know not, however, whether the following letter from one of the party-coloured gentlemen, can be said to be from an indigent person, since he rather seems to have been a very successful architect of his own fortune.

TO TIMOTHY HEARWELL, ESQ.

SIR,—I was born amongst one of the lower classes, and of very poor parents, but with a taste for fashion and expence, and I had a most ardent desire to become one day a man of fortune. From my early infancy I was obstinate, vain, and greedy. Notwithstanding the menaces, reprimands, and even the blows bestowed on me by my parents, they never could get any good out of me: I left every thing to be done by my brothers and sisters, which, however, never prevented me if they had been rewarded for their industry by something good, obtaining it by threats or force; nay more, if I wanted something smart to wear on Sundays, I took a waistcoat from one, a pair of stockings from the other, or even a pair of pantaloons, which would oblige my poor brother, thus rendered a real *sans culotte*, to stay at home; and I remember once when my eldest sister refused to lend me one of her handkerchiefs for a cravat, I took from her a breadth of cambric muslin, that belonged to a piece of which she was going to make a gown. My mother, as may be supposed, took her part, my father gave me a good beating, and turned me out of doors, from whence I may date the commencement of my adventures, and I hope I shall be enabled to say, the origin of my fortune.

The first thing I did was to go and seek out a young scape-grace, with whom I was acquainted, who had been by turns a scullion's assistant, a footboy, and a shoeblack, and who, at that time, for want of something better to do, sold play-bills at the doors of the theatres, held horses while gentlemen dismounted, or acted as one of the inferior tumblers at Sadler's Wells. He gave me some very good advice, and told me only to be honest and faithful; but disdaining, perhaps, these principles as far as they might actuate his own conduct, he carried off all my clothes, which were almost new, the very next morning, while I was asleep in his stall, and left me as bare as a bird. My tears and groans procured me the compassion of a cookmaid in the neighbourhood, who spoke a good word for me to her master, who was an old miser, and took me, on condition that I should be content with dry bread for my breakfast, that I should have but very little dinner, and no supper. "Sobriety," he would say to me, "temperance, and moderation, are the first of virtues, and of which I give you example as well as precept." True enough, before me his food was coarse and scanty, but I have since seen that he and Mary have sat down together to an excellent supper, where wine and liquor were not much spared. I was naturally an epicure, so I thought it best to dissemble; but I should have died had I strictly followed the regimen he would have compelled me to observe; fortunately for me the old hunk gave up the ghost, and a prodigal gambling nephew became heir to his riches and his household. For six months I enjoyed a lot the most enviable; we had crowds of company from morning till night, and all was jollity and feasting: I went dressed

Like a Prince, and I looked forward in the pleasing hope to enjoy with my master a most joyous season of youth, without any care of futurity, for he always promised to recompence Mary and myself for our faithful services, but dress and Faro decided otherwise. My poor master was completely ruined. I lost a year's wages; and part of some of my master's clothes which I had appropriated to myself, was seized with those belonging to him, because justice did not think it allowable that a footboy should wear cambric shirts, French lawn cravats, and silk stockings. The truth is, that while I lived with Sir John, my master, I had become a most arrant fop; I played high, and was a complete libertine. When I lost this place, I fell in with a Colonel of Dragoons; he was a brave and generous man, and an excellent officer, but suspicious and passionate to an extreme. His wife was pretty and amiable, and Jane, her waiting-maid, was not inferior to her mistress in personal attractions. The days I could have passed with this master might have been compared to the Golden Age, if the very devil himself had not taken hold of us: the house became a downright hell. My master was jealous of his General, his banker, and his lawyer. I lost the waiting-maid through the quartermaster, the gamekeeper, and the hairdresser. We became gloomy, melancholy, and quarrelsome. My master fought against himself, but beat me. He parted from his wife, and I saw no more of Jane.

Since that time I have lived chiefly by my wits; but that is no fault of mine, it is all through the Colonel.

In less than the space of two years, I was the servant of an Ambassador, a celebrated law officer, and an Opera dancer. With the Ambassador I never spoke but by monosyllables; with the second I carefully studied and rounded off my expressions; and with the third I was obliged before I opened my mouth, to place myself in a proper attitude and turn out my toes; that gave me a ridiculous and coxcomical air enough. However, I have gained experience, I have learnt to be a complete politician, to be an eloquent orator, and to perform all the scientific graces of the body; I have made use of all these advantages, combined and separate, to seduce an old housekeeper, who has saved a great deal of money in her last place, and before a month is over I mean to lead her to the altar. I shall then engage in some mercantile concern, shall hire a good cook, and if my business prospers, shall, in about a year, place an elegant waiting-maid about my wife's person. Then, if I continue successful, I shall perhaps keep a footman, and shall, no doubt, forgetting my former station in life, declare there is not one lacquey but what is a liar, a sluggard, and a good-for-nothing fellow. We can never pretend to make vows against any thing that we may do hereafter.

THOMAS.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

No. VI.—THE STORY OF MARTIN
 GUERRE CONCLUDED.

He then, with the same assurance, asked Martin Guerre abundance of questions as to several transactions in his family, to which Martin answered but faintly, and with some confusion. The commissioners directing Arnold to withdraw, put several questions to Martin that were new, and his answers were full and satisfactory; they then called for Arnold du Tilh again, and questioned him as to the same points, and he answered with the same exactness; so that some began to think there was witchcraft in the case.

No. 91.—Vol. XIV.

The court resolving entirely to clear up the truth, directed that, now both the persons were present, the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the husbands of two of them, Peter Guerre, the brothers of Arnold du Tilh, and the chief of those witnesses who were obstinate in owning him for Martin Guerre, should be called in and obliged to fix on the true Martin.

Accordingly all these persons appeared, except the brothers of Arnold du Tilh, whom neither injunctions nor threatenings could force into court, which being reported they were excused, it seeming an act of inhumanity to oblige them to

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depose against so near a relation. The first who drew near was the eldest of the sisters, who, after she had looked a moment, ran to Martin Guerre, embraced him with tears, and cried, "Oh, my brother, Martin Guerre! I acknowledge the error into which this abominable traitor (pointing to Arnold) drew me and all the inhabitants of Artigues." Martin mingled his tears with his sister's, receiving her embraces with the utmost affection. All the rest likewise knew him, even the witnesses who had been most positive. At last his wife Bertrande de Rols was called in; she had no sooner cast her eyes on Martin Guerre, but bursting into tears, and trembling like a leaf, she ran to embrace him, and begged pardon for suffering herself to be seduced by the artifices of a wretch.

She then pleaded for herself in the most innocent and artless manner, that she had been led away by his credulous sisters, who had owned the impostor; that the strong regard she had for him, and her ardent desire to see him again, helped on the cheat, in which she was confirmed by the token that traitor had given, and the recital of so many particularities, which could be known only to her husband; that as soon as her eyes were open, she wished that the horrors of death might hide those of her fault, and that she had laid violent hands on herself, if the fear of God had not withheld her; that not being able to bear the dreadful thought of having lost her honour and reputation, she had recourse to vengeance, and put the impostor in the hands of justice, and prosecuted him so vigorously that he had been condemned to lose his head, &c. and that she had not in the least relented in her zeal to prosecute him since his appeal from that sentence.

Martin Guerre, who had been so sensible of the testimonies of the love, friendship, and tenderness given him by his sisters, remained wholly unmoved at these excuses of his wife: he heard her, indeed, without interruption; but when she had done, with an air of contempt and resentment he said, "You may cease weeping; my heart never can be moved by your tears. In vain you pretend to justify yourself from the conduct of my sisters and uncle. A wife has more ways of knowing

a husband than a father, a mother, and all his relations put together; nor is it possible she should be imposed on unless she has an inclination to be deceived. You are the sole cause of the misfortunes of my family, and I shall never impute my disgrace to any but you."

The commissioners endeavoured to enforce what the unfortunate Bertrande de Rols had said, in order to make her husband comprehend her innocence; but he persisting, in a sullen air of indifference, shewed plainly enough that his anger was such as time could only efface. We are not told how Arnold du Tilh behaved on this discovery, but it is most probable that he stood it out with his usual impudence; since it is certain he did not confess the truth of what was laid to his charge until his return to Artigues.

All doubts being now cleared, the court, after mature deliberation, pronounced the following sentence:—

"Upon reviewing the process before the Criminal Judge of Rieux, against Arnold du Tilh, called Pausette, but asserting himself to be Martin Guerre, at present in the Conciergerie, and appealing from the judgment, &c. which appeal being received and heard, and the said Arnold du Tilh appearing to be guilty, this court hath thought fit to declare the same, and for the punishment and reparation of the imposture, fraud, assumption of a false name and person, adultery, sacrilege, plagiarism, theft, and other crimes of the said Du Tilh set forth in the said process—The court hath condemned and do condemn him to make the *amende honorable* in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted waxen torch, to demand pardon of God, the King, and the justice of the nation, of the said Martin Guerre and De Rols his wife; and this being done the said Du Tilh shall be delivered into the hands of the capital executioner: who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places in the said town of Artigues with a rope about his neck, at last shall bring him before the house of Martin Guerre; where, on a gallows set up for that purpose, he shall be hanged, &c. And for certain causes and considerations thereunto mov-

ing, the court has ordered, and does hereby ordain, that all the effects of the said Du Tilh shall belong to, and be the property of, the daughter of his by Bertraude de Rols under colour of a marriage by him falsely pretended, in assuming and taking upon himself to be the said Martin Guerre, by means thereof he deceived the said De Rols, and broke through all the laws of equity and justice. And the said court has discharged, and doth hereby discharge their further attendance thereon the said Martin Guerre and Bertraude de Rols, and also Peter Guerre, uncle of the said Martin. And has returned, and does hereby return the said Du Tilh into the hands of the said Judge of Rieux, that he may cause to be put into execution this sentence according to the form and tenor thereof.—Pronounced judicially the 12th day of September, 1560."

Mons. de Coras, the reporter, observes, that the sentence of the Criminal Judge of Rieux was invalid, by reason of the punishment therein inflicted. Because by decapitation, or beheading, to which he condemned Arnold du Tilh, only persons of distinction are to be put to death, say, a theft, or a treachery of such a nature as deserves a capital punishment when committed by a person of noble extraction, requires no better instrument than the gallows, only the gibbet is to be raised a little higher than ordinary. In this sentence of Arnold du Tilh it is remarkable that so many very high and enormous crimes, including plagiarism, are mentioned; the latter is constituted by the civil law, and is committed when one detains a person who is the property of, or belongs to a brother; as also when a person disposes of a freeman, and either buys or sells him for a slave. It is remarkable that the effects of Arnold du Tilh are adjudged to his daughter by Bertraude de Rols, on account of the mother's upright meaning; and the French lawyers have reported various cases of the like nature. As for example, where a man married a second wife, the first being alive, and being ignorant thereof, in failure of issue by the first match the inheritance was given to the children by the latter, though the marriage was not strictly legal. M. de Coras says, that the court in drawing up

this sentence was chiefly embarrassed on this head, viz. how far Martin Guerre and Bertraude de Rols, his wife, were guilty of breaking the laws and thereby liable to censure? As to Martin Guerre, it was said that his abandoning his wife was the original cause of all this mischief; but what bore hardest upon him was, his having carried arms against his Prince at the battle of Laurance, where he lost his leg by a cannon shot. As to the first, the court was of opinion that as Martin acted rather from levity than malice; and as the mischief complained of flowed from a mixture of other causes, his leaving his wife, if it was a crime, deserved not to be inquired into by any court on this side the grave, but ought to be left to the decision of that great day whereon all hearts shall be open and all secrets known! As to the second, it did not appear that his serving against his Prince was a voluntary act; for going into Spain he entered into the service of the Cardinal de Burgos, and afterwards into that of the Cardinal's brother, who carried him into Flanders, where he was obliged to go, whether he would or not, with his master into the army; and as in the battle he lost his leg, it seemed to them a sufficient punishment for his committing an offence against his will.

In regard to Bertraude de Rols, her guilt was thought more apparent; that a woman should be deceived in her husband was a proposition few could digest. It appeared very odd and unaccountable that the notice those so strictly united usually take of each other's person, should not furnish her with marks whereby to know the impostor from her spouse; and that she should never discover in their secret conversations any ignorance in him or want of remembrance as to material points which might have happened in their family affairs. Yet the character of the woman in point of modesty and prudence, the acquiescing of the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the rest of his relations, besides a multitude of other persons in the town of Artigues, who were all deceived as well as she; the surprising likeness between her husband and this man assuming his name, and the wonderful agreement of the several marks on each of their bodies, joined to the standing maxim

in the law, that in a doubtful case innocence is to be presumed, at last determined the court to acquit and discharge her.

In order to the execution of the sentence Arnold du Tilh was carried back to Arrigues; he was there examined in prison by the Criminal Judge of Rieux, who first condemned him, and made a very long and exact confession. He acknowledged that he was determined to commit this crime by an accident. Coming from the camp in Picardy, he was taken for Martin Guerre by some of Martin's friends; from them he learned abundance of circumstances concerning Martin's father, wife, sister, and other relations, and of every thing he had done before he had left that country. These

new lights, added to the materials he had obtained from Martin Guerre himself in a multitude of conversations, put it fully in his power to carry on the cheat he had projected in the artful manner he did. He denied, however, his making use of charms or any magical tricks for the furtherance of his designs. He owned a great many other crimes which he had committed, and persisted in every point of his confession when it was read over to him. At the foot of the gallows, erected over against the house of Martin Guerre, he in the most humble manner asked pardon of him and of his wife, appearing a most hearty and sincere penitent, and testified the most lively grief for the offences he had committed.

EPITOME OF FRENCH MANNERS.

EXTRACTED FROM "THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE."

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

As I was going out last Sunday morning I met on the Boulevard de la Madeleine Madame d'Essenilles:—"You see me," said she with much frankness, "actually covered with shame."—"Shame, Madam! for what?"—"That I should be seen out in Paris on a Sunday; nothing can be so vulgar; nobody knows that better than I do."—"But it is some consolation to think that you cannot be met by any one who is not out likewise."—"There are some people to whom no consequence is attached; and others whose most trifling actions are of that importance that they draw every one's eyes upon them, and which can only be justifiable as they are conformable to the *bon ton*."—"Then you and I are in a very different predicament, I must acknowledge; but be so kind as to explain to me, Madam, how *bon ton* can be possibly destroyed by your remaining at Paris one day more than another?"—"My dear Hermit, we have not far to walk together, and the laws, or if you like better, the caprices of the *ton*, are so various, that we cannot enumerate them as we run; all that I can briefly tell you is, that a woman of fashion should never be seen in Paris on a Sunday during the summer, because she is destined then to be in the country; if she is seen out she seems as if she was mixing amongst

the common people; and those who do not know her take her to belong to that class, because she is liable to be saluted in a public promenade by her sempstress or her milliner, and it is not every body who knows how to measure the way in which she returns the salute, and they think her the equal of that tradeswoman whom, the next day, she causes to wait two hours in her anti-chamber before she pays her a small portion of her bill."—"You have told me enough, Madam, to prove to me that good sense is diametrically opposite to true fashion, in which I think it ought to hold a place."—"I never have taken the trouble to define what they possibly can have in common with each other, that is your affair; but I know that the *bon ton* is the result of that exquisite feeling which is so much the more imperious as it is entirely exempt from reflection. Farewell, sage Hermit; I am going to this house, which I enter merely to avoid blushing before a gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I see at a distance, and who, I am sure, would not feel for me so much indulgence as you."

As I bade Madame d'Essenilles adieu at the corner of the Rue de Caumartin, I recollected that I was not far from my friend Walker's, and who would be very useful to me in the way I meant to pass the day. He was a man who served me on certain

occasions, like a spying glass, to bring objects near, or to make one see them more distinctly. Unfortunately I found him that instant gone out; I saw him a few steps before me, and I could have overtaken him at the Rue St. Croix, if the conflux of carriages in the road to St. Joseph had not caused me to lose sight of him. I went into this church; it was very full, but excepting five or six young men who accompanied their mothers, and three or four old men, amongst whom I reckoned myself, this religious assembly was composed only of women. I have several times remarked the quantity of poor that crowded the porticos of our churches, but I was surprised to find very few at St. Joseph's; the Swiss, to whom I made this observation when I came out, said to me, in a tone which I could not rightly comprehend, "That is not to be wondered at; this quarter is inhabited only by the wealthy."

I do not know any two objects of the same kind which less resemble each other than the two greatest capitals of Europe on a Sunday. The appearance of London is gloomy and silent; the streets, the houses, and shops of which are carefully shut, resemble the cloisters of a monastery, where a few devotees are seen walking in silence. Paris, on the contrary, presents itself under a more agreeable aspect, and is more versatile and bustling than it is on any other day. The love of pleasure amongst the inhabitants on the banks of the Seine is more predominant than the love of gain: it is not so on the banks of the Thames, and this difference in the character of the two nations may very likely have been productive of every other.

What a lively, what an animated picture had I before my eyes in the different streets in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. The houses, every window of which were open, were adorned with flowers as well as women; those shops, though only half open, how tempting they were to purchasers, by the care which had been taken to display to view those articles which were most desirable: whole families, dressed out in their gayest clothing, were seen walking in the same direction, their countenances flushed with the idea of that pleasure they had in contemplation: job coaches, made commodious enough to carry seven or eight

persons, and of which the coachman and horses seemed as if participating in the general holiday. All these circumstances taken together give to the face of this city what may be styled the *stamp of Sunday*.

I stopped in the Rue Vivienne, near an elegant shop, where two young females, more beautiful than the Sultanes which was placed as a sign over the shop, were chatting before their door. In order, as I took my observations, not to make myself appear indiscreet, I pretended to be reading the numerous bills which I found stuck up on the neighbouring wall. The peculiar attention with which the eldest of the girls looked towards the same side of the street, the words "Here they come," repeated twice or thrice by the youngest in an arch manner, made me easily perceive something was going forwards; and after I beheld the expression of joy which diffused itself over the face of the eldest, I was not surprised at seeing her take an air of more reserve at the sight of a young man in the uniform of the National Guard, with a musket on his shoulder, who approached these ladies with that precipitation which the little sister soon moderated by placing her finger on her lips, and turning her head towards the shop, as if she saw some one there. The conversation began in a low voice, and was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the father and an uncle, each in a morning gown and a velvet cap. The young man pretended he was just arrived, and was in a hurry to go to parade. I soon found that his presence was less agreeable to these good men than to the young ladies; and I could see that there were in this, as in all other dramas, a lover, a mistress, a confidante, and a cruel father who stands in the way of a tender inclination. I remarked that the youngest sister kept twirling in her hand a piece of paper, on which the young man kept fixing his eyes, and to whom I suspected it was addressed, though I feared it would not reach its destination in presence of so vigilant an Argus. The little girl, however, thought of a way which was ingenious enough.—"I cannot think, M. Durand," said she to the young man, "how you can carry such a heavy musket for two or three hours." So pretending to try if she could lift the gun, she slipped the note into the barrel of it.—

"Pshaw! it is a mere feather," replied M Durand, as he shouldered it. "I assure you," added he, "that it never appeared so easy to carry." He then departed, casting a look of affection and gratitude on the two sisters.

The Palais Royal, the principal attraction of which lies in the splendour of its shops, is less agreeable and less frequented on Sundays than on any other day: the garden is filled with those who go to read the Papers, and foreigners of every description, for whom the Rotunda is a place of rendezvous.

But it is at the Thuilleries where all the little daughters of the citizens are collected together; and which may be divided into three or four classes, the different shades of which become every day more and more difficult to be distinguished. The daughter of a merchant or of an attorney has nothing now whereby she can be discerned from a petty shopkeeper; they dress alike, their hair is arranged in the same style, and their manners are as undistinguishable as their clothing; it is only by carefully observing the men by whom they are accompanied that one can discover to which class they belong.

In order to continue my Sunday review, I quitted the Thuilleries at five o'clock, to go and dine in the neighbourhood of the

Temple. As I went up the Boulevards again I had occasion to observe a walking party who were going towards the barriers of Montmartre, while another was going to the little Theatres. I dined at the *Cadran bleu*, with a family of very honest people, who were kind enough to admit me to their table.

After dinner I went into every coffee-house that came in my way, visited all the curious exhibitions, and stopped at every parade that is found at every step on the Boulevards. I made some pleasant reflections on the multiplicity of those pleasures which are offered us at so cheap a rate, when I perceived that I had been robbed of my handkerchief, my silver watch, and my snuff box.

I took my coffee in the Prince's garden, where I met, by chance, with the young female shopkeepers of the Rue Vivienne, with their father. I fancied that the National Guard was not far off: and as I endeavoured to find out whether or no I was right in my conjectures, I discovered him all alone in a verdant arbor, at the back of which were seated the young ladies, from whom he was only separated by a few green leaves. Old as I am I could easily form an idea of their mutual felicity.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

A BOUQUET.

THE LILAC.

Nor far from Lutetia, the proud capital of Gaul, a beautiful sweet scented lilac rises at the top of a pleasant hillock, known by the name of Ménilmontant; a name sweetly sounding to the ear, and which would not disgrace the loveliest of our young shepherdesses. This famous city is neither a Thebes nor a Persepolis; yet the most intrepid pedestrian could hardly walk round its walls in the space of a whole day and night.

Many are the triumphal arches that commemorate the glory or exultation of her warriors. I shall not recount the wonders that are contained within her boundaries: her lofty towers are discovered from a distance. An immense horizon spreads all

around her stately ramparts, that are cut like the shield of Scipio, such as it was found in one of the most majestic rivers that run through France, twelve centuries after it was lost. If the morals of its inhabitants were as pure as their manners are insinuating and pleasing, then, indeed, it might be considered as the abode of all earthly happiness!

Amidst those magnificent edifices, which no traveller as yet has been able to enumerate, rises a dome that excels every other monument in height and grandeur. It might be mistaken for one of those lofty cedar trees that, even before the crusades were thought of, were the glory of mount Libanus, were it not that it bears the stamp of modern workmanship. Its head

reaches up to the sky, yet, so far, it has been spared by the raging elements.

The temple which this wonderful dome decorates is intended for the repository of the images of the most illustrious men in the French empire. What changes will happen and take place! it was originally, not forty years since, dedicated to an humble shepherdess.*

But let me return to my theme; for it becomes me not to dwell on human grandeur.

The lilac is a favourite, or to speak more plainly, is the darling nursing of the spring: its leaves shoot before those of any other shrub, its blossoms are the first that hail the vernal season. Its thick branches in their circular growth, form as many bowers, beneath which it is watered by a purling stream. There the neighbouring birds will repair to warble their amorous notes; there also will the innocent lasses resort to gather uncontrolled the young branches, which they carry to market. By seeing them thus loaded with flowers, you would be liable to think they are as many victims that are going to be sacrificed on the altar of the God who is the protector of the country. However, it is not the case.

Many are the poets who come in their turn to celebrate the birth of the rising tree, the finest in those parts. Although I was never inspired by the genius of poetry, I also will go privately to visit that beautiful lilac, on a fine day in spring, especially when I feel pleased with myself.

The rural spot on which stands this favourite tree, need not be described. Its groves are no less celebrated than those of Cytherea. Hither happy lovers will repair to exchange oaths of everlasting constancy: and though by chance some libertines be seen at a distance, they never presume to pollute them by their approach.

Numberless chapels and temples dedicated to Bacchus are found on the road. The industrious mechanic like the solitary spot where they resort on that day of the week when they are allowed to interrupt their toils. The music that recruits their spirits is echoed far off. The pipe and hautboy awaken the drowsy lovers; and

whilst the birds join in a chorus with the tipplers, the lively lasses foot and trip it away with their gentle swains both on the top of the hill and in the bottom of the valley.

I am delighted at the sight of the clustering grapes that grow on the declivity of the hillock, which is never more interesting than in spring and in autumn, when the peaceable citizens, attended by their playful offspring, visit the remote dales and groves, where they enjoy a plain repast seated at the foot and under the shade of some beautiful tufted tree. There are never to be seen the pomp of importunate grandeur, or the show of sumptuous wealth. The great shun those simple abodes. They parade the plains in chariots that raise a deadly murderous dust, which falls over the extensive metropolis, in which the rich know not how to be happy; whilst true happiness inhabits the hamlet, and the minds of the laborious virtuous class.

I wish I could reside on the spot where that beautiful lilac tree is planted. Although I regret not meeting there with herds and flocks, yet fields of rose bushes and of fruit trees salute mine eyes from all parts. The asparagus, green pea, and climbing bean, all grow together at the top of the hillock, and the earliest fruits are gathered in the bottom of the valley.

I have never seen such a profusion of early produce on so inconsiderable a spot of ground. The plumb, the cherry, and the strawberry, ripen under the shade of the walnut tree. The light and sandy soil is fruitful beyond expectation. Were it at a greater distance from Lutetiæ the produce would be more savory, the air more pure, neither would so many clouds overspread its surface; but it would be more resembling the manners of its inhabitants; the swains then might be more affectionately attentive, their mistresses more faithful. The charming spot then might recall to our minds the first ages of Nature; neither would the chisel of the artist ever have damaged its gardens.

Lilac, that not long since received the homages of both town and country, thou art no more! But thou standest still before the eye of my doating recollection—still are mine eyes looking for thee.

* S. Genevieve.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TENDER flower! that the gentle shepherdess will hardly be daring enough to touch!—Sweet bud! that growest under the wing of Zephyrus, in the lap of Flora, hasten not to blow; remain on thy stalk; repose on the humble bush. As soon as the diadem is placed on thine head, then thou shalt be a Queen, then, in thy turn, thou shalt hold the chief command throughout the groves.

Be thou, for the present, the symbol of the rising charms of Themira, the image of her bloom, and the model of her graces.

The timid swain, whose tender ardent passion is yet untold, may grieve at not seeing thee on his breast. But let him lend an ear to the God of Love: "The flower," will Cupid say, "which is the object of thy amorous longing, has scarce seen the light of day, it has but just budded.

"Survey with due attention its rising beauty; it is not guarded by thorns, a soft down protects its feeble stalk. Be thou satisfied, Shepherd, with admiring it—could thy presumptuous hand attempt a touch? No, thou art not so cruel. Be discreet. The bud which contains the rose, grows for thee alone.

"Examine its lovely glow! how sweet! how vivid! how like that of Aurora, when, with beauty divine, decked in her purple robe, she appears at the porch of the palace of Sol.

"Make thyself easy, shepherd. Soon will the bright luminary that precipitates his course to mature the summer fruit, develop and unfold its native charms. It will become a perfect rose before the approach of night, and be proclaimed sovereign Queen of the grove.

"Youthful shepherd" will the God continue, "be not impatient. The flower which thou adorest, when blown in its full glory, will be better qualified to appreciate thy love,—to be sensible of thy caresses. Wait but a few moments longer, and it will become the sovereign of thine heart.

"The time is fast approaching when, perfuming the whole valley, thou shalt relish its sweet odour. From thee its thorus

shall be removed and become the portion of thy rivals. But, what do I say? A King thyself then, thou shalt have no enemies: but thou alone shalt reign over thy Queen."

THE VIOLET.

SWEET harbinger of spring! Within your breast is inclosed the purity of a vestal, or of a shepherdess. Go, dear, sweet flower, go, die on the bosom of Chloe, and recount to her the sufferings of the swain that adores her.

Ye flower, that I love above all others, sweet violet! you delight when protected, when sheltered from the rude breath of the north wind. You hide yourself under the rising grass blade. Sometimes, though, on the elegant stand in the drawing-room, you receive the homage of the fine ladies that will form a circle to admire you more at their ease.

But when young Philemon places you between the golden tresses of his Sylvia; or that Jemmy binds several of you to make a nosegay for Clara, ah! then, indeed, you must create envy.

Charming flower, be ye not the messenger of the immortal inhabitants of Olympus; but be ye the interpreter of the sincere affection of faithful and constant lovers.

Preserve your luxuriant hue and fragrance for the wedding day of Kate, the beloved of Edmund.

Let not the sun set until my Chloe inquires of her trusty attendant in which Corinthian vase she has laid the nosegay that I sent her in the morning; let her receive it as a token of my sincere affection.

Breathe ye in the deep recesses of the valley, gentle, tender violet; bathe ye in the tears of Aurora; live ye during the whole season of love. May your modest sisters, lovely offspring of the vernal months, and yet hardly blown, resist the impending storms!

May I also end my career at the close of a fine day.

GENEROUS SENSIBILITY.—AN ETCHING OF MODERN LIFE.

COMPLAINTS of the selfishness and obduracy of old age, with monodies for the constraint or compulsion exercised over the most powerful sensibilities of youth, have been frequent in all periods of society; but minds habitually just, generous, and magnanimous, enlightened by science, polished and expanded by literature, and elevated by piety, are even in the last stage of declining years competent for the greatest exertions of self-denial, the most painful sacrifices of inclination.

Miss Paulina Carbury was the only child of a banker, whose juvenile prospects of education bore no proportion to the magnificence conferred by his acquired wealth, or the distinction he claimed as a member of the House of Commons. He never employed his privilege in the senate beyond the expression of an assenting or dissenting vote; but out of St. Stephen's chapel he speechified often, and with abundant prolixity, regarding his duties and labours as a legislator. He married a very beautiful and accomplished lady, with a small fortune, because he heard she had been universally admired before her father squandered his estate at the gaming table. Fortunately for Paulina, her mother possessed qualities more valuable than the attractions that made her wife to an eminent banker. She devoted her whole affections and attentions to her lovely child: Mr. Carbury had no leisure to interfere in her tuition, and Paulina had all the artless *naïveté* of uncontrolled innocence, with the attainments, the reflection, and solid judgment of womanhood. Her father came home one night at a very late hour, bringing with him a young military officer, who had saved his life, by gallantly interposing when a highwayman had a pistol at his breast. Captain Manners struck the weapon from the fellow's hand, and at the same time received a severe wound from his accomplice. Some horsemen coming up, both the villains rode off full speed.

Mr. Carbury's unattended ride reflected no honour upon his conjugal fidelity; but his solicitude to maintain the character of a moral worthy man produced the solitary secret excursion, in which he had nearly

terminated his days. The strictest inquiry satisfied him that his deliverer was grandson to a Marquis, and next heir to the nobleman who now represented that illustrious title: he, therefore, invited Captain Manners, so long as he remained in London, to make Russell-square his home. The wound confined our young hero many weeks after the surgeons permitted him to pass some hours daily in the drawing-room, and Miss Carbury could do no less than to exert her powers of amusement in his behalf. Fine features, animated by intellectual talents, vigorous, comprehensive, and cultivated; a tall commanding figure, embellished by every grace of high fashion, and an amiable disposition, softened by tender admiration of his beauteous associate, could not fail to vibrate some passionate chords in the heart of Paulina; but feminine delicacy guarded her from betraying those vivid emotions, and a sense of honour forbade Captain Manners to disclose sentiments he could not hope would be favoured by Mr. Carbury, as all his possessions consisted in his sword, and the renown he had gained in Egypt. He had not quite regained his health when ordered to the Peninsula. In his absence the Marquis of L—— made proposals for Miss Carbury in due form. She had known him since her infancy, for, as a distant relation of her mother's, he frequently visited in Russell-square. His Lordship's great and good qualities had long received her highest veneration. She loved him as a parent, but Manners engrossed her thoughts, and momentarily trembling for his safety the seat of war had endeared his idea. She would not disguise from herself that he had entire dominion over her affections; but he had never intimated a pretence; and her mother, for whom she would make any sacrifice, had beseeched her to accept the Marquis's hand. His Lordship was old, but few aged men were so handsome in face and form, and his mind was all excellence. The state of her feelings affected Paulina's health, and her mother managed to persuade the Marquis that till they tried the effect of country air it would be improper to agitate the invalid by urging

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his Lordship's suit. The Marquis consented more readily, as he had a seat in the neighbourhood of Mr. Carbury's mansion. Captain Manners had been now two years absent. The *Gazette* often recorded new laurels reaped by this undaunted officer, and he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. About a fortnight after Mrs. and Miss Carbury settled at Spring Valley, Mr. Carbury and the Marquis were viewing some new improvements, Mrs. Carbury accompanied them so far as to visit a sick pensioner, and Paulina, in the drawing-room, cheated time with her harp. She sang "*The Soldier tired of War's Alarms*," when Manners rushed in, and, with irrepressible rapture gave way to effusions of delight in again beholding the object who, even in the midst of perils, ministered recollections that cherished his evergrowing passion. Joyful surprise, and excess of tenderness, dissipated all Paulina's guards of prudence. She acknowledged a mutual flame, and the young people, for a few moments, enjoyed the exquisite transports of reciprocal confidence, when the Marquis and Mr. Carbury appeared.

"Insolent, artful fortune-hunter," said Carbury, "how dare you hope that your red coat, and paltry useless frame, give you a title to Miss Carbury?"

"Mercenary ingrate, but you are Paulina's father. Know, Sir, that till this moment I never presumed to disclose the pas-

sion that has devoured my peace; and when I entered your house, I had no intention of revealing it. I ask not fortune. I ask but Paulina."

"Suffer me to speak, Mr. Carbury. Colonel Manners," interrupted the Marquis, "I am your rival, young soldier, but God forbid that I should prefer individual gratification to the happiness of Miss Carbury, and the recompence so justly due to a British hero."

"But, my Lord," said the mean-souled Carbury, "if my daughter is so foolish as to prefer Colonel Manners, you will soon find another pretty girl and marry."

"And disappoint Colonel Manners of a title and estate. No, Mr. Carbury. I am not readily caught, nor shall I easily find a counterpart to Miss Carbury. I shall take upon me the part of a father-in-law in place of a husband. My domain that lies so near yours shall be made over to Colonel Manners, and I hope, before I die, to see his son the promising heir of my family honours."

It is almost superfluous to add, that the youthful pair threw themselves at the Marquis's feet. They were married, and, in their felicity, his Lordship found more permanent satisfaction than a mind, so well constituted, could have derived from the constrained duty of a wife whose affections never could be reclaimed from a lover more suitable to her age.

PATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

AFTER taking a long walk, I entered the Turkish garden, and seated myself on the terrace. There, taking a glass of currant ice, I made my inward remarks on all those ladies, who, from the rue St. Louis and that of Angouleme, from the Place Royal and from the Rue des Franca Bourgeois, were now displaying their graces at the Boulevard of the Temple.

At the foot of the terrace, between the opposite walk and the wall, a young man, in mourning, sat himself down with an aged nurse, who carried a young child just put into short petticoats, and dressed in white from head to foot.

The young man, whom it was easy to discover, was the father, took the child on

his knees, and spoke the following words as he caressed it.

"Poor little creature, how I torment you to say papa! That is the commencement of your trials; and you have not yet got over it.

"Your age is only yet counted by months; when we begin to reckon your years, you must learn to read, write and cypher; for, my poor Augustus, you are entering a world in which you must learn how to calculate.

"When you are seven, I shall give you a Latin master: for one day you must be able to cite *apropos* (and often *mal apropos*, like many others), a line of Virgil or Horace, which we have been brought up to

do these two thousand years; without that, my little friend, you will pass for nobody: but if you are well versed in Latin you will be thought to possess judgement, wit, and merit.

“ You shall also learn Italian; for it is indispensably requisite that you should understand the meaning of the words of those pretty airs which our young beauties sing to their piano, as they put on foreign airs and gestures; if you have a good voice, you will sing too; but then I beg you will take good care not to murder the words and meaning as I have known some of our virtuosos do.

“ When you are grown up, my dear son, I shall have a thousand fears: you will launch out, in spite of all I can say, into a stream of pleasure. You will think all women modest, and will be sure to be deluded by those who have the fewest attractions. Some prude of thirty will spread her nets for you, and will desire, as she calls it, to form you. Happy will it be for you if you escape her wiles.

“ When you are twenty-five you will begin to reflect: and, perhaps, you may be happy enough to meet with an object worthy of your affections. There are women who unite sweetness and modesty, whose wit is without affectation, and who are learned without pedantry; who possess all the qualifications of their own sex, blended with some of ours: who are indulgent and discreet, tender and dutiful, feeling, yet courageous; and who, though surrounded by adulation, remain faithful to the husband of their choice. Ah! my son, mayest thou find such a woman! Such was thy mother!

“ You must marry, my son, for there is no real happiness but in a legitimate union. You will have children, and you must calculate your expences in order to bring up

your young family. I shall leave you but a small fortune; you must think of establishing yourself, and of making your way in the world. You will meet with many protectors, but few friends; they will make you great promises, which they will never keep. They will pretend to recommend you for such and such places, which they will give to others. They will take you by the hand, press it with seeming cordiality, and go as far as to shed tears in speaking of the interest they take in all that concerns you; but scarce will you be out of hearing when they will amuse themselves at your expence. In a word, if they sometimes serve you, through ostentation, they will oftener hurt you by their incapacity. If from caprice they elevate you one day, they will debase you the next from envy.

“ My dear Augustus, I shall wish you to take lessons from some celebrated statuary or painter. If you are successful under either of these masters, you will soon become honoured and independent. But what am I saying? There is no station of life, either in the progress of the arts, or in any other, wherein we can reckon upon independence. On whichever side, my dear child, you may turn yourself, you will find fetters, cares, injustice, and contrarieties: but among them, I hope, will be mingled some success, some favour, some comforts. Now, at least, dear Augustus, thy life is free from care. It is I who bear them all for thee. Dear child, reward me for them, say papa, papa.”

They rose up, went away, and soon I lost sight of them.

Amongst the daily scenes of folly and buffoonery, we often meet with those which are mournful and touching. At Paris all tastes may be gratified.

A TRAVELLER.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE UNFORTUNATE FAMILY OF JOHN CALAS.

JOHN CALAS was an honest merchant, whose whole fortune consisted in the stores of his magazine, and which might amount to about an hundred thousand livres; the greatest part of this money was swallowed up by his expences, or rather by the plun-

der of pretended justice, which made a bankruptcy in favour of the creditors of this unfortunate man, amounting to fifty thousand livres. He left a widow with five children, and an old female servant aged seventy years, as respectable by her sim-

plicity as her fidelity, while the family had no other succour but that of public charity, and a sum of about twenty-four thousand livres, that the domain, they said, would be obliged to restore in form of a dowry: but there was every appearance that public benevolence would soon tire, and the more abundant their gifts, so there seemed the greater fear of their diminution. The expences of the law alone were more than fifty thousand livres, and that was defrayed by the public.

The unhappy family were presented to Louis XV. The King granted them a donation of thirty-six thousand livres, which was once paid; eighteen thousand of which were for the widow, to whom the Comptroller-General gave notice, that he should pay this sum in three years, on account of the twelve thousand livres received annually; this arrangement rendered the beneficence of the King but of little efficacy.

Amidst the compassionate who deeply felt for this unfortunate family, were the English, who opened a subscription in their favour; the French lamented their inability to relieve so liberally as these generous islanders.

M. Carmantel painted a fine picture of the family of Calas. The widow was seated in an arm chair, and on her countenance might be read the deep traces of misfortune. Her eldest daughter, a lovely figure, was seated beside her, her head reclined on her

arm. The youngest girl was standing behind her mother, leaning on the back of her chair: her face was peculiarly interesting and pleasing, and resembled that of the Holy Virgin, painted by Guido: the impression of sorrow on her youthful countenance had in it something peculiarly touching. These three figures which had a striking family likeness to each other, had their eyes fixed on the young Lavaysse, who was standing before them reading the story of Elie de Beaumont. Peter Calas, the son, stood behind him and was reading over his shoulder. Peter Calas, of all the family, appeared to be the one whom sorrow had most affected.

Every thing that is horrible was united in the deplorable adventure of Calas and his family. Scarce had the mother found a place of concealment after the juridical assassination of her husband, than the Marechausée penetrated into this asylum of woe, and tore her two daughters from her, by virtue of a *lettre de Cachet*. The two sisters were separated and placed in different convents, in order to convert them to the Romish religion. The eldest suffered many hardships in her retreat, while the youngest, by her angelic sweetness, drew every one on her side. It was not, however, till their cause had become a subject of scandal and grief to all Europe, that the public at length forced the government of France to restore the children to their mother.

EXPLORING OF ADAM'S PEAK,

A LOFTY AND SACRED MOUNTAIN IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

On the morning of the 26th of April, 1815, Lieutenant Malcolm, who commands a detachment of the 1st Ceylonian Saffragam, set out with a party of one serjeant and four Malay soldiers, from Batugedera, to ascend the mountain called Adam's Peak.

Lieutenant Malcolm had been detained some days in expectation of guides, whom Dolip Nelemy, the Headman of Batugedera, engaged to procure; but after frequent disappointments, he resolved to wait no longer, and to take his charge of obtaining guides at Gillemelle on the way. All unne-

cessary incumbrances were avoided, and the whole baggage consisted of provisions for three days, some blankets, a measuring chain, and a quadrant. The road followed the windings of the Cultura River, which, at the distance of two miles from Batugedera, receives the Mugelle, two chains in breadth, at the confluence. On the left banks are the ruins of a fort erected last war to command the fort. From the Mugelle to the rest-house of Gillemelle, is three and a half English miles. Two guides were procured, after some delay at Gillemelle, and the party leaving the rest-house

crossed immediately the Malwellow, and a mile further another river called the Mas-helle. From the banks of the latter the road entered into a forest of noble trees, straight as pines, and from fifty to seventy feet in height. About four in the afternoon Lieut. Malcolm arrived at Talabula, ten miles and eighteen chains from Batugedera. Here there is a temple and a rest-house for the accommodation of pilgrims on their way to Adam's Peak: about two hundred of both sexes and of all sorts and conditions were assembled at this place, some on the road to the mountain, and some on their return from it. The dance was continued to the sound of *tom-toms* and Chingalese songs without intermission, until the pilgrims who were going to mount the hill began to prepare their lights. About eight o'clock they set out in different groups.

The head priest endeavoured to dissuade Lieutenant Malcolm from proceeding any further, assuring him that no white man ever did or ever could ascend the mountain. This superstitious remonstrance was disregarded, and as soon as the priest had got ready their lights the party set off about eleven o'clock at night. After passing three small forts they began to ascend the first mountain, and reached the top in four hours. From the next hill the Cultura River descends, and upon the rock close to that stream the party breakfasted at five o'clock. After surmounting two other distinct ascents equally steep but of less height, they came to the foot of the Peak itself. The face of the hill here seemed to be quite perpendicular, and the pilgrims who had left Talabula before them were seen at a great height, climbing up the precipice by means of the iron chains which are for that purpose fixed in the rock. Lieut. Malcolm and his people stopped a few minutes to take breath, and after a considerable exertion they got safe to the top between eight and nine in the morning of the 27th of April.

The view from this great elevation was for a short time most beautifully magnificent, and well rewarded all the labours of ascent. On one side there appeared, as far as the eye could reach, a vast extent of wooded hills like an ocean of forest whose waves had suddenly been fixed in one un-

alterable position: on the other the tops only of the hills rising above the fogs, resembled a number of well wooded islands, scattered over the sea that filled the space below. Batugedera was seen on one side under the feet, and on the other, in the distance, the Candian mountains interspersed with clouds. This noble prospect was but of short duration, for suddenly a thick fog arose from the bottom of the mountain and drew a curtain over all the sublimity of the scene. The top of the Peak is contracted to a small compass, it is 72 feet long and 54 broad, and a parapet wall five feet high closes it all round. On the east side part of this wall has fallen, and some of the remainder is much out of repair. In the middle of this area is a large rock of iron stone, upon which is the mark of Adam's left foot, though some help of imagination is required to trace it out. This sacred footstep is covered over with a small wooden building twelve feet long, nine broad, and four and a half high to the tiles, and is besides immediately enclosed by a frame of copper fitted to its shape, and ornamented with four rows of precious stones.

The party was not provided with a British flag, but fired three volleys, to the great astonishment of the Budhists, for it is probable this was the first armed party that ever had ascended the Peak. The priest warned them of approaching rain, and they made the best of their way down the mountain, which they found more laborious to descend than it had been to climb. The rain, which soon began to pour down, increased the difficulties of the road, but they reached Palabula in safety about four in the afternoon, and next morning returned to their quarters at Batugedera.

The road from Palabula is a continued ascent over rocks and fragments of iron stones. Sound lungs and hard feet are requisite to perform the journey; for it is often necessary to climb barefoot over the iron stone. In heavy rains there may be some risk, but in fair weather the mountain may be ascended with little difficulty, and without any danger. The summit of the Peak was only clear about a quarter of an hour, which did not allow time enough for taking any bearings.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

PROLOGUE,

Written and Spoken at Holland-House Seminary, Isteuworth, on Friday, Dec. 6, 1816, the evening of the Annual Ball, by H. GUBBINS.

WELL, here again we've met then ladies all,
To trip and foot it at your Christmas Ball;
And just by way of finishing the year,
To share of Holland-House the goodly cheer!
Say then, young folks, on whom with joy I glance,
Are you equipp'd to join the festive dance?
Your good mammas, have they, for this event,
Some dress's new, to deck their dearies, sent?
Some pretty slip, or skirt, now—or perchance
Some satin bodies—*à-la-mode de France?*
The bodies! yes, I hope they're come secure,
For oh! without 'em, you can't dance, I'm sure.
But stay; around just let me take a view*—
Why, yes, I think, girls—on my word, you'll do;
You seem quite smart—and dashing too, I own,
Indeed, I may say, you're *tout à fait le ton!*
Aye! and what's more—if truth may be confest,
The sweetest *lamb* I ever yet saw *drest!*
Go then, my dears, with pleasure and delight,
Begin the gambols of this happy night;
Go, and your feet to music's measure shake,
Till all the fingers of the fiddlers ache.
This, tho' I guess, is what you feign would ask,
This then I give you for your evening task—
Task, did I say? O, lack! that's sure not right,
No word like *task* should here be used to-night;
No, no—with tasks and lessons you have done,
For, oh! to-night's a night of joy and fun;
Indeed so much by all is talk'd of play,
That e'en the *Stocks*, see,† boasts a holiday!

And now to those, your Governesses, pray,
What share of gratitude have you to pay?
For sure to them who thus have kept in view
Your little pleasures, and improvements too;
Who have with mildness, as with good intent,
Such sage instructions in your studies lent;
Who, knowing well the faults of early youth,
Have strove to guide you in the paths of truth;
Wisdom's bright precepts in your heart to root,
And taught “the young idea how to shoot;”
To them, I say, to them I'm sure you owe
The kindest thanks that you can e'er bestow—
Thanks which alone from gratitude can flow! }
Let's see—'tis just a year—it can't be more,
Since we met here, my little dears, before:
In that time's space what learning can you boast?
What are the studies you've pursued the most?
Say, are you all—and that I hope you are,
A twelvemonth wiser than you really were?
To your good friends, and tender parents dear,
Can you give proof you've done your duties here?
Yes, yes! no doubt your merits they'll approve,
Reward your labours with the kindest love;
And, oh! proclaim, with fond affection's fire,
You all are what their anxious hearts desire!

* Looking round the room.

† Pointing to the Stocks in the room.

THE COSSACK'S GRAVE. †

BY MRS. BEN. ROLLS, AUTHOR OF “SACRED SKETCHES,” “MOSCOW, A POEM,” &c.

O'er you wild mountain, capt with fleecy snow,
Appears the rising sun's faint yellow glow;
Slowly its lustre steals along the dale,
And tints with brightening gleam earth's spotless
veil;
Glittering with ice you lofty pines ascend,
And 'neath their sparkling load the branches
bend.
Slow o'er the plain a martial train advance,
Solemn their march, and couch'd each beaming
lance;
No shout is heard, no wild triumphant cry,
Through their dark plumes the wintry breeze
sigh.
The tramp of steed, that rings against the ground,
And the deep muffled drum's sad hollow sound;
The trumpet's tone drawn deep with lengthen'd
breath,
Alone are heard to shake the note of death.
Where you wide tent's slight shattering folds
are spread,
On the rough fur that form'd his simple bed,
Outstretch'd in death the youthful warrior lies!
Pale are those lips, and calmly clos'd those eyes,
That spake the word to every warrior dear,
That beam'd delighted at each rising spear!
Beauteous and brave, in life's first glowing morn
He heard his country's wrongs with noble scorn;
From his brave father caught the patriot's fire,
And proudly burn'd to emulate his sire!
His guardian lance still rais'd that sire to shield,
A valiant leader in his first fought field!
In prudence, valour, strength, and youthful
grace,
The joy, the triumph of his warlike race,
Whilst all around his future glories tell,
In victory's brightest, proudest moment fell!
E'en whilst the anxious father flies to aid,
Deep in his breast is sheath'd the fatal blade!
Prostrate upon his dying child he falls,
His gush of grief the last faint spark recalls!
One moment filial love relumes his eye,
And his sire's lips receive his parting sigh!
His followers cast their dear bought spoils away,
And curse the fatal triumphs of that day.
Now round the bed of death the chieftain
stand,
Kneeling, by turns they kiss the clay cold hand
The mourning father joins in solemn prayer,
Then sad resigns the relics to their care.

† The gallant young Platoff, only son of the
Hetman Platoff, the valiant Chief of the Cos-
sacks, was the pride and glory of his country-
men: he unhappily fell on the field of battle at
Ghorodina, in the evening of the first day in
which he had been engaged in active service,
but not until he had excited the wonder and ad-
miration of both his friends and foes by prodi-
gies of valour.

The march begins! along the winding dell,
Is heard no choral lay, no funeral bell;
No reverend priests their sable vestures wave,
They bear a warrior to a warrior's grave!
The snowy steed that joy'd beneath his load,
Now sadly follows to his last abode;
Each faithful soldier swells the lengthen'd train,
That tread with solemn steps Ghorodina's plain.
Abruptly rising from the vale around,
Appears a mount with graceful cypress crown'd;
There deep in earth is form'd the lowly bed,
The calm cold mansion of the honor'd dead;
Through the chill air is heard no mournful sound,
Wrapp'd in deep silence stand the ranks around:
With point revers'd is fix'd each gleaming lance,
Low on the ground is turn'd each tearful glance.
No step of steed is heard or sudden neigh,
Steady and still the hand they all obey.
Awful the pause! a chosen band then join,
And the lov'd relics to the grave resign,
Wrapp'd in his cloak, the warrior's meekest pall,
Then sadly sounds the earth's first solemn fall!
Now the loud volley pours its lengthen'd roar,
That rolls in distant thunder down the shore;
The rocks return the trumpet's dying swell,
And the deep drum long echoes down the dell!
Whilst their long lances gleam with sudden rays,
And o'er their helms the sable plumage plays.
To form their ranks, the mourning warriors join,
And slowly round the grave the lengthen'd line
Rein their proud steeds, with measur'd steps to tread

The last sad honour of the mighty dead!

Though thus beneath the grassy billock laid,
Unmark'd, save by the solemn cypress shade;
From the low turf the spotless soul shall rise,
Spread its pure wings and seek its native skies!
Though rais'd no lofty mausoleum's walls,
Blest is the spot on which the patriot falls!
And such was Platoff!—though he early fell,
Long shall the vet'ran Cossack fondly tell,
"Yon rising sun first saw the warrior's pride,
"Ere sunk his beams, in glory rich he died."

THOUGHTS IN A BALL-ROOM.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND, IN JANUARY, 1816.

WHAT boots it that pleasure may bloom in this
hour, [driven;
And care from the heart for a while may be
It blossoms at best but a perishing flower—
'Twill fade at the first chilling frost-wind of
Heaven.

Those notes that now cheerfully swell on the ear,
May soon be succeeded by accents of sorrow;
And hearts now so free from suspicion or fear,
Bewailing, may weep o'er some relative's bier,
Thro' long lasting moments of anguish to-
morrow.

But for me not one heart in this thoughtless
throng,
A tear or a sigh of affection would render;

Each bright glance of beauty while sitting along,
Shines cold as the icicle gem in its splendour:
Not one of this cheerful and glittering crowd,
Would sigh at the death of a wandering stran-
ger;

Unnoted, unwept by those beauties so proud,
A menial might fasten the comfortless shroud,
And carry the head of a friendless ranger.

Unwept tho' I here might descend to my grave,
No future to bewail me—no bright eye to
mourn;

There are o'er the distant and fathomless wave,
Some hearts which would bound at my wel-
come return;

And who, should mischance or misfortune befall,
Would cherish nor wish from my bosom to
sever;

While tears of affection and sorrow would fall,
And relatives weep as they follow'd my pall,
When fled from this dark scene of anguish for
ever.

S.

BURLESQUE PETRARCHAL SONNET,

*On a Youth who died by over-eating Fruit. Il-
lustrative of the ambiguities of our Language.*

CURRENTS have checked the currents of my
blood,

And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plumbs and plumbers spare not one so
spare.

Fain would I feign my fall—so fair a fare
Lessens not fault—yet 'tis a lesson good;
Gilt will not long hide guilt—such thin wash'd
ware

Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.

Grave o'er my grave, some sentence grave and
terse,

That lies not as it lies upon my clay;
But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd
away!

EMIGRATION; OR, ENGLAND AND PARIS.

Now rush impatient to the busy strand
The thickening multitude. Ah! lucky stars
Of yonder tittering spark now safe arrived
Beyond his beggar'd tradesmen's ungrasp,
And fears of durance vile. No crowded chests
Or cumbersome baggage clog his slippery way.
Lightly he mounts the bark, like mountain bird
Full glad to 'scape its cage, nor heeds the cries
Of plunder'd widows, or the orphan's curse,
That call for vengeance on his guilty head.

Close by his side ascend the graver tribes
Of sage economists, who, poisoning high

The selfish balance, weighing dear delights
Of home and friendship, patriotic love,
And kindred feeling, 'gainst the sordid bliss
Of cheapened silks or viands, view unmoved,
These sink, those rise. Albion, my native isle,
Not such the feelings of this faithful breast
That woos thee for thyself; that loves thee
well,

'Mid all the frowns that cloud thy wintry brow,
And fright thy wealthier sons to brighter shores.
Thou gav'st me birth: in thee my peaceful bones
Shall find a home. With thee the lowly cot
Of mountain peasant were a wealthier fate
Than all that Paris boasts; her noisy pomp,
Her arts, her dissipation, and her pride.

Bnt mark a lovelier group! Sweet maidens,
hail,

And hail, ye doating parents, convoy-meet
For blooming innocence, amid the snares
That wait life's voyage. Yet ah! why the care
To cherish in those breasts the early shoots
Of truth and virtue? Why the anxious sigh
For future years to crown their spotless fame
With sweet remembrance of the halcyon days,
When, gradual form'd beneath your fostering
hand,

Ye saw them rise, fair flowers of British growth,
And chaste as lovely. Haply one short month
Shall blast your hopes, and give them to your
arms,

Vers'd in new arts, polluted with the glance
Of unveiled crimes, and panting for the hour
When foreign modes, neat clad in soften'd name
Of taste or elegance, shall work their way
To British hearts, and spread contagion round.

Paris, foul spoiler of unnumber'd realms,
The curse of nations—I'll forgive thee all—
I'll banish from my heart the record vile
Of freaks and follies, levities and crimes,
Of empires plunder'd, violated faith,
And murder'd heroes: I'll forget the tales
That blacken history's page, such ruthless deeds
As startle oldest warriors in their dream,
And make a saint a villain—all shall rest
For aye in cold oblivion's blackest tomb,
So thou shalt spare the cheek of innocence,
Nor poison England with such vile embrace
As Asia lent to Rome, when, crouching low
Like grovelling France, beneath the victor's
sword,

She spoil'd her conqueror by the wanton touch
Of arts luxurious, and unnerv'd such souls
As steel had tried, and death assail'd, in vain.

NAPOLEON'S LAMENT.

O land of my greatness! no more I behold thee,
For ever are faded thy shores from my sight;
And fled are the valiant that once could uphold
thee,
Thy glories are vanish'd, thy fame lies in
night.

For the times are gone by, when by warriors sur-
rounded,

Through dangers I led thee to conquest afar;
When the pale trembling nations of Europe,
astounded,

Submissively yielded to victory's star.

When the flag of my conquests, the eagle was
given [furl'd];

To the vet'rans who fearless its pinions un-
And borne o'er my armies with gaze fixed on
Heaven,

It triumphantly soar'd o'er a weak prostrate
world.

Then, mother of heroes! thy diadem crown'd me,
When thou, phoenix-like, from thy ruins re-
stor'd,

Beheld'st at thy mercy the nations around thee,
Bow low to the might of thy conquering sword.

But now, ah, how chang'd! can that spirit re-
store thee,

That rush'd forth to battle thy glories to save?
Can the arm that once gallantly triumph'd before
thee

Be roused from its last bed of honour, the
grave?

Ah no! yet the morn shall arise thro' the gloom,
When the country they died for their worth
shall reward;

When the spirit of Freedom shall stand o'er their
tomb,

The urn of her patriots from insult to guard.

When Gallia shall burst from the chain that has
bound her,

The wrongs of her children shall nobly redress,
The flames of her vengeance shall gather around
her,

And o'ershadow'd by Vict'ry the oppressor
oppress.

BEAUTY IN SMILES.

Oh! weep not, sweet maid, though the bright
tear of beauty

To kindred emotion each feeling beguiles;
The softness of sorrow no magic can borrow,
To vie with the splendour of beauty in smiles.

Man roves thro' creation a wandering stranger,
A dupe to its follies a slave to its toils;

But bright o'er the billows of doubt and of
danger,

The rainbow of promise is beauty in smiles.

As the rays of the sun o'er the bosom of Nature,
Renew ev'ry flow'r which the tempest despoils;
So joy's faded blossom in man's aching bosom,
Revives in the sunshine of beauty in smiles.

The crow of the hero, the star of the rover,
The hope that inspires, and the spell that be-
guiles;

The song of the poet, the dream of the lover,
The infidel's heaven, is beauty in smiles.



CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Invented by M. de Bell'Isle, 26 Charlotte Street, London.

Exported by La Belle Assemblée, 87, rue de la Harpe.



PARISIAN HOME COSTUME.

Expressed the 2nd of La Belle Assemblée Jan. 1st 1847.

FASHIONS

FOR

JANUARY, 1817.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

FRENCH.

No. 1.—PARISIAN HOME COSTUME.

Round dress of cambric muslin finished from the border with a profusion of tucks nearly up to the waist: the body of the gown made high, with long sleeves tucked to correspond with the skirt. White straw bonnet, with plume of lemon-coloured feathers and Brussels lace veil. Triple ruff of Vandyke lace; yellow satin girdle; gloves and slippers of pale tea coloured kid.

ENGLISH.

No. 2.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A velvet pelisse of a bright carmine red, superbly trimmed with ermine; the tops of the sleeves caught up *à-la-Mancheron*, with rich military silk chain work, the colour of the pelisse. Russian hussar cap of ermine, ornamented with gold military chain. Limerick gloves and half-boots or shoes of kid, of a correspondent colour.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHION AND DRESS.

THE truly elegant and costly carriage costume of which we have given so beautiful a specimen in our Plate, while it confers the highest honour on the taste of the inventress, is likely to be a most prevailing out-door covering for the carriage amongst ladies of wealth and fashion, being particularly adapted for the open barouche, as the manner in which it is made, with the warm hussar cap of light and valuable fur, shields the fair wearer from all the severity of the pinching frost or cutting north wind.

For the close carriage nothing is reckoned more elegant than a pelisse of pearl grey velvet trimmed with ermine; and with this we would advise, as elegant and

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appropriate, a bonnet lately imported by Mrs. Bell, entitled the Netherland bonnet: its brim is of white satin, ornamented at the edge with carmine red velvet, of which latter material the whole crown is composed, and surmounted by a full plume of white feathers.

For walking dresses black pelisses are much in requisition, and a velvet wrap of peculiar elegance forms a comfortable home costume when the weather is severe, and serves, with a tippet of ermine, as an out-door covering when the weather is mild.

But we would not wish the wealthy to economize too much, lest the labours of the loom should fail, and the industrious artizan be disappointed in the improving of his talents. We rejoice to see that silks are becoming almost universal, and when the ladies at the theatre throw off their carricks, or wrapping cloaks, that their dresses underneath are generally of that material. Of these carricks we cannot take leave without mentioning their extreme comfort and utility. They have long been worn in France, and as to elegance we never could discover it in them: as warmth and convenience seem most attended to in their adoption by the ladies of Britain, they have them made of coating, the same as those now worn in Paris; they have a blanket-like and heavy appearance, and are very inferior to those made at the *Magazin des Modes*, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square. Here, being made of fine cloth, and the cut of the large cape being peculiarly elegant, with the straps which button down the front, like the Canadian hunter's coats, these carricks become one of the most dashing looking comforts that a fashionable lady can wear, and are so eagerly adopted that it is difficult to make them fast enough.

The out-door coverings for the head consist chiefly in fur caps, which are all made

M m

in the hussar style; Caledonian caps, of black and crimson, with a profusion of black feathers, and black satin hats, ornamented in the same manner, and lined with white; these hats are mostly in the village shape, so much admired last winter. Straw bonnets, though yet worn, are on the decline.

For the present change of mourning, nothing is reckoned more elegant than a *corsage* of French grey satin, trimmed with swansdown, over a round dress of black twilled sarsnet, ornamented round the border with a full double flounce of black gauze, the edges of which are finished by French grey narrow ribband; this is a very prevalent dress at evening parties in the vicinity of the court.

A beautiful ball dress has just been finished at the above cited elegant *Magazin des Modes*, consisting of a white satin slip elegantly trimmed with crape and wreaths of bright carnations: with this is worn the Spanish *corsage* of bright crimson sarsnet, beautifully finished with a white trimming of floize silk: nothing can be more appropriate than this dress for the winter season, yet it boasts all the lightness so requisite to be adopted by the votaries of the ball-room.

Though every Inventress of Fashion, while she follows the laws of taste and elegance, is entitled to our warmest praise, yet it is impossible for us to withhold that praise from Mrs. Bell, and in particular, for a most elegant morning visiting dress she has just finished; it is of that fine bright green called the archers' or foresters', and is made of cloth of the finest and softest texture: the border is enriched with a trimming entirely novel, composed of cloth and satin; the body is made high, and the dress fastens imperceptibly on one side, while a pelerine cape finishes the whole, ornamented in the same manner as the border of the dress. This dress must be seen to be properly appreciated.

The head-dresses of her invention are this winter peculiarly beautiful. The Neapolitan head-dress is adapted for full-dress, though made to wear without feathers; it is formed of blue satin and white striped gauze, richly, though lightly ornamented with silver; next to this, in beauty, is an elegant *toque* of Burgundy velvet, interspersed with *tulle* or tissue gauze, and

which may be worn with or without feathers. The theatre head-dress, consisting of an elegant cap of *tulle* and folds of white satin, with a quilling of net next the face, and fastening tastefully under the chin by the left ear with a superb rosette of narrow satin ribband and *tulle* on the right side of the summit, is a most unique kind of cap for the theatre, where, we are rather sorry to see *grande costume* too much exploded, and a plainness of attire affected in the dress boxes, that destroys the beauty of the spectacle, and seems, in the ladies, a neglect in themselves, and of both the performers and audience. Time was, when the sight of well dressed females in the boxes, added to the brilliancy of the scene; but then the royal private boxes were not mingled amongst the auditors, as now, but were placed in a distinguished station on a level with the stage, and formed a conspicuous object to the other part of the audience. We hope, after the holidays, to find the theatres more splendidly attended.

The favourite colours for this month are carmine red, Burgundy, Nicolas blue, pearl grey, and American or foresters' green.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME:

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

WE may now follow the fair Parisian with some degree of certainty, as to the decided fashions for the month of December, and catch her, as in the varied attire we watch her through the mazes of the public walks, the theatre, and the midnight ball.

For the first, pelisses, either of Merino cloth or silk, are almost universal; they are made to wrap over the bust: and the spencers also wrap over with a bias in the like manner. The newest great coats are made of fine white Merino cloth, and have a rich puckering of white satin round the border. Mantles of fine cloth and kersey-mere are also very much worn: they have three embroidered capes, which descend as low as the girdle, with a very small space between each cape; the spencers most in favour are of black velvet, or of grey, scarlet, or white Merino.

With these the Caloyer hat of black velvet, bright jonquil satin or lilac, is the first in favour, the black are lined with pink, the others with straw colour, and the borders are finished by a quilling of blond. Some straw-coloured silk hats are simply bound with a dark blue ribband, and are ornamented with a bunch of fancy flowers of the same colour. On black velvet hats, which are lined with pink, the ornament consists of a few roses without leaves: these are either formed into a wreath, or a large bunch hanging over the brim. Some hats are made of white silk chequered with green, and these are finished by several bands of green cut velvet round the crown, with a trimming of ribband or blond set round the edge in very large plaits. Several ladies wear hats in the form of riding hats, with the crown of a moderate height; they are generally of shag silk, and are either white or rose-colour. A very elegant trimming has been lately invented for the edge of winter hats, made of small feathers, and such hats are ornamented with an elegant plume of *marabouts*, or down feathers: an immense bow is placed on one side with very long ends; the hats that are ornamented with a feathered edge are generally of a spotted velvet of pearl grey. Hats, also, of Mozarian red, in spotted velvet, or spotted satin of rose-colour, are in high estimation. The close bounet of black velvet, so fashionable for morning walks, is finished by a triple quilling of blond at the edge. For the public promenade nothing is reckoned more elegant than a hat of dark blue shag silk or satin; those of satin are quartered with yellow ribband, and have a wreath of yellow roses round the crown; while, on fancy hats, a wreath of various coloured flowers is very prevalent; the edges are trimmed with a plaiting of net.

It is almost impossible to follow the Parisian ladies through their versatility of hats and bonnets; it is seldom that we see half a dozen females dressed in the same way: and in this article the variety is astonishing. The gowns are less subject to fluctuation; and those of Merino crape are much worn in undress; they are made like the walking pelisses, perfectly plain, with a belt of the same material as the dress, about a finger's breadth. All trimmings in

gowns worn in undress are now entirely exploded; but black velvet trimmed with ermine or coloured ribband, is reckoned the most splendid evening dress that is now adopted.

Ball dresses are of coloured crape festooned up in a very elegant manner over white satin with ribbands or garlands of roses, with a sprig of moss roses placed over the left ear.

Many ladies have entirely discarded the half-boots, and wear instead, shoes with very high quarters, that buckle on one side like those of the gentlemen.

The favourite colours are blue, pearl-grey, and Mozarian red.

COSTUME OF THE INHABITANTS OF MADEIRA.

The country-women, and those belonging to the middling classes, wear a petticoat of blue, bound with red, with a short-waisted corset of red or light blue, made to fit exactly to the shape, which forms a dress far from inelegant; over this, when they go out, they wear a short red mantle bound round with blue ribband, and a blue pointed cap, if they are married women. The young girls tie their hair on the summit of their heads, and wear no other ornament or head covering.

REMARKS

ON THE PROGRESSIVE

IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

THAT our female progenitors were possessed of more rigid virtue than many ladies of the present day, I am willing to allow; but that was no reason why they should dress their heads in a manner to terrify the beholder; what may be frivolous at first sight, is often found, on investigation, to be a matter of importance; in the usurpation of Cromwell, it was soon discovered that in a republican government the graces of the toilet are neglected, and if that republic is founded on puritanism, they soon go to decay; if, on mistaken liberty, a license in dress takes place which causes taste to blush and turn away in disgust; in such governments feathers and flowers lose their honourable and elevated station, and seldom is a new hat or a new trimming

invented during the epoch of republican triumph.

But fashion is one of the most important branches of commerce; philosophers now, no longer, as heretofore, quit their country to teach to distant nations their moral duties; but milliners and dress-makers, from every nation in Europe, flock to foreign parts to enforce the laws of fashion, and to prove to the eye of taste and fancy the most elegant way of placing a plume of feathers or a wreath of roses.

Towards the end of the short reign of James II. the English ladies dressed their hair like the wigs of the physicians: in that of William and Mary this fashion was laid aside, and the hair was generally full-dressed, without a cap, but of an amazing thickness, and a lady would have been shocked at the idea of exposing, as now, the skin of the head. In the reign of Anne, very little alteration took place in the head-dresses, except some large caps *à-la-Marlborough*. The Whigs who had appeared in this reign, grew a powerful party in the commencement of the Hanoverian succession, and the ladies who espoused that party wore a quantity of black patches on one side of their face, while the Tories placed their patches on the opposite side. The more these ladies were actuated by

party rage, so the numbers of their patches increased, and they often rendered themselves horrible in maintaining the dignity of their cause. It is related as an absolute fact, that a young Whig had the temerity to pay his addresses to a lady of the opposite party; the Amazonian beauty enraged at his audacity, commanded him to look at the patches on her face, and dismissed his suite by a look that reduced him at once to despair.

Queen Anne had forbidden the wearing necklaces of composition beads; these had been found so pernicious as sensibly to affect the teeth and hair, from quicksilver being used to give them the fine shining gloss that would never be obscured by time: these dreadful effects displayed themselves often by the time a woman had attained her fortieth year; and Prior, with other satyrising poets of the time, speaks of the hair, teeth, and eyebrows being left on the toilets of these mature beauties every night. In the reign of George I., white French beads were very general, as head ornaments and necklaces, but they were made of glass and filled with the purest white virgin wax; consequently, the wearing these had no effect at all injurious to the health.

MARCUS.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

CRY TO-DAY AND LAUGH TO-MORROW.—A farce of this very foolish name, but with which the farce itself very well corresponds, was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre on Friday, Nov. 29; and as the audience from some reason or other was in excellent temper and spirits, was received, more according to the grace of the company than according to its own deserts. It is always pleasing to us to make one of an audience of this temper and feeling. Some recent foreign travellers, in describing our manners, have related that our antient gravity of manners is very fast disappearing; we trust not, as we prefer our natural

gravity to their precipitate levity. But in no country in the world, we will take upon ourselves to say, is there a more rational good humour, a more social benevolent feeling, than in an English audience; and let no writer despair but that he will receive from them even more than he may deserve. The plot of this farce was as follows:—

Two brothers, *Messrs. Goodwill* (Gattie and Powell) have between them a son and a daughter, *Charles* and *Maria* (Wallack and Miss Kelly), who, naturally enough, fall in love with each other. Their parents, however, oppose the match, and to put an end to their courtship, the son is sent into the navy. The last interview of the lovers had taken place on the sea-shore, when the

youth was embarking. But from that moment no tidings are received of the girl. Her clothes are found on the beach, tied up in her cousin's handkerchief, and he is supposed, improbably and unnaturally enough, to have murdered her. Steps are taken to arrest him, but the fleet had sailed, and its return is expected at the moment when the piece opens. *Mr. Goodwill*, broken-hearted at the supposed criminality of his son, to which he grants rather too much credit, has shut up his house, and lives in seclusion and despair. *Charles* arrives at last, and on his landing is seized and thrown into prison. He is there visited by his old boatswain, *Sam. Reel* (Mr. Munden,) who displays the fidelity and blunt feeling so peculiar to British tars. He is also discouraged by his disconsolate father to defend himself, although the tokens of love which he had received from *Maria*, and which have been found upon him, seem to afford positive proofs that he has not only murdered, but also robbed his cousin. He is tried and convicted, but at the moment when he is called up to receive his sentence, *Maria*, who had followed him as a sailor boy in another ship belonging to the same fleet, presents herself, and of course procures his acquittal. Here the first act closes. The rest is made up of a *reconnaissance* between *Sam. Reel* and *Pattie* (Mrs. Orger), *Mrs. Goodwill's* maid-servant, who turns out to be the old boatswain's daughter—of the loves of *Pattie* and *Peter* (Harley), her fellow-servant—and of an useless surprise of *Maria* by *Charles*.

The farce well corresponds with this plot. It is a criminal trial, and the dialogue has as much wit and spirit as is usual in such trials. There is a good deal of common-place talk about truth, justice, and judgment. Prejudice, the author says, is a film before the eyes of the base and ignorant part of mankind, but truth is a candle and the club of Hercules, which, shattering the film into a thousand atoms, treads all its adversaries under its feet. There is a good deal more of this kind of jargon, which could not fail to inspire a wish in all who heard it, that the author had known something of Dr. Samuel Johnson besides his name, which is pompously enough introduced. It is not very prudent, by the way, in an author, sporting thus

with great names, when, almost in the very mention of their names, he proves that he knows their persons at a very respectful distance.

A farce certainly is not to be tried by the same rules as a play. But it bears the same relation to a play as an epigram to a poem. And as the shortness of an epigram does not excuse it for being dull, so the indulgence extended to a farce does not include the absence of all sense, humour, and wit. But this farce had none of these three ingredients, even in their smallest portion. In one word, a more wretched production, in every respect, was never witnessed.

The scenery was actually the interior of the Old Bailey and the press-yard. We went away before the conclusion, as we had some kind of apprehension that the author would give us the whole felon's progress. We speak with this severity, because we really wish to hunt this kind of drama from the stage. When we go to a theatre for amusement, what have we to do with these crimes without dignity, with this sorrow without elevation, with these press-yards, gaols, murderers, and gibbets?

A very pleasant character was assigned to Munden, which he acted with his characteristic humour. No one exceeds this actor in what may be termed the broad farce of nature; his attitudes are exactly expressive of the character, and thereby fill up the meagre line of the author.

The part performed by Harley was too heavy to be animated even by his mirth. Harley is a good actor, but he should beware of grimace and too close an imitation of Fawcett. Grimace is seldom natural; we may walk the streets of London and meet five hundred persons, and not three out of this five hundred will have any of this grimace of countenance. A good deal of humour, and genuine humour, may be exhibited by the proper use of animal spirits, but the humour of grimace is of the lowest kind.

NOTA BENE, AND LOVE AND THE TOOTHACHE.—Two other novelties have been afforded by the theatres in the course of the last month; the one a farce called *Nota Bene*, at Drury-Lane, the other a farce called *Love and the Tooth-ache*, at Covent-Garden. We know not, indeed, when farce can be

more suitable than to the present gloomy season, and we are therefore pleased that the managers of the two houses have chosen it for their production.

But before we proceed to give any account of the two before us we shall briefly premise what we expect from a farce: it has, as we have once before said, the same relation to a play which an epigram has to a poem, a dinner to a desert, or a story to an anecdote. Its brevity, and the subordinate object at which it aims, puts it within the class of those things to which much is indulged because little is expected, and therefore a moderate share of humour, wit, or character will satisfy. Its main purport is innocent mirth—mere laughter; and its means are the oddities, eccentricities, and incidental absurdities of situation or character. As comedy appeals to our judgment on life, paints general humours, domestic passions, and the form of living habits and manners, and as it requires, therefore, the higher faculties of a sagacious observation, a quick sense of what is right and what is ridiculous, and the talent of conveying that impression to others, so farce, appealing only to our unreflective, and, as it were, natural impulse to laughter, and proposing no other object but the mirth of the moment, has its fund of materials in particular oddities rather than in general humours, in absurdities of situation rather than of character, and in that casual shuffle and confusion of incongruous manners and things, effected by the force of external circumstances rather than by the operation of pure life. In plain words, the legitimate object of farce is innocent mirth, and the legitimate means are the incidental absurdities of situation resulting from that caprice of fortune which sometimes, in the game of human actions, throws the knave and Queen upon the same board, and collects in the same society all that is high and all that is low.

But as innocent mirth is the object, so the first laws of farce are, that it should not be contrary to morals, decency, and good manners; that mirth is not innocent, nor that farce pardonable, which; by a foolish and groundless ridicule of professions, degrades, and thereby pains any class of men; that mirth is not innocent which is raised at the expence of decency, and by flatter-

ing or provoking feelings which it is the office of manners as well as morals to suppress; and lastly, as the first duty of man is reverence to his Maker, that farce is execrable which affronts him by gross and audacious oaths.

The farce of *Nota Bene* lies under all of these objections: it is slanderous of a respectable profession, and its characters have no humour but in their oaths, and this is made still more disgusting by the manner in which they are given by the actor. We had encouraged better hopes of Harley upon his first appearance, but we must now remind him that some degree of decorum is necessary in acting before a London audience, and that no one will take his family a second time to be annoyed by vulgarity, oaths, and a total absence of manners. Why does he not take a proper model, or keep better to the model he has taken? Why does not an experienced manager inform him that a very small portion of the humour of an actor is to be found in grimace of countenance, in a stiff and perpendicular form of gesture, and a coarse, clownish, horse-jockey mode of swearing? Harley is a young man of talents, and we understand him to be a respectable and sensible person. We trust he will take these observations as they are meant, for his improvement.

The other farce, *Love and the Tooth-ache*, in point of humour, was much better, but likewise offended on the point of decency, which was less pardonable because it was so totally unnecessary. The humour of the piece (if we judge of it by the effect), was amply sufficient for the occasion, and we deem it justice to say, that it attracted, occupied, and filled our attention. To say more, the audience were delighted with it, and we have seldom known a more general and uninterrupted mirth excited by any farce whatever: but the audience, and greatly to their honour, resented the indecency so strongly, as scarcely to give the author any credit for their previous mirth. The farce was, in fact, nearly condemned, from the indecent allusions in a scene between Mrs. Liston and Mrs. Gibbs. We trust that this will be a lesson to every future writer, not to borrow his dialogue, as well as his plots, from the Parisian boards. Thank heaven, our form of life

and manners, and taste and conversation are as unlike those of the French as their constitutional charter is unlike the British constitution.

In the course of the late month the public have had the satisfaction of beholding Messrs. Kean and Kemble in three parts most peculiarly suited to their talents, and that no novelty might be wanting to render the theatres a place of refuge for the gloominess of the season, two ladies, the one a beautiful woman, and the other, one whose talents would render beauty unnecessary, have been produced upon the stage.

In a nation like England, and in a city like London, public amusement makes no small part of the recreation, we had almost said of the comforts of life; and as long as it is innocent in its kind, and, in its degree, neither actually interferes with the duties of life, nor infuses a light, unsteady thoughtless tone of mind, so long there is neither a reasonable nor moral objection to it. We feel annoyed, indeed, when we see men of rank and of some reputation making the care of a playhouse the serious business of their lives, and thereby bringing themselves in contact with persons and circumstances, and squabbles and controversies, which degrade themselves and their condition. But a stage duly regulated may be tolerated, and if gaiety and mirth be kept within the due bounds of decency, good manners and good taste may be encouraged.

Mr. Kemble's *King John* is such as may be expected from his known study and talents. This is a play in which Shakespeare, having an historic action for his fable, was relieved from what he always seems to have avoided with disgust,—the necessity of inventing any story or action. As far as the fable, and the general characters, history had already formed them to his hands; he has merely taken the canvas, and filled up the outline with his picturesque detail; and he has filled it up in the style and manner which might be anticipated. Entering into the person and situation, and precise feelings of each character, he paints with the vigour of truth and nature. In no mind but his has every passion, in all its minute traits, existed so fully drawn and pictured. The remorse,—the contest of

shame and strong desire,—grief now weeping herself to stone, now ascending into passionate declamation, are here all portrayed; and if in the mixed multitude of an audience any one has ever felt a similar passion in himself, or seen it in another, he immediately recognizes the strong resemblance of the picture before him.

In the dignified part of *King John*, Mr. Kemble is in his own peculiar style of acting, and nothing can exceed him. In the contest of compunction and conscience,—of desire and shame, we should humbly think that he exceeds every actor of the day. He has certainly less of trick,—less of an unnatural manner, than any actor upon the stage: and if he sometimes appears to act for effect, his singularity, if not common to the general passion or character, is yet not wholly contrary, inconsistent, and monstrous. There is a bombast of look and feature as well as of voice and gesture—Kean, with all his talents, has infinitely too much of it; Kemble has nothing of it; it is incredible indeed, how much this admirable actor owes to a good natural taste completed by reading and study.

The above observations leads us to the *Sir Edward Mortimer* of Kean, in the newly revived play of the *Iron Chest*. The play and the character are exactly suited to that talent, for horror and atrocious passion, (*atrox animus*) in which this actor excels, and which suggests the observation, how picturesquely he would represent any of the tragedies of Æschylus. It is related of this Greek writer, that the exhibition of his horrors, enforced by his magnificent poetry, rendered the Athenian audience mad; and that women were ordered by law to abstain from the theatre upon the occasion of the performance of his dramas.

Kean always reminds us of his characters. In *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in *Sir Giles Overreach*, in *Luke*, he is truly possessed. His face is that of a demoniac lightened by the infuriate spirit within. Every one, as we have frequently said, must acknowledge his powers and his excellence, but, for our own parts, the emotion excited in us is not pleasing. Where these characters are really supported by the poetry, genius, and animating inspiration of the poet himself, the picture is one of Michael Angelo's; and Kean, who so equally forms

himself to an exact correspondence with it, may claim the merit of a suitable representative. But where, as in the character of *Sir Edward Mortimer*, and in the novel from which it is taken, the character is nothing but a kind of sublimated mud—a German highwayman, a sentimental murderer, we see the powers of Kean, indeed, with admiration, but regret that they are cast away upon such a prosaic monster. It is amazing to us, why the good sense of the people can tolerate such a play, and such a character. We can account for the praise of the novel, as it is the production of a man whose avowed principles in a most absurd book, *The Political Justice*, may well put him in favour of those whom such principles are the materials of mischief. We have heard, and indeed believe, that this writer himself has made a public recantation of his errors, but as the recent praise of him is intended to revive them amongst the young and inexperienced, we feel it our strong duty, in every incidental mention, to express our abhorrence and contempt of them.

In *Ruben Glanroy* Mr. Kean exhibits occasionally a pleasing picture of domestic life. With a little more variety and pleasantry we should have nothing to desire in this excellent actor.

A Miss Mangeon has lately performed the part of *Clarissa*, at Drury-Lane.—Her performance, though not powerful, was pleasing and interesting.

The *Provoked Husband* has been performed during the month at Covent-Garden theatre. It is many years since we last saw Mr. Kemble in the part of *Lord Townly*: we had, therefore, in a degree forgotten the character, and its importance, and his excellence had thus upon us the effect of novelty.

In the parts of *Lord* and *Lady Townly*, Kemble and Miss O'Neill, and the former particularly, appeared to satisfy the house; they certainly filled up the idea which the comedy leads us to form of those accomplished characters. In the ordinary part of the character of *Lord Townly* Kemble acted with the calmness, the tranquillity, the ease of natural life, and gave a good portrait of

such a character in his library and drawing room. In the impassioned parts he observed the same limits which we see in domestic life—His passion was nervous, manly, and sufficient, without passing into the solemn and tragical. Miss O'Neill deserves much of the same praise: she was not in her element in the gaiety and spirit of the part—Her peculiar talent is sweetness, softness, love, affection, and complaining grief—In gaiety, in passion, in high emotions, she is out of tune. Her last scene, however, redeemed every defect of the foregoing; we mean the parting scene—She was here in her proper element, and shone accordingly.

In *Miss Jenny*, Mrs. Gibbs was excellent; perhaps a little too much running about; and Liston, in the young 'Squire, was less tame than we have sometimes seen him; but Simmons acts this part better. This son and daughter, the one the spoiled favourite of the mother, the other of a father, are drawn with admirable spirit and fidelity, and suit every age.

Nothing, however, could well be worse than Fawcett's *Sir Francis Wronghead*; he totally spoiled it by an unintelligible lingo and thus lost all the humour of the part *Sir Francis* is an uneducated booby, but the very habit of the *quorum* to which he belonged, the very nurture in the country assembly and assize hall, must have secured him from such a lingo as that used by Fawcett. We should have thought experience of the stage would have taught this excellent actor better.

Emery performed the part of *Moody* with his usual excellence. This actor should be the example for all those who have to perform countrymen, &c. He gives us the vulgarisms of speech and dialect without those extravagancies, which, by rendering them unintelligible, render them insipid. His words are never lost in his dialect, because his dialect is always natural. In the different counties of England there are dialects enough; but let actors put this question to themselves,—Is not even the worst of these dialects intelligible? We always except the Scotch, but if we produce it on the stage, we must make it understood by the audience.

THE BLISS OF FEELING

Composed for N^o 91 of La Belle Assemblée by

M.^r HOOK.

2652

Andantino e sempre piano

I pi-ty the cold
senseless heart, that ne-ver felt com-pas-sions sway, That
ne-ver sooth'd af-flictions smart, Nor wip'd pale sor-rows
tear a-way, Such in the Orphan, stifled cry, Neer
heard the song of grief sub-dued, Nor saw the Widows

speaking eye Four forth the mute prayer of gra-ti-tude Four

fourth the mute prayer of Gra-ti-tude To them lifes blessings

are but scant no Secret charms re-vealing Neer feeling what it

is to want they want the bliss of feeling they want the bliss of

feel - ing They want the bliss of

feel - ing. *mf*

Sweet, sweet is the tear of sympathy,
 That on the bosom of distress,
 Falls lightly from the melting eye,
 A dewy drop of tenderness,
 And the soft sigh that pity heaves,
 O'er the wild couch of wan despair
 A taste of heavenly fragrance gives
 And whispers peace and comfort there
 O Give me long these joys to paint
 New transports still revealing
 May I neer feel the curse of want
 Nor want the bliss of feeling

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—*Sketch of the Festival of Henry IV.*—Henry IV. of France, having overcome the partizans of the Ligue, is established in safety on the throne of his ancestors; the day appointed as a festival to celebrate this event, has furnished his people with a fresh occasion of testifying their love to their sovereign. The peasants flock in from the neighbouring villages to take part in the general rejoicings: and the inhabitants of one village on the banks of the Seine, have gone in such crowds, that not a single boat is to be had. This is a most unfortunate event for the inhabitants of the adjoining village, who are quite in despair at not being able to attain the opposite shore. "Well, my friends," says the most substantial farmer in the place, "we will keep our king's festival amongst ourselves. We will crown him in effigy, and he amongst you who shall bring him the finest crown shall receive the hand of my daughter *Paulina* in marriage." One of the free livers of the place, on the authority of the song that places, amongst Henry's talents, that of being a potent drinker, offers a crown of vine leaves: a soldier thinks that one of laurel is better for a hero who knows always how to beat his enemies, while the young maidens are secretly astonished that no one has thought of offering to this brisk spark a crown of myrtle. One *Madame Leblanc*, who knows how to unite good sense with mirth, thinks, with Sully, that agriculture forms the chief wealth of a kingdom, consequently she votes for a crown composed of ears of corn. The preference that she claims is founded on such powerful motives, that all lean to her opinion; when the lover of *Paulina* eloquently defends the rights of the olive, as being the symbol of peace; they cannot refuse giving their sanction to this, and the fortunate *Bastien* obtains the two prizes the most desired of his heart; he crowns the effigy of his king, and becomes the husband of her he adores.

This is a charming little piece; the dialogue is brilliant, and the versification excellent. The bust of Henry IV. excited the most lively and universal enthusiasm, and seemed a new apotheosis of this much-loved mo-

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narch. The Duke and Duchess de Berri were present, and were highly entertained with the representation of this interesting drama.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—*Sketch of the Master and his Valet, an Opera in three acts.*—*M. Maurice*, a very rich and roguish steward of a young man named *Florville*, begins, by degrees, absolutely to fancy himself the proprietor of that estate over which he has long held a despotic sway, while the right owner is giving himself up to all the pleasures the metropolis affords. *Madame Gervais*, the simple house-keeper at the castle, has long cherished the hopes of becoming the steward's wife: but she has a very pretty niece, who has been brought up at Paris, and it is her whom old *Maurice* wishes to honour with his hand. He gives out that his marriage will be celebrated with that magnificence, which will, he doubts not, inspire the whole village with respect towards him: there are to be fire-works, illuminations, nothing, in short, is to be spared; but *Laurette* has no satisfaction in seeing all these grand preparations. She has become acquainted, at Paris, with one *Jasmin*, whom she every day regrets. *Maurice* does not heed this little repugnance; but an incident he little expected happens, which seems likely to derange all his projects of happiness and glory. The arrival of *M. de Florville* is suddenly announced; and he brings with him a *valet-de-chambre*, a very cunning fellow, who has such an ascendancy over him, that it considerably weakens that of the steward. *Laurette*, on the contrary, is delighted; the *valet-de-chambre* is no other than *Jasmin*.

The Lord of the castle arrives, without any other motive than that of diverting himself with the nuptials of *Maurice*. *Jasmin* finds it a most laughable circumstance that a man of his age should think of marrying such a pretty young girl: and he proposes to his master to take advantage of this incident. But what is his astonishment when, in the intended bride of the steward, he finds his dear *Laurette*. The young village maid is no less agreeably surprised: but there are now two jealous persons to get the better of: *Maurice* on one hand, *Florville* on the other, who has suddenly fallen in love with the beautiful

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Laurette. The situation of *Jasmin* becomes truly critical; his master, who more than once, at Paris, has had proofs of his address, charges him with a very delicate negotiation towards *Laurette*: reduced to deception, he requires only half an hour's private conversation with the young lady, at the bottom of a garden. *Florville* willingly agrees to this interview; but it is lengthened out beyond the time, and he is determined to go and transact his business himself. At this moment a number of villagers, secretly dispatched by *Jasmin*, press upon the young squire with nosegays and compliments. He trusts he shall be able to escape and go and join *Laurette*; she appears in her turn, and presents him with some flowers in rather a mysterious manner. A paper is concealed amongst them; and *Florville* is overcome with joy at reading an earnest petition, that he will break off a marriage, the idea of which reduces her to a state of despair. This, he doubts not, but what he owes to the good offices of *Jasmin*; but the jealous *Maurice*, who has witnessed the private interview in the garden, brings him more positive details, which entirely destroy his illusive hopes. He perceives clearly that the cunning valet has been working all the while for himself, and he swears to be revenged. *Jasmin* enters, and proposes to him to carry off *Laurette*, saying that he will take charge of every thing, and that his master shall not, in any way, commit himself. *Florville* pretends to consent, with the firm resolution of preventing the stratagem, by carrying off himself his fair accomplice in the dark. He sends him by *Maurice* a purse full of gold, and intimates his desire that he should depart immediately, and prepare his little cottage near Paris, to receive *Laurette*. But *Jasmin* has discovered all. He pretends to depart, but returns immediately by scaling a wall, which brings him under the window of *Laurette's* apartment, at the very moment when *Florville* expects to receive her in his arms. At a signal given by the musicians, all the village is on foot. The gentleman astonished, finds that he cannot escape the disgrace he has but too well merited. He implores the assistance of *Jasmin*, who throwing over his own shoulders his masters' cloak, loudly declares, that it was him who had formed the auda-

icious project of carrying off the object of his love, and *Laurette* confesses her weakness. Decency now demands that *Florville* should give the lovers to each other; *Maurice* is reduced to take up with *Mrs. Gervais*, and *Florville*, caught in his own trap, consoles himself as well as he can, by reflecting that the wife of *Jasmin* will yet make a part of his household.

Some very comic situations, an animated and natural dialogue, and a most striking winding up of the piece, promise to the author a most brilliant success. The music is excellent, and the whole well put together.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Norman Knights in Italy and Sicily.—By Madame V—de C—. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris.

THIS work takes into consideration the general History of Chivalry, and in particular, that of France. The subject is treated of with that interest and spirit we might naturally expect from an author so ingenious and witty as Madame V—de C—. A work like this, can certainly be little more than a compilation; but it is in the power of the compiler to give a new turn and feature to the Gothic records of chivalry. There is a charm, moreover, in the animated pictures of those times, when Knights of irreproachable characters had their valiant deeds rewarded by ladies of the most incomparable beauty; when elevation of mind and heroic sentiment were duly appreciated, and love enjoyed all the charms of mystery and constancy: when we are interested by the recitals of tournaments, devices, colours, the shouts of battle, and instances of mercy and magnanimity.

These descriptions are particularly attractive to females, as they discover the homage formerly paid to beauty, and its universal empire over the hearts of the brave; women then presided over every fête, and they distributed rewards as sovereigns: love mingled itself with their sports, their diversions, their exercises, and as one may say, guided every thought of these Knight-errants. Struck with the splendour of their virtues, their valour and heroism, the female imagination loves to dwell on such shining qualities, and to those of the

soul, and to the brilliancy of understanding, Madame V—— de C—— unites those profound studies, which are rarely to be met with amongst men; she has made those learned researches which terrify the greatest part of literary students: every thing in her work is grand and beautiful: sentiment, virtue, courage, strength of mind, the progress of human understanding, philosophical speculations, all that can dignify and exalt mankind, is painted in admirable colours by the skillful pen of this charming writer, and the mind is lifted up by a perusal of the work, to a high degree of enthusiasm. The following extract will serve as a specimen of her style, from the passage wherein she introduces an account of the revolution effected by Alfred the Great amongst the Anglo Saxons.

“The most glorious triumph looked forward to by Alfred the Great, was the conquest over the Danes. This extraordinary man discovered to the age in which he lived, how much native genius may be aided by the light of cultivation. Alfred had been educated at Rome; he had there been instructed in all the science of those times, without having suffered himself to neglect the accomplishments of his own nation: habited as a bard, with a harp in his hand, he penetrated into the camp of his northern conquerors; found out all their manœuvres, and like another Achilles, dropping the lyre to take up the sword, he soon overthrew those by the power of his arms, that he had before enchanted by the sweetness of his voice. England is indebted to this hero for her University of Oxford.”

The history of the conquest of Naples and Sicily concludes this work; and she thus speaks of Tancred:—

“Tancred, alone in the East, maintained the glory and the valour of his heroic race: the rectitude of whose conduct was only equalled by his intrepidity. When one of the French Princes was taken prisoner, Tancred took the charge of his dominions, and again placed him over them at his deliverance. Ever active, and the first to lead to battle, the taking of Tripoli, and Sidon, were both due to his invincible arms. This most valorous Knight terminated his brilliant life, which was marked by the most noble, generous, yet simple demeanour, in

the flower of his age To be the foremost in danger, to devote his life to the service of his friends, to vanquish his revenge, to shew himself a sincere Christian, when under the ramparts, as well as at the foot of the altar, to do good for the love of God, and to sacrifice all to duty; such was the ambition of Tancred, and such the constant tenor of his life.”

It is with regret that we take our leave of these virtuous Knights. Madame V—— de C——, after briefly relating their exploits, returns to France, where she describes many others, no less brave, no less amiable or polished. She seems to have searched deeply amongst the old French romances; and certainly they represent a very faithful history of those times.

The author in her historical researches, congratulates herself on having found out one of her own ancestors amongst these noble Knight-errants. He accompanied, she informs us, Saint Louis into Palestine, and in conjunction with Joinville, he gave some very wise and generous advice in a very critical situation. His fair and illustrious descendant in this admirable work, has sufficiently evinced the noble sentiments by which she is actuated, and she gives proof that nobleness of mind is inherent in those of noble birth: those who are enemies to ancestry will not allow this; nevertheless they all believe it, and the more they are persuaded of the truth of what we have just advanced, so much the more are these noble objects those of their inveterate hatred.

Mr. Britton has completed his *History and Antiquities of Norwich Cathedral*, being the second volume of his elegant work, devoted to those interesting national fabrics. This volume contains twenty-five engravings, most of which are executed in a very superior style by J. and H. Le Keux, from drawings by J. A. Repton, Architect, F. Mackenzie, and R. Cuttermole. The letter-press, consisting of about ninety pages, embraces a complete history and description of the Church, the Palace, and dependent buildings, with accounts of the Monuments and the Bishops. It is proper to observe, that the prints in this work, are executed by the best engravers, and are

calculated to afford the most satisfactory information to the picturesque artist, to the antiquary, and to the architect, as they represent both general views of the Church, externally and internally, plans of the whole and of parts, and such sections and elevations, as serve to display the construction or anatomy of the edifice. With the present volume also is published, the first Number of the same author's *Illustrations of Winchester Cathedral*, which will be comprised in five numbers, and will embrace thirty engravings, representing the general and particular architecture and sculpture of that truly interesting edifice. It is very curious and instructive, to examine the varieties and dissimilarities in the churches of Salisbury, Norwich, and Winchester; as it will be seen, that not any two prints resemble each other; that each church in the whole and in detail, is unlike either of the others, and that the sculpture, monuments, and history of every one is peculiar to itself, and has scarcely any analogy to the other two. In the west fronts, naves, aisles, choirs, transepts, towers and chapels, each Cathedral has its own exclusive character, style, and age; and in its historic relations and prelatial biography, we find much variety and distinctive information. Hence the admirer of the subject, and general antiquary, need not apprehend sameness or satiety, for though the feast laid before him be rich and highly seasoned, it can never surfeit or cloy the most delicate appetite; but rather indeed, like love, it will be found to "increase with what it feeds on."

Mr. Britton's *History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church at Bath* is in the press, and will appear early in the year 1817. It will consist of a copious history and description of that curious and latest specimen of English ecclesiastical Architecture; also a novel "Essay on Epitaphs," by the Rev. John Conybeare, Professor of Poetry to the University of Oxford. The Essay will be elucidated by examples of various styles and classes of epitaphs from that Church, which may be called the *Western Mausoleum of Invalids*. Like the Abbey Church at Westminster, that of Bath is filled with Sepulchral Monuments, and thus becomes a sort of show-room of Statuary, and Magazine of Epitaphs. This

volume will be embellished with eight beautiful Engravings, by J. and H. Le Keux, &c. from Drawings by F. Mackenzie.

No. V. of *Havell's Villas*, &c. is published, and contains a View of Cassiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex, from Turner, R. A.; and a View of Corsiam House, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq. M. P., from Fielding, with historical and descriptive accounts of the two Seats, by J. Britton, F. S. A. The prints are coloured in close imitation of the Drawings.

Mr. Tabart, of the Juvenile Library, Piccadilly, announces a Monthly Miscellany for the use of Schools, and for the general purposes of Education, under the title of *Tabart's School Magazine, or Journal of Education*. It is intended to be composed chiefly of modern materials, for the purpose of connecting as much as possible, the business of the School-room with that of the active world, for which Education prepares its subjects. The first number will appear on the first of March.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, is printing a volume of *Discourses*, in which he combats the arguments, derived from Astronomy, against the truth of the Christian Revelation.

Mr. James Mitchell has in the press a *Tour through Belgium, Holland, along the Rhine, and through the North of France*, in an octavo volume.

Mr. John Bayley, of the Record Office, Tower, is preparing for the press the *History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with biographical Anecdotes of royal and distinguished persons*. It will be printed in a quarto volume, and illustrated by numerous engravings.

Mr. Relfe, of Camberwell, has in the press *Illustrations of the Principles of Harmony*, on an entire new and original plan.

A Series of Letters from the late Mrs. Carter to her Friend, the late Mrs. Montagu, are printing in two octavo volumes.

Messrs. S. Mitton and Cooke, will soon publish a Series of Thirty-five Etchings, which will give the spirit and character of the Original Designs by Capt. Jones, on the subject of the *Battle of Waterloo*.

The Rev. Robert Cox, of Bridgnorth, will soon publish, in an octavo volume, *Narratives of the Lives of the most eminent Fathers of the three first Centuries*.

A. Bertoloui, Esq. late Controller-General of the Customs at Ceylon, will soon publish, in an octavo volume, a *View of the Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial Interests of Ceylon*, with a map of the island.

Mr. Churchill is preparing, *Corrections, Additions, and Continuations to Dr. Rees' Cyclopaedia*, which will form a companion to that work.

The Rev. Thomas White, Minister of Welbeck Chapel, has in the press a volume of *Sermons* on practical subjects.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has a new volume of *Poems* in the press.

The Rev. Thomas Harwood will soon publish, a *Survey of Staffordshire*, in an octavo volume, embellished with plates.

The author of *Letters from Paris* in 1802-3 is printing, in an octavo volume, *Two Tours to France, Belgium, and Spa*; one in the summer of 1771, the other in 1816.

The *Scientific Tourist in England and Wales*, is preparing for the press.

The *Pastor's Fireside*, which has been so long delayed by the indisposition of Miss Porter, will soon appear in four volumes.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

In the church-yard at Keyshoe, in Bedfordshire, is the following inscription, now almost obliterated. The event to which it relates, together with the circumstances which are known to have been connected with it, appear too remarkable to be consigned to oblivion. No alteration has been admitted in copying the inscription from the stone, but in the spelling and grammar:

"In Memory of the mighty Hand of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of William Dickins, April 17, 1718, when he was pointing the Steeple, and fell from the ridge of the middle window in the Spire, over the South-West pinnacle. He dropped upon the battlement, and there broke his leg and foot, and drove down two long coping stones, and so fell to the ground, with his neck upon one standard of his chair, when the other end took the ground. He was heard by his brother to cry, when near the ground '*Christ have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus Christ help me!*'"

It is added, that he died, November 20, 1759, aged 73 years.

The height from whence this person fell, was not less than 132 feet; and his leg and foot were exceedingly fractured; but his damage in other respects so trifling, that he not only lived more than 40 years afterwards, but within seven months from the time of his fall, he was capable of ascending the steeple a second time, and he then finished pointing the spire.

The chair in which he sat, was suspended by a strong rope of four strands; yet it parted evidently through the rocking of the spire, occasioned by the striking of the church clock at eight in the morning. Upon examining the rope, it appeared that three of the strands, out of the four which composed it, *had been previously cut through with a knife!*

William Dickins had been in company, the evening before this event, with a person of the same business; and a strong suspicion was entertained that this man had cut the rope, in revenge for being disappointed of the job.—Whether this suspicion was well or ill founded, must be referred to the unerring Judge of the hearts and lives of all. But *one* fact is as certain as it was awful: the same man having shortly after finished building a stack of chimnies, climbed to the top of them, to give an exulting cheer to the persons assembled there, when the work, not being dry, gave way, and falling with him, killed him on the spot. "*The Lord is known by the Judgment which he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.*"

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MEMORY.

FROM A NEW-YORK PAPER.

The *Medical Repository* furnishes the following singular article, communicated by Dr. Mitchell to the Rev. Dr. Nott, dated January, 1816:—

Whilst I was employed, early in December, 1815, with several other gentlemen, in doing the duty of a visitor to the United States Military Academy at West Point, a very extraordinary case of double consciousness, in a woman, was related to me by one of the Professors. Major Ellcott, who so worthily occupies the mathematical chair in that seminary, vouched for

the correctness of the following narrative, the subject of which is related to him by blood, and an inhabitant of one of the Western counties of Pennsylvania :—

Miss R— possessed naturally a very good constitution, and was arrived at adult age without having it impaired by disease. She possessed an excellent capacity, and enjoyed fair opportunities to acquire knowledge. Besides the domestic arts and social attainments, she had improved her mind by reading and conversation. Her memory was capacious, and stored with a copious stock of ideas.—Unexpectedly, and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking, she was discovered to have lost every trait of acquired knowledge. Her memory was *tabula rasa*—all vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated and gone. It was found necessary for her to learn every thing again. She even acquired, by new efforts, the arts of spelling, reading, writing, and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency. But, after a few months, another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it she found herself restored to the state she was before the first paroxysm; but was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards. The former condition of her existence she now calls the old state, and the latter the new state; and she is as unconscious of her double character, as two distinct persons are of their respective natures. For example, in her old state she possesses all her original knowledge; in her new state only what she has acquired since. If a gentleman or lady be introduced to her in the old state, and *vice versa*, and so of all matters, to know them satisfactorily she must learn them in both states. In the old state she possesses fine powers of penmanship—while in the new, she writes a poor and awkward hand having not had time or means to become expert.

During four years and upwards, she has undergone periodical transitions from one of these states to the other. The alterations are always consequent upon a long and

sound sleep. Both the Lady and her family are now capable of conducting the affair without embarrassment. By simply knowing whether she is in the old or new state, they regulate their intercourse, and govern themselves accordingly. A history of her curious case is drawing up by the Rev. Timothy Aldid, of Meadville.

FRENCH HABITS.

It is calculated that, during the present rage for adopting the notions and the manners of our Gallic neighbours, the visitors from hence to France may be divided into five classes: first, the commercial, going on business; second, those going for education; third, those for cheapness; fourth, those for society; and fifth, those to look about them: but the latter constitute nearly the whole, and certainly comprise all that can give ground for uneasiness. A capable writer on this subject says, there can be no objection to the first; they benefit not only those they visit but those they leave.

But the persons going for the education of their children, he continues, must be few, and certainly very weak-headed. What are the children to learn? To chatter French and to dance? These are the very things they acquire with facility in England, where they learn quite enough of them. A French education is not at all suited to the grave, virtuous, and dignified character of an Englishman. The young ladies may learn to carry their persons well, at the expence of knowing how to carry their minds. Cheapness of education can be fully attained in England, by settling near a good school, as day scholars are taught on moderate terms. But there is something more important than what is called learning; that is, morals. The French morals were never desirable, but the morals of the revolutionary French are detestable. To all the young people in France bred up under Bonaparte's system of demoralization, religion and the domestic virtues are strangers. Are such to be the associates of English children? Against the return of persons so educated, a bar should be raised stronger than a thousand Alien bills. They will spread corruption and profligacy around them, decorated with French tinsel, paint and patches; graced by a heartless

politeness, the liberal sentiments of atheism, the naked bosom, the voluptuous waltz. Woe to the English family reared in such a country! The parents who can be guilty of such cruelty to their children must be few, and cannot give rise to any serious fears of emigration.

Neither can any dread be entertained of persons going to France for cheapness. There are hundreds of small social county-towns and villages in England, with societies of all degrees of expence; some for families who can spend five hundred pounds per annum, down to others for families who can spend one hundred pounds per annum. Of the persons who go abroad under pretence of economy, some must be placed in the fourth, and most of them in the fifth class.

The fourth class are persons who go abroad for society. Such as go to see the manners, customs, &c. of other nations, must be placed in the fifth class. The others consist of those who, by misconduct, have excluded themselves from society at home.

The fifth class is the only one which can excite uneasiness, by its number and the money it spends abroad: it is a natural, and certainly not a blameable propensity—a desire to see foreign countries. This desire is of course now proportioned to the impossibility which has existed for twenty-four years of gratifying it, and the favourable circumstances of the present moment. Let our countrymen go and satisfy their curiosity;—they will return the more in love with home most certainly. They only go to France instead of to a watering-place for a summer's excursion. Amidst French manners and French morals Englishmen cannot long exist—even though with rooted hereditary habits of grumbling at taxes.

MAXIMS FROM A CHINESE MANUSCRIPT.

WE require four things from our women; namely, that virtue should dwell within their hearts, modesty glow on their countenance, sweetness distil from their lips, and their hands being constantly at work.

To cultivate science is the virtue of man; to renounce science is the virtue of women.

A faithful devoted subject undaunted braves menaces; a virtuous woman laughs at promises.

Every woman who has a tongue in her head is always certain of being avenged.

The first advice a woman will give you will always prove to be the best, the same as her final determination ever is the most dangerous in its consequences.

The best encomium that can be bestowed upon a woman is never to mention her name in public.

You may listen to your wife, but you must be cautious how far you give credit to her assertions; and yet if you will not believe her she will be sure of deceiving you.

A woman inquiring whether a man is discreet, has the same meaning as a man asking if a woman is handsome.

Women seldom give up their habit of visiting unless there be a vacancy in their wardrobe, or in the absence of jewels.

If the married women were not to assist each other, if single young ladies were not to instruct one another, all the schemes of the other sex would prove abortive.

If married women knew how to hold their tongues in the company of those that are unmarried, very few would ever become the subjects of town-talk.

Silence and blushes are the eloquence of the fair sex.

The minds of women are made of quicksilver, and their breasts of wax.

Amongst the numerous systems of vanity the most powerful and ridiculous is that of those young women who imagine they are gainers by sulking.

Never will a woman utter praise without introducing slander.

The snares of women and of fools are the most difficult to guard against.

A woman is never more eloquent than when she boasts the good behaviour of her husband, or complains of her mother-in-law.

A woman's tongue is her sword, neither does she allow it to get rusty.

Reflection, which cures the passions of men, only whets those of women and renders them incurable.

Women never lie more slyly than when they speak the truth to those who will not believe them.

The woman who purchases her complexion generally intends to sell it.

Women are never proud, deceitful, jealous, and mistrustful but for want of memory, foresight, understanding, and judgment.

Those women who are the most inclined to curiosity willingly cast down their eyes that they may be looked at.

When men meet they listen to one another; women will meet to look at each other.

According to the laws of nature women are to be subjected to men, but nature knows not of slaves.

Girls who blush at too many things have learned too much.

A maiden receives a husband; a widow takes one.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION

OVER THE DOOR OF AN UNDERTAKER AT A VILLAGE IN WILTSHIRE.

"JOHN HOPKINS, Parish Clerk and Undertaker, sells Epitaphs of all sorts and prices; shaves neat and plays on the Bassoon. Teeth drawn and the *Salisbury Journal* read gratis every Sunday at eight o'clock: a School for Psalmody on Tuesday evening, when my son, born blind, will play on the fiddle."

EPITAPH ON MY WIFE.

"My Wife 10 years—not much to my ease,
"And now she's dead—in *cælo* quies."

Great variety to be seen within.—By your humble servant,

JOHN HOPKINS."

BIRTHS.

At Pimlico Lodge, the lady of J. Elliot, Esq. of a daughter

The lady of John Bent, Esq. of Oat Hall, Linfield, Sussex, of a son,

At Alton, the lady of Alexander Brown, Esq. of a son.

At St. Helena, Lady Lowe, of a son.

In the Workhouse, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, Hannah Burne, a dwarf, 26 inches in height, was, after a tedious and difficult labour, safely delivered of a female child 21 inches and a half in height, being only four inches and a half shorter than the mother. The child was perfectly formed, but still-born.

MARRIED:

John Mackie, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Miss Jane-Stuart, niece of J. Scott, Esq. of Phoenix-place, Broad-street, London.

At Thurnham, Mr. William Tydy, a bachelor, aged 76, to Miss Sarah Long, spinster, aged 68. This couple of young rogues had kept company 40 years.

At Bourn, during the late eclipse, Mr. James Glenn, aged 77, a disconsolate widower of eighteen weeks' standing, to Miss Elizabeth Moisey, aged only 21, both of that place.

At the Collegiate Church, Manchester, John Braham, of Tavistock-square, London, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late George Bolton, Esq. of Ardwick.

DIED.

At Balbavilla, county of Roscommon, the Right Hon. Patrick Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, and Baron of Kilkeenny West. His Lordship, leaving an only daughter, succeeded in his titles by his cousin, Michael Robert Dillon, a minor, son of Captain Michael Dillon, late of the county of Dublin militia, killed at the battle of Ross, in 1798, during the rebellion.

Robert Awstler, Esq. of Southall-green, in the 58th year of his age. This gentleman was the last male heir of the family, who had inherited that mansion and estate for upwards of three centuries.

Suddenly, at Bath, Mr. Norkett. He had been married but two days before his death to an amiable young lady of that city. He retired to rest the previous night in perfect health, and was discovered dead early in the morning by his agonized bride.

At his house, in Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, William Royston, Esq. F.L.S.

At Stockholm, the disbanded soldier Nils Ochberg, born the first of January, 1700, therefore at nearly the age of 117. He was thrice married.

At Westerleigh, Sarah Cole, whose useful talents as a village school-mistress for upwards of 55 years, will be long held in grateful remembrance by her numerous pupils. She was mother of 23 children (8 of whom are living), grandmother of 48 children (33 of whom are living), and great grandmother of 25 children: she was married in the year 1756, and lived with her husband in the same house till the year 1813, a period of 57 years.

At an advanced age, the Rev. Joseph Townsend, M. A. Rector of Pewsey, Wiltshire. As a mineralogist, a fossilist, and conchologist, he stood pre-eminent.

At Brompton, after a painful and lingering illness, Miss Clarinda Woods, of Spring Gardens, Westminster.

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