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CAROLINA MATILDA late QUEEN of DENMARK.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1808.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant PORTRAIT of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.
2. THREE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHION of the MONTH.
3. A YOUNG BRIDE OF EGRA, in her Wedding Clothes.
4. MONUMENT erected to the Memory of Mrs. HOWARD; by JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, Esq. R. A.
5. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, by Mr. HOOK.
6. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-ninth Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

CAROLINA MATILDA, the youngest sister of his Majesty George III. was born on the 22d of July, 1751, and had the misfortune to be married, in 1766, at the age of fifteen, to Christian VII. of Denmark, who had just succeeded his father Frederic V. in the government of that kingdom.

The character of this Prince was not calculated to afford a pledge of the future happiness of such a connection. During the reign of his father, no part of his attention had been devoted to the affairs of government. His fiery temper, which had been vigorously restrained, bore the curb with impatience. He conceived a strong aversion to every restriction of order and decency, and it was evident that the moment he should be released from the fetters which confined him, he would rush headlong into every species of wanton libertinism.

The sequel justified the supposition. He fell into the hands of men whose seductions, added to his own propensities, led him into the most unbridled extravagance, so that he hated and avoided the sight of every honest and good man, and dreaded the mildest remonstrances against his conduct. No care had been taken to instil into his mind a proper veneration for religion, which, even in his childhood, he was known to have treated with the utmost contempt and derision. He was totally unacquainted with every true principle of morality, destitute of dignity of mind or conduct, and wholly regardless of merit in others.

The sanguine hopes which are entertained in every country at the commencement of a new reign, were, as far as they regarded the personal behaviour of his Danish Majesty, in some measure accomplished; but with respect to his attention to the affairs of his dominions, every expectation was disappointed. He dispatched with haste the most important concerns of the state, his dislike to business of every kind increased, and he sunk by degrees into a state of total listlessness and inaction.

Such was the character of the monarch

to whom the young, lovely, and inexperienced Carolina Matilda was united. His step-mother, the Queen-Dowager Juliana, in whom his excesses and imbecility encouraged the most flattering hopes in behalf of her own son, Prince Frederic, had violently opposed the marriage of the King. Her disgust was converted into hatred by the arrival of Princess Matilda. Every charm of youth and beauty graced her first appearance at Copenhagen; her whole behaviour was marked with affability and condescension; her every look was replete with benevolence and goodness, and she immediately gained every heart in her dominions.

Juliana beheld these first effects of the appearance of the young Queen with heartfelt chagrin. She well knew the prejudices which the King had conceived against herself and her son; she feared that they might be strengthened by this new connection, and that the influence she still possessed at court might be entirely destroyed. Her apprehensions were but too well founded. The palace of Friedensburg was assigned for her residence, and there she lived in a state of exile. Her aversion of the young Queen grew into the bitterest hatred; the most anxious attention on the part of the latter had no effect on the soured mind of Juliana; a cold degree of civility was all that it produced, and she missed no opportunity of treating Matilda with haughty superiority.

This disagreeable situation was for some time rendered less irksome to the Queen by the tenderness of her husband, the admiration of the court, and the round of dissipating amusements into which her gay and lively temper caused her to enter with great spirit. This false happiness, however, could not last long; the love of a libertine soon cools, and the King was incapable of a more exalted passion; the admiration of the courtiers was like every feature of their character, inconstant; and the zest of amusements was lost in their constant repetition.

The Queen naturally became indifferent to her husband, and inimical to his step-mother, and her mind was too frank to disguise her sentiments. The monarch was too deeply engaged in the intoxicating circle of pleasures prepared for him by his vicious companions to perceive the change, but it did not escape the vigilant eye of Juliana. The birth of the Prince Royal, which happened in January, 1768, by annihilating all her ambitious prospects, raised her animosity to the highest pitch.

Soon after this event the King set out upon his travels; and during his absence the mutual antipathy of the two Queens took a turn which precluded every hope of reconciliation, and the partizans of both strove by all possible means to widen the breach. Matilda, forsaken by her husband and hated by his step-mother, endeavoured to draw from the resources of her own mind that comfort which a dull and almost solitary court could not afford. Her life was calm and serene, her hours passed smoothly amid the pleasing cares of maternity, and such occupations as tended to cultivate her understanding. Her mind was naturally susceptible of every improvement; she took great pains to learn the Danish language, and, in a short time, spoke it with a fluency which greatly flattered her subjects.

In the beginning of the year 1769, the King returned from his travels, and, as it was at first thought, with a mind considerably improved. In his conduct he shewed more propriety and dignity, and his conversation was less trifling and frivolous; he even appeared to have acquired some useful knowledge, and his subjects flattered themselves that a happy change had taken place in his principles and favourite pursuits; that instead of indulging his passions in wild and sensual dissipation, he would devote his time to business, and to employments more worthy of his royal character.

The young Queen observed with pleasure the favourable change that had taken place in the general behaviour of his Majesty, and flattered herself that he would likewise shew her more attention and confidence than formerly; but had he been inclined to gratify these fond expectations, the pernicious principles instilled into his mind by his favourite, Count Holk, who ruled him with absolute sway, were sufficient to render his reformation of very short continuance. The affairs of the state were wholly resigned into the hands of the ministers, and the King was constantly surrounded by

a crowd of youthful libertines, who seemed only to study how to dispel the *ennui* inseparable from his want of serious employment, and his dislike of his family.

Such was the state of affairs at court when the unnoticed friendship of the King gradually raised into importance a person who was destined to exercise such irresistible influence over the favourites, the ministers, the family, and the subjects of his monarch. This was John Frederic Struensee, whom fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, drew from his native mediocrity of condition, and insensibly placed in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altona, and afterwards attended the King of Denmark on his travels into France and England, in quality of physician. On his return he advanced by rapid gradations in the royal favour, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing, since he became equally the favourite of both the King and Queen. The latter, it is true, at first hated Struensee as much as she did Count Holk, whose pernicious precepts and example alienated from her the affections of her husband. She soon perceived, however, that the King's regard for the latter diminished, in proportion as his friendship for the former increased. She observed that the company of Struensee daily became more pleasing and necessary to the sovereign, and that his influence began to extend not only to every concern of the King's private life, but to the most important affairs of the state. She likewise saw that the conduct of Struensee was very different from the insolent behaviour of Count Holk; so that by degrees her ill opinion of his character was changed into one much more favourable. She discovered in him a well cultivated and superior understanding, and at length treated him with a degree of kindness and condescension which could not long remain unnoticed.

The amiable feelings of maternal tenderness contributed to strengthen this rising partiality. It was resolved about this time that the Prince-Royal should be inoculated for the small-pox, and Struensee was appointed to perform the operation. The tenderest affections of the Queen were centered in her child; these would not suffer her to leave him for a moment to the care of strangers during a disorder which, with the most skilful management, is not wholly free from danger. She herself was his nurse; she watched with him, and anxiously returned to her maternal duties the moment he awoke. Struensee was her assistant in these tender occupations, and she scarcely suffered him to quit the object of her solicitude for a moment. He accordingly passed great part of his time in the company of the Queen; his natural and acquired abilities rendered his conversation agreeable and instructive, and his address was such as could not fail of gaining the favour of his royal mistress. The reserve on both sides wore off, and their conversations became more free and interesting. Matilda, in full reliance upon his fidelity, discovered to him the inmost secrets of her heart. She had ambition to aspire not only to the recovery of the King's confidence and esteem, but also to the acquisition of a share of that power which was wholly delegated to his worthless favourites. Struensee promised his cordial assistance, and from that moment devoted his whole attention to the accomplishment of her views. By his means the affections of the King were reclaimed; his behaviour to the Queen was entirely changed, and he placed in her a degree of confidence of which she soon made use to the attainment of her purposes.

Without following this favourite of fortune through all the degrees of his elevation, suffice it here to say, that through the influence of the Queen, Struensee was invested with the ribband of the order of Matilda, instituted in honour of her Majesty, was created a Count, and at length raised to the possession of unlimited ministerial power. The mental imbecility of the King and his total neglect of business, rendered him a mere cypher, so that the whole royal authority actually centered in Struensee and the Queen. No wonder then if those sentiments which owed their origin to reciprocal gratitude for the support mutually given, should be construed by enemies embittered by the loss of power into a criminal passion.

It must however be admitted, that if Struensee did not make a bad, he certainly made

a violent and imprudent use of his extensive power; he seems, if we may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour, added to such accumulated honours, and not to have adverted to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former periods, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slippery foundation of political grandeur.

It cannot be surprizing that the reforms which Struensee introduced should render him highly unpopular with a great majority of the nation. The Queen-mother, Juliana, artfully availed herself of this dissatisfaction to mature a plan for ridding herself at once of the hated minister, and the no less obnoxious Queen. The King had no will of his own, but was the mere tool of those who might have his person in their power; in order to secure him Juliana contrived to gain over to her party Colonel Koller, who commanded one of the regiments that composed the garrison of Copenhagen, where the court then was, and Colonel Eichstadt, who had the dragoons belonging to the same garrison under his command. The only person of consequence implicated in the conspiracy besides those officers, was Count Ranzau. None of these possessed the abilities that might be thought necessary for the execution of so daring an enterprize, and nothing but the secrecy with which it was carried on ensured their success.

The 17th of January, 1772, was fixed for the execution of this dreadful plan. The regiment commanded by Colonel Koller was on the night of the 16th of January ordered to be upon guard in and about the palace, and the same evening a grand ball was given at court. Matilda, with the most unsuspecting gaiety, indulged her passion for amusement; at the hour of one in the morning she closed the ball by dancing with Prince Frederic, and the principal leaders of her party had the honour of playing with the King. These were the last joys of the devoted victims; the ball was concluded, and every one repaired to rest. Meanwhile such preparations were made as soon roused them again to unexpected horrors.

The clock struck three—the dreadful hour appointed by the conspirators for the execution of their designs. A dead silence reigned throughout the palace. Koller then went round to the different posts, collected his principal officers, and proceeded with them to the guard-room. He there declared that by the express orders of the King, he required their assistance to take the reigning Queen, and all her adherents, into custody, and commanded them to follow him. The officers were so astonished at the subject of his harangue, that not one of them thought of asking him to produce his orders. They accompanied him to the Queen-Dowager, where Count Ranzau arrived, attended by one Guldberg, who had been employed in drawing up the plan of the conspiracy, and in writing out the necessary orders. Colonel Eichstadt had in the mean time armed his dragoons, and surrounded the palace, in order to prevent the entrance of any person, and to receive the prisoners. The different parts were soon distributed among the conspirators; Ranzau was appointed to arrest the Queen, Koller to secure Struensee, and the rest of the officers to take Count Brandt and the other principal leaders of the party into custody. Koller immediately hastened to the apartments of the minister, and the officers dispersed to their different posts, while Juliana, Ranzau, and Guldberg, who carried a candle before them, went to the chamber of the King.

To their great disappointment they found the door locked, and none of the keys and picklocks with which they were provided would open it. The loss of a moment was of consequence to the undertaking. Ranzau flew to the apartment of the page in waiting, entered the room with great noise, affected the utmost consternation, and ordered him to repair immediately to the chamber of the monarch. The affrighted page hastened to the assistance of his master, and at the door found Queen Juliana, Prince Frederic, and Ranzau, who commanded him to open it immediately. The unusual hour, the known characters of the persons, and their anxious impatience, excited his suspicions, and he refused to comply. The Queen's consternation was inexpressible, the Prince trembled, while Ranzau and Guldberg, whose candle fell from his shaking hands, did not venture to take the keys from the

page by force; he was strong and resolute, and they wished to make no noise. Ranzau therefore endeavoured to effect that by fear which he could not by persuasion; he told him that the whole town was up in arms; that the rebels were ready to break into the palace; that the guards could not withstand their fury; and that no time was to be lost if they wished to save the life of the monarch. The Queen and her son joined in affecting the utmost solicitude for the safety of the King. The page was first moved and then alarmed; the promise of a considerable reward completely overturned his resolution: he yielded, and led the Queen and her suite into the chamber of the sleeping monarch. The curtains of his bed were furiously torn open; he awoke suddenly, and started. No time was left him to recover from his fright; Ranzau denounced ruin and death; placed every image of terror before the eyes of the monarch, and his fruitful brain supplied him with new images of unreal horror; he painted the rage of a rebellious nation, conspired to shake off the yoke which the Queen and Struensee had imposed, crying aloud for justice, and determined to be satisfied with nothing less than the death of the victims they demanded. "What a dreadful misfortune! whither shall I flee?" cried the King, half dead with fear; "help me, advise me, tell me what I shall do."—"Sign these orders," returned Ranzau, with double fury; "this alone can save the King, his royal palace, and his people." The papers lay ready upon the table, and the Queen held the pen, the instrument of the destruction of the King's best friends, and of her complete revenge. The King took it with trembling hand; but the moment he espied, upon the first paper, the name of his Queen, Matilda, he threw it away with vehemence: it was as if this name, which had so long seemed wholly indifferent to him, at once roused the dormant powers of his mind. He endeavoured forcibly to rise, but was as forcibly prevented: another torrent of menaces and terrors was poured out upon him. Ranzau accumulated the most horrid falsehoods:—"The people," cried he, "are at the gates of the palace, fire and sword in their hands, and dire vengeance in their hearts: escape will soon be in vain; the palace will soon be in flames, and the monarch the first victim of their fury." The King's courage could not repel this second attack; fear overpowered him, tears ran down his cheeks, his hand trembled, he guided the pen without knowing it, signed the orders, and Ranzau hurried to see them executed.

Colonel Koller had, in the mean time, proceeded to the apartment of Struensee, without waiting the King's orders to arrest him. Having left the officers who accompanied him in an adjoining room, he entered the chamber alone in which the minister lay. Struensee was roused by the noise with which the Colonel approached; he knew him immediately; and, equally frightened and astonished, he asked him, by whose authority he dared to enter his chamber at so improper an hour?—"I will tell you that immediately," cried Koller; "rise this instant." He then seized him by the throat, and shook him so long and so violently, that resistance was vain; he surrendered, and was carried to the prison ready prepared for him in the citadel.

But the most dreadful scene of all was still to be acted. Ranzau, accompanied by Eichstadt, and a few other officers, repaired to the chamber where slept the beautiful and amiable Queen Matilda. The noise occasioned by their entrance into the antichamber alarmed her, and she called her attendants. Pale and trembling they entered the apartment; fear had rendered them incapable of answering her questions. Terrified by these appearances, she rose to enquire herself into the cause of their terror; when one of them informed her that Count Ranzau, accompanied by a train of officers, had entered the antichamber, and desired to be announced to her in the name of the King. "Ranzau!" cried she, "and in the name of the King? Run to Struensee, and call him to my assistance." She was then informed that Struensee had been secured and carried to prison. "I am betrayed, I am undone, I am lost for ever! But," added she, more composedly, "let the traitors come in; I am prepared to meet my fate." Half dressed she went to meet them with the most undaunted fortitude. Ranzau respectfully addressed her, and read the orders of the

King: she heard him without interruption, desired to read them herself, and Ranzau delivered the paper to her. Having read it quite through without betraying the least sign of fear, she threw it upon the ground with contempt, and cried,—"The character of treachery in you, and of weakness in the King, is so strongly stamped upon this whole transaction, that I shall not obey these orders." Ranzau entreated her to conform to the commands of the monarch. "Commands!" cried she, with indignation, "commands of which he himself is ignorant—commands forced by the most villainous treachery from foolish imbecility—such commands shall never be obeyed by a Queen." Upon this Ranzau grew more serious in his expostulations; and informed her that his orders must be obeyed, and without loss of time. "Till I have seen the King," returned she, "your orders shall not be executed upon me. Bring me to him immediately; I must, I will see him." She then stepped towards the door, but Ranzau stopped her: he grew impatient, and his entreaties were changed into threats. "Wretch!" cried the enraged Princess, "is this the language of a subject to his Queen? Go, thou most contemptible of beings! go from my sight, covered with your own infamy, but never feared by me!" The pride of Ranzau was touched; he cast an enraged look at his officers, fraught with a dreadful meaning; and the boldest of them stepped forward to seize the defenceless Princess. She tore herself from his arms, and called for help with all her strength, but in vain, for no assistance was at hand. Thus, struggling alone against armed men, distracted with rage and despair, she flew to the window, opened it, and attempted to throw herself out. One of the officers held her in the very moment: her fury now knew no bounds; she seized him by the hair, and dragged him to the ground: a second attacked her; and with equal strength and courage she disengaged herself from him. This shocking, this inhuman spectacle, which would have forced the dagger from the hand of the most bloody assassin, made no impression upon the mind of Ranzau and his banditti. They united their coward strength against this noble heroine; and she fell at last breathless, and almost fainting, into the arms of one of the officers. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, and it appeared evident that she could make no further resistance, she was forced to dress herself in an adjoining chamber; and Ranzau, who was mean and cruel enough to insult her with offensive and indecent language, led her to the carriage which waited so carry her to the fortress of Cronenburg.

Upon her arrival in the fort, she uttered loud complaints; and, overwhelmed with unspeakable distress, her knees refused their support, she sunk down upon the stairs, and was dragged into her bedchamber. The sight of a bed alarmed her; she stepped back, and cried, "Take me away, take me away! rest is not for the miserable! there is no rest for me!" She was then put into a chair; her bosom heaved with violent sighs, her whole frame seemed agitated and convulsed with anguish, and she at last burst into tears. "Thank God," cried she with fervency, "for this blessing! this is a comfort of which my enemies cannot rob me."

Meanwhile, as an insurrection was dreaded in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it. The most infamous and absurd reports were circulated among the populace, in order to throw an odium on the state-prisoners. They were accused of having infused poison into the King's coffee, with an intention to destroy or debilitate his understanding, and to declare him incapable of governing; to send the Queen-Dowager, as well as her infant son, Prince Frederic, out of the kingdom, and to proclaim the Queen Matilda regent.

During these transactions Struensee and Brandt were detained in rigorous imprisonment. The former was loaded with very heavy irons about his arms and legs, and he was at the same time fastened to the wall with an iron bar. In a cell not above ten or twelve feet square, with a little bed and a miserable iron stove, he wrote with a pencil an account of his life and conduct as a minister; a composition which displays no ordinary ability. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the Queen and the two Counts, counsel being assigned for each, in order to preserve an ostensible appearance of justice and equity.

Six articles were exhibited against Struensee; one of which charged him with an improper connexion with the Queen. His reverse of fortune seemed to have bereft his soul of fortitude and manly feeling. Terrified by the threat of the rack, confused by artful and ambiguous questions, and perhaps enticed by delusive hopes, he made a confession by which he highly impeached the character of the Queen, and at the same time roused the indignation of every honest mind against himself. On this charge alone was Struensee convicted; and he with his friend Brandt, against whom no crime could be proved, were beheaded on the 25th of March, 1772.

Four commissioners were now appointed to proceed to the principal part of this great cause, upon which it was necessary to decide, in order to insure stability to the success of the revolution. They proceeded to Cronenburg, to examine the Queen Matilda; and Baron Schak-Rathlau was appointed to take the lead in this important examination. A long and tedious series of days spent in the most gloomy solitude, the most exquisite distress, and tormenting suspense, had not yet broken the spirit of this noble Princess. She received the commissioners with an unaffected dignity, which displayed in its full extent the strength of her soul. A long string of captious and distressing questions which were put to her, were not able to disconcert her; her answers were short, pertinent, and precise; she calmly insisted that she could not reproach herself with any crime: and her unexpected fortitude and coolness, threw the commissioners into the utmost embarrassment. The cunning Schak saw plainly that he must in vain attempt to cope with the understanding of the Queen; but he hoped that her heart was not equally proof against his subtlety; and he promised himself as complete success in an attack upon the tenderness of her disposition, as she had in defeating his sophistical reasoning. He therefore made use of a stratagem, in order to procure from her that confession which alone could give validity to the sentence they were previously determined to pronounce, that led him to an action by which his name will be for ever branded with infamy.

He abruptly informed the Queen, that Count Struensee had made a confession highly disgraceful to the honour and dignity of her Majesty. "Impossible!" cried the astonished Matilda; "Struensee never could make such a confession; and, if he did, I deny every thing he has said."—Schak was too cunning to suffer her to recover her fright and astonishment; but added immediately, that Struensee had not only actually made this confession, but had confirmed it in his examination, and had even signed it; but that, as the Queen denied the truth, nothing but the most excruciating tortures, and the most ignominious death, could atone for so gross a violation of the Queen of Denmark.

This was a thunder-bolt to the unfortunate Princess; she fell back senseless upon her chair; her colour left her cheeks, and a deadly paleness occupied its place. Her regard for her honour struggled violently with her feelings. She at last recovered; and said, with a faultering voice,—"And if I confess what Struensee has said to be true, may he then hope for mercy at the hands of his judges?" She at the same time cast her beautiful eyes at Count Schak, with a look full of fear and hope, and expressive of every thing her lips dared not to utter. The countenance of Schak immediately cleared up; he bowed assent, in a manner which the Queen might interpret as favourably as she pleased; and persented to her a paper containing the accusations against herself, to which nothing was wanting to complete the triumph of her enemies but her signature. This dreadful instrument of her destruction renewed in the mind of the Queen the most violent emotion, and her whole frame was in the greatest agitation. She suddenly seemed to exert her utmost fortitude; she took a pen and began, with trembling hand, to write her name. She had already finished the letters CAROL— when casting a glance at Schak, she saw his eyes eagerly fixed upon her hand; he trembled with impatience, and betrayed in his face the malicious joy of triumphant treachery. In a moment she was convinced of the base arts practised against her; she threw away the pen, and cried with the strongest emotion, "I am shamefully deceived; Struensee never accused me; I know him too well; he never could have been guilty of

so great a crime." She endeavoured to rise, but her strength failed her; she sunk down, fainted, and fell back into her seat. With the most impudent audacity Schak then immediately took up the pen, put it between her fingers, and grasping her hand in his, he guided it; and before the unfortunate Princess again recovered, she had added the letters —INA MATILDA.

The commissioners having finished their examination, an extraordinary tribunal was formed to try the Queen, and the advocate who conducted the accusation in the name of the King demanded a sentence of divorce. Uhldal, her Majesty's advocate, requested a delay of a few days, and permission to consult the Queen on the manner of conducting her defence. This was granted; and he repaired to Cronenburg, where he had a long and very interesting conversation with his royal client.

The situation of the Queen was distressing beyond description. Young, beautiful, blessed by nature, and accomplished by education, with every thing that could render her susceptible of the most refined happiness throughout life, she now stood upon the very margin of a gulph which was ready to swallow up every thing that could be dear to her—her honour, her rank, her peace of mind; one moment was to rob her of her children, her husband, and her throne: and that she should survive this calamitous change, was a consideration fraught with new horror. Her sensibility rendered her capable of feeling her misery in its utmost extent; and the expressions in which she depicted the excruciating apprehensions of her mind to Uhldal, fully shewed with what acuteness she felt them. "I should be inconsolable," said she, "if the most trifling of my actions could have tended in the least to the dishonour or disadvantage of the King and the state. I have perhaps been imprudent, but have never meant ill; and in those points in which I have failed, my youth, and the strange circumstances in which I was placed, ought to plead my apology. I was too secure of the suspicion or censure of the world, and this security may have led me into error. If the laws of my country condemn me, it is my duty humbly to acquiesce in their sentence; but in the mouth of my judges, I trust their rigour will be softened by humanity; and this affords me great comfort. But when I consider that my King, my husband, must confirm their sentence, then, then my languishing hopes revive—he will surely never desert me, nor cast me from him into endless misery and despair!" Her tears and sighs frequently interrupted this moving address; at last she found some relief from the acuteness of her feelings, in her weakness to support them, rather than in a diminution of her distress. She spoke to Uhldal in a more tranquil tone, and consulted with him upon the best means by which her cause could be defended.

The eloquence and talents of Uhldal were in vain exerted in behalf of the injured Matilda; and a formal divorce separated her for ever from her husband.

Measures were now taken for the removal of Queen Matilda from Cronenburg. The small town of Aalborg, in Jutland, was first intended for her residence, and she herself seemed to wish to live within the Danish dominions. But when she heard of the melancholy end of her friends, she changed her resolution. Her brother, the King of England, made an offer to the Danish court, to appoint her a residence at the palace of Zell, in the electorate of Hanover: this proposal was accepted; and it was at the same time agreed, that she should still keep the title and rank of a Queen. Her dower of 250,000 dollars was returned, and an annuity of 30,000 dollars (about 5000l. sterling) settled upon her for life.

On the 27th of May, two English frigates and a cutter,* arrived at Helsingor; and on the 30th the Queen left Cronenburg. The last moments which this amiable Princess spent in the Danish domini-

* This squadron was commanded by the gallant Captain Macbride, whose conduct upon this, as on every other occasion, was that of a gentleman, a brave officer, and a true patriot. He conducted her to the frigate in his barge; the squadron saluted her, upon her coming on board, as the sister of the British monarch; and as soon as she was on board, he hoisted Danish colours, and insisted that the fort of Cronenburg should salute her as Queen of Denmark; which salute he returned with two guns less.

ons, were distressing in the highest degree. She was now under the necessity of parting from her only comfort, the only object of her affection, her infant daughter; and of leaving her in the hands of her sworn enemies. For some minutes she fondly pressed the babe to her bosom, and bedewed it with a shower of tears: she then attempted to tear herself away; but the voice, the smiles, the endearing motions of her infant, were chains that irresistibly drew her back. At last she called up all her resolution, took her once more into her arms, imprinted upon her lips, with the impetuous ardour of distracting love, the farewel kiss, returned her to the attendants, and cried, "Away, away! I now possess nothing here."

At Zell, Matilda appeared in her true and native character. Divested of the retinue and pomp which, on the throne of Denmark, veiled her in a great degree from observation, the qualities of her heart displayed themselves in her little court at Zell, and gained her universal love.

Her person was dignified and graceful; she excelled in all the exercises befitting her sex, birth, and station; she danced the finest minuet of all the females at the Danish court, and managed the horse with uncommon spirit and address. She had a taste for music, and devoted much of her time, while at Zell, to the harpsichord. The characteristic style of her dress was simplicity; that of her deportment an affability which, in a person of such high rank, might be termed extreme condescension. Her talents were extensive, and having been cultivated by reading, they displayed themselves on all occasions. She conversed with perfect facility in French, English, German, and Danish, and to these attainments she added a thorough knowledge of the Italian, which she studied and admired for its beauty and delicacy. Her manners were the most polished, soft, and ingratiating, and even the contracted state of her finances could not restrain that princely munificence of temper which kept her purse continually open to distress and misery. Naturally cheerful and happy in disposition, even the dark cloud of adversity could not alter the sweetness and serenity of her temper. Though banished with every circumstance of indignity from the throne of Denmark, she yet retained no sentiment of revenge against the authors of her fall, or the Danish people in general. Her heart was not tinctured with ambition, and she looked back to the diadem which had been torn from her brow with calmness and magnanimity. It was not the crown that she regretted; her children alone employed her care. The feelings of the sovereign were absorbed in those of the mother; and if she wept the day when she quitted the isle of Zealand, it was because she was bereft of the dear objects of her maternal fondness.

A few months before her death she shewed with transports of joy, to the first lady of her bed-chamber, a portrait of the Prince Royal, her son, which she had just received. It happened that a few days afterwards, this lady entered the Queen's apartment at an unusual hour; she was surprized at hearing her Majesty talk though quite alone. While she thus stood in mute astonishment, unable to retire, the Queen suddenly turned round, and addressing her with that charming smile which she alone could preserve at a moment when her heart was torn with sensations of the acutest anguish:—"What must you think," said she, "of a circumstance so extraordinary as to find me talking though quite alone? but it was to this dear and cherished image that I addressed my conversation. And what do you imagine I said to it? Nearly the same verses which you sent not long ago to a child sensible to the happiness of having found a father—verses," added she, "which I altered after this manner:—

"Eh! qui donc, comme moi, gouteroit la douceur
"De t'appeller mon fils, d'être chère à ton cœur!
"Toi qu'on arrache aux bras d'une mère sensible
"Qui ne pleure que toi, dans ce destin terrible."

The lady could not make any reply; overcome with her own emotions, she burst into tears, and hastily retired from the royal presence.

In the beginning of May, 1775, she was seized with the disorder which proved fatal to her. Leyser, the physician by whom she was attended, dreaded the event from

the first moment. She was no stranger to his apprehensions, and impressed with a sentiment of her approaching end, she said to him,—"You have twice extricated me from very dangerous indispositions, but this exceeds your skill; I know that I am not within the help of medicine." When the dangerous nature of her disorder became generally known, anxiety and consternation pervaded her whole court, by which she was idolized. Her physician called in to his assistance the celebrated Dr. Zimmermann, of Hanover, but her Majesty's illness, which proved to be a most malignant spotted fever, baffled every exertion of their skill. She bore the pains of her distemper with exemplary patience, and even shewed the most generous and delicate attention to the ladies by whom she was attended. She preserved her speech, senses, and understanding to the last moment, and only a short time previous to her dissolution, which took place on the 10th of May, 1775, expressed the most hearty forgiveness of all those enemies by whom, during her life, she had been persecuted and calumniated.

Her Majesty's remains were interred with her maternal ancestors, the Dukes of Zell, with a pomp suited to her dignity. The streets and the great church were thronged with crowds of people, impressed with the sincerest sorrow by the event which had called them together. It was a scene the most affecting and awful that can be imagined; and when the funeral sermon was delivered, the numerous audience melted into tears, and were overcome with emotions to be compared only with those of the famous Bossuet on a similar occasion, the interment of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, about a century before.

But the most striking proof of the love and attachment borne to her Majesty's memory after death, and the impression which her virtues had made among all ranks of people in the country where she died, is the resolution drawn up soon afterwards at Hanover, by the states of Luneburg. It was as follows:—"The nobility and the states of the duchy of Luneburg assembled, have resolved in their session on the 10th June, to present a request to the King of Great Britain, to obtain permission to erect, at Zell, a monument in memory of the qualities of mind and heart of the late Queen of Denmark, as well as of the devotion and veneration which they bore to that Princess. They intend to chuse the first-rate artists for its execution, and they hope by this avowed proof of their zeal, to perpetuate to the remotest posterity, both the profound grief which the premature death of that young Queen has spread through a whole province which adored her, and the homage which they rendered to that true greatness which disasters and adversities the most cruel only rendered the more respectable."

These wishes, so honourable to the memory of the unfortunate Matilda, were granted; and the monument, by the celebrated Oeser, stands in the garden belonging to the electoral palace at Zell.

A late traveller, adverting to the catastrophe which precipitated Queen Matilda from the throne of Denmark, observes, that people, in Denmark, now strive to forget the whole history of that event, which is never mentioned among such persons as are at all connected with the court. "Nevertheless," continues he, "I have had several conversations on the subject with a gentleman who is honoured with the intimacy of the royal family. The butchery of Struensee and Brandt is regarded with horror, and the fate of the amiable but unfortunate Queen is universally deplored. The Crown-Prince has pretty plainly expressed his sentiments on the matter. As soon as he attained the direction of public affairs, the Queen-Dowager was obliged to quit Copenhagen; she resided at Fredericksborg till her death in 1796. The Prince has likewise invariably shewn a decided aversion to all those who sided against his mother."

THE ARTIST.

No. III.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[*Continued from Page* 54.]

HAVING in our last brought the biography of Mr. West nearly to a close, it has been suggested to us that our account would be imperfect, unless it were connected with somewhat of a detailed history (supplementary to the few hints we have given) of the Royal Academy; a society which has chiefly flourished, and been supported in its highest lustre, under the Presidency of this illustrious artist. In the present inquiry, therefore, we shall give a detail of the origin of the Academy, and the views with which an institution commenced which has obtained so much celebrity throughout Europe; we have resolved therefore to enter upon the subject with that minuteness which its importance so well deserves.

We shall consider this institution under its several Presidencies, and conclude with some hints as to its reformation and future direction, which we trust will not be unacceptable to the general body of artists. We shall commence our subject without any further preface.

The importance of the fine arts, as connected with the honour and prosperity of the country, had been acknowledged, and sensibly felt, by many persons of high rank and talent more than half a century ago; and considerable efforts have been made for the establishment of a national school. It is a just pride to the artists, that every attempt failed but what had its origin in their own exertions. It was they who first formed themselves into a body, which, however wanting in dignity and the principles of permanence when compared with their present institution, must ever be considered as the origin of the Royal Academy.

From their own exertions was formed the Incorporated Society of Arts. Their first exhibition took place at the Great Room in Spring Gardens, in December, 1760. There they were incorporated, and continued to exhibit yearly with great success. Notwithstanding the prejudice arising from novelty, and the difficulties they had to encounter from the low ebb, not to say the depravity of national taste, such was the success of their Exhibitions, that, in a very short time, they accumulated a fund of five or six thousand pounds; and though subsisting in this loose and detached state, without the patronage of rank, or the aid of wealth, they were enabled, from their own efforts, to open the most cheering prospects to their brother artists, and to hold out to the kingdom the institution of a school of national delineation, from which its taste might be corrected, and its commerce improved.

The tranquillity of this society was first disturbed by intrigues arising amongst themselves. In a struggle to obtain the government of this institution, two parties were formed, of the most opposite and hostile interests, headed by two architects. Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir William Chambers, was at the head of one party; and Mr. Payne, a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession, governed the other. Both of these gentlemen being in the Directory, and each struggling for an ascendancy over that body, the interest of Mr. Payne prevailed at a general election, and the friends of the latter alone were admitted.

This was a fatal blow to the peace of the society; most of the distinguished artists withdrew; and that they might still enjoy the dignity and advantages of a corporate capacity, the present was viewed as a favourable

moment for forming a new society, to be under the Royal patronage.

In the communication which took place between Mr. Chambers and his present Majesty, a proposition for a new Academy was made, which was graciously received by the King, who was pleased to name four artists, who were to form a committee, and communicate with him personally, respecting the plan of the new Institution.

The names of these Artists were, Mr. Chambers, G. M. Moser, F. Coates, and B. West. These gentlemen waited upon the King, and communicated the plan of their Institution, in the formation of which his Majesty engaged with the warmest interest and most active zeal. Communication was made to several eminent artists for their assistance in forming the laws to regulate the intended Academy. The code, when nearly complete, was laid before the King, which received his Royal sanction, and commands to be carried into immediate effect.

From the general body of the artists, academicians were created by his Majesty. Their first meeting was in the month of December, 1768 (the anniversary of the institution as now holden), when they chose their annual officers; and, having elected Sir Joshua Reynolds to the chair, recommended him to the approbation of the King. At the same time they chose their council, consisting of eight, their secretary, and keeper. The office of treasurer his Majesty reserved to be filled upon his own nomination, and he was graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Chambers.

It is here worthy of remark, that the laws of the Academy gave a perpetual seat and voice at the Council Board to the treasurer, but no vote, except he should be elected one of the members of the council.

Such was the origin of the Royal Academy.

In order that a society, formed under the express patronage of his Majesty, should have those principles of permanence and independence in its constitution, which might exempt it from the operation of those intrigues that had proved so fatal to the incorporated society, and secure its dignity and internal peace, his Majesty judged proper, to prevent all external influence from endangering its government, to direct that none but professional men should belong to the institution,—with the exception of a few who were eminently marked for literature, and distinguished in certain branches of science. Upon this, Dr. William Hunter was elected Professor of Anatomy; Dr. Johnson, Professor of Ancient Literature; Mr. Gibbon, Professor of History; and Baretti, Secretary of Foreign correspondence; but none of these gentlemen had any voice in the government of the Academy.

Under such auspices and arrangements the Royal Academy commenced. Something perhaps might be pointed out, both in the plan of its government, and internal administration, which must necessarily have sown the seeds of disorder, and provoked dissentions in the body; but of this hereafter.

It is not to be doubted that this institution was fostered and adopted by the King from motives of the purest patriotism, and a zeal for the arts which had its source in a love of his country. It could not escape the observation of an enlightened Prince that, in a nation whose wealth and revenues were derived from commerce, and a preference obtained for its manufactures in the different markets of Europe, a national school of delineation was necessary, in which, by the cultivation and general diffusion of the elements of art, the taste of the manufacturer and mechanic might be corrected, and something of a higher quality,—a more improved utility, and dignified elegance, be ingrafted upon the produce of his labour. It would, above all, not fail to strike a Sovereign, whose ambition was to govern in the hearts of his people, and elevate the British name and character to a pitch of dignity which should establish his reign as an æra in the annals of his country, that nothing could be more essential to his true glory than the cultivation of those arts, which, under a pure administration, and a generous patronage, had a natural tendency to expand the mind, and improve the morals of his subjects, and add that last and most exquisite polish to the manners of the people, which might be considered as the glory of civilization.

It was from views of this nature, so worthy the character of a patriot King, that his Majesty had actively embarked in the formation of the Royal Academy, and laboured, even with the ardour of personal industry, to construct its scheme of government, and communicate to it those principles of growth and improvement which should advance it, in due season, to that point of excellence which might constitute it as a feature in his reign, and give it all the splendour of an institution excelling in arts, and the solid dignity of an establishment for national purposes.

At the very outset, his Majesty had rejected every thing narrow and confined. His object was not to add a something to the train of greatness; to create an extra appendage to the equipage of royalty; to construct a servile academy of artists, to subsist upon his pleasure

and measured dole of bounty, in a state as degraded as any of his menials. It was not these motives,—motives which have stimulated the pride of the petty princes of Italy and Germany, to set aside a vacant room in their palaces for the reception of a few needy artists, who were enrolled in their domestic train, and whose genius was as degraded as their situation;—it was not motives of this nature which actuated the mind of our gracious Sovereign. The stream of royal bounty was not meant to be contracted in its channel,—it was directed to fructify, and flow through the country at large; to wait upon the artist at his own door, in the most distant provinces; to call him from that obscurity, in which he might otherwise have been condemned to toil, to that portion of public patronage of which he might be found deserving.

The whole nation was invited by the example of the Sovereign to engage in the same task, and the liberality of his patronage exacted no other service from the artists than the improvement of the estate which he had committed to them. The only return he sought was the prosperity of their institution by their own efforts; the securing of its tranquillity, which was only to be obtained by a prudent and impartial administration; and its permanence, which must necessarily depend upon the unanimity which should prevail amongst the members of the body.

Thus have we briefly traced the origin of the Royal Academy, and the motives from which the august patronage of the Sovereign originated; and it now remains for us to shew the progress which was made in the infancy of the institution, and the prospects which were opened of those beneficial effects which had been promised as the result of this establishment.

But as we have undertaken to review the proceedings of the Academy under its different Presidencies, it is but justice, in the first stage of our inquiry, to explain the state of the arts prior to the appearance of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his profession, and, in order to form a just appreciation of his merits, to consider this institution in the state in which he was placed in the chair, the degree of improvement to which he raised it, and with which his Presidency concluded.

The superior style of portrait-painting, introduced into this country by Vandyke, under the patronage of Charles the First, had undergone a material decline from the distractions of the kingdom in that unfortunate period; and lapsing into more feeble hands, upon the death of that artist and his patron, it experienced a rapid degeneracy from the qualities which it once possessed. The arts, indeed, appeared to decline in a kind of regular descent, from Dobson, the successor of Vandyke, through Walker, Lely, Kneller, Dohl, Hudson, Ramsay, and Shackleton, to the close of the reign of George the Second; and they were in a state of still further decay when Reynolds appeared in his profession.

It may be remembered that this distinguished artist received the rudiments of his education under Hudson, but soaring beyond the fame and imperfect examples before him, his zeal carried him into Italy, for the purpose of studying the works of the great Italian masters; and by the principles of art which he acquired in this school, he returned to his native country with an improved taste and superior refinement in that branch of his profession which he peculiarly cultivated. It will ever indeed be the just praise of Sir Joshua, that portrait-painting grew in his hands to an elevation of art which it had hitherto not attained; that he was enabled to invest it with qualities to which it had been a stranger; to give it a dignity and decision of character,—something of the majesty of history, and the grace and amenity of landscape. This period we are ever bound to consider as the epoch in which was produced a refined style in portrait-painting, and a more general diffusion of taste with respect to the Fine Arts.

From this acknowledged pre-eminence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is to the credit of the first Academicians that they had the discernment to recommend him to his Majesty, to be confirmed, by his gracious sanction, as President of their Society.

When we consider the auspicious commencement of this Presidency, supported at that period by the talents of a Wilson and Barrett in landscape-painting, a Gainsborough in landscape and portraits,—Coates in portrait crayons, West in history, together with Cipriani and Penney; a Bacon, and many others of eminence, in sculpture; Sir William Chambers, Gwynne, and Payne, in architecture; all of whom were zealous to carry into effect his Majesty's gracious views towards the infant Academy,—when we consider the commencement of a Presidency under auspices like these, it is not to be wondered that a series of Exhibitions, which laid claim to a more dignified character in art, and a splendour far exceeding what had hitherto appeared in the country, should have graced the infancy of the Academy.

[*To be Continued.*]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

MONUMENT,

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF Mrs. HOWARD.

BY JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, ESQ. R. A.

"Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!"

MARIA,

THE THIRD DAUGHTER OF ANDREW LORD ARCHER,
WAS MARRIED TO HENRY HOWARD, ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF NOVEMBER, 1788;
AND DIED WITH HER INFANT DAUGHTER,
ON THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, 1789; IN THE TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HER AGE.

THIS TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION IS PAID TO THE
MEMORY OF HER WHO APPROACHED NEAR TO PERFECTION,
BY THE AFFLICTED HUSBAND AND SISTERS.

IN THE CHURCH
OF
CORBEY CASTLE,
THE SEAT OF THE FAMILY OF THE HOWARDS, IN THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

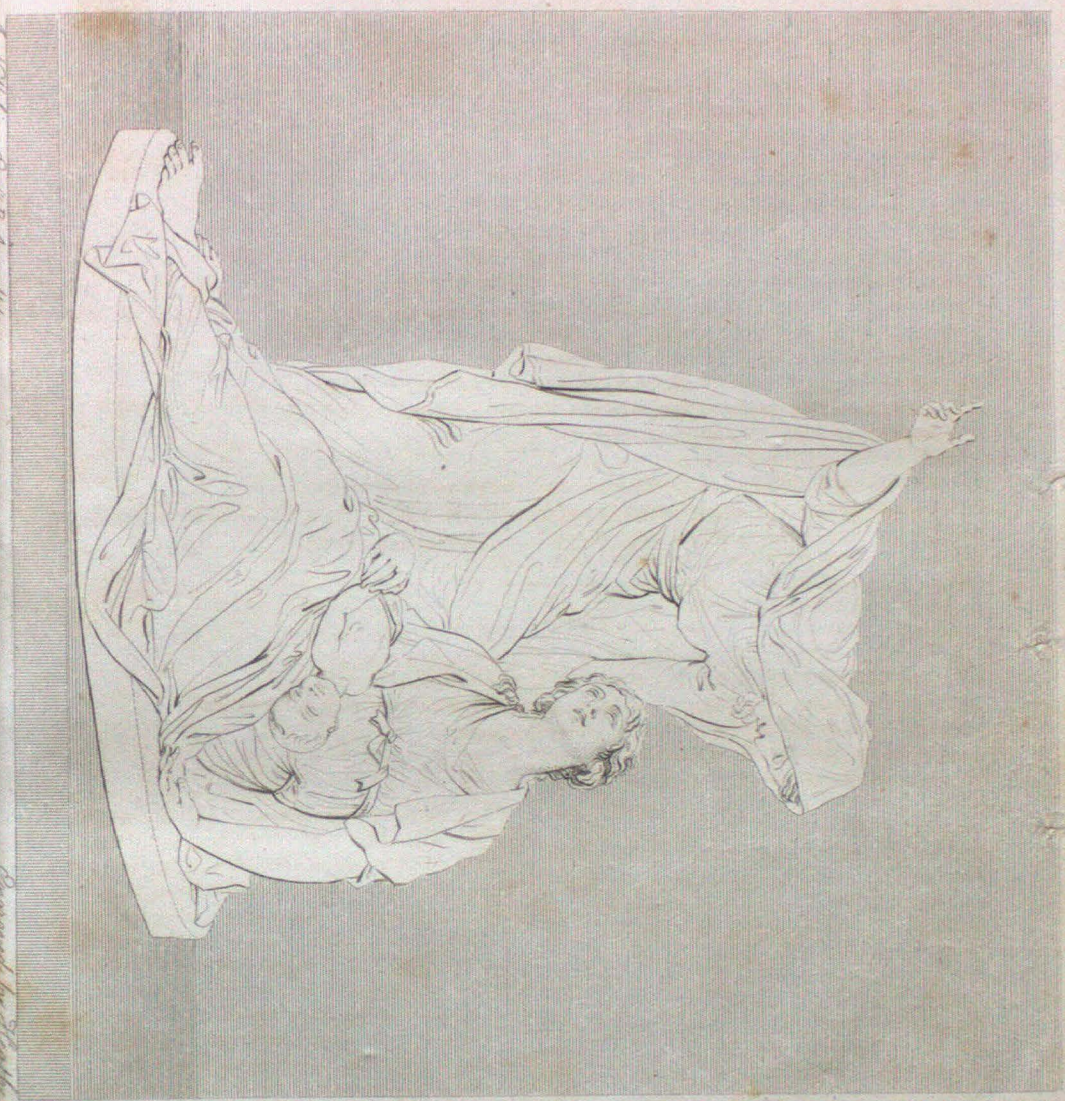
The group in this monument is composed of the dead child and the expiring mother, in the arms of Religion.

The intention of the artist in this composition, is to express, in the first place, that all hope is extinguished in the mother's breast, with respect to the life of her child. The infant is dead, and lies carelessly on its parent's lap, whilst the only consolation which the mother seems to feel, is that of a future state, which Religion, with graceful and energetic confidence, points out to her view.

In the agony of expiring life, the countenance of the mother is lighted up with a divine consolation, and she is already lifted above all earthly concerns. These feelings the artist has most admirably expressed, in the graceful turn of the head, the majestic elevation of the face, and the tranquillity and ease which pervade the whole figure and the drapery.

The figure and countenance of Religion are no less admirable. Mr. Nollekens has thrown into it a surprising benevolence, a serene and noble dignity. Her mantle, which falls in broad and square folds of simple drapery, seems to shroud and cover round the mother and the child. It is a just and noble emblem of her bounty, and is finely contrasted with the drapery of the other figure.

Such is this monument, which dignifies, whilst it recalls to us a common and sorrowful scene of domestic life,—a beautiful young woman, lost, with her infant, in child-bed, to an affectionate and worthy husband. It must ever be the just pride of Mr. Nollekens, to have raised, from such simple materials, a monument which elevates, to the effect of the most sublime pathos, a sad and frequent occurrence of daily life.



ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[*Continued from Page* 84.]

NEXT morning the mistress of the castle invited the stranger to breakfast. She had time, during the night, to prepare herself, so that she might say neither too much nor too little. As soon as breakfast was over, she locked the door of the room, and began her narrative.

"I must acknowledge that my father was right, when he said that I was an extraordinary creature, and capable of the most singular contradictions in my conduct. For these two years past, I have been taking every possible precaution, in order that I might not be known, and now I voluntarily discover myself to you. I am, however, convinced that something very different from curiosity, has excited in you a wish to be made acquainted with my history. I shall, therefore, not hesitate to communicate to you the events of my life, though I shall reserve the right of concealing my name.

"I have heard or read that certain persons carry within themselves the germ of their destinies, and meet with extraordinary adventures, because they bring with them extraordinary sentiments into all the circumstances of life. To this class of people, I, perhaps, belong. I have always viewed the world with different eyes from what most are accustomed to consider it with, and might say with Rousseau, I know not whether I was better than others, but this I know, that I was unlike them.

"Scarcely had my tongue begun to express the ideas of my infant mind, when I was proclaimed a genius. And why? Because I shewed some talents, and a strong desire to learn. My father, a man of a sound understanding, and various attainments, was highly delighted with the thirst of knowledge manifested by his little Theresa."

"Theresa!" exclaimed the stranger, "is your name Theresa?" asked she, a death-like paleness at the same time overspreading her countenance.

"Is this name so frightful to you?" enquired the recluse.

"Frightful!" rejoined the stranger, "O, no, I venerate it, like the name of a saint. I had once an unknown friend, whose name was Theresa. A Theresa saved me without knowing it, from the most dreadful of misfortunes. But let me request you to proceed."

The recluse was more rejoiced than concerned at the discovery of this new alliance with the stranger, and thus continued:

"My father's circumstances permitted him to devote his whole attention to the cultivation of my little talents. He had been minister to a German Prince, but had resigned his post, out of discontent with the administration of the country, which he had in vain endeavoured to improve, and now passed his best years in a delightful retreat in the country. He was the more attached to me, because my birth had been the death of my mother, and my brother manifested none of those dispositions by which I gave the promise of being once able to cheer the old age of my father. No expence was spared to provide me with books and teachers. I learned music, drawing, history, geography, various languages, in short, any thing that I had a mind for. As soon as I could read, poetry and plays were put into my hands, though I afterwards became neither poetess nor actress. Thus I grew up amidst ideas, caresses, flatteries, and reveries, without myself knowing what kind of a being I was, or still less thinking how to make an impression on any one by my various qualifications and attainments. My father was naturally pleased with me; and as for me, scarcely any person pleased me but my father. I was not anxious for applause; I lived in a creation of my own fancy; and though my speculations embraced every object that can possibly occupy the mind of a child, I never bestowed a thought on myself, and, for that very reason, was happy.

"The first epoch in my little history was the death of my father, which happened when I was thirteen. He had been the only man with whose participation in my pleasures I could not dispense. To please him I had learned many things which would otherwise have been indifferent to me. He was always my first thought with every new acquisition in art or science, with every new acquaintance that I chanced to make, and with every wish or whim that arose in my bosom. I did not

feel till after his death, that my father had filled my heart, and this discovery was the first observation that I made upon myself.

"Every thing within and around me was now totally altered. My reveries and my thoughts followed the corpse of my father. My natural vivacity forsook me. I seated myself, when nobody observed me, in an arbour in the garden, and wept. No one took any notice of me. Not a creature was enlivened by my cheerfulness. The feeling of vacuity, of which I had often read without knowing what it meant, embittered the enjoyment of the little pleasure, which I yet derived from my harpsichord, my drawings, and my books. I grew extremely serious, petulant from vexation, and cold for want of an object on which to fix my affection.

"The change in my external situation, and the transition from infancy to another period of life, completed the internal revolution of my being. I was placed under the guardianship of a relation who lived in town, and my mode of life was accordingly changed. Young gentlemen of such a description as would not have been very welcome at my father's country seat, and were not often seen there, daily threw themselves in my way, in the house of my guardian, in order to say fine things to me. My coyness, as they termed it, drew from them numberless ineffectual sallies. The coldness with which I listened to their witty apostrophes, was, in their opinion, the simplicity and inexperience of a girl of thirteen. These people rendered themselves the most disagreeable to me, by the sarcasms with which they endeavoured to counteract the effects of the religious instruction which about this time I received from a respectable clergyman. Religious devotion was now the only sentiment that gave my heart a kind of satisfaction. This sentiment I cultivated with so much the more ardour, because it was new to me, and because it associated itself in a manner entirely new, with the remembrance of my father, whom I now hailed in my reveries as an angel in another world.

"These religious sentiments made me very attentive to myself. To fulfil my duties now became the chief object of my solicitude. Even the pleasures of infancy, which in the simplicity of my heart I had enjoyed without regard to duty, now appeared all at once in the light of levities, which it was necessary to expiate. From this time I did not wilfully take any step, without first enquiring whither it would lead: I wished not only to make amends for my past errors, but to have something in store, when merits and rewards should come to be weighed. I played the usurer with my feelings, but really without knowing it. My only wish was to please the invisible searcher of the human heart, for the idea of his presence every where accompanied me. This wish made me the more indifferent to the approbation of men than I had already grown, in consequence of the loss of my father. The recollection of my father gradually ceased to be the point in which my sweetest sensations were concentrated. Shall I confess it?—He to whom I owe my existence, was banished from my soul by the father of all beings. For him alone I had now any sensibility; to him alone was I attached; and my love burned with all the ardour of passion. In the innocence of my heart, indecent as it may sound, I became enamoured of God.

"Had I at this moment fallen into the hands of some mystical sect, I should scarcely have escaped with my reason. The world would probably have seen in me a second Guyon, or Bourignon. But my teacher, to whom the sensibility of my soul gave the greatest delight, because he was himself something of an enthusiast, was displeased with my sensual attachment to the father of spirits. He zealously inculcated the truths of the Catholic religion, in which I was educated, but at the same time warned me against all mystical, as well as free-thinking heretics. So much the more warmly did he recommend to me the performance of good works, the subjugation of the passions, and resignation to the decrees of the Eternal. From his instructions I brought back unsophisticated sensations, but the fulfilment of the ordinary duties of life appeared insufficient to my warm imagination. I wanted to sacrifice myself; I resolved to renounce the world, and to go into a convent.

"You may conceive how my determination was received in the house of my guardian, where every sentiment like those which I stood in need of, was a coin of an unknown stamp.

"By the young gentlemen who came to whisper tender things to me, I was now called the pietist, by my brother, the nun, and by my guardian, the fool. How I rejoiced in thus being the object of their ridicule! I now suffered for the performance of my duty; and now, as I thought, I had at least earned a leaf of the palm of the martyrs.

"A second time I was in danger of losing myself in the mazes of mysticism. Disgusted with the society which surrounded me, I courted solitude. Indifferent toward the world, which would have forced its pleasures upon me, I aspired to what was unattainable, and my imagination created for me a society

of supernatural beings. Such was my situation, when I had the good fortune to meet with a female friend, before my reveries had extinguished within me the feelings of human nature.

"From the day that friendship again attached me to the earth, from which enthusiastic devotion had so nearly disengaged me, I date the third period of my moral life.

"A more unequal pair than myself and the friend who for four years constituted the happiness of my life, fortune certainly never brought together. Though the very reverse of myself both in person and mind, I conceived a stronger affection for her than for any other object in the world, and in me alone she found what she sought in vain in men and women who were more like herself. She was not of noble birth, neither of that class which ranks the next to the nobility. Her father was master of the public school in the city, and she followed the profession of painting.

"A fancy of my guardian who wished to see my portrait among his family pictures, was the occasion of this tender attachment, the possibility of which I was far from suspecting. Francisca and I so perfectly understood each other's looks and words, before she had finished my portrait, that we had scarcely been half an hour together, when we threw ourselves into one another's arms, and thus commenced that union, which time still more strongly cemented. Our unusual manner was, as we soon mutually acknowledged, what engaged the notice of both. But much as she distinguished herself from the rest of her sex, so much did she differ from me. She belonged wholly to the world, which I was desirous of renouncing, but only that she might, in the feeling of her own independence, set herself above all those demands which the world of course made upon her. She, too, was indifferent about the opinion of others, more indifferent indeed than a woman ought to be; but not like me, from motives of religion. She thought it ridiculous, in judging of our actions, to pay any regard to the opinion of those who cannot be so intimately acquainted with us as we are with ourselves. She was conscientious, but only from principle, and not in order to comply with any rule. Frankness, humour, *naiveté*, and enthusiasm for every thing beautiful in the visible and invisible world, gave to her ideas an energy, to her words a fire, to her actions a vivacity, and to her whole being a superiority to which I was obliged to submit. It was a long time before I could bring myself to approve of what she said and did. But she had gained my heart. In her mode of feeling she was more of a man than a woman, and she absorbed all my affection.

"If we continue longer together, my dear friend, I will relate to you some anecdotes, which will prove what a noble mind, though unshackled by rules, my friend possessed. You will then be able to comprehend the dominion which, without wishing to rule, she exercised over my sentiments. From her I learned to forget heaven for earth, which, on account of the beauties which I discovered and tasted in it, became to me a second heaven. She persuaded me to relinquish my intention of taking the veil. She so thoroughly convinced me of the impossibility of conceiving in imagination the joys of a future life, that I soon began to laugh myself at my mystical reveries. She demonstrated to me that man would not have been placed on earth, had he not been designed to enjoy all the beauties that it affords. My wishes daily grew more human, yet I did not feel myself debased; for any degrading thought or action would perhaps have been more easily forgiven by my confessor than by my friend. She never talked of principles, and had very few that she followed; but to these few, which comprehended the whole essence of morality, she most strenuously adhered.

"What hours did we pass together in cheerful converse, or in exercising the creative powers of imagination! What plans did we form, what air-built castles did we construct! We traced the course of our future lives down to the remotest period. She was determined never to marry, and I, persuaded by her reasons, resolved to follow her example. We hoped to grow old together, and to shew the world that two female friends can dispense with every thing but their mutual affection, and that, to complete their happiness, they have no occasion for the intervention of the other sex.

"Fate, however, decreed, that this hope should not be realized. My friend, my beloved friend died.

"Here permit me to conclude for to-day the first part of my history. The second begins better, and ends still more unfortunately than the first. Now come with me into the garden, I must shew you the monuments of friendship, as I have shewn you those of love."

The stranger followed the recluse, and was conducted by her from one monument to another, but without paying particular attention to what she saw and heard. More than once, as if absorbed by new thoughts, she held her hand to her forehead, and looked around without taking notice of any thing. The recluse observed her distraction; but she was too

deeply engaged with the recollection of past scenes to enquire the reason of it. Both left the garden in such a confusion, as if they had communicated to each other either too much or too little. The stranger wished to be alone. At dinner time she begged to be excused, shut herself up in her apartment, and was engaged till evening in writing. When it grew dark, she sent her servant, as she informed the recluse, with a letter to her physician in the next town. This place was likewise a post town, and the servant, instead of going to the physician, procured a courier, whom he dispatched in great haste with a packet for Marseilles.

Next morning, after breakfast, the recluse related the second part of her story.

"By the death of my friend, I became one of the most forlorn of all beings endued with sensibility. Never had I yet had such experience of life—never had I sustained such a loss. To heaven I had been unfaithful, and earth, as I imagined, had nothing more to offer. I had advanced so far beyond the childish affection with which I had four years before been attached to the memory of my father, that I could not return to it. During that interval I had learned too much. I had become too intimately acquainted with hope, to be satisfied with that compensation which recollection could afford. That I, who was ready to make such sacrifices, should be deprived of that which constituted my only happiness, seemed to me an unprecedented hardship. The excess of my grief was not mitigated by religion; on the contrary, I murmured at the decrees of fate. My melancholy was converted into sullen indifference.

"In this state, in which I pushed aside every hand that was outstretched to support me, I continued almost a year, discontented with myself, and still more dissatisfied with the world. Sometimes I encouraged my former resolution of taking the veil, at others I abandoned it again, because the monastic life appeared joyless and uncomfortable. A feeling for which I could find no name impelled me onward, as it were, and frustrated all my endeavours to sacrifice the future to the past. I had at one time been ready to resign every thing; but now when it came to the trial, so far from submitting to the will of fate, I seemed disposed to extort from it by force its most valuable gift. And could any gift be more precious than such a friend as she whose loss I deplored?—The thought of dying unbeloved, was almost as terrible as that of everlasting perdition.

"Before I was fifteen I had read most of the celebrated novels, and among the rest, Rousseau's Heloise. At that time I could not conceive how this book could be thought so dangerous; for its perusal had as often given me *ennui* as pleasure. A few passages, however, had impressed themselves more deeply on my memory than I wished; and these glowed within me in characters of fire, now when I darted my anxious looks into futurity as into an unknown wilderness. 'I too shall die without having lived,' exclaimed a voice in my bosom. I read Heloise a second time, and now my imagination, to which friendship no longer afforded nourishment, was occupied with images of disappointed love. Thus in my nineteenth year I was ripe for my fate.

"Engaged with reveries which fortunately nobody divined, I awaited, in a company which my guardian had invited, the arrival of my brother. Private business had separated him from us for half a year. He had been in Russia, was now on his return, and as he informed us, was accompanied by a fellow-traveller from the north of Germany, who intended to pass through our city on his way to Vienna. A fellow-traveller of my brother! thought I, what can that be but a man like himself? and consequently a person from whose society I can promise myself no pleasure or comfort? I nevertheless found a satisfaction in figuring to myself his image, not such as I expected but as I wished him to look. My brother had mentioned that he would pass a few days with us. Such were the thoughts with which I was occupied while we were waiting on the appointed day for the arrival of the travellers.

"If the trifling circumstances of that day were as interesting to you, my friend, as to me, I would relate to you all that passed from minute to minute; I would tell you how each of the company sat or stood when the travellers entered, and every word that passed between them and myself on the occasion.

"It was a serene day of autumn. We had assembled in a garden in front of the house. The company was numerous; preparations had been made for an entertainment, and fireworks provided for the evening. I was tormented with questions about my ill humour; my play-fellows, for so they shall be called, though I had little inclination to partake of their sports, plundered the plum-trees, and pelted each other with the fruit, while I took my scissars from the case, and cut profiles out of the leaves.

"But what are all these trifles to you? You must be aware of what is to follow, and that my brother's fellow-traveller, who became acquainted with me when in such an ill humour, is destined to make a conspicuous figure in

my history. My eyes discovered him sooner than his perceived me; my whole soul was fixed upon him the moment I saw him, so that I almost entirely forgot my brother. How could it be otherwise? He bore no resemblance to my brother either in his appearance or his behaviour. How, thought I, could two persons so totally different form an acquaintance with each other?

"My brother first presented his companion to my guardian, and then introduced him to me. I blushed like a child that had never seen a stranger before. One circumstance not a little remarkable was, that this stranger actually had some resemblance to the picture of him which my imagination had drawn. The world would not perhaps reckon him handsome. He was tall, and rather slender than otherwise. His countenance displayed more delicacy than fire; but every feature was replete with animation, and his eye moved as though it could speak every language. It seemed to me as if at that moment we sympathized even in our humour. He was grave and absent; his tone was colder than I should have expected from so accomplished a man, when paying the first compliment to a female; and yet he appeared uneasy when, after a few common questions and answers, I left him to the company and addressed myself to an older acquaintance.

"I followed him with my eyes, but not without great caution, and when I thought he was not observing me. It afforded me some small satisfaction that he was not more talkative with the other ladies to whom he was presented than with me; with the gentlemen also he was extremely short. I took aside one of my acquaintance after the other, and asked how they liked the stranger. They thought him interesting, as they were pleased to express themselves, but not at all amiable. I declared that he had made the same impression upon me, though in fact it was of a very different kind.

"It was not long before he again stood, without having sought me, by my side. He was now more talkative, and conversed in as different a tone as though the quarter of an hour in which we had not spoken to each other had been a year passed in habits of the closest intimacy. Travelling, and the uniformity of common life, were the subjects of conversation; every word he said proved to me that he had thought much, and that his sentiments respecting life in general, nearly coincided with mine. Some ladies, who had pretensions to wit, joined in our conversation; he listened to them with the same politeness as to me. Whatever they said obtained them some compliment, but my only recompence was his serious approbation. The ladies did not seem perfectly satisfied with their share, but I was so much the more pleased with mine.

"I now began to be uneasy whenever he approached me, and I acknowledged to myself without reserve, that he was an object worthy of my love. The company withdrew from the garden to a pavilion, and I lost sight of the stranger. Meanwhile it grew dark, and each gentleman sought a female companion. I had intended to avoid the stranger, but before I was aware, I found him by my side. At the moment when the rockets and squibs occupied the eyes and ears of all, we were both engaged in as philosophical a conversation as if the silence of midnight reigned around us. We conversed on the happiness and enjoyment of life. 'Love alone,' said he, 'renders life worth enjoying; and love alone can make us so unhappy that life with all its pleasures resembles continual death.' This he said without looking at me, and, as I should imagine, without any reference to me; but it flashed like lightning to my heart. I was disposed to ask him in jest if he spoke from experience, but I could not. He continued to reason upon his text, and I made observations as well as I could.

"I was desirous to know how he had become acquainted with my brother. In order to change the conversation I asked the question. He looked stedfastly at me, and said in a whisper,—'Through you.'

"'Through me! said I, with surprize. How can that be?—'I almost forced myself as a companion upon your brother,' replied he, 'for the purpose of making myself acquainted with you.'

"I could scarcely breathe. At the moment when he was going to proceed, he was interrupted by a squib, which, as I afterwards found, was mischievously thrown at us by my brother, who had overheard our philosophical conversation. A loud laugh betrayed him, when I sprung aside with a shriek. We were now obliged to rejoin the company. The stranger quitted me, and soon afterwards left us all, without assigning any reason why he would not stay to supper. My brother and guardian pressed him to accept a lodging with us while he remained in our city, but he was not to be persuaded. He requested permission to visit us every day, took a hasty leave of me, and departed.

"How gladly would I also have left the company! Surprise and curiosity had so overcome me that I scarcely knew where I was.

The one imposed silence on all my thoughts, the other kept me in anxious suspense. I could not take my seat at the table before I had asked my brother where and how he became acquainted with the stranger.

'Has he already found the way to your heart?' asked my brother, laughing. 'But take care,' continued he; 'and if you are wise cut the bird's wings, or shut him up in the cage of matrimony, while he is tame. He might otherwise grow wild again, and fly away.'

"I was rather disconcerted; but recovering myself replied, that this was no answer to my question, and that what I wanted to know was, where and how he had become acquainted with him.

'Where else but at the gaming-table?' said my brother, laughing as before. 'Do you suppose that he is not fond of play because he is a philosopher? He is one of the philosophers of the new school; he is as fond of cards as of books, and when he has read and played till he is tired, he seeks some kind female, and finds one, I dare say, wherever he finds an inn.'

"An involuntary shuddering seized me. Once more I requested my brother to give me an answer to my question, instead of those useless particulars which I considered as calumnies.

"He turned round and burst into a loud laugh. Before he went away he again turned to me, and with a tone of mingled irony and gravity said:—'Sister, you are a philosopher yourself; can you be so dull as not to perceive that you will soon marry a philosopher?'

"With this apostrophe he left me. If I was before embarrassed I was now confounded. All my feelings and all my thoughts were at variance with each other."

[*To be continued.*]

FRAGMENT OF A JOURNEY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE;

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RESIDENCE OF BUFFON, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

We pursued the road towards Montbard, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. We were very anxious to see this spot so celebrated by the labours of the immortal Buffon, and which will long be the end of many literary pilgrimages.

We were ushered in by the worthy Lapierre, who lived forty-three years with the Count de Buffon, in the capacity of gardener, and who still takes care of this dwelling for the widow of his unfortunate son.* The house, which is large, rather resembles the residence of a Bourgeois than a castle; it is situated in the principal street, and the court-yard is at the back of it. You ascend some steps to enter the garden, which is on the ruins of the ancient castle, the walls of which still form terraces. At the extremity there still exists an octagonal tower, in which Buffon made his observations on the effect of reflected wind. This singularly picturesque garden would be well worthy of being visited, even were it not rendered so interesting by the remembrances which it recalls to our mind. It is not kept in the same order as during the life of its illustrious proprietor; but the great number of foreign trees which he had collected, form a very agreeable shade; the flowers which Buffon delighted to raise in great profusion are, however, no longer to be seen. The kitchen-garden is situated towards the south-east, on seven of the fourteen terraces of which these grounds are composed. It would have been impossible to have derived more advantage from this wildly rural spot.

The worthy Lapierre shewed us every place to which his late master had been partial; particularly a cabinet in which Buffon used to study in the warmest season of the year; it is situated in a pavilion called *La Tour de St. Louis*, St. Louis's Tower. This simple and modest laboratory has been described by Herault de Sechelles. It is entered by two green folding doors; the interior resembles a chapel, on account of its vaulted roof; the walls are painted green. Lapierre made us particularly remark another cabinet, a little square building, situated on the edge of a terrace; here it was that Buffon passed the greatest part of the year on account of the coldness of the other. From this pavilion the view extends over a plain, embellished by the river Braine, and bordered by numerous de-

* Put to death on the revolutionary scaffold, the 28th of July, while saying with dignified calmness the following words:—"Citizens, my name is Buffon." Which proved he possessed an exalted soul, and a consciousness of the respect with which his name ought to have inspired all who were not assassins or executioners.

lightful cottages. It was here that Buffon composed almost all his works; he repaired to this spot at sunrise, caused the doors and shutters to be closely shut, and worked until two o'clock by the light of a few tapers. Prince Henry, who was desirous of visiting this modest cabinet, gave it the name of the *Cradle of Natural History*. J. J. Rousseau before entering it knelt down, and kissed the threshold of the door. During Buffon's life it was ornamented with drawings of birds and quadrupeds. How much pleasure we should have experienced in contemplating these drawings, the old leathern chairs, the wooden table, the rude walnut-tree *secretaire* which ornamented this cabinet, the arm-chair in which Buffon used to sit, having before him a print of Newton! but the revolutionary *brigands* envied the lovers of literature this enjoyment; they have stripped this sanctuary of the Muses, the simplicity of which ought to have protected it from their sacrilegious rapacity. Not a vestige remains of these things, which, notwithstanding their rusticity, would now be worth their weight in gold.

We could not leave this spot without the greatest reluctance, and almost fancying we still beheld Buffon, dressed in his grey silk night-cap, and his red striped morning gown; we thought we heard him amidst those familiar expressions, *C'est ça, tout ça, par Dieu*;* saying those deep and striking words which instantly manifested the superiority of his genius. We were however compelled to quit these gardens to visit the remainder of the town, that we might be enabled to resume our journey early in the morning.

On our return we passed by the pillar which Buffon's son erected to the memory of his father. This monument has been allowed to remain, but its inscription has been effaced, which commemorated filial affection, as if the sentiments of nature were an outrage to liberty. The following is the inscription:—

Excelsæ turri, humilis columna;
Parenti suo, filius Buffon, 1785.

"The humble column to the lofty tower;
"To his father, Buffon the son, 1785."

The good Lapierre, his instructions keeping pace with the interest we displayed, allowed nothing to pass unobserved; he shewed us the house that belonged to Daubenton, Buffon's assiduous companion in his labours; he made us remark the staircase which our author ascended every morning at five o'clock, to repair to the cabinet we had visited.

We proceeded to the church, which is situated on a rising ground; we here saw no monument consecrated to the memory of Buffon, but notwithstanding the wreck which has destroyed them, his name is imperishable. The modest tomb which he erected to his interesting wife, Mad. de Saint Blin, has also disappeared. The entrance to this church is by a staircase with a balustrade, but there is also one for carriages. Near it there is a small esplanade and an alley of trees, from which a good prospect of the town and adjacent country opens to the sight. It is here that Buffon, after having attended mass, which he did regularly, used to walk, richly dressed, accompanied by his son and father Ignace, and surrounded by the peasantry.

We wished to have seen the forges from which Buffon derived the most considerable part of his revenue, but for this we must have gone a league out of the town. The sheep-fold in which the illustrious Daubenton had made his experiments for the improvement of wool, would also have been worthy our attention, but the fleecy tribe are no longer kept there.

We soon explored the little town of Montbard, which is severed in two by the river Braine. Night had almost set in when we arrived at our inn, where a new pleasure awaited us. We had refused sleeping at the post house, on account of its distance from the town, and had put up at the sign of *l'Ecu*. This inn is kept by a man of the name of Gautier, who was formerly Buffon's cook; I believe that if he had been much less skilled in his art we should have found his cooking excellent; but it was really very good. Madame Gautier, who had lived from her youth, as well as her husband, in the service of this great man, was charmed with our enthusiasm; she remained in the room all the time we were at dinner, shewed us every attention, related particulars of Buffon, his family, many persons who have visited Montbard, and gave us a list of all the distinguished characters whom she had seen there. On learning we were going to Dauphiné, she gave us a letter for M. de Faujas. We should have liked much to have seen Mademoiselle Blesseau, a little peasant whom Buffon had made his *gouvernante*, and who finished by governing him; she lived with the interpreter of nature for the space of twenty years; and had obtained such an ascendancy over him, that it was necessary for those who wished to please Buffon first to obtain her favour. Madame Necker shewed the greatest consideration for her, and corresponded with her. Unfortunately she was at this time absent.

* 'Tis this, all this, by God.

ON GALLANTRY.

When we consider the cares and anxieties, the torments and disappointments which usually attend the pursuit of what the world calls gallantry, and how many untrodden ways and thorny paths it leads its followers into, it is astonishing that so many men should be so eager in its pursuit.

There is a wide distinction between love and gallantry. Love exalts and purifies our nature; gallantry clouds and debases it. Love is imposed on us by nature to soften the rigidity of our temper, assuage the violence of our passions, and sweeten the bitter draught of life. Gallantry is what we impose upon others, with a view to trifle away our time and gratify our vanity, at the expense of their ease and happiness. But in the pursuit of gallantry, the ball often rebounds upon the hand which gives it motion, and whilst we are endeavouring to destroy the honour and peace of mind of another, it frequently happens that we insensibly undermine our own.

Love is that prepossession which we feel for a particular person, of whose perfections we are more than ordinarily sensible, whose figure and turn of mind strike our fancy, who at once commands our esteem and excites our tenderness, and for whose sake we could contentedly give up every other pursuit, expecting to find in the enjoyment of the beloved object the completion of happiness. Such a passion inspires us with the most refined sentiments, and exalted notions, gives us elevation of mind, and benignity of temper, annihilates every vice, and improves and strengthens every virtue.

Gallantry, on the contrary, is the bane of all merit; it is a general and vain desire of being liked by every body we come near, and liking nobody ourselves. A man of this turn of mind can be neither a true friend nor a sincere lover; he can neither give nor receive any lasting satisfaction. His views are unbounded, because his designs are so general that his work can never be at an end whilst there is a woman unconquered. He is a stranger to the inexpressible delight of a reciprocal passion, because he has no sooner gained the ascendancy over one woman than his mind is monopolized by schemes to obtain the affections of another; and thus he spends his whole time in pursuit of what must eventually produce repentance and remorse. His pleasures are flat and insipid, because he regards no one woman but as a step to another; and if it were possible for him to subdue them all, he would regret that there were no more to conquer, or else exclaim—"it is all vanity and vexation of spirit."

It would be more excusable if none but fools and coxcombs followed this unwarrantable practice; but to our shame be it said, men of the most refined understanding take the same method. Vanity is as predominant in a man of sense as in an ignorant blockhead, and however we may charge women with that foible, we have full as much of it ourselves. What else can betray us into the weakness of courting every woman we see, and endeavouring to gain a favourable opinion of ourselves from many of them whose judgment we despise? The true reason is, that we think it serves to establish us in the opinion of the world, and gives us an authority with others for whom we have a greater regard.

It must be allowed that the women, in a great measure, contribute to our guilt; for notwithstanding their partiality to their own opinion in most matters, yet they are very apt to judge of a man from the general reception he has met with. Thus we see fops and fools succeed with women of sense, who are often humane enough to take a lover upon trust, and on the judgment of other people, though they may depend solely on their own in every thing else. In these cases a woman's pride is concerned; she fancies it is a great proof of the power of her charms, if she can attract a man who has been favoured by other women, and she thinks, according to the old song,

"If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
"That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me."

Not considering that the man who obtains the good graces of the women in general, is seldom worth the regard of any one in particular.

These trifiers in love, in both sexes, may be justly compared to flies that play about scalding liquors till they fall in and lose their life. But as no warning will prevent them from continuing their course, they must be left to their own experience, which, sooner or later, will infallibly convince them, that no attachments between the sexes can be satisfactory and permanent, but such as are founded on similitude of manners, and mutual esteem and affection.

THE CESTUS OF VENUS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PAPER ENTITLED "THE CESTUS OF VENUS," IN NO. 25, OF OUR MAGAZINE, IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR, BY A LADY.

SIR,

I AM a woman who, though otherwise happy, am greatly hurt at the manner in which my sex is treated by yours. I have a kind of partial benevolence for them which is my torment. I do not mind your ridiculing our fashions, our knotting, or those trifling foibles which are inseparable from the course of life to which we are so unjustly confined; but I am hurt at the cowardly attacks which are made upon us in the more material articles of character, from a supposition of our inability to defend ourselves in public.

Possessing a lively sense of these injuries, I cannot remain silent, but I hope I shall not be thought either uncandid or unjust. You may suppose me as you please, maid, wife, or widow. If the first, to be sure I am an old neglected one, and consequently satirical and morose; if the second, I am certainly a termagant, and my poor husband is to be pitied; and if the last, some young fellow has surely jilted me, and I hate the whole sex for his sake. It is enough that I am a woman, and wield the pen for the honour of my sex, and not for any private wrongs of my own.

You pretend that our manners have been much injured by our perusal of certain moral writers; or, in other words, you wish to deter us from such a course of reading as may improve that reason which is given to us in as ample a degree as to men. This betrays the narrow wish of your whole sex: conscious ye are that nothing but our perverted education could support your boast of superiority, and that with the same advantages of instruction we should be very nearly a match for you in almost every thing in which bodily strength is not concerned.

I call upon the observing parent to vouch for the early dawn of reason, the kindly opening of the intellect, the powers of comprehension, memory, and discrimination, which the female child exhibits before improper education damps all its vigorous efforts, and not only denies it the due assistance, but directs its energy to mere trifles, and fills it with a passion for finery and gewgaws; I call upon the uninstructed of both sexes to stand forth, and show the woman's superiority; I call upon those females whose active minds have dispelled the cloud, and shone in history, poetry, criticism, and philosophy.

But it is apprehended that by reading we may be argued out of some of those pretty accomplishments so necessary to the happiness of the men, or, that we may become conscious of our own powers, assert our dignity, and assume a somewhat higher character than that of beings formed for mere foolery and dalliance. It is however allowed that we have a strong natural propensity to refinement, elegance, and love. I fear this is, to our misfortune, too true. But where, as the world goes, can these propensities be gratified? Surely not among men, who when they mean to be refined, always pay us the involuntary compliment of previously becoming effeminate; whose elegance is always foppery, and who, instead of love, value themselves, with much animal importance, on a gross, capricious, selfish passion totally devoid of sentiment, constancy, friendship, and affection.

But we are told that the men would be all we could wish, if we would only borrow a little from the loose ones of our sex; and that they, good creatures! love not vice, but only seek for happiness. I deny the truth of this assertion, for we see many instances of the greatest elegance of person, and exact attention to the ornaments of dress, thrown away on the dullest insensibility, nay, entirely neglected, to skulk into the embraces of ugliness, ignorance, and vice; and this for a noble reason, and worthy of a man, because the first were united to virtue and good sense in the person of a wife, and the last were recommended by one single irresistible charm, that of vice; whose characteristic it is to forsake beauty and prey on trash. Nor is it merely by dress and compliance with their whims, that these lordly creatures are governed, for the overbearing dominion of the shrew is often very effectual, provided it be joined to the charm aforesaid, and in many instances the bastinado has been very successfully applied, and very gracefully crouched under.

These are the beings for whom we are to wear the *cestus!* for whose amusement every hour of our lives should be applied, and our reason left uncultivated! This is the creature who calls on us to view him, to examine, to explore, consider, and study him as the standard of perfection!

You seem really to lament that custom does not admit us to a personal observation of the

scenes of vice, and with great delicacy request us to supply this want, by raising our imagination to the subject.—I allow we have pride and ambition, both given us for the noblest purposes, to raise and animate our conduct to pursuits worthy of rational beings; and to court, above all applause, even that of unerring man, that of the monitor in our own bosom. My pride is, that I am a woman and can do this; my ambition, that I may always be able to do so.

How candid, wise, honest, delicate, and consistent are the lords of the creation! They breed us up in ignorance, and then make it their favourite subject of ridicule; if, in spite of their endeavours, any rays of genius break out, then all the wretched sensations of envy are raised, and they labour to expose the reverse of that folly which they laughed at before. They themselves are oracles of wisdom; one would imagine that to such, good sense would be very pleasing. No; to captivate wisdom, we must dress, and paint, and patch, and lisp, and amble. We must smile, and we must frown, and the less reason for either, the more attractive will it be to wisdom. Even the finest faces among us, if they have any meaning except a certain one, are not allowed to be beautiful. Our very imperfections have a pleasing prettiness in them, because they keep us still farther from the dreaded equality; and the sillier, the emptier, the more childish, and the more truly ridiculous we are, the greater favourites we become of wisdom, and the greater is our ascendancy over it. Our principles too, must be strictly delicate, or by custom established by their authority, infamy and the severest penalties attend us: yet we are told in the same breath, that there is an intolerable insipidity in virtue, and that we ought always to make the adepts in vice our models of behaviour, if we mean to delight the delicacy of these worthy legislators.

I am aware with what a scornful, yet jealous eye, a female production will be read. At the first glance there will be a shrug, and a half look of pity; then it will be pronounced to be not raillery, but railing, trifling, low, unconnected, rambling,:—flimsy style, no method.

I am perfectly easy about all this, and am comforted by the reflection that every man who reads it, if he understands it, will be galled, for it is truth. Although the lion in the fable could not paint pictures, yet he could growl, and had the means when provoked, of convincing the man of his natural superiority.

Your's,

MARIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ANOTHER LADY ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

This letter is the effusion of a grateful heart, that wishes for powers to make a more suitable return to the benignity of a few men, who have condescended to inform us of the blandishments of friendship; and to entreat them to proceed in the generous purpose. Accustomed as I have been, both in books and conversation, to the dogmatizing stoick, inflated with self-approbation, partial to his own faults, too often vices, merely from their enormity, whilst he sinks us into despair, merely as if nothing but trifles deserved censure! how can I refuse this public testimony of my regard to men who appear to be instigated by the most delicate and generous sensibility; as ardently solicitous for our happiness as for their own felicity; which are indeed so intertwined, that to separate them would destroy the bliss of both.

It is indeed impossible for a woman to reflect without astonishment on the ascendancy which illiberal females, often devoid of every charm of mind and person, have established over your sex; and when they meet with men of cultivated understandings and refined minds, this is often carried to a flagrant tyranny; whilst we daily see the most amiable of our sex, if they be wives, neglected, perhaps used with brutality. It is with real concern, free from resentment, that I declare I never knew a truly lovely woman treated with complaisance by her husband. You have given me more satisfaction on this subject than I ever before received; and, without reserve, I confess that women of virtue and eruditicn do hot always sacrifice as liberally to the graces as they should do. The reasons are too obvious to need a disquisition; besides, those unhappy women, who are obnoxious to our laws, helpless and friendless, compel the protection of the generous by the strongest attractions, imbecility and dependence.

The depravity of women in exalted stations is said to be general; and I fear the censure is too well founded, as it is the natural consequence of the corruption and inconstancy of the men. Justice and candour must allow that these women are objects, not of detestation but of pity; stimulated, as they are, by every incitement that can soothe the proud, allure the voluptuous, and gratify the malignity of the revengeful. What, alas! is beauty, sensibility, softness, but the source of misfortunes, and the origin of vice, by strongly exciting the desires of the sensual?

Men have private seminaries and public colleges for their instruction; every faculty of the mind has been impressed to form their judgment, and bestow solidity on their understanding. Take us helpless and unsupported, under your protection, recommend to parents the expansion of our minds, while they are ductile, adapted to our station and fortune; that is in proportion to the leisure we shall probably have. But, with humble deference, I would advise rather to exceed than fall short; as I have observed in the lowest ranks, times for idleness, and those that are but a little elevated, space for cards and gossiping. I am persuaded this would add much to your happiness; for, as Milton says,

"Among unequals what society
"Can sort, what harmony or true delight?"

The ladies may apply to themselves these lines:

Nos quoque pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
Verum etiam volucres animæ sumus.

OVID, METAMORPH.

According to this free translation,

"We too, the soul's immortal essence claim
"And our just share of intellectual fame."

THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 72.]

CHAP. XV.

Of Bathing.

THE pleasing mythology of the Greeks concealed under agreeable emblems all the truths presented by the sciences, morals, and philosophy. A brilliant colouring imparted charms to the driest precepts. The imagination of that celebrated people put every thing in action, and knew how to invest the most austere sciences with the veil of attractive allegory. Physicians have long affirmed that the use of the bath is favourable to beauty; the Greeks have represented the goddess of love rising from the bosom of the deep. Is not this ingenious fiction designed to signify that water is the element which creates beauty, and that in its vivifying waves the most seductive charms are produced and improved?

It is very true that of all received practices none has a more decided influence upon health as well as beauty, than the frequent use of the bath. It has been remarked that the nations among whom it was the most common were particularly distinguished for physical perfection and the most constant flow of health.

The use of the bath was general among the Greeks and among the Romans, and to this salutary habit Baglivi ascribes the longevity and the vigour of most of the people of antiquity.

When we compare the way of living of the Romans with our own, we find how much nearer theirs approached to nature and how much more favourable it was to health. The afternoon with them was entirely devoted to corporal exercises, to tennis or ball, to dancing or walking. But at the hour of three, every one hastened to the bath; neither could a person neglect this practice without incurring the risk of being taxed with shameful negligence. There persons of all ranks met, there the poets recited their compositions, and laid the foundation of their fame.

Though all physicians are agreed respecting the utility of the bath, they are far from being unanimous as to the manner of taking it. Some have extolled hot baths, and others have been as loud in praise of cold ones. Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus, discovered such extraordinary virtues in cold baths, that he regarded them as an universal specific. Accordingly he prescribed, the cold bath to all his patients be their disorder what it might. By a lucky accident he cured the Emperor himself. Accident has often produced astonishing effects; but in medicine, in particular, it often works miracles, for which unfortunately people do not acknowledge themselves under any obligation to it. Accident, in this instance, established the fame of Antonius Musa, who gathered, without any merit or trouble, the fruits of the efforts of nature alone. This physician was venerated like a god; a magnificent statue was erected to him, and the Emperor conferred on him the extraordinary honour of wearing a gold ring. Some time afterwards the young Marcellus fell sick; Musa prescribed the cold bath, and Marcellus fell a victim the

the ignorance or obstinacy of Musa, who sunk from the highest pinnacle of reputation into the utmost contempt, and was obliged to remove to some other place, to bury his disgrace and his system.

The opinion of our physicians concerning the effect and properties of baths has varied as much as upon many other subjects. Every century has had its system.

The debilitating and relaxing action of hot baths, and the bracing and strengthening effect of cold ones, were long maintained. Marcard appeared, and produced a great revolution in this theory. He proved that hot baths so far from debilitating, tend, on the contrary, to brace the system, when the temperature of the water is not higher than that of the body; and his opinion is admitted by most modern physicians. This system, indeed, is not a new one, for the greatest physicians of antiquity held the same opinion relative to hot baths that we entertain at the present day. The hot baths were dedicated to Hercules, the god of strength, and the Romans made daily use of them.

When physicians proclaimed the debilitating quality of hot baths, they extolled, on the contrary, the strengthening virtue of cold baths. But experience has proved that the praises they bestowed on the latter were exaggerated, and too many experiments made upon unfortunate children, the victims of a murderous system, have shewn how easy it is to be led astray by specious reasonings from the paths of truth.

Prudent persons now leave the use of the cold bath to the inhabitants of the polar regions: it is ill adapted to those of hot, or even of temperate climates, where it should be permitted to none but persons of a very vigorous constitution. Even then it is necessary for a person to attend to certain essential precautions, such as not to bathe either when in perspiration, or if very cold; and on coming out of the bath to wipe one's self perfectly dry, so as not to leave any humidity upon the body.

We would advise females desirous of preserving their beauty, very seldom to use the cold bath, unless it be prescribed by the physician for the sake of their health. The cold bath, considered as a cosmetic, possesses no virtue whatever; it renders the skin hard and scaly; and this induration of the skin may prove injurious to health, by checking insensible perspiration in a particular manner.

Still less would we advise cold baths for children. During infancy and youth, persons of a weak constitution often fall victims to these baths; and even those who are more robust are sometimes carried off by a practice which is not suited to our climate.

Such is the doctrine of the most celebrated practitioners, some of whom have been convinced by long experience of the danger of cold baths for children. With pain, however, I observe that a modern physician, in a work recently published, advises ablutions of cold water for the convulsions of infants. I shall not mention the name of this writer; it would be unnecessary, since I shall content myself with protesting against his opinion, without pretending to set myself up for a censor of his doctrine. I shall merely observe with Marcard, whom I have already cited, that cold baths, by acting upon the nerves may very possibly have sometimes cured nervous affections; but that it is not improbable they may have given rise more frequently to others, as Hippocrates and Galen of old remarked. Some writers attribute the croup, an endemial disease in Scotland, to a practice which is general among the natives of that country, who with their children are said to plunge into the water, without suffering the rigors of winter to interrupt this custom.

Warm baths contribute exceedingly to the preservation of beauty; they give freshness and an exquisite colour to the skin. Hippocrates recommends the washing of children with warm water, to protect them from convulsions, to facilitate their growth, and to heighten their colour.

Persons who are in a very weak state, those whose humours are agitated by fever or by any passion, should not bathe. When the body is too much heated, or covered with perspiration the bath is not adviseable.

Baths, if too hot, would produce an effect diametrically opposite to what is expected from them; like such as are too cold, they would injure the texture of the skin, render it dry and hard and impair the strength. When we advise the use of hot baths we speak of such as rise to the temperature of 18 or 20 degrees in winter, and 22 or 24 in summer: for it is always necessary that the temperature of the bath should bear a certain proportion to that of the atmosphere. Every one will easily conceive that a bath at 18 degrees which would seem warm in winter would feel rather cold in summer. The bath, at the degree we have mentioned, recruits the strength exhausted by fatigue, dilates the pores of the skin and facilitates the circulation.

Besides simple baths, there are likewise compound baths for the toilette. These are such to which certain substances are added to

augment their energy, or to communicate new properties.

A little soap may be added to the water; it then acts with more success, and cleanses the skin more perfectly. Instead of common soap you may use scented soaps, which communicate an agreeable smell to the skin; their composition we shall describe in another place. One kind of soap for the toilette, called Sultana soap, is in particular repute.

Some people put into the water for bathing, emollient or aromatic herbs. These baths perfume the skin, and render it softer and more supple. The women of Egypt add borax, to give the more lustre.

But the most celebrated baths are those of asses' milk. The ancient authors have immortalized the memory of the fifty she-asses, which accompanied the train of the celebrated Poppæa for this purpose.

A bath, called the bath of modesty, has long been extolled. It possesses, we are told, the same properties, as the bath of asses' milk, which would be very expensive; and is made as follows:—

Take four ounces of sweet almonds peeled; one pound of pine-apple kernels, and one pound of elecampane, ten handfuls of linseed, one ounce of roots of marsh-mallows, and one ounce of lily roots. Pound all these substances, make them into a paste, and tie it up in three little bags. Throw them into the water of the bath, and empty them by compression.

This bath of modesty may be made in a more simple manner. Nothing more is necessary, says Moreau de la Sarthe, than to take a quantity of paste of almonds sufficient to colour the water, and to give it a milky appearance.

On leaving the bath, females, especially such as have a delicate skin, should dry themselves with precaution, if they are desirous that it should preserve its softness and beauty. Some women have the skin covered with small tubercles; such, says the doctor whom I have just named, ought to use a sponge, rather than a towel, for friction cannot fail to take off the epidermis at the top of these tubercles, which would render the skin still rougher, and more uneven.

The use of oil after bathing, makes the skin more soft and supple, prevents the contact of the air, and thus protects it from the influence of that element, so destructive to the most perfect charms.

In France, and many other parts of Europe, it is difficult to make use of the bath so frequently as health, cleanliness, and the preservation of beauty would require. How many females are there whose avocations would suffer by a daily absence of too great length! How many would find it difficult to make even the little pecuniary sacrifice which this part of the toilette demands. Such persons may make amends by different particular lotions, which require neither care nor expence, nor loss of time. There are bathing of the feet, washing of the face, hands, &c. of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

HISTORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

Toward the conclusion of the fifteenth century, Thomas Buonaventuri, a young Florentine, of a good family, but in low circumstances, lived with a countryman of his, a tradesman at Venice. Opposite to the house in which he resided, was the back-door of the mansion of Bartolomeo Capello, a noble Venetian. One of the inmates of the latter was a young female of extraordinary beauty, named Bianca. She was strictly watched, but yet, standing frequently at the window, according to the custom of her country, it was not long before she discovered Buonaventuri. Though he could not flatter himself with the hope of a nearer interview, he, nevertheless, did every thing he could to please her, and to disclose his inclination. He was young and handsome, and it was not long before he made a profound impression on the heart of the fair Bianca. In a word, the lovers at length found means to overcome every difficulty, and to attain to the completion of their wishes. Bianca did not fail late every night, when the rest of the family had retired to rest, to steal to the chamber of Buonaventuri, in the merchant's house, by means of the little back-door of Capello's mansion, which she left on the latch; and she always returned before day-break without being observed.

After she had carried on this game for a considerable time, she became, as is generally the case, bolder through custom, and having one morning remained longer than usual with her lover, a baker's boy happened to observe

that the little back-door was a-jar. Supposing that it had been left so by accident, he shut and fastened it.

The young lady soon afterwards came, and found, to her utter confusion, that she could not gain admittance. She hastened back to the house which she had just quitted, knocking softly at the door, and was admitted by her lover, whom she acquainted with this untoward accident. Gratitude, as well as love, induced him to come to a speedy determination. He resolved to sacrifice every thing to her safety, and instantly leaving the house, with Bianca, took lodgings with another Florentine. Here he kept himself as closely concealed as possible, till a favourable opportunity for escaping to Florence presented itself.

At Florence he had a small house in the Vialarga, near the church of St. Mark, opposite to a convent of nuns. Here they lived for some time in the greatest privacy, for fear of being discovered by emissaries from Venice.

Francis Maria, the son of Cosmo I. and father of Mary de Medicis, was at that time Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was married to Johanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand, and Queen Dowager of Hungary; a very worthy Princess, but who was already advanced in years. For this reason the Grand Duke often preferred other women to his consort. One of his courtiers, who had a wife that was not less officious than himself in promoting the pleasures of the Grand Duke, commonly acted the part of his confidant in this kind of intrigues.

Notwithstanding the care with which Bianca kept herself concealed, the fair Venetian who had recently arrived, soon became the subject of general conversation at Florence. The report of her adventures, as well as her beauty, and her cautious seclusion, excited in the Grand Duke a strong desire to see her. With this view he daily passed by her house, and as her only favourite pastime was to stand at the window, it was not long before he had an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. She was half covered by a veil, but the Grand Duke had seen enough to make him desperately in love with her.

The confidant, who soon remarked the irresistible passion of his master, was now equally solicitous with him to devise means of satisfying it. His wife, who was impressed with the same sentiments, was duly consulted. The hard fate which Bianca had hitherto experienced, and her melancholy prospects for the future, furnished the good lady with the fairest opportunity to give Bianca privately to understand, that she had some important communication to make, and to invite her to her house. Buonaventuri was long unwilling to suffer Bianca to accept this invitation. The high rank of the lady, on the one hand, and his own necessitous circumstances, on the other, at last overcame all his scruples. Bianca went, and was received with the most flattering civility, nay, even tenderness. She was requested to relate her history; it was listened to, at least apparently, with the deepest emotion; the most courteous offers were made her; she was loaded with marks of favour; presents were tendered, and their acceptance almost enforced.

Highly satisfied with this first essay, the Grand Duke flattered himself that at a second visit he might venture to make his appearance. The lady soon sent Bianca another invitation. She was treated as before, with the greatest tenderness and regard. After repeated declarations of compassion, and many compliments to her beauty, she was asked, if she did not wish to be introduced to the Grand Duke. He, for his part, continued her pretended friends, was ardently desirous of becoming acquainted with her, since he had already found an opportunity to see and to admire her. Bianca had either too little firmness or too little virtue to reject this new proposal. She endeavoured at first to decline it; but, as her wily seducer remarked, with eyes which expressed her wish to be urged still more. At this moment, as it had been previously concerted, the Grand Duke entered, as if by chance. Bianca was highly delighted with his person, his impassioned eulogiums, and his liberal offers. The visits were repeated, and an intimacy imperceptibly took place. Some presents which, coming from the hands of the sovereign, she durst not refuse, assisted the Grand Duke in the attainment of his end; and her husband at length deemed it unadvisable to interrupt a connection which was certainly profitable, and might perhaps be innocent. The Grand Duke was not one who was likely to stop when on the high road to success; the commands of the husband were employed to gain him the favour of Bianca; and to be brief, he finally attained the object of his wishes, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, so that he and Bianca, and Buonaventuri, agreed as perfectly together as the three sides of an equilateral triangle. The husband was soon uncommonly well pleased with his new situation; he removed with his beautiful wife into a better house, and every day made new acquaintances at court, and among the nobility. But this rapid elevation was more than the shopman could bear: prosperity rendered him, like

many others, haughty and overbearing; he began to treat persons of the highest distinction, and even the Grand Duke himself, with insolence; and by this conduct created so many enemies, that he was at length dispatched in the street by the stiletto of an assassin.

Who was more rejoiced than the Grand Duke and Bianca?—The latter now wholly divested herself of every vestige of modesty and reserve, and appeared in public in all her splendour.

Johanna, the wife of the Grand Duke, strove to conceal her just indignation at the conduct of her consort, and her jealousy of her beauteous rival; but she could not forbear laying it so seriously to heart, that she fell sick and died.

The decease of the Duchess opened new and still more brilliant prospects to the haughty Bianca. She had gained a complete ascendancy over the heart of the Grand Duke: he was obliged to do whatever she pleased, and she now employed all her arts to persuade him to a formal marriage with her. In vain did Cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, the brother of the Grand Duke, and who, in failure of male issue, was the heir apparent to the throne, endeavour to counteract her machinations; she gained her point; and in a short time Bianca became Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

It was not long before she conceived a wish to present her husband with a son and successor. She directed prayers and masses to be read for her in the churches; she sent for astrologers and soothsayers; but all in vain. At length that she might have her will, she resolved to counterfeit pregnancy, and to palm upon her husband a suppositious child. Thus, as she imagined, she should at least have the honour of the thing. A bare-footed friar, in the convent of Ogni Santi, was easily induced by a bribe to undertake the execution of this plan. The Grand Duchess now began to be indisposed; she had extraordinary longings, and complained of tooth-ache, loathing, oppression of the stomach, &c. She kept her room, and afterwards her bed; she received the compliments of the court on the occasion, and nobody was so overjoyed as the Grand Duke himself.

When the time for her delivery had, according to her calculation, arrived, she suddenly raised a great outcry in the middle of the night, wakened her attendants, complained of the first pains of labour, and with the greatest impatience commanded them to send for her confessor, the bare-footed friar.

The Cardinal, who was not a stranger to the craftiness of his sister-in-law, had long kept such a watchful eye upon her, that he was perfectly acquainted with her whole plan. Accordingly, the instant he was informed that the confessor was sent for, he repaired to the anti-chamber of the Grand Duchess, where he kept walking to and fro, reading his breviary. No sooner did the Grand Duchess hear him, than she sent out a message to request him for God's sake to withdraw, as she could not endure the thought of a man being there in her present circumstances. The Cardinal drily replied, "Your highness had better attend to your own concerns; I am attending to mine,"—and continued reading without interruption in his breviary. The confessor arrived. As soon as he entered, the Cardinal ran with open arms to meet him. "Welcome!" cried he, "welcome dear and venerable father! The Grand Duchess is in labour, and stands greatly in need of your assistance." With these words, he pressed the friar closely in his arms, and discovered a pretty new-born infant, which the good father had concealed in his bosom. He took it from him, and cried out loud enough for the Grand Duchess to hear him in the adjoining room; "God be thanked! the Grand Duchess is safely delivered of a sound and healthy son:"—at the same time shewing the child to all those who were present.

The Grand Duchess, incensed almost to madness by this exposure, resolved to take the most cruel revenge on the Cardinal, let it cost what it would. She soon contrived, that the Grand Duke, whose affection for her remained undiminished, should afford her an opportunity of gratifying her resentment.

All three of them once made an excursion to Poggio-a-Caino, and dined together. The Cardinal was extremely fond of almond-soup; the Grand Duchess ordered this dish to be provided for him. Having spies in all quarters, the Cardinal received information, that the almond-soup was poisoned, before it was brought in. He seated himself at the table, but notwithstanding the pressing invitations of the Grand Duchess, he would not take any of the almond-soup. "Well then," said the Grand Duke, "if the Cardinal will not have any, I will." He immediately helped himself. The reader may conceive the situation of the Grand Duchess at this moment. Unable to prevent his eating, without betraying her black design, and clearly perceiving that she was undone, she took herself all the rest of the poisoned soup, that she might be sure of escaping the vengeance of her brother-in-law. She and her husband died the same day, namely,

the 21st. of October 1587. The Cardinal succeeded his brother by the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1608.

This narrative, which we are told, is taken from a manuscript, does not perfectly agree with history; for Moreri says, that Francis Maria had a legitimate son by his second marriage, named Antonio de Medicis, who lived till 1621.

The accuracy of this account is nevertheless supported by this incontestable fact, that the Grand-Duke Francis Maria was not succeeded by any son of his own, but by this very Cardinal Ferdinand, which could scarcely have been the case had the former left any legitimate male issue. Another circumstance which corresponds is, that according to the same writer, the Grand-Duke and his wife both died on the same day, which, according to him was the 9th of October.

ON THE EDUCATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF FEMALES.

In a late Number of our Magazine we presented our readers with a brief notice respecting the interesting *History of the Female Sex*, by Professor Meiners, of Göttingen. The following observations extracted from that work will be found well worthy of the attentive perusal of parents, and of all those who may be engaged in the important business of female education:—

The productions of the needle are brought to a higher degree of perfection as articles for sale in England, France, Switzerland, and Holland, than in Germany. Nevertheless, in the latter, the girls of the middling and higher classes are more carefully instructed in all kinds of needle-work, and the German ladies display greater industry in these occupations than the females of any other country in Europe. It is, as far as I know, a practice peculiar to our countrywomen to take with them their materials for knitting or other work when they go into the company of their female friends and acquaintances; instead of playing with their fans, or chusing the useless as well as expensive amusement of unravelling gold and silver thread, with which not very long ago, ladies of rank and fortune, in France and England, and also in some parts of Germany, employed themselves. Upon the whole the more common works, such as sewing, knitting, spinning, and the making of apparel ought to be preferred to the finer, such as the making of bone and thread-lace, tambour-work, embroidery, and the like; not only because the former are more useful, but because they are less liable to excite a passionate fondness for pursuing them: in which case such works may easily prove injurious to the eyes, or even to health in general, and produce a neglect of other more necessary avocations. I should be misunderstood, were my fair readers to imagine that I would dissuade them entirely from the finer works, or that I would discourage in every case, a decided partiality for them. Who could find fault with females possessing talents and industry, for indulging so innocent a passion, if a natural taste be combined with extraordinary skill, and can be gratified without prejudice to health, and without neglecting more important duties?—Many of my readers will probably be surprized that I should recommend spinning as a very useful employment. My reasons for so doing are deduced from a multitude of observations which I have had occasion to make for a long series of years. Ladies accustomed to an active life, may have the misfortune to lose their husbands, and with them a great portion of their pleasures, especially their domestic conversations and employments. At the same time the sight or health may be so far impaired as to prevent them from reading or going abroad into company and partaking of other diversions, so much as formerly. Under these circumstances it is fortunate if females possess inclination and talents for works that are not too fine, and require no extraordinary exertion, with which they may shorten and vary the long solitary days, and tedious evenings. Miss Wollstonecraft expresses herself with great acrimony against the making of "caps, bonnets, and the whole mischief of trimmings." It is certain that some women employ their talents in this way to gratify excessive luxury and a ridiculous love of fashion. In this, however, as in other things, the abuse does not annihilate the utility. I consider the practice of teaching girls to make their apparel, which has within these few years been adopted, as a very important improvement in female instruction. How could many fathers of numerous families make their incomes suffice, if

they were obliged to pay milliners and mantua-makers, for all the alterations which their wives and daughters chuse to make in their gowns, caps, and attire in general? Every saving that can be made in a family by the exertion of industry and skill becomes daily of more and more consequence.

A still more important science than any of those to which I have already alluded, and even than any other accomplishment which can adorn the person or the understanding of a woman, is that of domestic economy. In the higher and highest ranks, it has been customary from time immemorial, throughout almost all Europe, to relieve the mistress of the house entirely from the necessity of attending to the family concerns, by means of a number of domestics. But if these domestics are not judiciously chosen and sufficiently looked after, the consequence is, that families possessing princely revenues are involved, by the negligence of the masters and mistresses, and by the dishoue ty, ignorance, and prodigality of the servants, in more than princely debts, and, like the majority of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian nobility, are obliged to starve almost the whole year in the interior of their palaces. Opulent merchants, tradesmen, and others likewise have it in their power to exonerate their wives from the burdens of domestic affairs by having stewards, housekeepers, and cooks of both sexes. But could we even presuppose, as we unfortunately cannot, that all these substitutes perform the duties of their situations with the same fidelity and care as an intelligent and industrious mistress; still, is not every unnecessary augmentation of a family attended with an increase of its expences, and might not the money be applied to a better purpose? The prices of all the articles of life are continually advancing, and the salaries of place-men and persons in various situations remain the same, or at least are not raised in the same proportion as the necessity or occasion for expence increases. How would men with a moderate income and a numerous family be capable of living in a style suitable to their rank were they not saved from ruin by the most economical management on the part of their wives in the domestic concerns? Thus it appears that the existence and welfare of hundreds, nay thousands of families, depend in all places on the prudence and attention of the mistresses. Is it not then unpardonable negligence and error in mothers not to make their daughters pay an early and serious attention to the management of a house, from an idea that they are too good for such occupations, that they will be able to dispense with the knowledge which these require, from the advantageous matches which their beauty or talents will not fail to ensure! Is it not an inexcusable folly in young females who are not very rich themselves, and probably will not obtain husbands with large fortunes, to disdain the offices of domestic economy as low and menial employments? Such silly creatures ought to be punished with the contempt of all rational people, and thus reminded of their duty. In the present state of things it is very rarely the case, that young married people of the middling classes have, at the commencement of their union, such an income as to support the expence that would accrue from the ignorance and inexperience of the mistress of the family, without running into debt, and thus involving themselves in misery for the greatest part of their lives. In most matrimonial connections it may be assumed, that to the income of the husband must be added the utmost frugality on the part of the wife, to enable them to live with decency. A young man, therefore, who intends to marry, and has not a sufficient fortune to keep servants to perform all the duties incumbent on the mistress of a family, ought above all things, to enquire whether his intended partner understands the management of the domestic concerns, and is disposed to undertake it. Without this, beauty and virtue, understanding and knowledge, are insufficient. If a wife gives herself no concern about either the kitchen or the cellar, the pantry or the table; either about the linen or the furniture, the culinary or other utensils; if she does not know when and at what prices the articles necessary for housekeeping should be bought in; how and at what seasons to make pickles and preserves; how to keep and examine books of housekeeping and accounts; this neglect, and this ignorance, are productive of circumstances more or less provoking and vexatious, which at length dispel the charm of the most ardent passion in the husband. Sometimes it is the dishonesty or carelessness of servants, at others the discovery of unnecessary waste through mismanagement, that disturbs the peace of the house, or the happiness of the conjugal union.

The mistress of a family, indeed, is not required to be either a cook or a house-maid. But if the circumstances of the husband do not permit him to keep a professed cook of either sex, or he is unable to meet with either one or the other, the mistress of the house ought at least to understand enough of cookery to instruct a kitchen-maid to send up in a proper manner all the common dishes that are

required for the family. In men of letters and men of business the faculties, health, and capacity for exertion are much more intimately connected with a good kitchen than is commonly supposed. The lives of many men have been saved or prolonged by the skill and attention of their wives; others, on the contrary, have been plunged into an untimely grave, or at least their health has been ruined by the unskilfulness of their consorts. It is an art of the highest importance throughout life to know how to prepare simple dishes in such a manner as at once to excite and gratify the appetite of men who lead a sedentary life, and not to oppress or utterly destroy the powers of digestion. When passionate lovers kiss the delicate hands, or the blooming cheeks of the fair objects of their affection, and in their transports vow that neither shall ever again be prophaned by the fire, the smoke, and the duties of the kitchen, the least that can be said of them is, that they know not what they are doing, and women of sense ought immediately to decline the intended honour.

Among the fine arts in which persons of the female sex are instructed, none is of so much real utility to a woman as the noble, if not *fine* art of domestic economy. A woman may be extremely amiable and respectable, without being a proficient either in drawing, singing, or music in general. Among the last mentioned accomplishments, drawing upon the whole deserves the preference, unless a person possesses extraordinary talents for music. Girls ought to receive instructions in drawing, even though their taste may not lie that way, because an acquaintance with its principles exercises through life a favourable influence in the choice of the patterns of articles of furniture and dress. Drawing in crayons, and painting in oil-colours, or in miniature, should only be encouraged when a girl is powerfully and almost irresistibly impelled by her genius to the study of any of those departments of the art. It is only upon the same condition that the playing upon any musical instrument should be approved. A moderate proficiency is soon lost for want of practice in the first years of marriage, and with it all the time and trouble that have been expended in its acquisition. On the contrary, a thorough acquaintance with any instrument, may, after it has long been suspended, be again renewed, and produce pleasing fruits even in advanced age. With singing, the case is very different from instrumental music. A naturally agreeable and flexible voice may, without much expence of time and trouble, be so far improved as to afford very great pleasure in the domestic circle, or in the more numerous company of friends and acquaintances.

ON CUPIDITY.—A DREAM.

I was bewildered in the midst of a dark forest, and the beams of the moon scarcely piercing through the thickly interwoven foliage of the trees, threw a doubtful light, which rendered the obscurity of the spot more terrifying. The weakness of a child invaded my soul, and fear exerted a resistless influence over me; every shadow I deemed a phantom; the smallest noise caused my hair to stand an end, and I tottered at every step over the half naked roots of the oldest trees.

Aerial beings, who both eluded my sight and my touch, forced me to follow their guidance. They whispered the most ridiculous tales to my ears which they strenuously attempted to make me believe; they led me in the midst of briars, then mocked my ignorance and credulity, and exulted in the triumph of their malignity. Sometimes they raised an *ignis-fatuus*, to dazzle and deceive me. I vainly toiled to reach a twinkling, but pure and cheering light, which seemed to burn at the end of a long alley; I quickened my steps but when I thought I had gained the extremity of the forest, I found only a small empty space, bounded by an almost impenetrable waste of trees. How many bitter tears I shed during this long and tedious night! Hope and courage at last warmed my heart, and patience and time brought slowly on the enlivening dawn. I then succeeded in getting out of that gloomy forest, the abode of terror and anxiety, and found myself on a spot little calculated to assuage my wonder.

I beheld wide spreading plains rich with the gifts of lavish nature. Never had such delightful prospects greeted my sight. Fatigue and hunger overwhelmed me, but the trees loaded with mellow fruits, and around whose boughs luxuriant vines entwined their flexible arms, whence hung golden clusters, refreshed my eyes and invited my hands. I rushed exulting,

to quench my thirst, and inwardly blessed the Almighty creator of all good, when a man, clad in a strange garb, suddenly stopped my progress. "Ignorant boy," he exclaimed, "one may easily see that thou hast just escaped from the wilds of infancy, and knowest not the customs of the world: read on yonder stone portico the laws which thou must obey, or perish."

Astonishment and indignation swelled my breast when I read that the whole of this fertile land was either let or sold; that I was not allowed to drink, eat, walk, or rest within its limits without first obtaining leave from its possessors; and that notwithstanding the immense extent and fertility of the fields that spread before me, not a single foot of ground could afford me a resting-place, not a single apple appease my thirst, for the whole had been invaded by my predecessors.

I ran the risk of dying with hunger through want of small quicksilver balls, very easily lost, and which that hard-hearted man required in exchange for the productions of the earth. This rascal, thought I inwardly, has no greater right than I to the possession of this land; he is undoubtedly a tyrant, but I am the weakest, and must yield obedience.

I learned that, in order to acquire those quicksilver balls, it was necessary to bear round the body a thick iron chain, terminated by a leaden bullet a hundred times heavier than all the little balls which it was possible to collect. The man who addressed me carried that useful burden; he perceived my embarrassment, and with an accent of affected pity, mingled with pride, exhorted me, if I wished to gratify my appetite, to avail myself of his kindness, and pass round my neck one of the links of his chain until I should be able to carry the whole. I was dying with hunger and thus compelled to obey.

He then presented me some food; and accompanied his gift with a hard fillip on the nose. I grumbled much, but ate abundantly. I still continued to mutter my displeasure, when another man, still more loaded with chains than my master, gave him a box on the ear with all his might. Instead of resenting this affront, my master kissed the hand that had struck him, but at the same time received many of those quicksilver balls which he seemed to prize as the highest good.

I forgot my passion, and could not help exclaiming; "how could you bear such an offence?" He laughed at my ignorance and told me. "You seem very young, my friend, learn that this is one of the customs of the land. Every placeman who bestows a gift, takes care at the same time to gratify his pride or malignity on the person whom he obliges. Though inwardly cursing the blow and its giver, I hid my feelings, and comforted myself with the thought that he who thus insulted me had received many more blows than I, and that I shall have the right by and bye of striking others as I please. But till now I have been sadly unfortunate, scarcely have I now and then been able to inflict a few trifling fillips on my inferiors! What! this astonishes you? poor young fellow! this is no cause for wonder, you shall see much more; come, follow me."

I followed him. "Behold," said he, "yon steep mountains, their summit meets the clouds; there is found the sole object of man's insatiable desires; thence springs the stream of quicksilver, of which I, alas! possess only a few drops. Follow me, let us overcome every obstacle, let us fight and conquer; bear one half of the weighty chains which I am about to impose on myself, the heavier our burden the sooner we shall reach our goal. Oh! if ever I can arrive at that blessed source, and draw some of the wealth it contains, I swear that thou shalt have thy share."

Curiosity, rather than the unfortunate state in which I was placed, incited me to accompany him. Heavens! what a rugged road! what contentions! and how many insults and afflictions were we obliged to bear; I attempted to conceal the blushes which overspread my cheeks, and my leader assumed a smiling face, but I sometimes perceived he bit his lips with inward despair, whilst he cried aloud, "courage, my friend, all is well." Cupidity braced his nerves with more than human strength, and as if I were a link of his chain he dragged me along with him. We reached the mountain's foot through the most indefatigable exertions, but met here with still more powerful opposition. The vales were crowded with men who shook their fetters, and tore from each other, with demonstrations of feigned civility, a few drops of the quicksilver that flowed from the fountain.

I had no hopes of being able to cleave the seemingly impenetrable multitude collected before us, when my master, regardless of right and wrong, struck violently those who stood around him, and inhumanly trod under foot the unhappy beings whom he had knocked down. Shuddering with horror, I beheld their mangled bodies before me, and reluctantly crushed their limbs. I longed to fly; but it was too late, I was forcibly dragged forward. We were stained with blood, and the screams and curses of victims rose incessantly around us, and smote my heart with terror. At last

we ascended the top of a small hill, and my conductor, with a look of exultation, exclaimed:—"Now we prosper; the first step is taken, the first difficulties are overcome, let us not shrink from the remainder. Behold how we made yon wretches behind tumble over each other. Here we must follow a different plan, we are near the fountain, and must proceed more gently, we must skilfully and secretly elbow our rivals out of our way; never spare any one, let us crush the rascals, but avoid giving any public offence.—Such is the courtier's art."

My heart was too much oppressed with grief to allow me to reply; I was ashamed of belonging to this cruel man; I feared lest he should attempt to prove his conduct was right, for he had the example of many to bring forward in his favour. What a dreadful scene of contention and tumult! all the passions were let loose, and every virtue sold, or else covered with ridicule. A black phantom filled the seat of Justice, from which he had driven her, and placed unlawful weights in her scales; and men still sullied with their native dust, mocked the misery of their fellow-creatures, and gathered the admiration and respect of the multitude.

Others rubbed their bodies with quicksilver, and stalked with an erect brow, pride gleaming in their eyes, and debauchery rankling in their hearts; they fancied themselves superior to the rest of men, and despised whoever had not whitened his skin with the same metal: though they did not always strike those whom they met, their gesture was an offence, and their smile an affront, but it often happened that the quicksilver wore off, and they became once more low, submissive, and fawning slaves. Then exulting rivals returned them a hundred fold the scorn and insults which they had formerly received from them; wrath stung their hearts, and impelled them to commit the greatest crimes in order to regain their former state; yet it must be owned that some of them had lost their senses through the fatal effects of the quicksilver. I descried a man who had descended from the summit; overwhelmed by the weight of his quicksilver, he had sunk upon the ground, and remained motionless and entirely wrapt up in admiration, whilst contemplating his whitened limbs, refused either to eat or drink; I wished to assist him in getting up, but he clenched one of his fists as if to defend himself, and with his left hand begged I would favour him with a small quicksilver ball, which would make him die in peace.

A little higher on the mountain, forty rapacious men carried away a large quantity of that precious metal in numerous barrels; they had torn it from the weak hands of women, children, aged men, the industrious, and the poor; it was stained with their blood and bedewed with their tears. These plundering villains commanded an army of robbers, who ransacked the abode of helpless indigence. I remarked that the more they increased their store the more violently their thirst for plunder raged.

The sight filled the bosom of my conductor with emulation. "Hasten, hasten forward," he exclaimed, "I fear thou wert reflecting, from thy fixed and observing glance; let us on. Behold amidst yonder rocks, that delightful spectacle! see how that stream rolls its dazzling white waves adown the rugged crags! Oh, let us run thither, or it may be exhausted before we reach the spot; yet let us beware, the last steps are also the most dangerous. How many for want of caution have been dashed from yon summit into the deep abyss. We may push others in, but must take care lest we should be pushed too. Follow me, I have discovered a safer way."

Whilst speaking thus, he led me towards a narrow path which few people dared to enter; it formed a dark and unequal staircase winding through the rock. We proceeded for some time, when our course was suddenly checked by three marble statues of the purest white; their whiteness alone could persuade me they were not living forms, so exquisite was the art that had produced them. Their arms were entwined together as though they intended to forbid imprudent man to pass beyond fixed limits. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. The following lines were inscribed on their pedestals:—"These statues are the *chefs-d'œuvre* of human art, their originals dwell in heaven. Respect these marble images, O ye men, let them be sacred in your sight, for they close the path that leads to the abyss of destruction. Woe to him who beholds them unaffected; and cursed be the sacrilegious hand that shall dare to destroy them."

I remained in silent respect and admiration, and looked at my rapacious conductor; he seemed awhile confused and undecided, but hearing loud acclamations proclaiming a new eruption of the fountain, his complexion changed to a dark red, and he snatched up a large fragment of the rock. In vain I attempted to check his hand, he overthrew this sacred monument in his impious rage, and rushed over its ruins. I renewed my exertions in a contrary way, and with the strength of despair burst at last the chain which

held us together. "Go," I exclaimed with indignation, "senseless villain, glut thy cupidity, the thunders of heavenly vengeance are ready to blast thy guilt." But he could no longer hear me; I followed him with my eyes, the wretch maddened by his thirst for wealth, whilst attempting to draw some of the precious metal, plunged headlong into the stream. Carried away by the torrent, which he adored as his god, his limbs were dashed against the pointed rocks, and his blood reddened for a few seconds the dazzling whiteness of the rolling waves.

Struck with fear and surprise, I contemplated the melancholy wrecks of the marble statues strewed around me, and unwilling to tread upon them, dared not to leave the spot on which I stood. Tears of sorrow burst from my eyes, I looked towards heaven, and raised my hands in prayer, when a divine power gathered their scattered fragments together, and replaced them unhurt, as noble, majestic, and beautiful as ever on their pedestals. I knelt before these sacred images, which the sacrilegious hand of guilt and impiety shall never destroy.

E. R.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

DISPOSITION, QUALITIES, AND TALENTS NECESSARY TO FORM A GOOD PHYSIOGNOMIST.

PLEASANT features, a well made shape, a sound constitution, senses replete with acute feelings, easily affected, and transmitting faithfully to the soul the impressions of external objects which they receive, a penetrating, quick, and sure glance, ought to be the chief characteristics of every person who wishes to become a skilful physiognomist.

The acuteness of his senses will lead his mind to make numerous observations, and the spirit of observation will in its turn improve the senses, which it ought also to rule.

Without a sound judgment a physiognomist will never be able either to observe exactly, or to compare the result of his observations, and deduce from them just consequences. The science of physiognomy consists of judgment itself put into practice, and may be called the logic of bodily differences.

To a profound sagacity the physiognomist must join a powerful and lively imagination, and an active mind; for the mind will easily perceive the likeness that exists between the signs expressed by the features of a face and the corresponding meaning of passions or external objects; the mind alone understands and speaks the language of physiognomy.

All the scenes of nature, the different character of nations, the productions of genius, of the arts and sciences, all the varied expressions of languages ought to compose his store of information.

If he wish not to err in his judgment, the art of drawing becomes indispensably necessary, as its assistance will guide and support his imagination. Anatomy and physiology, and the study of constitutions, must also enlarge the sphere of his ideas, and increase his knowledge.

But the most important study is that of the human heart. How attentively he must explore his own! the deeper he dives into its secrets, the more easily will he become acquainted with that of others.

A physiognomist must know the world, and mix with men of every rank and every condition, and observe their conduct under the influence of changing circumstances and events. A retired life does not suit the science of physiognomy, for the sphere of his observations must be as widely extended as possible. To peruse relations of travels which lay open to our gaze the manners of distant nations, to converse with the skilful artists and learned philosophers, to court the company of the virtuous and clever, but not to lose sight of the vicious and ignorant, and especially to study the growing passions of children, will be found powerful, if not indispensable, auxiliaries in acquiring a deep knowledge of physiognomy.

Let us resume in a few words: a physiognomist ought to enjoy a good constitution, and possess a well proportioned figure, the power of observation, a strong imagination, a quick and penetrating mind, and be well versed in the arts and sciences. Firmness tempered by mildness, innocence and the love of peace, must form the characteristics of his soul; his heart must be free from impure and violent passions, and teem with noble and virtuous

sentiments; for how could a man discover the expression of generosity in the features of another, or the signs of great or good qualities, unless he be able to display generous feelings, or perform great actions?

PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

A virtuous parent, whilst taking leave of his son on the eve of his departure for a distant land, exclaimed:—"All I ask of you, my son, is to bring back with you the same set and expression of features."

A young lady who had never left the peaceful retirement of the country for noisy cities, and whose features beamed with innocence and piety, perceived her face in a mirror at the moment when she had finished her prayer, and was rising to seek her peaceful couch; struck with her own image, she cast down her eyes, whilst a modest blush overspread her cheeks. She spent a winter in town; surrounded with admirers, and carried away by the stream of public amusements, she forgot to perform her usual devotions. At the dawn of spring she returned to the country, repaired to her room, and perceiving her prayer-book on the table, glanced at the mirror, and shrinking from her own features, sunk instantly upon her knees. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "I can know myself no longer, I am so altered! my face bears the impression of my foolish vanity. How is it that I did not remark it sooner? In the midst of peace and retirement, in the sweet exercise of piety and benevolence, I will try to resume my wonted looks."

"I will give my life that yonder man is a rascal," exclaimed Titus, pointing to the priest Tacitus. "I saw him weeping and sobbing three times, when nothing could cause a tear to flow, and turning his face away to hide a smile when vices or calamities were mentioned."

"How much do you think my face is worth?" asked a stranger of a physiognomist. The answer was,—that the moral value of a face could not easily be reduced into money. "It is worth two hundred pounds," the other replied, "for that sum has been lent me upon it."

The following anecdote is taken from *Les Eloges des Suvans*.—A foreigner, whose name was Kubisse, was so struck with a portrait whilst passing through Mr. Delanges' apartments, that he remained stationary before it, and forgot to follow us. A quarter of an hour had elapsed when we perceived his absence; we hastened back after him, and found him still contemplating the same picture. "What is your opinion of this portrait," enquired Mr. Delanges, "is it not that of a very handsome woman?" "Yes;" answered Mr. Kubisse, "but if it be a likeness, the original must be an atrocious wretch." It was an exact likeness of La Brinvilliers, celebrated for poisoning, and as well known on account of her beauty as her crimes, which led her to the scaffold.

A friend of Count T—'s, who lives at W—, visited him one morning with a face which he attempted to enliven by a smile. After having transacted the business which caused this visit, he was about to withdraw, when the Count refused to let him go. "It is very strange you would wish to keep me here," exclaimed his friend; "I tell you I must go."—"You shall not leave my room," the Count replied; and at the same time locked the door. "What, for Heaven's sake, can you mean by this?"—"I read in your features that you intend to commit a bad action."—"Who, I! what, do you think me capable of—" "You intend to commit a murder, or else I am blind." The visitor grew pale, owned the truth, and gave the Count a loaded pistol he had in his pocket, unfolding at the same time the reasons which would have led him to suicide. The Count generously relieved his friend from the painful situation in which he was placed.

A beggar stopped a passenger in the street, and preferred his humble request. "How much do you want?" said the passenger, struck with his physiognomy. "How should I dare to tell you all I want," the beggar replied; "give me what you please, and I shall be grateful for the smallest alms."—"No, indeed, you must tell me what you would wish to have, and let it be ever so much, or so little, fear nothing, you shall have it."—"Well then, let me have fourpence."—"Here they are; had had you asked four pounds, you should have had them the same."

[*To be continued.*]

MODE OF SOFTENING CONTROVERSY.

MR. EDITOR,

In Fabroni's *Life of Mazochi*, I met with an anecdote which pleased me much. That learned man had been betrayed into unseemly asperity of language in some controversies in which he was engaged. Sensible of the fault, when he was apprised of an attack made upon a new publication of his, he requested a friend to peruse the piece, and draw up a summary of the arguments, omitting all personal and extraneous matter. These he set down and answered, without feeling any temptation to deviate from the calmness of a mere argumentative debate. Whatever irritating expressions there might be in the work of his antagonist, they were all dropt, and nothing came before him but objections stated in the way of a friend.

This, I think, would be an excellent method to be pursued by all those who cannot regard an opponent in any other light than that of an enemy, or who are unable to preserve their temper when assailed by illiberality and abuse. A man of a warm disposition, in his impatience of insults, is ready to say, like M. Harpin, in Moliere, "*Moi, me plaindre doucement!*" Even among the philosophers there are, I fear, very few who would be able to persevere in the cool indifferenuce to abuse displayed by the writer who thus began his reply to an adversary:—"Your work consists of railing and reasoning; to the railing I say nothing—to the reasoning I answer as follows." Although such forbearance is found by experience to be uncommon, I am rather surprised that it should be so, considering the manifest superiority it gives to the party practising it. Who does not feel that there is a grandeur in thus treating with silent contempt the effusions of petulance or malignity, which is forfeited by the most successful retaliation? Were the object even to mortify a quarrelsome antagonist in the most sensible manner, it would generally be most effectually attained by passing over his provocation without notice. There are many to whom a war of words is an agreeable exercise. They thrive by such contention, and are perfectly willing to take their share of reproachful language, provided they gain an opportunity of returning it with interest. I heard of a lady of free speech, who found herself often provoked to employ her vituperative powers on her husband. His method was always to take up his fiddle and play her a tune, without opening his lips, whilst she was bursting with vexation. Her violence, augmented by his tranquillity, at length brought her to her death-bed; but when near expiring, "I think," said she, "I could recover yet, if the fellow would but answer me:" this remedy, however, he was not at all inclined to administer.

To return to the prudent expedient of Mazochi.—One who should be, unprovided with a friend capable of serving him in the manner mentioned, might, perhaps, perform a similar office for himself, by resolutely turning over every page of his opponent, which a glance of the eye should inform him to contain nothing but personalities, and stopping only at the argumentative parts, which, to make sure of them, he might cut out, and study by themselves. At any rate, a controversialist who is conscious of being prone to irritation, might make it a rule never to publish a reply without first committing it to the examination of some sober friend, who should have full authority to expunge every word he did not approve. There is no doubt that this would operate as a sufficient *damper*: for there are few who cannot with tolerable patience bear the abuse levelled at a friend.

I remember a comic instance of the cooling efficacy of a medium of transmission in a scolding match. The late Dr. R. F. when he first settled in this country, brought over a wife and a numerous family, not one of whom, except his eldest son George, knew a word of English. It was not long before misunderstandings arose between the mistress and the servants; and one morning a lodger in the house was witness to the following scene:—Mrs. F. stood at her chamber door, the maid at the stair-foot, and George upon the landing-place. The lady, in harsh Teutonic, thundered invectives, which George translated in their passage, "My mother says you are a thief, and a slut, and a naughty woman." The wench, in an equally loud key, retorted that her mistress was a liar, a slanderer, and so forth; which George, with the same fidelity, and in the same calm unvaried tone, translated to his mother. Thus the dialogue was divested of all the accessory violence of speech and gesture, and passion soon subsided for want of fuel. I should suppose that the discussions of plenipotentiaries by means of interpreters enjoy a similar advantage; otherwise, the mutual complaints of rough and uncivilized people might be apt to bring their respective agents to blows. Yours, &c.

L.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EXTRACTS FROM *MARMION*; *or, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.*

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

CHARACTER OF LORD MARMION.

ALONG the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Shew'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
"*Who checks at me, to death is dight.*"
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

It chanced as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walked,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war:
And closer questioned, thus he told
A tale which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enrolled:—
Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is to our Sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,—
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying;
While for his royal father's soul
The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stained casement gleaming;
But, while I marked what next befel,
It seemed as I were dreaming.
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—

Now mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on;
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—
The lov'd apostle John.

He stepped before the monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone:
"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
God keep thee as he may!"—
The wondering monarch seemed to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him, as he outward past;
But lighter than the whirlwind's blast
He vanished from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies.

While Lindesay told this marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He marked not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale:
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke:—"Of nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never super-human cause
Could e'er controul their course;
And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught."—He said,
And seemed to wish his words unsaid:
But by that strong emotion pressed,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare:

The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feeverish dreams.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched my head,
Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burned.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I passed through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

Thus judging for a little space
I listened, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mixed affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seemed starting from the gulph below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain;
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw.
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I prayed,
(The first time e'er I asked his aid,)

He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight:
The moon beam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face, that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead, or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."—

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learned in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had hap'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell, of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And trained him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broad-sword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Achnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet, whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin."—
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then pressed Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the King's command.

LOCHINVAR —LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

REFLECTIONS.

Ah! who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight
This hour enchants the wandering sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there in life's dull toil,
One moment certain of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile?

What is the mind of man?
A chaos where the passions blend,
Unconscious where the mass will end,
Or when it first began!

In childhood's thoughtless hours,
We frolic through the sportive day!
Each path enchanting, sunny, gay,
All deck'd with gaudy flow'rs.

In life's maturer prime
We wander still in search of peace;
And, as our weary toils increase,
Fade in the glooms of time.

From scene to scene we stray,
Still courting Pleasure's fickle smile,
Which, though delighting to beguile,
Still farther glides away.

We seek Hope's gentle aid,
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flowers,
Which blossom but to fade!

We court love's thrilling dart,
And when we think our joys supreme,
We find its raptures but a gleam—
Its boon a wounded heart.

We pant for glittering fame,
And when pale envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore,
And when we gain the golden prize,
And death appears!—with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

We bask in friendship's beam,
And when malignant cares assail,
And fortune's fickle favours fail,
We find 'tis but a dream!

We search for idle joy;
Intemperance leads to sure decay;
The brightest prospects fade away,
The sweetest—soonest cloy.

How frail is beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek,—the sparkling eye,
Scarce seen, before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb!

Then since this fleeting breath
Is but the Zephyr of a day;
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death!

And let the generous mind,
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind.

For who, alas! shall say,
"To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
"And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
"Diffuse a brighter ray."

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING

"*Nobody comes to Woo.*"

Elizabeth warbled so sweetly—
"Oh! nobody comes to woo;"
I sigh'd—then with rapture exclaim'd—
"Eliza!—it cannot be true!

"Has Cupid his arrows thrown by?—
"Have turtles forgot how to coo?—
"Are swains quite estranged from love?—
"Eliza!—it cannot be true!"

If miter'd, or crown'd, was my head,
And 'Liza should smile and prove true,—
I'd fly on the wings of a dove,
Eliza to court and to woo.

G.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday, February 25th, a new musical farce was brought forward at this theatre, the avowed production of Mr. Allingham, intitled, *Who Wins? or, The Widow's Choice.*—The following are the characters and outline of the piece:

Iambic Extempore, Esq. (a poor poet)	Mr. FAWCETT.
Caper (a wealthy merchant)	Mr. LISTON.
Friendly	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Matthew Mole	Mr. SIMMONS.
Trust	Mr. DENMAN.
The Widow Bellair	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Miss Serena Softly	Mrs. LISTON.
Lisette	Miss DE CAMP.

The whole property of a deceased gentleman is left to the *Widow Bellair*, his niece, on condition that she marries one of his two nephews *(Extempore* and *Caper)*, and her choice is to be fixed by a throw of the dice, with a proviso, that should she refuse the winner, the property shall be divided between his nephews; and, should they both refuse her, she is to be entitled to the whole. The widow, having assumed the name of her waiting-maid *(Lisette)* in that disguise arrives first at the house of her deceased uncle, and delivers a letter, as from the widow, to excuse her attendance; but fearing she may be discovered by a portrait in the room, she procures *Friendly* (her agent) to substitute in its place that of her grand-aunt. Her cousins arrive, and throw the dice, *Extempore* has the highest throw; and expressing his doubts to *Mole* (the steward) whether the prize is worth his acceptance, *Matthew* shews him the wrong portrait, declaring it to be an exact resemblance of the widow. The poor poet having a prepossession in favour of the supposed *Lisette*, and being disgusted with the picture, disposes of his right to the widow and fortune to *Caper* for 1000*l.* and signs a paper, refusing to marry her. The widow having discovered *Extempore's* disinterested sentiments, and learning what has just passed, has recourse to a stratagem, by which she obtains from *Caper* a written refusal to marry her, and being thus left to her free choice, she declares in favour of *Extempore*.

This story, ridiculously improbable as it is, is not altogether new. The under-plot of the opera of *Two Faces Under a Hood*, appears to have furnished the ground-work of this piece, which may, however, be considered as a humourous trifle, not calculated to sustain much weight of criticism. The dialogue is animated, and some of the songs very whimsical.—The music, sufficiently sprightly, is said to be the production of Mr. Coudell. Of the acting and singing, the chief humour lies with Fawcett, Liston, and Mrs. Charles Kemble, in the two Lovers and the Widow. The whole performance went off with applause to a very numerous audience.

DRURY-LANE.

On Tuesday, March 1st, a new musical farce was performed at this theatre, intitled "*In and Out of Tune*," melodized by Mr. Corri.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Discord	Mr. DOWTON.
Meshec	Mr. WEWITZER.
Cornet Gorget	Mr. DE CAMP.
Corporal Mullowney	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Dingy (a Negro Servant)	Mr. MATHEWS.
Charles, Edward (Sons of Discord)	Mr. GIBBON. Mr. WEST.
Watchmen	Messrs. SMITH & MILLER.
Margaretta (a Scotch Lady)	Miss DUNCAN.
Rosa (Daughter to Discord)	Miss LYON.
Sally	Mrs. BLAND.

The story is simply that of an old rich Attorney, distracted by a *musico-mania* that has seized his whole family, from the garret to the cellar—in one of the paroxysms of which, his daughter is carried off by a young officer, who owes him a considerable sum of money, being the amount of a debt which he had purchased of a Jew. These slight materials, which are ill put together, were scarcely tolerated till the fall of the curtain, in consideration of the music, which, to say nothing more of it, is pretty. Miss Duncan sung a pleasing Scotch air, and Johnstone an Irish ditty, which was *encored*. But the incidents introduced are so grossly vulgar, and the dialogue so meagre, as to have roused the indignation, and tired the patience of the audience early in the second act. At the dropping of the curtain it was withdrawn for alterations.

N°2.

Female Costume of Egra.

N°1.

London Morning Dr...

Engraven Expressly for La Belle Assemblee N°29 April 1806.

London Evening Dresses for March.

Engraven expressly for La Belle Assemblée N.o 29 April 1.1808.

FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Walking Dress.

A plain cambric, or shawl muslin walking dress; with high back, wrap front, and plaited long sleeve. A loose curricle coat, with French lappels, composed of a figured Chinese silk. Its colour American green, or jonquille; lined throughout with a sarsnet of the same shade; simply confined in front of the bosom with a bow of ribband, or antique brooch. *Chapeau* the same as the coat, with front of the *tiara* form; the crown sitting close to the head, gathered rather full towards the roots of the hair behind, and simply tied under the chin with correspondent ribband. Necklace a double row of the Scotch pebble, linked with gold. Gold spangled earrings, of the hoop form. Round swansdown Opera tippet. Slippers of purple kid; and gloves of York tan.

No. 3.—An Evening Dress.

A round dress of satin, an apricot blossom, or spring green; made a walking length, and trimmed at the feet with a deep thread lace (placed an easy fulness), or a silver scolloped fringe. The dress constructed high in the back, with full robin front, and plain frock sleeve. The new fan, or Queen's ruff, of rich point lace, with shell scolloped edge, sloped to a point in front of the bosom, and finished with an onyx brooch; the bottom of the sleeve to correspond with the dress. Hair cropt behind, and formed *à-la-rustique* in front, divided in the centre of the forehead, with a large onyx set in deep gold. A twisted necklace of the milk-white Bohemian pearl, linked with gold beads; bracelets and earrings of the same. Slippers of white satin or kid, trimmed with silver. Gloves of French kid, above the elbow. Opera fan of carved ivory. Angola shawl of deep amber, thrown negligently over the arm as an occasional wrap.

No. 4.—An Evening Dress.

A round dress with short train, of silver buff lustre, white muslin, or violet crape, worn over white satin, finished at the feet in thick scollops, and fine silver beading; the waist and sleeves wrought in a snail pattern to correspond; bosom and back cut so low as to exhibit much of the bust. A silver girdle tied in front of the waist with large cone tassels. Hair in the Parisian style, confined on the crown of the head in a tuft of full curls, formed in falling ringlets from the centre of the forehead, and ornamented with a bandeau of amethyst linked with gold. Necklace and bracelets of the same, with drop, or pear earrings to correspond. The broad oriental armlet, composed of dead and burnished gold. A short round Opera tippet of swansdown. Turkish slippers of figured white, or violet silk. French kid gloves, above the elbow. With this dress a bouquet of spring flowers and myrtle has a most attractive effect.

EGRA COSTUME.

No. 2.—A young bride of Egra, in her wedding clothes.

Every country has its customs, and every custom its motives, which are usually found in the diversity of the manners and characters of the inhabitants, and this diversity is known to proceed principally from the difference of

climates. With certain nations wedding days are days of rejoicing and finery in dress, not only for the bride and bridegroom, but for all their relations and friends invited to the nuptials: the bride, clad in white, is covered with flowers, diamonds and lace; and if she is in the deepest mourning, it is thrown aside that day, though to be put on the following. In other countries, on the contrary, and particularly in Egra, marriage, considered as a religious and social act of the most sacred and solemn nature, is celebrated with more gravity and reverence. Observe how this timid and modest maid approaches the altar, with downcast eyes, holding her rosary with one hand, and her veil with the other. Her only ornament is the nuptial band bound round her forehead; the rest of her dress, and the large cloak in which she is wrapped up, are of the gloomiest colour, and seem much less adapted to a wedding than to a funeral.

A GENERAL DELINEATION

ON THE MOST PREVAILING AND SELECT

FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

THE extreme precariousness of the season for some weeks past, has given a check to nature; and the children of fashion, alike retarded in their career, have advanced with less rapidity than usual in that animated diversity and attractive change of costume which generally accompany the return of Spring.—Though the Park, public drives, and theatres have been frequently crowded, yet till within these last few days, we have remarked little of novelty in the general display. But as April may be considered as a carnival month in the metropolis, the numerous articles offered at the shrine of fashion will enable us to select a delineation of female attire, at once distinguishing and elegant. As to the general style, both in full and half-dress, the antique and Chinese seem to prevail over every other. It is extended to articles of jewellery, and almost every species of female and household ornament.

The Russian, Polish, and Zealand wraps and mantles, which have so distinguished the fashionable female during the winter, have lately undergone a considerable metamorphose. Cloth, velvet, and skins are entirely laid aside; and the chinchilli, which has so universally adorned the winter pelisse and mantle, is reserved for the embellishment and comfort of a subsequent season, when its fame will be more generally disseminated. In compliance with the wishes of some of our Correspondents, we here take occasion to remark, that the above-mentioned little animal (whose coat affords this fur, so eminent for its waving softness and neatness of shade) inhabits the base of some mountains in South America, beyond Buenos Ayres, and has been imported from thence to this country. The chinchilli we presume to be a quadrupede of somewhat recent discovery; for in many of our natural histories we find no mention made of such an animal. From the smallness of the creature we may account for the high price of its skin. We have examined it in its natural state, and find it not much larger than a full grown American squirrel; but the formation of its body more nearly resembles that of a cat; it also has large whiskers like those of that animal.

But to return to the usual subject of remark, from which we have a little digressed; we hasten to inform our fair readers, that pelisses, coats, and mantles, are now invariably composed of shaded, and figured brocade sarsnets, and Chinese silks. The colours so various as to render it difficult to say what is most prevalent. American, or spring green, stone colour, shaded purple, violet, and silver grey, are most eminent amidst a fashionable selection. They are still formed with French gores, sitting close to the figure; plain and unconfined in the back. Those of the newest construction are styled a Polanise coat and vest—and are what is commonly termed a three-quartered length. The long pelisse is worn quite loose, and is wrapt round the figure in unstudied negligence, by the disposition of the hands. Their most fashionable trimming is silk tufted fringe, or the large link trimming, formed of the same material as the coat, with village bonnets to correspond. We have been favoured (by a female of acknowledged fashion, rank, and beauty) with the sight of a spring habit, comprising much novel elegance. It consisted of a round robe of double sarsnet; its colour a silver brown, and it was formed with a plain long sleeve, of easy fulness, and cut a walking length, sitting high round the neck, and close to the bust. It laced behind, and was ornamented with frogs, of the same colour, on each side of the bosom *à-la-Militaire*. Round the edge of the throat was placed an antique lace, with cuffs of the same. A loose Capuchin cloak converted this habit into the carriage, or walking costume. It was confined on one side of the figure by the attitude of the hand, and on the other it flowed in wav-

ing negligence. It had a deep collar, shaped to sit close round the chin; where it was finished with a scolloped lace in double plaits and united in front of the throat with a large shell brooch of oriental pearl. A wove border of a shell pattern in brocade suiting with the shade of the sarsnet, ornamented the cloak at the edge; and a slouch hat of plain split straw, of the finest texture, with a Brussels lace veil, reaching a little below the chin, completed this chaste, and superior habit. Rich French silk scarfs, Cassimere, and Angola shawls, with Opera mantles of white satin, trimmed with Angola fringe rank high amidst the fashionable variety.

Straw hats of divers forms are now offered as an appropriate spring covering; those of the small Yeoman form, with the slouch and fancy gipsy, are considered at present most genteel. They are sometimes ornamented with wreaths of spring flowers, simply and tastefully disposed; or with ribband figured sarsnet bonnets, corresponding with the coat or mantle, appear on females of unquestionable taste and celebrity. They are chiefly of the French poke, and Scotch form, ornamented with lace puffings of ribband. These bonnets (like the little French caps which distinguish the morning, or half-dress), are cut so as to display the ears, and sit close to the roots of the hair behind. In full dress the hair still preserves the antique style; ornamented with *Chapeaus de fleurs*,—and the Anne Boleyn cap of black lace, tamboured in shaded green silk, or chenille. Coronets of gold filigree, formed in a cluster of shells, and fastened behind with the new and elegant Persian pin, shine most conspicuous amidst a drawing-room diversity. The Brazilian coif, of bright amber tissue, wrought in small checks of silver, and ornamented with large cut silver beads, is an head-dress at once *unique* and splendid.

The twisted necklace, of pearl, beads, and gold, blended in tasteful contrast, are much in esteem: we have seen some of purple beads linked, or twisted with gold, some of garnets, and others of the emerald shade. Maltese amulets are more general than ever. The most fashionable construction for gowns is, high in the back, with *antique* ruffs of fine scolloped lace. Trains are again become visible in full dress, but are still of the moderate order; and the long sleeve, set in from the shoulder, also forms a part of this costume. But we observe many females to whom nature has given an arm fair, and beautifully moulded, still persevere in the short sleeve, which best displays them to advantage.

Coloured robes of buff, or azure, formed of sarsnet, or lustre, are selected for the season. White muslin, or Italian crape round dresses, painted, or tamboured up the front, and round the bottom, in a border of the scarlet geranium (the leaf and flower tastefully entwined), forms a most beautiful garment. But though white robes will necessarily regain a portion of popularity as the summer advances, yet it appears that coloured dresses of various constructions, will obtain the most novel and fashionable distinction. Morning, or breakfast wraps, are now made without a cape; to sit so high round the throat as to meet the roots of the hair behind; they are usually bordered entirely round with needle-work. With these wraps, (and also with the Zealand jacket of fashionable notoriety) are worn high drawn ruffs of muslin edged with a narrow vandyke, or scolloped lace. These frills are sometimes attached to the embroidered habit-shirt—which last mentioned useful article is now formed in a more fanciful manner than we can find time to delineate.

In the article of shoes, we remark coloured kid to prevail over jean; in full dress, figured silk, and plain satin, are most in esteem; for undress, brown, purple, and buff kid are more appropriate.

Gloves are generally guided by the taste of the several wearers; but white and blossom kid, for full dress, with York tan and Limerick, for the morning habit, must ever be considered an appropriate adoption.

The most fashionable colours for the season are pale olive, stone colour, American, or spring green, and jonquille. Sarsnets of agreeably contrasted shades will, it is thought, be much in request during the summer season.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

LETTER FROM A DESERTED WIFE IN AMERICA, TO A FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I who had expected your return from Europe with painful anxiety—who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at hearing you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties; but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for your little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disap-

pointment, in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed, but I scorn it.—What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love, I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery. But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas! too late; I only write to acquaint you with the health, and some other circumstances, of myself and those little ones whom you once loved.

"The house you left us in could not be supported without an expence which the little sum you left behind could not long supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance; but we live in great neatness, and, by strict economy, supply our moderate wants with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

"Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you; and as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh,—"When will my dear Papa return?" The others are constantly asking me the same questions; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp in the first syllables he ever uttered,—"When will Papa come home?" Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool at my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for Papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is Papa's.

"I do assure you I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence; but I cannot prevail on myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear (which I hide in a smile), and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence. I have taught them to mention you with the greatest ardour of affection in their morning and evening prayers, and they always add of themselves a petition for your speedy return.

"I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at any eminent school, and do not choose that they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English, they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

"Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome; it affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones I am afraid I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy; and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

"Pardon my interrupting you; I mean to give you satisfaction.—Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of, and am your once loved, and still affectionate

"EMILIA."

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1808.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant PORTRAIT of the MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.
2. The CONQUEST; by R. SMIRKE, Esq. R. A.
3. FIVE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
4. A new DANCE and WALTZ, composed expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. LANZA.
5. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, May* 1, 1808.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE the MARCHIONESS of TOWNSHEND.

Engraven by permision for the 32.d Number of La Belle Assemblée. Printed for John Bell. Southampton Street. Strand.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Thirtieth Number.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND. *

Anne, Marchioness Townshend, is the youngest daughter of William Montgomery, Esq. afterwards created a Baronet. Her family was originally Scotch, though settled in Ireland. Her first acquaintance with the noble Marquis her husband, arose when his Lordship held the high office of Viceroy of Ireland. It was there that he first beheld Miss Montgomery, and became enamoured of her; his attachment was speedily followed by an offer of his hand, and he married her, May 19, 1773.

In an early part of this Work we took occasion to submit to our readers some biographical particulars respecting the Marchioness Townshend, and to pay a sincere homage to those virtues which diffuse a brighter lustre over the possessor than beauty, rank, wealth, or honours. *.

It would consequently be unnecessary to repeat here the facts recorded in our first Volume; we have therefore only to notice the change that has taken place in the condition of the Marchioness, who, last year, became a widow by the death of her venerable husband, and her recent resignation of the office of Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, which she had held ever since the formation of her Royal Highness's household.

Her Ladyship has a numerous and most beautiful family. Anne, the eldest child, was born, Feb. 1, 1775, married to Harrington Hudson, Esq.; Charlotte, born March 17, 1776, married August 9, 1797, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds; Honoria Maria, born July 6, 1777; William, born September 5, 1778; Harriet, born April 20, 1782; James Nugent Boyle Bernardo, born September 11, 1785.

* See Vol. I. p. 16.

THE DUCHESS OF WEIMAR.

"AMONG the few distinguished persons who have retained the elevation of the ancient German character, is Louisa, reigning Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. Her consort, as is well known, was one of the Generals of the King of Prussia, in the ever memorable campaign of 1806. When the allied armies collected themselves in the little territory of the Duke, where it was resolved to wait the arrival of the French; when it was determined to hazard the battle, which was to decide the fate of all Germany, in the vicinity of Weimar, the Duchess resolved to abide in her residence. The venerable Duchess Dowager, the sister of the Duke of Brunswick, and the hereditary Prince of Weimar, with his consort, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, retreated precipitately to Brunswick; but the Duchess, even after the fatal issue of the battle of Jena was foreseen, retired within the walls of her palace, and waited the event with calmness and resignation. She had assembled round her the ladies of her Court, and generously offered an asylum to the English, whose situation was then so perilous. Her amiable friend Miss Gore, with her aged parent, (since deceased, and Mr. Osborne, a gentleman who formerly filled a diplomatic character in several of the Continental Courts, were among the select party whom the Duchess collected together in a wing of the Castle, while the state apartments were opened for the reception of the unwelcome and terrific guest. During the awful 14th of October, the Duchess and her friends were immured in their recess, and had no nourishment but a few cakes of chocolate found by accident. When the fortunes of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning), the Prussians retreating through the town, were pursued by the French, and slaughtered in the streets. Some of the inhabitants were murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening the Conqueror approached and entered to palace of the Duke, now become his own, by the *right* of conquest. It was then that the Duchess left her apartment, and seizing the moment of his entering the hall, placed herself on the top of the staircase, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon started when he beheld her: "*Qui êtes vous?* (Who are you?)" he exclaimed with his characteristic abruptness. "*Je suis la Duchesse de Weimar* (I am the Duchess of Weimar)." "*Je vous plains*," he retorted fiercely, "*j'ecraserai votre mari* (I pity you, I shall crush your husband)." He then added, "I shall dine in my apartment," and rushed by her.

She sent her Chamberlain early on the following morning to enquire concerning the health of his Majesty the Emperor, and to solicit an audience. The morning dreams of Napoleon had possibly soothed his mind to gentleness, or he recollected that he was Monarch as well as General, and could not refuse what the Emperor owed to the Duchess: he accordingly returned a gracious answer, and invited himself to breakfast with her in her apartment.

On his entrance, he began instantly with an interrogative. "How could your husband, Madame, be so mad as to make war against me?" "Your Majesty would have despised him if he had not," was the dignified answer he received. "How so?" he hastily replied. The Duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined, "My husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely it was not at the moment that the King had so mighty an enemy as your Majesty to contend with that the Duke could abandon him." A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honour of the speaker, and yet conciliated the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Bonaparte became at once more mild, and exclaimed, "Madam, you are the most estimable woman I ever knew—You have saved your husband!" Yet he could not confer favour unaccompanied with insult; for reiterating his assurances of esteem, he added, "*Je le pardonne, mais c'est a cause de vous seulement; car, pour lui, c'est un mauvais sujet.*" The Duchess to this made no reply; but seizing the happy moment, interceded successfully for her suffering people. Napoleon gave orders that the plundering should cease: and afterwards ordered that Mr. Osborne, who had in the mean while been arrested, should be released.

When the treaty, which secured the nominal independence of Weimar, was presented by a French General, to the Duke, he refused to take it into his own hands, saying, with more than gallantry, "Give it to my wife; the Emperor intended it for her."

THE ARTIST.

No. IV.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[*Continued from Page* 111.]

FROM the revenues arising from the Exhibitions, united to the bounty of his Majesty in making good any deficiencies in the current charges, the Academy found itself sufficient, in a less period than five years, to decline trespassing any longer upon the royal purse. It was now enabled, not only to subsist upon its own resources, and the regular receipts of its annual exhibitions, but to lay the basis of a charitable fund for the purposes of professional benevolence.

Such was the state of the Academy for upwards of fifteen years, under the Presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds; during which period the utmost friendship and harmony, with respect to the general conduct of the institution, prevailed among the Academicians; and the sure effects of this domestic tranquillity were experienced in the rising estimation and prosperity of the Society. The office of President was thus rendered no less flattering to the fame, than agreeable to the private feelings of Sir Joshua; but the death of many of the first members, and the introduction of new ones, produced in a few years, a visible difference with respect to the tranquillity of the society, and the office of President; and so disturbed was the situation of Sir Joshua, and embarrassed the general arrangement of the Academy, that he was induced to resign the chair.

The good sense of the Academy prevailed; a deputation was sent to invite him to resume the chair, with whose solicitations he complied.

The Academy continuing to increase in prosperity with the general advancement of the arts, and the estimation of the institution rising in the public opinion, an influence which had its source in a dictatorial power which the constitution of the Academy had vested in the Treasurer, Sir William Chambers, began to make its appearance; which so much disturbed the latter years of Sir Joshua's presidency, that had not death put an end to it, it was his fixed determination to have resigned.

Sir Joshua's demise took place in the year 1791; but a few weeks previous to it, finding his health decline, he appointed Mr. West to take the chair, as his deputy; and to present to the General Assembly his letter of resignation; upon this, Mr. West was appointed Chairman for conducting the business of the Academy, till another President should be elected.

It thus appears that this gentleman was regarded by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the general body of the Academicians, as the worthy successor to the chair. Indeed, throughout the profession, there was but one voice upon this subject.

In order to form a just estimate of the state of improvement which Mr. West has introduced into his profession, it is necessary to take a concise view of historical painting, by British Masters, previous to the year 1768, when he came to this country.

It had been the practice of many of our British sovereigns, in consulting the necessary dignity and ornament of their courts, and perhaps from some love of the art itself, however originating in principles narrow and perverted, to invite into the kingdom foreign artists of distinguished reputation, in order to supply the defect of native talent; which was not at that time considered to have resulted from what has been since proved its only source,—the want of domestic patronage. Nevertheless, whatever might be the temptation to the foreign artist, or the taste and liberality of the monarch, it is certain that the first advances to any thing allied to excellence

in the historical line, were made by Sir James Thornhill, a native artist, in the reign of Queen Anne.

Sir James Thornhill was a man of undoubted talent, and of a sufficiency of taste and knowledge in historical compositions, to meet the full demand of the age in which he lived. His paintings on ceilings, and his architectural deceptions, form the body of works from which he is to be estimated.

Such, however, was the taste in art which prevailed during his time, not only in England, but throughout Europe. It was this taste which turned the talents of the artists toward the readiest and most accommodating means of satisfying it; and hence arose those clumsy allegories, and still harsher personifications, which took their course through most of the compositions of that day; and to which we are indebted for having in personal form and shape, the Cardinal Virtues, and many other of the abstract qualities of mind and body. Whilst a phrenzy of this kind prevailed, it is no matter of surprise that the art should be gradually reduced, till it became at length almost the humble handmaid of the mason and the plasterer, and was chiefly employed in the decoration of the external walls of houses, with subjects of the same sort which had before occupied the interior. Indeed, at this period, legendary subjects and allegories seemed to be the only remaining employment of the historical pencil throughout Europe.

In succession to Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth appeared. It was the peculiar talent of this great painter, to seize upon the vices of human nature, and to chastise them, not with the light and gentle hand of ridicule, under which (as a great writer has observed,) they are more apt, like Norway pines, to shoot up with a quicker growth, and flourish with a more expanded luxuriance; but to punish them with the sternness and just indignation of the moralist, and, by the aid of that satire, of which humour was the least laboured and least ostensible feature, to derive a grand and extensive moral, applicable to those scenes of life which he had chosen as the subjects of his pencil. Such was the talent of Hogarth, and whilst we confess his pre-eminence in this province of art, justice compels us to say, that his few attempts at history have no tendency to extend the dominion of his genius beyond it.

To Hogarth succeeded Hayman, whose works, produced under the patronage of Tyers, at Vauxhall, and several compositions for books,—such as his Don Quixotte, and English Poets, are well known to the public.

Hayman was a man of genius, and his works are creditable to himself and the age in which he lived; but the world has long been contented to assign them any other merit than that which belongs to works of history.

Such was the state of historical painting, not only in England, but throughout Europe, when Mr. West's pencil first attracted the attention of the public, in his picture of Agrippina landing at Brundusium with the ashes of Germanicus; his Regulus departing from Rome; his Hannibal swearing eternal Enmity to the Roman Name; his Death of Epaminondas; his Death of Chevalier Bayard; his Penn's Treaty with the Indians; and his Death of General Wolfe. These subjects of historical facts, which express the dignity of human actions, and the just representations of nature under the most awful and interesting events of life;—these subjects, in which the loftier virtues of patriotism, fortitude, and justice, are seen embodied in real agents, and brought forth in scenes of positive existence; in which likewise the milder virtues of conjugal fidelity and social philanthropy, and all those qualities which elevate the human being, and bring him forward in the just dignity of his nature, and grandeur of his mind;—these subjects, which form the compositions of the pictures above enumerated, were reserved for the pencil of this distinguished artist, and must ever be considered as forming the æra of that taste and national advancement in the perception of the excellencies of the historical pencil, which commenced with Mr. West's appearance in his profession.

The unrivalled prints from these subjects, by Woollett and others, spread a knowledge of them through the civilized world, at a price never before experienced in art; and they not only became the pride of this nation, but laid the basis of a purer taste, and became the origin of historical works of corresponding dignity, throughout all the kingdoms of Europe,—a circumstance which has so justly given to this artist, in Italy, France, and Germany, the appellation of the "Reviver of Historical Painting," which has been repeatedly declared by their numerous academies. The success attending these prints gave rise to those numerous speculations which produced so many national collections, under the names of the Shakespeare, the Poets', and the Historical Galleries.

The above-mentioned pictures, together with the Life of Edward the Third, in the King's Presence Chamber at Windsor; the designs for the windows of the Collegiate Church from the New Testament; with Mr.

West's other works in the cathedrals of Rochester, Winchester, St. Stephen's, Walbrook; in King's College chapel, Cambridge; and in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital,—these, with many others of his large pictures, together with the subjects from revealed religion, for his Majesty's chapel at Windsor, were produced prior to his being called to the chair, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791.

From this slight review of the works of Mr. West prior to this period, it is no matter of surprise that the members of the Royal Academy should unanimously have voted him to fill the chair of the Academy in succession to Sir Joshua Reynolds, not only as one of the four artists who, under the sanction of his Majesty, had first founded the Royal Academy, but as one who, by the efforts of his pencil, had ever laboured to support the higher department of art at all their annual exhibitions.

Without any particalar view to personal reputation in filling the chair of the Institution, it was the ambition of Mr. West to consider the station he occupied, as one only of the means by which the love of the arts might be cherished and extended in the country, coupled with the elevation of the character of the artist, and the improvement of his general condition.

It was to these views, abstracted from all other considerations, that he directed his attention; and it is for the public to decide, whether, in a long course of professional life, that which formed the unremitting object of his ambition and industry, has been crowned with any thing of success.

We have before hinted at some differences which existed between Sir Joshua Reynolds and the then Treasurer of the Academy, Sir William Chambers. Upon Mr. West's succeeding to the chair, the first object of his attention was the finances of the Society, which he found in a state of unexpected derangement. These funds, indeed, at the commencement of the Institution had been very loosely and insufficiently guarded. The custom had been to invest them in the Bank of England, in the names of the President, the Treasurer, and Secretary, without providing any particular auditorship, or general trust, in the body of the Academy itself. This, to say no more, was exposing the funds of the Academy to danger, or at least to a temptation to abuse them; but it so occurred, that almost upon Mr. West's becoming President, by the death of the Treasurer and the withdrawing of the Secretary, the whole funds and personal wealth of the Academy became invested solely in his name, and stood thus, with his uncontrouled power of disposition over them, in the books of the Bank of England. In order, therefore, to remedy this so unprecedented and dangerous consequence in any single officer, Mr. West, in conjunction with the Council, submitted to the Academy a new plan for the disposition and security of their funds, by recommending the following propositions:—

1st. That auditors should be chosen to review and check the accounts from the commencement of the Institution, and ascertain the precise state of the funds.

2d. That the General Assembly should appoint perpetual Auditors, to be renewed by annual election, and, in order to secure the funds more effectually, that a Trustee, chosen by the Assembly, should be joined with the President, the Treasurer, and the Secretary; and that the property should be invested in the name of the Academy, as their corporate fund.

As these funds had accumulated from the receipts of the Exhibitions, after defraying the regular expences of the Academy, it became highly necessary, in order to keep up their productiveness and increase their amount, that a series of splendid Exhibitions should become a constant source of public attraction, and that the fame of the artist should be invited to go hand in hand with the prosperity of the Society. Mr. West directed his views to this object, and, whilst he continued indefatigable in his own exertions, he cherished, with the most ardent zeal, and provoked, by all the incitements in his power, as well by personal instruction as by constant supervision, the juvenile pencils of the Academy. From these meritorious labours, and from other concurrent causes, the fame and popularity of the several Exhibitions were encreased beyond what had hitherto been their lot, and the receipts became proportionate to the public attraction. The finances of the Academy becoming thus largely on the increase, it was resolved to establish two funds,—one, limited to the Institution, for the purpose of its regular disbursements, to be called the Academical Fund; the other, for the purpose of giving assistance to the aged and decayed artists, their widows, and children, to be called the Donation Fund.

This fund is at the present day capable of affording considerable relief to its reduced members. To this fund, moreover, the savings of the Academy are appropriated, in order to extend its operations, and lay a basis of larger benevolence.

[*To be continued.*]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

THE CONQUEST.

BY R. SMIRKE, ESQ. R. A.

THE leading idea of this pleasing composition is taken from a farce of Foote's "Taste;" in which Lady Pentweazle is introduced sitting for her portrait to Mr. Carmine, the fashionable face painter of the day.

The humour of Foote, was intended to expose the egregious vanity of the lady, and to exhibit that successful practice of address in the painter, by which the public became a dupe to an impostor,—by which flattery and fraud debauched the principles of judgment, and corrupted the taste of the age. The irony of Foote was principally of a satirical turn, seasoned with somewhat of the usual malevolence of his character. Mr. Smirke, however, in the composition now before us, has had no view to satire and ridicule, any further than as they apply to general follies, and to the exposure of character, not singled out, but taken, without invidious preference or distinction, from the general mass.

This composition consists of three figures forming one group, the principal character of which is the lady sitting for her portrait.—This figure is conceived and treated with the most exquisite powers of humour,—her round, pursy form, her unwieldy figure, tricked out in all the tasteless ornaments of an absurd conceit, her vulgar vanity, her magisterial air, her gross affectation, and, above all, her unconquerable termagancy, are rendered with the most appropriate, chastened, and delicate humour. There is nothing forced, or allied to caricature. It is nature justly conceived, and represented only in the extravagance of its own affectation and folly.

The figure of the tame, servile, city husband, half proud, and half afraid of his wife, cringing at her elbow—with her favourite lap-dog under his arm, is represented with a power of humour, equally original and refined. His dress is exquisitely appropriate; and the character of avarice and wealth, and meanness struggling for the pretensions of Taste, are powerfully impressed on the figures of both husband and wife.

The success of the artist, however, has been in nothing more complete than in the representation of Mr. Carmine. The refinement, and gloss of his imposture, the skilfulness and effect of his gross adulation, the practised smile of hypocrisy, the complimentary gaiety, the presumption and professional conceit of his talents, are all finely traced out in the delineation of this figure.

The furniture of the painting-room is not neglected; it is crowded with that sort of foppery, and affected reliques of art, which were the stock in trade of this accomplished gentleman. Indeed we may venture to declare that this composition is unrivalled for that turn of delicate humour, which may be said to constitute the Comedy of the Art.

Painted by W. Smirke R.A.

Engraved by Milton.

THE CONQUEST.

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LIFE OF GUIDO RENI.

THIS illustrious artist was born at Bologna, in 1574. His father was a musician, and intended to bring up his son to the same profession, but the latter conceiving a strong attachment to painting, he was placed, at an early age, under the tuition of Denis Calvaert, a Flemish painter of great reputation. In his twentieth year he left Calvaert, and became a pupil of the Caracci. They soon discovered in him a lofty and ambitious spirit, combined with such superior talents, that it was not long before he excited the jealousy of those great masters. He carefully studied their style, but imitated that of Ludovico, in preference to that of Annibale or Agostino, because the compositions of the former displayed more grandeur and grace than those of the others. He was likewise struck with the surprizing effects of the paintings of Caravaggio, and for some time adopted that manner; but the style on which he at length fixed originated in a reflection of Annibale Caracci on the last-mentioned artist. He observed that a contrary method might perhaps more than counterbalance its effects, by substituting for the contracted and deciduous flash, an open, ample light; by opposing delicacy to his fierceness, decision to the obscurity of his line, and ideal forms to the vulgarity of his models. These words which sunk deeper into the mind of Guido than his master expected, soon prompted him to try the suggestion. Suavity became his aim; he sought it in design, in touch, and in colour; and finally fixed on a manner peculiar to himself, which was easy, graceful, great, and elegant, which secured to him the applause of the whole world, and the admiration of posterity, so that he is ranked among the first-rate painters of any age or country since the revival of the art.

All the excellencies of painting seem united in this superior genius; for whether we consider the grand style of his composition, the delicacy of his ideas, the disposition of his objects in general, or the beautiful turn of his female forms, his colouring, or the graceful airs of the heads, all are admirable and fill the mind with a kind of ecstacy. All subjects indeed were not equally adapted to the genius of Guido, and Mr. Fuseli observes that his attitudes seldom elevate themselves to the pure expression and graceful simplicity of the face: the grace of Guido is the grace of theatres. The mode, not the motive, determines the action. His Magdalens weep to be seen; his Hero throws herself upon the body of Leander, Herodias holds the head of her victim, and his Lucretias stab themselves with the studied airs and postures of buskined heroines. It would, however, be unjust not to allow that there are many exceptions to this affectation in the works of Guido. His Helen departing with Paris, is a performance which alone would atone for every blemish. In her divine face the sublime purity of Niobe is mingled with the charms of Venus; the wife, the mother, indeed, give way to the lover, but diffuse a soft melancholy which tempers her fervor with dignity. This expression is supported by the careless and unconscious elegance of her attitude, while that of Paris, stately, courteous, insipid, gives him more the air of an ambassador attending her by proxy, than of a lover carrying her off for himself. His male forms in general, are little more than transcripts of such models as are to be found in a genial climate, sometimes characterized by juvenile grace and vigorous manhood, but seldom elevated to ideal beauty. The tender, the pathetic, the devout, in which he could manifest the sweetness and the delicacy of his thoughts, were the qualities in which he peculiarly excelled; these distinguished him from every other painter, and almost gave him a precedence to all.

In expressing the different parts of the body, he had a remarkable peculiarity; for he usually designed the eyes of his figures large, the mouth small, the toes rather too closely joined, and without any great variety, though that was not occasioned by any want of skill, but out of choice, and to avoid affectation. The heads of his figures are accounted not inferior to those of Raphael, either for correctness of design, or an engaging propriety of expression; and De Piles very justly observes, that the merit of Guido consisted in that moving and persuasive beauty, which did not so much proceed from a regularity of features as from a lovely air which he gave to the mouth, with a peculiar modesty which he had the art to place in the eye.

The draperies of Guido are always disposed with large folds, in the grand style, and contrived with singular judgment to fill up the void spaces, free from stiffness or affectation, noble and elegant. Though he did not understand the principles of the chiaro-scuro, yet he sometimes practised it through a felicity of genius. His pencil was light, and his touch

free, but very delicate, and although he took great pains to labour his pictures highly, yet, it is said, he generally gave some free and bold strokes to his work, in order to conceal the toil and time he had bestowed upon it. His colouring is often astonishingly clear and pure; but sometimes also, his pictures, and more especially those of his latter time, have a greyish cast, which changed into a livid colour, and his shadows partook of the green. But his works have ever been deservedly admired through all Europe and to this day continue to increase in value and esteem.

Many of his later performances are not to be placed in competition with those which he painted before he unhappily fell into distressed circumstances, in consequence of an immoderate love of gaming. Though honours were heaped upon him by several crowned heads, and riches flowed in a full tide to recompence his extraordinary talents, yet, necessity sometimes compelled him to work for an immediate subsistence, which gave him the habit of painting in a more slight and negligent manner, without any attention to his honour or his fame.

In the church of St. Philip Neri, at Fano, there is a grand altar-piece by Guido, representing Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter. The head of our Saviour is exceedingly fine, that of St. John admirable, and the other apostles are in a grand style, full of elegance, with a strong expression, and it is well preserved. In the archiepiscopal gallery at Milan is a St. John, wonderfully tender in the colouring, and the graces diffused through the design excites the admiration of every beholder. At Bologna, in the Palazzo Tanaro, is a most beautiful picture of the Virgin, the infant Jesus, and St. John, in which the heads are exquisitely graceful, and the draperies in a grand style. But in the Palazzo Zampieri is preserved one of the most capital paintings of Guido; the subject is the penitence of St. Peter after denying Christ, with one of the apostles apparently comforting him. The figures are as large as life, and the whole is of astonishing beauty; the painter having shewn in that single performance, the art of painting carried to its highest perfection. The heads are nobly designed, the colouring clear, and the expression inimitably just and natural. There is also in the collection of the Earl of Moira, a fine head by Guido, representing Christ crowned with thorns: it has a graceful and affecting expression, and in an amiable style exhibits all the dignity and resignation of the sufferer.

Guido died in the year 1642, at the age of sixty-eight.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SUPPLEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY;

OR, RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[*Concluded from Page* 19.]

AVALANCHES.

In the year 1777, a short journey was taken by some English gentlemen from Geneva to the Glacieres in Savoy, and in the account of it, afterwards published by Mr. Weber, one of the company, he says—"the rain that fell at night, occasioned a great thundering noise, by the melting and falling down of the snow from the mountains.

"Avalanches, or vast lumps of snow, are frequently carried off and violently bolted from crag to crag by adverse currents of air in those elevated regions. The snow thus detached, is then hurried down by its own gravity, and in rolling gathers and encreases to such a size, that, in its descent, it has been known to choak up all the passes, often filling whole vallies, and burying the unfortunate passengers under its accumulated mass.

"In the winter of 1769-70, there happened a very frightful fall of snow; when this mass, or immense lavange fell down the mountain, the effect of the pressed air was so terrible that it opened itself a passage through a wood of beech and fir trees, which covered this declivity, and left not one tree standing in its way. It stopped the course of a little river that runs in the valley of Chamouni, near the foot of

Mont Blanc, overthrew on the other side a great number of trees, and demolished many stronger barns than those which remained covered and crushed to pieces by this fall."

"These accidents are sometimes occasioned by the mere flying of birds, or the running of chamois.

"During our stay among these glacieres, we were continually stunned with the falls of fragments of ice and snow severed from the adjacent mountains, with a crack resembling a clap of thunder.

ELEPHANTS.

In an account of a journey lately performed by three English gentlemen, from Islamabad to Barrahcoon, they mention their mode of travelling as follows:—

We proceeded as far as Jaffrabad in our palanquins, but we here found the creeks so full of water, it being then the rainy season, we were obliged to relinquish that manner of conveyance, and applied to the natives to procure some elephants for us, which in about an hour they brought. Their keeper presented us with some plantains, and informed us that by giving them to the elephants we proposed to ride on, it would secure their friendship during our journey, and make them very careful of us in passing through the woods: we followed their advice and offered the fruits, which were very gratefully accepted by those animals, and they gave us a grand salute, with their trunks bent backwards on the top of their heads, and immediately after laid down, holding one of their legs up in the manner of a step, that we might with greater facility mount on their backs. After riding about eight miles we entered a cavity between two hills, and then came to a wood where we were surrounded by swarms of flies and other insects which began to be very troublesome, which the elephants no sooner observed than each of them with their trunk broke a branch of a tree, and continually kept fanning us with it, so that the flies could no longer annoy us. We were at first afraid that the elephants would shake us from their backs, but we soon lost our apprehensions, for they used the greatest precautions not to hurt us, and gently shook the branches over our heads, to keep the flies off, and when they had by thus fanning us, worn the leaves of the branch, they immediately broke a fresh one. We proceeded about four miles farther in the wood, and had not the elephants shown the utmost attention to our situation we must have been bruised and torn by the boughs of the different trees among which we rode.

Among the elephants which were sent to Madras with troops in the year 1781, under the command of the late Colonel Pearse, there was one whose keeper had been at times neglectful of, and had frequently pilfered the drams which were intended for the elephant during his march. Upon every such occasion the elephant discovered evident signs of anger and resentment, as if he was neither insensible of the negligence, nor ignorant of the malpractices of his keeper, but as the noble animal only continued to threaten, the man became wholly unmindful of him, and disregarded his threats. One morning the cattle were ordered to be mustered for review, and when the commanding officer, in going along the line, passed in front of the elephant, the animal roared out as if he wished to attract his attention; for when the eye of the Colonel was directed to him, he immediately laid hold of his keeper with his proboscis, put him under his feet, and instantly crushed him to death; then fell on his knees and saluted the Colonel, as if to beg his pardon. The singularity of this act induced Colonel Pearse to make an immediate inquiry respecting it, when he was informed that the elephant had been forced, contrary to his natural disposition, to inflict this punishment on his keeper, for the incorrigible neglect he had been guilty of, and the frauds he had so long practised on his daily allowance.

BULLOCKS.

In the kingdom of Thibet, (the northern boundary to the Mogul empire,) there is a species of cow, or bullock, different from those of any other country. It is of a larger size than the common breed, has short horns, and no hump on its back. Its skin is covered with white hair, of a silky appearance; but its chief singularity is its tail, which spreads out, broad and long, with flowing hairs like those of the tail of a beautiful mare, but much finer, and far more glossy. Two animals of this breed were sent to Mr. Hastings, in 1776, but they died before they reached Calcutta. These tails sell very high, and are used, mounted on silver handles, as brushes to chace away the flies; and no man of consequence, in India, Persia, and other kingdoms of the East, ever goes out, or sits in form at home, without two *chowrabadars*, or brushers, attending him, with such instruments in their hands.

CUCKOO.

We have just seen a letter from Stafford, which mentions, that when the foster-parents

of the young cuckoo find themselves unable to supply the voracious appetite of their nursling, they procure the assistance of their neighbours of the same kind. It has been seen that one of these birds has been occasionally fed by above twenty titlarks. A pair of wagtails that had a young cuckoo, were observed for five days, and it was seen that only one pair were employed during the greatest part of the day; but early in the morning, and in the evening, from forty to fifty wagtails were counted, all employed in bringing food; no doubt all these birds had families of their own to provide for, yet charitably spared something every day for a distressed neighbour.

THE HUSBAND AND HIS TWO WIVES.

When a holy zeal to drive the infidels from Palestine, had seized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east, Gleichen, a German Count also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to Asia. Without describing his great and heroic achievements, suffice it to say, that the bravest knights of Christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the hero's faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the infidels, and became the slave to a Muhamedan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to Gleichen's care.

The unfortunate Count was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilies and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs—often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. Modesty, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathized in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished Count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty—all this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave her father and native land, and fly with him to Europe. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. The Count was her all. She hastened away, brought a key, opened a private door leading to the fields, and fled with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favoured their flight. They arrived safely in the country of the Count. His vassals joyfully greeted their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity beheld his companion, whose face was concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle, the Countess rushed into his embrace. "My dear wife," said he, "for the pleasure of seeing me again, you have to thank her" pointing to his deliverer; "she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land." The Count covered his streaming eyes with his hands. The beauteous Saracen dropped her veil; and, throwing herself at the feet of the Countess, exclaimed "I am thy vassal!" "Thou art my sister," replied the Countess, raising and embacing her. "My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart." The Count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, pressed her to his heart; all three were united in one embrace, and they vowed to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the Pope himself confirmed it. The Count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his two faithful wives, were after their death laid in one grave in the church of the Benedictine convent at Erfurth. It is covered with a large stone, on which the chisel of sensibility has represented them. Their tomb is still shewn by the monks, to the inquisitive traveller.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 125.]

CHAP. XVI.

Of the means of setting off the brilliancy of the Skin by the choice of Colours.

WE have seen in the preceding chapters what care it is necessary to bestow on the skin in order to embellish it, or to preserve its beauty; but it is not sufficient for the skin to be actually beautiful, it must likewise appear so: dress ought to heighten its lustre, or to disguise its want of that quality when rather too brown. This object is attained by the selection of colours employed in dress. These colours, when ill assorted, may totally eclipse the charms of the most beautiful carnation; when used with taste they may, on the contrary, enhance the attractions of a very inferior complexion. It is thus that a skilful painter sets off his figures by the colour of the grounds of his pictures; and if the choice of colours for these grounds is considered as a circumstance of the highest importance in painting, it may likewise be affirmed that the selection of colours for dress is highly essential for the exhibition of beauty in its full lustre. Coypel, a French painter and poet, has justly observed,

"Il est dans les couleurs de douces sympathies
"Qui, par un art divin doctement assorties,
"Savent charmer les yeux d'autant d'accords touchans,
"Qu'à l'oreille ravie en offrent les beaux chants."

It is then from the adaptation of colours that this enchanting harmony, this perfect concordance which charms the eye, ought to result.

If a colour appear beautiful in itself, that is not a sufficient reason why it should be made use of in dress, or adopted by all women. Any colour whatever may be adapted to certain persons, and be injurious to the beauty of many others. It is therefore necessary to chuse not the colour adopted by a tyrannical custom, but that which best suits the complexion, and agrees best with the other articles of dress with which it is intended to be worn.

It can scarcely be conceived how much the colour of a robe, or of a shawl, may heighten or destroy the beauty of a complexion, and how much the sex in general neglect so important a circumstance. Is white in fashion? all dress in white; is it black? they all exchange their white for that colour. Are yellow ribbons in vogue? all the women will wear them, and that without consulting either their own colour or complexion; it matters not to them whether they appear brown or pale, black or sunburnt, plain or handsome, or whether they have an engaging or repulsive countenance. Every consideration must yield to the fashion of the day; the great point is to be in the fashion; and to this tyrant of taste all advantages are sacrificed; women no longer consult their figure but the whim of the moment.

It is, nevertheless, true, that nothing contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colours. Thus, to confine myself to general examples, females of fair complexions ought to wear the purest white; they should wear light and brilliant colours, such as rose, azure, light-yellow, &c. These colours heighten the lustre of their complexion, which, if accompanied with darker colours would frequently have the appearance of alabaster, without life and without expression. On the contrary, women of a dark complexion who dress in the above-mentioned colours, as we too frequently see them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull, and tanned; they ought therefore to avoid wearing linen or laces of too brilliant a white; they ought to avoid white robes, rose-coloured or light-blue ribbons, which form too disagreeable a contrast with their carnation; and if females of this description chance to be near a fair woman, they will scarcely be able to endure a neighbourhood so unpleasant. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colours which are best suited to them; of these I shall mention, in particular, green, violet, puce, blue, purple, &c. Let such women, I say, dress in colours which are so perfectly adapted to them, and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment: their complexion will become lively, animated, and will exhibit such charms as shall dispute, and even bear away the palm from the fairest of the fair. In

a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct by light colours the paleness of their complexions, and dark women, by stronger colours, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation.

Women of every complexion ought to pay attention to the use of colours. Azure is best suited to a pale tint, and the tender colour of the queen of flowers perfectly harmonizes with the roses of the face; but if the cheeks display rather too lively a carnation, then, sprightly shepherdess, chuse the beautiful livery of nature, and by this happy combination we shall be reminded of the charming Adonis,* whose elegant foliage is crowned with glowing vermilion.

Women should not only adopt such colours as are suited to their complexion, but they ought likewise to take care that the different colours which they admit in the various parts of their dress, agree perfectly together. It is in this that we distinguish women of taste; but how many are there that appear to pay no attention to this essential point! I meet every day, for instance, women who have a rose-coloured hat and a crimson shawl. Nothing is more harsh than the contrast of two colours of the same kind. If to these be added, as I have sometimes observed, a light-blue robe, the caricature is complete. It would be too long to enter into a detail of the colours which perfectly agree; for this it would be necessary to discuss the nature of colours, their harmony, their oppositions, &c. which would be too serious for a work like the present.

I must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colours by the light. A female may be dressed with exquisite taste, and appear charming in the day time; but, at night, the effect is totally different, and this enchanting dress is quite eclipsed at the theatre or at the ball. Another is charming at night; her taste is extolled. Delighted with the praises, she resolves to shew herself abroad, and her toilette is detestable. To what is this owing?—To the choice, or the assortment of colours.

Thus crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose-colour which loses its charms by candle-light; but this crimson seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no colour whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale-yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but, at night, it appears dirty, and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion to which it is designed to add brilliancy. I could adduce many other examples, but it would be difficult to specify all the particular cases; for all these effects depend on different circumstances, as we have already seen; for instance, on the complexion of women, on the greater or less vivacity of their carnation, on their stature, on the other colours employed in their dress, &c. I say, on the other colours employed in their dress, and insist on this remark; for any particular colour, which alone, or assorted with other suitable colours, would appear pleasing, is sometimes rendered ridiculous, unbecoming, or ungraceful by the contrast with others. Thus sometimes a female who yesterday appeared charming with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers to-day that she is no longer the same, though she has not changed her head-dress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately with her hat and her figure. But, my dear madam, neither your hat nor your figure is at all to blame, they have not undergone the least change. But why did I look so well yesterday?—Yesterday, madam, the colour of your dress perfectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh as to produce, if I may so express myself, an optical dissonance, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music is to the ear. Put on the dress you yesterday wore, and cease to blame your hat or your charms, neither of which can be in fault.

It is this perfect adaptation of all the parts of dress, this harmonious choice of well assorted colours, that are the peculiar characteristics of women of refined taste; habituated to dress with propriety, they necessarily possess that delicacy of feeling and exquisite sense which admits nothing discordant.

But as I have treated of colours, why should I not say something concerning flowers, which exhibit them in the most brilliant variety. Are not flowers the most natural ornament of beauty? Is it not nature herself that still farther embellishes with her gifts the most perfect of her works? Does not she who decorates herself with flowers, find abundant ornaments without having recourse to art? Such were the lovely ornaments of the nymphs celebrated in the Greek mythology. The gentle and modest shepherdess, to use the words of Boileau,

"Aux plus beaux jours de fête
"De superbes rubis ne charge point sa tête

* A flower of the ranunculus genus.

" Et sans meler à l'or l'eclat des diamans,
" Cueille en un champ voisin ses plus beaux ornemens."

Amiable females, despise not the simple flowers of the field! The proud and opulent woman sometimes rejects with disdain these lovely children of nature; but notwithstanding the contempt of vulgar minds, nature has reserved for the flowers of the fields two charming thrones, the soft turf, and the bosom of the simple shepherdess.

Flowers recal so many pleasing ideas that a handsome woman adds to the illusion which surrounds her, when she admits to her toilette these charming children of spring.

I must not forget to notice in this place a singular whim of fashion. Some time since flowers were banished from dress; women despised the humble dark-blue violet, the sweet pansy so frequently emblematical, and the golden jonquil whose perfume so powerfully affects the senses; they disdained the lily of the valley, and the elegant jessamine, both of which agree so well with the delicate glow of the cheeks, and the scented narcissus whose curved stem seems still to represent the youth enamoured of himself, contemplating his image in the crystal of some limpid stream; they slighted the tufted anemone, the brilliant ranunculus, the auricula, whose velvet leaves glisten with silver dust, the variegated carnation, the aster, nay even the rose itself, the image of beauty. But what more charming objects had succeeded the flowers, which, when combined with the dress of the fair, excite such delicious ideas?—Shall I answer this question?—Grass, dog's grass, barley, wheat, &c. Happily the fashion was not of long duration, and the women returned to flowers, which they ought never to have quitted.

This reminds me of a circumstance of which I was an eye witness, together with many others, and which if it should occur a few times will perhaps prevent the re-adoption of that fashion. I one day met in the street a woman very elegantly dressed; she was passing close to a coach which had stopped at the door of a shop, when one of the horses turned open mouthed towards the lady, as if he was going to devour her. I hastened to her assistance, but when I came up to her my astonishment ceased. Her hat was adorned with a tuft of oats so acurately imitated that the famished animal had probably taken the well stored head-dress of the lady for a moving manger.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[*Continued from Page* 118.]

"SUCH a sleepless night as followed that evening, I had never before passed. Ah! my dear friend, nothing renders us so susceptible of an inextinguishable passion as a tumult of sensations, among which we are at a loss to draw the line between love and hatred. In this case, in proportion as hatred subsides love gains strength. But had I any reason for hating the stranger? How could I be offended with a person with whom I was unacquainted? Something, indeed, I had learned concerning him; and if what my brother had told me was not merely an unmannerly joke, the man, whom I had in my heart acknowledged that I could love, was not worthy of the slightest emotion of such a sentiment. When I reflected that this account might perhaps be true, I could not suppress feelings of indignation and even of aversion. If, thought I, pursuing these reflections, I have rightly understood my brother, this man is come to solicit my hand; and how can he know its value? As to my fortune, he may have been informed by my brother of the amount of that. His losses at the gaming-table are perhaps to be paid by his future wife. These conjectures, by which I felt myself deeply humbled, made a profound impression on my mind; I was ashamed of myself. With this sensation I fell asleep, but not till day-light. On awaking, some hours afterwards, I was perfectly ready to receive the stranger at breakfast, to which he was invited.

"My cheerfulness during the repast was such that it could not pass unnoticed. The stranger was already there before I entered the room. I slightly saluted him, joked with the rest, and behaved as if he had not been present. I was however desirous of knowing what impression this change made upon him. That I might have something to say to him, I asked if he was fond of music? This question roused my brother, who replied, that he played on the harpsichord better than I. We were

immediately called upon to try a sonata together; my guardian supported the proposal, and my hesitation was ascribed to false modesty. Thus was I seated at the harpsichord, arm to arm with the man whom I was persuading myself to hate, and was obliged to perform a part in the same piece with him. From playing we went to singing; we executed an Italian duet in such a style that my guardian, who was better acquainted with music than with the human heart, greeted us with a hearty bravo.

"The stranger staid long, and talked much. More than once I scrutinized him for the purpose of discovering whether there was any truth in what my brother had told me concerning him, and his looks, his words, and whole behaviour gave the lie to his report. In the animation with which he spoke he appeared to me still more handsome than the preceding day. When he left us for a few hours to take a ride with my brother, I regretted that my ignorance of the art of riding prevented me from being of the party.

"But I should never have done were I to pursue all the threads of the history of my attachment to this singular man. You may perhaps conceive how much he daily gained upon my affections, and what I felt when I thought I had discovered that I was an object of his continual attention. It was more than probable that he had not come without some reason; and if he were to solicit my hand, what was I to do? He was a Protestant, but of an ancient family, and very rich. My guardian and my brother seemed desirous of forming an alliance with his house. He was not more than twenty-four years old. The extraordinary endowments of his mind could not be doubted; and never was there a more perfect coincidence in sentiments and opinions than between him and me. But, thought I, what does all this signify if his manners are such as my brother describes? My scruples returned; I resolved not to love him till I was sure that he was a better man than my brother reported.

"What resolutions we form when we do not know our own minds! The stranger, who intended to remain with us only three or four days, had already prolonged his stay to eight. More than one *tête-a-tête* had improved our acquaintance; but neither myself, nor any of my friends, was precisely informed of his intentions. What at first excited my curiosity was no longer a secret, but I wanted to know still more. A painter on his travels had seen my portrait at the house of my deceased friend, Francisca, who related to him so much concerning the original, that he could not rest till he formed an acquaintance with me. With the impression produced by this acquaintance, with the account given him by my friend and my portrait, he prosecuted his travels. From him the stranger had learned what he knew concerning me before he met with my brother, and this it was that inspired him with the idea of accompanying the latter to our house. This solution of the enigma was sufficiently flattering to my vanity, but my heart continued unsatisfied.

"The week which we had persuaded our guest to stay with us, instead of the shorter time which he had at first proposed, had now become a fortnight. He went in and out as though he had been one of the family, but instead of declaring himself he grew more gloomy and reserved. At length, as I was one day walking with him, I asked what was the matter. He pressed my hand, and looked at me with eyes suffused in tears. I blushed. Neither of us spoke, and we continued our walk. The way led to our garden. We went at a good pace, and the rest of the company followed at a considerable distance. We entered the saloon in which he found us on the evening of his arrival. He loosed my arm, walked to and fro, and suddenly addressed me in these words:—'At that window you were standing the first time I looked at you to discover whether I might love you.' Unable to reply, I stood like a statue. He advanced close to me, and looking me full in the face, grasped both my hands, and said with deep emotion:—'Could you consent to be my friend?' I am so already; replied I, without knowing what idea I attached to the expression. He threw his arms about me; I felt the fire of his embrace.—'Ah!' exclaimed he, loosing me, 'that I had never known you!' He turned from me, and leaned with his face towards the window. I was going to leave the saloon; but hearing the noise of the door, he hastened towards me and earnestly intreated me to stay.

"I looked at him with astonishment. In a tone perhaps somewhat sarcastic, I said:—If you wish you had never known me, why are you so anxious for my company?—He looked first at the ground and then at me, at the same time grasping my right hand. He was evidently seeking an answer, but could find none. I endeavoured to disengage my hand, and thus proceeded:—You are an incomprehensible man; if you have any thing more to say, make haste, and come along with me. It will be more becoming if the company finds us in the garden.

"By this time he seemed to have recovered

himself. Stooping cordially to me, he said in a low voice:—'I see you to-day perhaps for the last time. I must therefore confess that I love you already more than I ought, and that I feel that my attachment would be unbounded if I were more intimately acquainted with your merits. I was unhappy when I came; I am much more so now that I am going. You cannot understand me, but if you could, I should at least have your pity.' When do you go? asked I, as though he had been about to leave me immediately. He was about to reply, when we heard the company coming. I collected myself as well as I could, but the agitation of all my senses was extreme.

When my friend, for by that name, I shall now call him, conducted me home, I walked by his side as silent as though it had been a funeral procession. It was not till I knew we were about to part that I felt the full force of my attachment for him.

"He supped with us, and staid till late. All my thoughts were absorbed by him, and I could observe that all his attention was occupied by me. With a warmth which he had never shewn in company, he kissed my hand at parting. Next morning a note was brought from him, informing us that a letter which he had found on his return to his lodgings, had obliged him to set out immediately to meet a friend, but that he hoped to see us again soon.

"In seventeen days (for I took good care to count them all) my friend returned. Upon his brow were seated a serenity and confidence which were communicated to me like the animating influence of spring. He mentioned the name of the place where he had been, but concealed that of his pretended friend. After we had wished him joy on his arrival, he told us that he had relinquished his intention of going to Vienna; and that his father had besides given him permission to spend the winter with us. A whole winter! thought I, exulting. If, as Rousseau thinks, it is possible to live a thousand years in a quarter of an hour, what an eternity will this winter be!

"Every thing in and about me was altered now that my friend appeared so. A great change had taken place in him, that I was thoroughly convinced of; what kind of a one it was I hoped to learn in our next *tête-a-tête*. The first look with which he again saluted me, evinced that I was no loser by it.

"We soon had an opportunity of being alone together. He came to speak to my brother, who had gone out, and found me in his room, where I sometimes used to draw, because it was lighter there than in any other part of the house. I was going to rise; but he begged me to sit still, took a chair, seated himself beside me, made some observations on my drawing, and then hastened to the main subject. He told me that no friend had sent for him when he left us so suddenly, but he only wanted to be alone, that he might come to some fixed determination. All that he was at liberty to communicate to me respecting this determination was, that, at all events, whether fortune proved favourable to him or not, he would disclose to me the secret of his unhappy situation before he would venture either to offer me his hand, or to part from me for ever. It was not yet time for this; but before long perhaps circumstances might be changed. He conjured me, till the period should arrive when he could speak more plainly, to rely upon his sincerity and affection. He expressed himself with such frankness and animation, and in so decided a tone, that I was persuaded the motives on which he acted could not but be of an honourable kind. From that hour I conceived for him a regard which daily encreased, so that the anxiety of my love was absorbed in the confidence of friendship.

"The correspondence of our sentiments, of our tastes and distastes, was astonishing. His attention to procure me every little pleasure that he could, made him my constant companion. Not a trait in his conduct confirmed my brother's report of his levity and licentiousness. He complied with every thing that circumstances required; he took part in our balls and concerts; sometimes too he lost more money at play than he ought to have risked, but he was not passionately attached to any amusement of this kind. His greatest pleasure, as he himself said, was to be in my company, to converse, to read, or to play on the harpsichord with me. In company we appeared inseparable; where one was there the other was sure to be found: and as our love was ennobled into friendship, so our friendship spoke exactly the language of love.

"In the midst of these pleasures, however, there were moments in which I had a presentiment of what awaited me. Often, when he had just protested that he scarcely desired to be more happy, he would suddenly turn from me and conceal his face. If I asked him what he ailed, he would give me vague answers, and always referred me to that period when he should be at liberty to reveal his secret. He was still more frequently out of humour, absent, and unsusceptible of pleasure. I observed that his humour was governed by the post days, and that he was never so dull as when he had received letters.

"The happy winter was past; and with the commencement of spring my friend received from his father an injunction to return home. 'We must part,' said he to me, 'for three months; this is the latest term of my expectations. The die is cast, and I will now examine how it lies. In three months I will return, as sure as I love you.'

"I know not whether it was these words themselves, or the tone in which they were uttered, that shocked me like a prediction of misfortune. I was alarmed to find myself so near the goal which I durst not look at. Confounded as I was, I received his protestation, and asked pointedly, as if I knew more than I ought,—As sure as you love me *alone?* My friend turned pale, and was overwhelmed with silent embarrassment. A tear started into his eye; he seriously kissed my hand, and said in a tone that rent my heart:—'I thank you for asking.'

"What would I have given to have been able to recal my question! I had myself run upon the dagger which he had so carefully turned away from me. I had cheated myself in a moment of the three months which he intended to give me. Vexation with my unseasonable curiosity overpowered even the sense of my loss; and as we are always disposed to do injustice to others when we are desirous of effecting a reconciliation with ourselves, I drew my hand from him, and coldly said:—Then you have changed me for another?

"His feelings were deeply hurt; yet without the least acrimony he replied.—'I loved another before I knew you. Had she all at once become indifferent to me, still I should have been ashamed to sacrifice her to one more worthy; for she is an excellent girl, and is attached to me.'

"Thus was the proud fabric reared by my fancy levelled with the ground. I felt not how dear I was to him, but only that another participated in those affections which I wished exclusively to engross. Had he hated me I should, at that moment, have been better pleased. And yet how easy it was for him to justify himself when he again resumed, and pronounced his own condemnation. He protested that since he had become acquainted with me, he could not possibly be happy with his former friend, whom he still loved and esteemed, but whom he hoped to forget in my arms.

"Odious hope! exclaimed I; and doubly odious were I to contribute towards its accomplishment. Why did you not part from me, why did you not leave me before? 'Whither should I go?' said he affectionately.

"Whither? rejoined I; can there be a question about that.—Back to her, to whom you have been inconstant. He shook his head. 'Shall I tell her of my inconstancy?'

"What reply I made I cannot repeat. Disputations of this kind always lead to the same point from which we set out, and our understanding is but too well disposed to think an injustice pardonable which is committed out of love to us by a man to whom we are attached. In order to silence me entirely, my friend added, that by a connection with my rival he should incur the displeasure of his father, and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of seeing her united to another. He well knew the weight which this last piece of information would have with me, and how much it would contribute to restore my tranquillity. I cannot deny that this intelligence respecting the first mistress of my friend had sunk her considerably in my opinion; but he, on the contrary, had raised himself in my esteem, by speaking of her with such respect. He seemed rather to waver between love and conscience than between love and love; his irresolution did him honour. I had no occasion to entertain any apprehension of a rival. With such like reasoning I lulled my sick heart to sleep, and knew not that I was playing with the mere phantoms of my imagination.

"My friend departed; and, with a fortitude that appeared strange even to myself, I looked after the carriage that removed him from me. Hope had dazzled my eyes and intoxicated my heart; he was now the subject of much conversation between me, my guardian, and my brother; and I learned, not without horror, that they both looked upon me as fully engaged to my friend, and already began to consider of the terms of the marriage-contract. I thought I had a right to enquire the reasons of such an over-hasty procedure. They laughed at me; I grew extremely grave, and assured them that I was every thing but engaged. And now conceive what I must have felt when I was informed that my friend had, the day after the unexpected explanation between us, formally demanded my hand of my guardian and my brother, and had obtained their consent.

"I was overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation. Undecided in what manner to obtain satisfaction, I waited till I should receive the first letter from my friend. It soon arrived, but inclosed in a letter to my guardian, and written in such a manner that he or any body else might have read it. I answered it in the same style, and received a similar reply, to which I returned no answer.

"Thus was I bereft of the pleasure I had expected from a correspondence fraught with truth and affection. My friend was too inexplicable for me to think of him any longer with complacency; and if I did not think of him the less on that account, still my attachment afforded me no satisfaction. I felt an imperious impulse to do something to shew that I was not made to perform merely a passive part in such matters as ours. To this humour I was perhaps indebted for the power to act on his return in such a manner as at least every woman would not have done in my situation.

"Before the expiration of two months I saw him again. He surprized us in the country, where we had been for some weeks. My guardian received him with transport, as though it had been the signal for the preparations for the wedding. I saluted him with politeness; my reserve did not appear to disconcert him. He looked at me several times, as if he had something to tell me. These looks I did not return; but I could not forbear observing him with such attention as if I had never seen him before. He no longer seemed to be the same person; his countenance displayed a certain wildness when, absorbed in thought, he looked on either side. In his gait there was an impetuosity, in his motions an irregularity, in his expressions a vehemence which I had never yet remarked. He laughed and joked with glee; and when his *bon-mots* and reflections had delighted the company, he would sink down and turn pale like one exhausted. He would then look at me with eyes replete with fervent melancholy, as if to implore me to be reconciled to him; after this he would follow me to speak to me alone, while for four days I contrived that he should not find an opportunity.

"We are soon tired of a part which the heart does not act along with us. I was at length unable to withstand the desire of knowing whether my friend still remained my friend, and therefore gave him an opportunity for a *tête-a-tête*.

"My guardian's country-house was situated near the Danube. The terraces of a garden which, on one side was laid out in the English taste, commanded a prospect of the glistening stream; there I seated myself after a walk with my friend, while my brother thought fit to leave us together, to amuse himself with the game-keeper.

'Thank God,' said my friend, 'that I have once more an opportunity of speaking to you. I have a great deal to tell you, and, in the first place, to beg your pardon.'

"Pardon? I replied; I knew not that you had done any thing which required pardon.

"He looked at me.—'I have not wilfully offended you,' said he; 'I have done what was my duty; and in thus acting, have done violence to myself, and all—so sure as I am not deserving of your hatred—because I loved you. Not till I have acknowledged all my errors, not till you approve of the manner in which I intend to atone for them, will I seriously ask you whether you can resolve to be my wife.'

"Oh! said I, with respect to that question you obtained an answer two months ago from my guardian.

'Theresa,' he replied, 'you wish to punish me; and that because I did, from irresistible love to you, what I otherwise would not have done. But you ought not to judge me from fragments of my conduct. Hearken to my whole story, and then decide where I shall find rest, in your arms or in the grave.'

"After this introduction, I was obliged to promise my friend my whole attention, and would have given it without any such promise. I cannot repeat his narrative in his own words; I will relate the most material particulars as though I had been an eye-witness of what I know from him."

[*To be continued.*]

THE DUEL.

FAVELLE, an amiable young man, went from Montauban to Paris, to apply himself to the study of the physical sciences, especially anatomy, to which he was extremely partial. In that city he lived a regular life, was very assiduous, and gained the esteem of the most celebrated naturalists. A letter of recommendation procured him access to the family of Madame de Vineuil. The kindness with which that lady received him, and his love of society, caused him to cultivate very diligently the intercourse with this respectable family.

Madame de Vineuil was a widow of forty-eight. She had two daughters, one of whom was twenty, and the other eight years of age. Their fortune was inconsiderable, and all the mother's hopes of provision for her daughters centered in an only son who had been placed

in a commercial house at Nantes, and had expectations of being soon admited to a partnership in it. The young man's flattering prospects, which his good conduct, industry, and talents amply merited, tended to remove in a great measure the anxiety of the mother. Her way of life was simple and tranquil. The young Favelle became the bosom friend of this good family; he received a general invitation to their table, and frequently walked out with the two sisters in the Thuilleries; the mother considered him as her son who supplied the place of her absent child.

Favelle had, contrary to custom, been several days without visiting Madame de Vineuil, and went one morning with some young men of his acquaintance to the theatre, to see a new play. The public was divided in opinion on the subject; some thought the piece an execrable production, while others were as loud in its praise. Here they hissed, and there they clapped applause. The hissers cried that the clappers were paid; and the latter complained that a cabal was formed against the author. Favelle was against the play. A young man called out to him,—"Silence, silence! I beg you would be quiet." The noise grew louder; high words passed on either side, and the actors were almost compelled to drop the curtain.

When the play was over, the contending parties renewed the dispute in the lobby. Favelle's companions instigated him to resent the supposed affront, while others were using the same persuasions with his opponent. At last, after a long altercation, the latter declared that he was ready to fight. Favelle was the most moderate. With more temper than a hundred others would have shewn in his place, he turned to his antagonist and said to him:—"If we fight it will be of no advantage to any body. You assert that I have insulted you; it is possible that an unguarded word may have escaped me; but we were both in a passion, and both at least equally in fault."—"Ha! he retracts his words, he preaches, he is afraid,"—resounded from all sides. "No, gentlemen," said Favelle, "I am not afraid; and as little as I deem it a disgrace to be fond of life, so little do I tremble at the thought of death. Now, gentlemen, we must fight."—"Bravo!" cried the by-standers. "To-morrow then, at eight o'clock."

The seconds agreed that the two combatants should meet at a coffee-house in the *Champs Elysées*, and that they should fight with pistols. Favelle arrived first at the appointed place, firmly resolved not to fight. "Shall I," thought he, "for a mere trifle, in order to escape the ridicule of a few coxcombs, run the risk of being killed myself, or of murdering one who appears to be a well-bred man." This resolution was visible in his countenance, when the seconds (not two, as had been agreed upon, but ten) arrived. He attempted to speak; they whispered each other, and even said loud enough to be heard:—"He will not fight." This roused his resentment. He seized the pistol; the ground was measured, and they fired. Favelle remained unhurt, but his antagonist reeled aside, and fell dead, without uttering a word, in the ditch of one of the alleys; the ball had pierced his heart.

With a loud shriek Favelle threw away his pistol; and, notwithstanding the gentleness of his disposition, he bestowed the most vehement execrations on all the by-standers. The latter had some difficulty to prevail upon him to depart, promising not to leave his antagonist, but to try every possible means for his recovery. At length he quitted the fatal spot, and proceeded to the *Bois de Boulogne*; guilt and murder seemed to be stamped upon his features.

Here he met his landlord, M. Durand. The honest man had heard of the intended meeting. "God be thanked that I have met you," said he, "I may perhaps prevent an accident."—"Who speaks to me?"—"Your friend, who wishes to advise you for your good. Young man, listen to reason; would you fight for such a trifle; can a person of such a gentle, generous disposition as you, be guilty of such a folly? Perhaps I may prevent a great misfortune."—"Do you think you can?"—"Perhaps; be not carried away by a false point of honour, and risk not your life so wantonly."—"My life? by no means."—"Well, supposing you to be more dexterous and more fortunate than your antagonist, supposing he falls; would you, who deem it a happiness to save the life of a man, would you wish to kill him? would not your soul be for ever burdened with the guilt of murder?"—"O God!" yes." "Well then, do not fight. Rather say to your opponent,—I acknowledge that I was in the wrong."—"It is too late."—"Not yet; your antagonist——". "I have killed him." With these words the young man sunk senseless to the ground.

With difficulty Durand brought him again to himself; and after he had at length administered some consolation, he gave him to understand that it was necessary to employ precaution to avoid the consequences of this rencounter. It was agreed that Durand should go back alone; and that when it began to be dark, the young man should repair to Paris,

to the house of Madame de Vineuil, and keep himself concealed till his landlord should send word that he might return without danger to his own lodgings.

Accordingly he wandered till late in the evening in the most unfrequented part of the Bois de Boulogne, but solitude afforded no alleviation of his sorrows. Ten times was he tempted to throw himself into the Seine; and when at night, with faultering step, he proceeded towards the city, how he dreaded the observation of every person he passed! He shuddered at every watch-house, and was fearful of discovering in every man he met, one of the officious friends who had taken so much pains to make him a murderer. At length he reached the habitation of Madame de Vineuil, uncertain what to say to her, and whether he ought to relate to her his melancholy adventure or not.

He was admitted. The eldest sister, in tears, came to meet him, exclaiming—"O! M. Favelle; my brother, my unfortunate brother is killed."

The reader may conceive the painful presentiments which harrowed the soul of the unhappy youth. A cold perspiration bedewed his brow; he started back, and would have quitted the house; but instead of that, unconscious of what he did, he went into the next room. As the door opened, he beheld the corpse of his opponent extended on a sofa. The weeping mother embraced the knees of her murdered child; the younger sister in speechless sorrow contemplated in silence the pallid face of her beloved brother.

Favelle, as if thunderstruck, attempted to retire, but was detained by the mother and daughter "Alas! my brother!—my son!"—resounded in his ears. "Killed too for a mere trifle, for a word! He did not wish to fight; he wanted to make up the quarrel. He was urged on, ridiculed, and pains were taken to inflame his resentment."—"He was your friend, though he did not know you," added the sister. "How he rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing you!"

His senses almost forsook the unhappy murderer. His features, distorted by anguish and despair, evinced the agony which tortured his soul. The fearful confession trembled upon his lips; but when he opened them for utterance, it was transformed into an inarticulate cry of horror. At this sight, gloomy suspicions seized the mother and the sisters.—With a voice which did not seem like that of a human being, he at length exclaimed:—"I, I am his murderer." He departed, and the weeping females again sunk down upon the corpse of the beloved youth.

He had arrived at Paris the evening before to surprize his family with the joyful intelligence, that the house, whose concerns he had hitherto conducted, had given him a share in the business, and that he was now in a condition to provide for his sisters. The joy of the whole family was so great, that they longed to see Favelle, to communicate to him this welcome information. The young Vineuil testified an extraordinary desire to become acquainted with the friend of his house, and had sought him in vain on the very morning of the unfortunate duel. Had he met with him, it is easy to conceive that the issue of this affair would have been extremely different.

A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS,

WITH A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY AND OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THAT CAPITAL, IN A LETTER FROM AN ANGLO-AMERICAN RESIDENT THERE.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU have earnestly requested me to give you some general ideas upon the present state of society in Paris, and I shall proceed to gratify you as well as my limited ability and restricted observation will allow.

In reply to your question upon the present state of the national character of the people, I will observe, that they are not, generally speaking, so urbane and alluring in their manners, as they were twenty-two years since, when you and I first visited that metropolis. From a gay, frivolous, and foppish community, they are metamorphosed into a serious, plain dressing people, whose manners are, comparatively, repulsive, and sometimes verging upon brutality. Those dreadful excesses which were perpetrated during the stormy periods of their revolution, have roughened their deportment, and stifled the gentler qualities of their hearts: in their endeavours to imitate John Bull, they have assumed his bluntness, with-

out the accordant sincerity of his nature.—Every thing here is externally *Anglicised*: the dress of the men and women is altogether in the English mode; you must recollect that I am speaking of the capital, and not of the provinces, where the habits of the people are nearly the same as heretofore. Such an animal as a *petit-maitre* is very rarely to be seen, yet the principle of a coxcomb is not wholly extinguished, as it is frequently visible in young men, who use spectacles and optical glasses in public, without any imperfection in the visual organs. In the breed and management of their horses they are much improved, and great encouragement is given by the French government to this material point of social improvement. All persons of either sex, who have any pretensions to fashion, ride in the English manner; the ladies on side-saddles, and the gentlemen in close boots; the enormous jack-boot, which we formerly thought so ridiculous, is now abolished, or confined to the postillions of the heavy diligences, or the couriers of the government.

In the ceremonies and pleasures of the table, the French are not much changed, except that they admit more natural, or unsophisticated, dishes at dinner than formerly, and dine at a later hour in the day. They have their pottage, bouilli, roast meats, ragouts, entremets, cakes, fruit, coffee, and liqueurs; taking each about four or five glasses of wine before the introduction of the coffee; and when they have drunk the liqueur, the whole party separates, to prepare for the further duties or amusements of the evening. It is not the custom of France, as it is in England, for the ladies to withdraw into a saloon, while the gentlemen enjoy (as they phrase it) the bottle; for your Gallic neighbours very properly believe, in this instance at least, that no enjoyment can be heightened by the absence of beauty, and that the delicate authority of female influence keeps the ruder passions in subordination.

In answer to your question about the present state of female morals in this capital, I am compelled to observe that they are in a state of great relaxation, not only here, but almost in every part of France that I have visited; and, indeed, the ceremony of marriage had become of little weight, from the ease and irresponsibility with which its holy ordinances were eluded or subverted by either of the contracting parties. Divorces were obtained upon the most trivial pretexts, but the government have instituted an examination into the abuses of the sacred obligations of wedlock; and it is probable that divorces will not be obtained in future but upon a basis of serious necessity. Before any person can marry now in France, their names are exhibited by the magistrate in a conspicuous part of the town-hall, or hotel de ville, of the place where they reside, in order that all persons interested may have an opportunity to forbid the union, upon proper and well-founded representations: after that ordeal, they are formally contracted and registered by the magistrate, and then publicly married by their respective priests, in the cathedral, church, or chapel, to which they may belong.

The police of Paris is, I believe, the most comprehensive establishment of that nature that was ever formed in any nation. I cannot give you a detailed, but I will give you a brief idea of its power, privileges, and effect.

The office of the general police is upon the Quai Voltaire, where four counsellors of state work every day with the minister of the police, and are charged with the necessary correspondence of the office. The prefecture of the police is situated in the court of the palace of justice, where the prefect gives public audience every Monday at noon, to receive the lesser order of complaints. The general police of Paris maintains a vigilant correspondence with all the departments of the French empire, and its orders are enforced with a promptitude that is astonishing. When an alien arrives at a port, or frontier town in France, he delivers his passport to the secretary of the mayor, who retains it; and after demanding his occupation, and the name of the place to which he is travelling, he gives the stranger another passport, in which his age and person are accurately described. Upon this official warrant he travels, in a direct line, to the destined place, where he presents himself to the police, and finds his original passport deposited: here he receives a formal permission from the government to reside for a specified period; and, at his departure, he receives his original passport, which enables him to leave the French empire without molestation. All persons who reside in Paris, or any other city in France, are not permitted to change their hotel, or lodgings, without informing the police of their removal, and receiving a new warrant; nor can any *maitre d'hôtel* admit you as a lodger in his house, without informing the police also; as, in case of non-performance, he would be liable to very serious pains and penalties. I think I see your generous nature revolt at such instances of despotism, which are so opposite to the benign spirit of the British constitution, and as unnecessary

as disgusting to the loyal disposition of a British subject.

Paris is surrounded by *barrieres*, or gates, which are connected with each other by high walls or strong fences; and it is impossible to pass through these, at any time, without being liable to a strict personal examination, so that no criminal can escape but with great difficulty; and in some solitary instances, where they have contrived to elude the vigilance of the metropolitan police, they have been eventually arrested at the frontier towns, by means of the telegraphic dispatches.

It is also at these gates where they collect the tax called *Octroi*, which is a species of excise.

All the coachmen, watermen, drivers of chaises, porters, &c. of Paris, receive a number from the police, which they conspicuously wear; and by this measure they are continually liable to punishment for any species of abuse or extortion which they may practise on a native or stranger, in their several vocations: but this species of necessary regulation is confined to the capital, as, in the departments, a foreign traveller experiences as much extortion and indecency of language, as in any other community on earth.

There is also a military police, which has its office on the Quai Voltaire, subordinate to the disposition of the minister.

It is asserted, that such a system of *espionage* is kept up in Paris, and all the great towns, that the leading points of conversation in coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, &c. are known to the government; and, when necessary, the declaimers also: but I never saw a direct proof of this assertion, nor indeed any check upon conversation, but what discretion might suggest in any country.

As to the *Musée Napoleon*; or, Napoleon Museum, it is impossible to convey to you any idea that would be adequate to the impression which this precious collection of all that is great, rare, and fine in art, so forcibly makes upon any observer who has been refined by education. The *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, all that remains in preservation of the works of the inimitable Greek sculptors; those breathing marbles which embellished the temples of Athens and Rome, and before which the ancient world bowed, in a spirit of piety as to the images of their gods, and in a spirit of enthusiasm as to the semblances of their heroes, are collected and placed in the saloons of the Louvre; those pictures which ornamented the Vatican of Rome, and the gallery of the house of Medici, with those exquisite altar-pieces which the divine Raffaello executed; the St. Jerome, by Guido; the illustrations of the Christian faith, by Titian, Rubens, Dominichino, Morillo, Leonardo da Vinci, N. Poussin, Le Brun, the Caracci, &c. are here associated in one vast display of all perhaps that is attainable by human genius. The eyes of the curious are at first pleasingly fatigued with this sudden burst of imitative radiance. The objects of fascination are too numerous for any to be enjoyed rationally, until the perturbation of astonishment has ceased, and the senses begin their appeal to the judgment, upon the respective excellence of each production of the pencil of art.

The *Musée des Monumens François*, or collection of French monuments, is in the Rue Petits Augustins, and deposited in the house of that religious order. These venerable remains were chiefly brought from the royal abbey of St. Denis, which was pillaged during the revolution. They are now arranged in order, and form a representation of the state of sculpture in France, during the several ages in which these sepulchres were made.

It is impossible to survey these frail memorials of human grandeur, without feeling sensations of a very melancholy tendency; here some royal dust of the house of the Capets reposes in a state of sequestration from its relative atoms, and removed from that spot where it was originally deposited and hallowed under the blessing of the church. The monarch, the statesman, the warrior, and the poet, are commingled in a sort of unison with time, but not with each other. Here the meditative wanderer sighs amidst mutilated busts, dishonoured statues, and columns of alabaster, jasper, and porphyry; with correspondent vases, in which, perhaps, the hearts of innocence and beauty were inclosed. On the tomb of the first Francis, you trace the features of that generous Prince, whose example polished society, and whose liberality softened learning, wisdom, and genius. You see the splendid tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, who appears to domineer even in his dust—of the houses of Valois, Montmorenci, and Rochefoucault, *cum multis aliis*, who appear to remind us of what they have been, and as so many silent monitors to vanity—Turenne, Descartes, Colbert, Montansier, Voltaire, Helvetius, and Mirabeau, with Piron, the Aristophanes of France, whose satirical spirit exists in his epitaph:—

C'y gît Piron, qui fut rien,
Pas même Académicien!

Here lies Piron, who was nothing,
Not even an Academician!

This depository is open to the public every Thursday and Sunday.

The finest garden of Athens was called Keramikos, or the Tilery, taking its name from a tile manufactory which occupied the place on which they had formed it; and they have named the magnificent palace of the Thuilleries at Paris from a similar situation.

On the assumption of authority by Napoleon, he made the Thuilleries the seat of government, and by his orders it has since been considerably improved: the interior is sumptuously decorated: he has re-established the chapel, and a theatre is now erecting within its walls. The new works and arrangements are distinguished by taste and magnificence: the hall of audience for the ambassadors, of the privy council, &c. are decorated with appropriate embellishments. During the visit which Pius the seventh made to Paris, to consecrate Napoleon, his holiness inhabited that part of the palace which is called the Pavilion of Flora. It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bonaparte did not suffer the Pope to crown him at this ceremony; although such an action would have been deemed the very summit of honour by all precedent Catholic sovereigns; when the Pope had given his benediction to the imperial diadem, and approached with it, in solemn dignity, up the steps of the temporary throne in the cathedral of Notre Dame, this extraordinary character rose, and, taking the crown briskly from the holy father, placed it confidently on his own head.

The gardens of the Thuilleries were planned by the celebrated Lenostre, and evidently partake of the false taste of the age in which he lived; but they are progressively improving every month under the auspices of the present court. In the front of the palace they are raising a triumphal arch to commemorate the victories of the Emperor; on the top of which his statue is to be placed in a car, drawn by the four celebrated bronze horses which heretofore decorated St. Mark's, at Venice. The parade which runs between this martial monument and the palace, is enclosed with iron rails, and without is the Place Carrousel.

It is ordered by Napoleon that all the intermediate streets between the Carrousel and the Louvre shall be demolished, and that another gallery, corresponding with the gallery of the Louvre, which extends from the palace of the Thuilleries to the palace of the Louvre, shall be built, with an open arcade. The ultimate intention of this order, is to form a vast parade, on which the Emperor may be enabled to pass in review a body of troops to the amount of one hundred thousand men, comprehending cavalry and infantry!

The palace of the Louvre is, beyond contradiction, the most elegantly constructed building in Paris.

It is now undergoing a thorough repair, after being suffered to decay in neglect for a century and a half. When wholly repaired, it will be consecrated to the arts and sciences.—The museum of pictures will continue to occupy the great gallery; that of statues will be much enlarged. The imperial library will be removed from the Rue Richelieu to this place. The cabinets of medals, antiques, and prints, will fill the upper apartments; and the rest of this superb palace will be dedicated to the reception of any curious specimens of art and taste which may appertain to the nation.

In the interior of the Hotel des Invalides, are seen the sword of the great Frederick of Prussia, with the busts of Condé, Turenne, Saxe, Dessaix, Kleber, Dugommier, &c.

It is from the front court of the Invalids, that they occasionally make those discharges of artillery which signify the successes of the French armies to the people of Paris.

The bridges of Paris are numerous; I shall only mention those which have been lately built.

Le Pont des Arts, or the Bridge of Arts, was thrown over the Seine in 1804: the foundations are of stone, and the superstructure of cast-iron; it is the first bridge of this kind which has been made in France. It is situated between the centre of the palace of the Louvre, and the college of the Four Nations, on the opposite bank of the Seine. Each foot-passenger (as no carriage can pass) pays one *sol*: it is ornamented on each side with orange trees, citrons, lilies, roses, &c. which perfume the air while you walk or sit, as there are chairs provided for those who choose to enjoy the summer breezes in this enchanting situation.

Le Pont d'Austerlitz, or the Bridge of Austerlitz (thus named in commemoration of the battle which was fought between the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and France, near that town), is likewise made of cast-iron. It connects the Boulevards of Bourbon, with the Boulevards of the Garden of Plants, and by this means forms a circular road around Paris.

They are now building another bridge of stone, which leads from the middle of the Champ de Mars, to the great road between Paris, St. Cloud, and Versailles.

They have nearly seventy fountains at Paris, some of which are supplied from the waters of

the Seine, and the others from the water of Arcueil.

The present government of Paris is augmenting the number of fountains in every direction, which is an improvement of the highest importance, as it promotes the cleanliness of the city, and the health of its inhabitants. As the Parisians have not the same advantages resulting from water-works as the Londoners enjoy, they are compelled to resort to the supply of public fountains, which is the best substitute their situation will afford.

Le Jardin des Plantes, or botanical garden of plants, is an assemblage of all the plants, exotic and indigenous, which it has been in the power of the professors to collect. This establishment was begun under Louis XIII. by Guy de la Brosse, his physician, who received every possible encouragement from the ministers Mazarine and Colbert. In 1640, he gave the first public lecture on botany, and soon after this garden assumed the title of *Hortus Regius*, or royal garden. In 1739, the king named Leclerc de Buffon president; and it was under the superintendance of this great and learned man, that the garden of plants became the richest collection of minerals and vegetables in Europe. M. Buffon neglected nothing in his attempts to methodize this important study, for which he has been called the French Pliny. Pliny had made a comparative scale between men and beasts, in which the advantages remained with the latter; but Buffon raised man to his proper glorious eminence, in a work which will eternize his name.

In the amphitheatre of this charming and interesting place, lectures on botany, chemistry, anatomy, and surgery, are delivered by professors, on terms at once liberal and encouraging to the students of all nations.

In the upper part of the garden there is a superb collection of subjects of natural history, which is opened for the inspection of the Parisians, every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, in the evenings; but this collection is not equal to what the Leverian Museum was in London, before the negligence of the nation suffered it to be dispersed and destroyed.

In the higher part of the garden, which consists of forty acres, they have an aviary for birds of every species, and near it a menagerie for foreign beasts of the tame kind. At the lower end of the garden there is a collection of ferocious animals, which are likewise exhibited to the public, on the same days, proper persons being appointed by the government to explain the objects and preserve decorum.

The *Palais de Tribunat* was formerly celebrated under the name of the *Palais Royal*. The palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1636, and was then called *Le Palais Richelieu*; but falling into the possession of the crown by the will of the cardinal, Anne of Austria came to inhabit it with Louis the XIV. from which event it received the name *Palais Royal*, or the royal palace. At the death of Louis XIV. it passed into the family of Orleans, who occupied it until 1794. The late duke caused the formation of those superb arcades, galleries, and gardens, which are the admiration of all the world. In 1802, they fitted up here the hall for the sittings of the Tribunate, from which it derives its present designation.

This seducing place is to Paris what Paris is to the Continent, the centre and focus of luxurious accommodation. Here the arts are multiplied in endless succession; the painter, the engraver, the modeller, the watchmaker, the enameller, the milliner, the perfumer, the chemist, the optician, the feather-maker, &c. exert every nerve, and exhaust every artifice to attract the gazing passenger; and make even the miser undraw his purse-strings in trembling extacy, to purchase some brilliant bauble, which his understanding might scorn, when reflecting on the real wants of man.

From the going down of the sun till midnight, this place seems like the high fair of vanity; our ears are saluted with music of every kind: the coffee-houses are filled with noisy politicians, who affect to predict and regulate the destiny of kingdoms, whilst they are unassured of a dinner on the ensuing day. The *beau monde* parade in garish ostentation, solicitous merely to be seen, and not to see. The variegated lamps, in fanciful confusion, dazzle the senses; while the painted daughters of Venus encircle you with smiles and meretricious argument to lead you to their bowers, where pleasure beckons at the gate, and repentance terminates the scene.

In the cellars, or subterraneous saloons, you are entertained with conjurors exhibiting their deceptive arts, negroes beating the tambourin, dancing girls, tumbling boys, ventriloquists, and dramatic exhibitions, not of the first class, it may be supposed; but they previously claim our indulgence, by the following apt motto:—*Jugez nous par notre zele, et non par le talent*"—"Judge us by our zeal, and not by our ability;" which is a modest intimation, that might suit other theatres as well as the minor spectacles in this place.

In the galleries of this palace, we find people busied at billiards, cards, and every game of skill and hazard, by which the wily adventurer who is unincumbered with a patrimony,

can raise a fund; but it is generally at the expence of young gentlemen, who think that candour consists in expression, and honour in appearances; and who discover eventually there are but two parties who play, viz. those who *will* win, and those who *must* lose!

The libraries of Paris, are well furnished. The principal is the Imperial library in Rue Richelieu, which is open to the public every Tuesday and Friday; and to men of letters every day. King John collected the first elements of this library. Charles V. methodised and added to it, but it became considerable under the great Colbert, who caused this building to be raised, for the purpose of augmenting it, and giving it an air of national dignity. They have preserved here the original letters of Henry IV. to La belle d'Estrées, and some MSS. of Louis XIV.

Besides this there are the libraries at the College Mazarine, the library of the Institute, and the library of the Arsenal, all of which are open to the public.

I forgot to notice that the Imperial library has been much enlarged by the present Emperor, who has enriched it with a great number of valuable MSS. and books brought from conquered nations.

There are twenty-four theatres at Paris, and they are all crowded on holidays, and particularly on Sundays. As it is indispensable to give the Parisians much novelty, these theatres are supplied by a legion of authors, amounting (in 1804) to two thousand one hundred and forty-two; comprehending tragic and comic poets, melodramatists, monodramatists, vaudevillists, parodists and pantomimists. Some of their pieces are so successful as to draw full houses for one hundred and fifty nights, in a season, although the vast majority soon sink into oblivion. The pieces are approved, or rejected, by a literary committee of three censors, appointed by the government, who are unconnected with the parties: nor is it in the power of a manager to cashier a performer of merit, without an appeal to these commissioners. When an actor or actress of celebrity becomes superannuated, they are pensioned by the government, who properly think, that those who have contributed to the public pleasures, should be sustained, in the decay of nature, by public gratitude.

Théatre François, or French theatre, is now in the rue Richelieu, or, according to the republican nomenclature, *Rue de la Loi*. This dramatic establishment, which is the most classical of its kind in France, began at the *Hotel Bourgogne*, rue Mauconseil, in 1548. The great Moliere belonged to it in 1650. They act here the most finished productions of the Gallic Muse, which are not, at this period, in a state of enviable perfection. I saw here several new historical dramas, fraught with such anachronisms as a school-boy might correct. The performers, in general, possess merit; but we look in vain, among their dramatic authors, for any equal to the distinguished writer and orator, who is one of the chief ornaments of the British senate.

Académie Imperiale de Musique, or imperial musical academy, is in the middle of the same street. This magnificent establishment is somewhat similar to your Opera-house, with this essential difference, that the operas of Paris are given in the vernacular tongue, whilst those of London are in Italian: so that the former are understood by all the auditors, and the latter by not more than one in a hundred. They have the good sense to prefer the Italian and German music to the French, which is commonly contemptible, with the exception of the productions of Gretry, and a few other composers. But the opera of Paris, like that with you, is only a secondary object with the public, as it is the excellence of the ballets, or dances, which attract their notice; and, as the superiority of the French, in dancing, remains uncontested, I shall merely observe, that Vestris, whom we remember to have been recognised as "the God of Dance," is now shorn of his beams, by another capering deity yclept Duport.

The first appearance of Signora Catalani in Paris, was at this theatre; and on the night appropriated for her benefit, all the tickets for the boxes were sold at the enormous price of six *louis d'ors* each. The imperial family was present, and the house was very full.

Opera Comique National, is in the Passage Feydeau. It is on this theatre where they exclusively act such national operas as are correspondent with your "Love in a Village," "Inkle and Yarico," &c.

Théatre Louvois, or *Théatre de l'Impératrice*, is in rue de Louvois. The remnant of the Italian comedians are allowed to perform at this place, twice in each week.

Théatre Vaudeville, rue de Chartres.

Théatre Montansier, is situated under the galleries of the Palais du Tribunat, and was formerly called *le Théatre de Beaujolais*, in compliment to the Orleans family. Here they perform operas, and minor comedies.

Théatre Olympique, rue de la Victoire.

Théatre de la Porte Saint Martin, is on the Boulevard St. Martin. The grand opera of Paris was formerly performed at this theatre,

where I saw the splendid *Tararé* of Beaumarchais, acted before the royal family of Louis the Sixteenth, about twenty-two years ago.

Théatre de la Gaieté, is on the Boulevard du Temple; this is the most ancient and most perfect of the theatres, where they perform sentimental pieces.

Théatre de L'Amligu Comique, is on the Boulevard du Temple.

Théatre de la Cité.—This is a new theatre, built during the revolution, on the spot where once stood the church of St. Bartholomew; which was demolished by the Parisians, for the abhorrence which they bore to the name of that saint, under whose auspices the cruel murders of Coligny and the other Protestants began. It is situated immediately opposite to the Palace of Justice.

Théatre des Danseurs Voltigeurs, is on the Boulevard du Temple. Here they tumble, and dance on the slack and tight rope.

Theatre des Jeunes Comediens, is in the Jardin des Capucines, or Garden of the Capuchin Convent.

Théatre des Ombres Chinoises, is in the Palais du Tribunat.

Théatre Metanique, is in the rue Neuve-de-la-Fontaine. This is an exhibition somewhat similar to the *Eidophusicon*, which was given in London about fourteen years ago. They represent the rising and setting of the sun, the effects of a storm by sea and land, &c.

The prices of admission are, in general, one-third less than in London.

[*To be continued.*]

A DIPLOMATIC ACCOUNT OF PETER THE GREAT AND HIS COURT.*

I HASTEN to obey the express orders of your highness, by giving you some account of the way in which the Czar governs his empire, his manner of living, his tastes and habits. I shall speak of him with truth and impartiality, and above all things adhere to what I have myself witnessed.

Your highness is not a stranger to the state of Russia, previous to the reign of Peter; you are acquainted with the violent measures which his predecessors had adopted to maintain it in that state, and the rigorous punishments which were inflicted on those subjects who dared to travel beyond its frontiers. Peter, who thought differently, took exactly the opposite path. He permitted the Russians to visit foreign countries, and gave them himself the example. During his travels, he associated with statesmen, warriors, artists, and in short, learned men of every description; from this he gathered much knowledge, which, aided by the counsels of Lefort and Patkul, fitted him to give Russia a new form of government. The measures he enforced will make him ever be considered as an accomplished sovereign, a skilful general, and a faithful, generous, and benevolent friend. After having perused my account, your highness will decide whether the Czar be not deserving of all these titles.

Peter is tall, and of a well proportioned figure; his complexion is very animated, his eyes announce genius, and a determined character; his teeth are white and regular, and his hair, curled by the hand of nature, is of a chesnut brown. His countenance is agreeable, and bears testimony to the candour and goodness of his heart. He speaks kindly to every one, and the smile ever ready to play upon his lips wins universal admiration. On his return from Holland, he commonly spoke the language of that country; but since he has improved himself in the German by his frequent conversations with the officers of that nation, he seems to prefer their language to all others. The Russian is almost totally banished from his court; it is very seldom that the Czar expresses himself in it; and his example being a kind of law for his subjects, the German language has for some time made a very great progress in Russia.

The Czar is of an uniformly robust constitution; he has always sought to strengthen it by fearing neither cold nor heat, wind nor rain, snow nor ice. Nature seems to have

* This piece is extracted from a German periodical work, entitled *Constantinople and St. Petersburg*, the editors of which give it as having really been written by a German minister on a diplomatic mission to the Czar's court. They pledge themselves for its authenticity, and declare that they have only modernised the language. We are aware that some of the anecdotes which it contains, are already known; but their being united in so small a compass, and their authenticity have rendered them in our opinion worthy of being communicated to our readers.

formed him to resist the greatest fatigue, and he sleeps more comfortably in his tent than in his palace at Moscow. From this proceeds the equanimity of his temper, and that gaiety which rarely forsakes him, and which gains him so many friends. When he gives audience to a numerous assembly, he is not for an instant inattentive. He does not take offence at being addressed with a certain degree of boldness, nor at being asked questions, even when they interrupt a conversation. He cannot exist without society; thus his court follow him almost every where. I had been told in Germany, that he disliked to be surrounded with strangers, but I have found this to be precisely the reverse.

Magnanimity is the most prominent feature of his character; he regards passion as a weakness, and struggles to stifle it whenever he feels himself assaulted by it. I one day heard him say, "It is true, I very sensibly feel an injury, but I never meditate revenge." —"My enemies," added he also, "wish to make me be thought a barbarian, but let us have patience, and I will justify myself in the eyes of the whole universe."

Nothing can better prove the generosity of his mind than the manner in which he treated his prisoners of war after the battle of Pultawa. He restored to the generals and officers not only their swords, but their accoutrements and their servants, and on receiving their parole, allowed them to return home. He caused the soldiers to be commodiously lodged in towns, where they were taken the greatest care of. He granted his esteem, and even his friendship to many of these prisoners, and amongst the rest, to Marshall Rheinschild, whose sword he boasts of wearing.

The Prince of Wirtemburg having been wounded and taken prisoner in this battle, the Czar caused as much attention to be paid him as to himself. He was in a fair way of recovering, when being very desirous of taking the air, he quitted his chamber too soon, experienced a relapse, and died. The Czar, who was well acquainted with his valour, and had been desirous of winning him over to his service, was affected to tears on learning his death.

After this same battle, in which all the Swedish army were forced to capitulate, Peter heard that Charles the Twelfth had resolved to save himself by swimming across the Dnieper; and immediately sent an express to dissuade him from this perilous undertaking. The following is the substance of the message, as the person charged with it related it to me: "Peter earnestly intreats the King not to expose his sacred person to so imminent a danger. He pledges his honour that he will give him the best reception in his power, and have him escorted in safety to any part of his state. He advises him above all things not to throw himself into the hands of the Tartars, from whom he has every thing to fear." But when the courier arrived at the borders of the Dnieper, the Swedish monarch had already passed the river.

One day the Czar was shewn a picture, which represented a lion trampling on the Russian eagle. It was supposed that he would become furious at the sight of this allegory; but, on the contrary, he calmly looked at it, and inquired the name of the artist. On learning it, he replied, "let it be returned to him, that he may alter it after the battle of Pultawa." Another time a medal was given to him, on which was the head of the King of Sweden on the one side, and on the other two columns in ruins, with these words, *Concussit utramque*, alluding to himself and the King of Poland. The Czar, in my presence, passed it round to several of his courtiers, and contented himself with remarking, that the King of Sweden had reckoned without his host. I have never heard him speak unfavourably either of this prince or his troops; but on the contrary, he bestowed on them the greatest praises. "The Swedes," said he, "are a brave people; but they had too much pride, and God has thought proper to punish them."

The Czar has been accused of tyranny: it is true, that he treated a great part of the Russian nobility, some years since, with an inflexible rigour. But, notwithstanding this measure, I still maintain that his character is far from cruel. Peter did nothing but what every sovereign would have done in his place. Must he, who holds the sword of vengeance, grant life to those subjects who have conspired against him?

The Czar sets no value on luxury or refinement in the comforts of life; on the contrary, the plainest food pleases him best; and he is right, for the perfidious art of cookery, carried to a high pitch, cannot fail of destroying the most robust constitutions. Large entertainments are insupportable to him. He has left to the Prince Menzikoff the office of entertaining foreigners, for which he makes him a very considerable allowance. Sometimes the Czar will make one in these parties, which are of the most sumptuous and costly nature. It is reported in Germany, that Peter is fond of liquor, and that he is often seen inebriated. I cannot deny but that he sometimes drinks a great deal; but I never saw him intoxicated, although I have narrowly watched him at

more than one entertainment. On the contrary, I must say, that however he may be able to support much wine, he has a great dislike to those who pride themselves on being able to do the same. It is between meals that he drinks the most, because he speaks so much during the day, that he stands in need of some refreshment. His sideboard is always covered with refreshments of every kind, for his visitors, whenever they choose to ask for any thing.

The Czar observes the greatest simplicity in his dress. Neither gold nor silver are seen to ornament it; but the utmost cleanliness always distinguishes him. His coats are cut according to the German fashion, with Swedish cuffs, and round his waist he wears a belt, embroidered in gold. He has given the preference to the hat instead of the bonnet. He dislikes magnificence on his own person, but he likes to see it on his ministers and generals.

Gambling has no attraction for him, and I have never seen him hold a card. Chess is the only game he ever plays, perhaps on account of its offering to his mind an image of war; yet it is but seldom that he allows himself this amusement, and only when he has no business to transact then he will play with his jesters, who are very numerous at his court.

There are three whose history is worth relating. The two first are brothers, and of an ancient family, adorned with the title of Prince. They entered into a conspiracy against the Czar, which was concerted during his stay in Holland. When the plot was discovered, they imagined that by feigning madness they might avoid punishment. But the Czar's understanding soon penetrated through this scheme, and he punished them in a different manner. He condemned them to remain fools for the remainder of their lievs, and to act their parts as such at his court. One of them gets drunk every morning to banish from his mind the remembrance of his degrading situation. The third is a Russian nobleman, whom Peter had sent to Smolensko with dispatches of the utmost importance for the governor. Having arrived late at night before the walls of the city, the governor entreated him to wait until the doors were opened the next morning. And what think you the impatient nobleman resolved to do? He returned from whence he came with his dispatches.—Peter caused him to be informed that his conduct proved his folly, and that he should rank among his fools for the remainder of his life. These unfortunate beings are, however, treated with great kindness and attention. I have already observed, that the Czar plays at chess with them; he also occasionally dines with them. They accompany him in all his journies, and he procures them every comfort.

The Czar is as little governed by the passion of love as that of gambling; and notwithstanding that, for several years, he has declined sharing the bed of his wife, he has not been known to have a mistress * Your highness must not, however, conclude from this, that he is an enemy to the female sex; for, on the contrary, he prefers their society to any other, and even will sometimes take the diversion of dancing; but in general it is but in great moderation. The government of his state, politics, and war, are his predominant passions. To these he gives his whole attention, with an incredible application and perseverance. He rises at an early hour, and repairs to Count Golofkin, high chancellor and first minister of state, with whom he deliberates on the government of his extensive empire. The other counsellors of state afterwards assemble at this minister's, and then the Czar communicates to them his projects, for he scarcely ever takes an important resolution before having weighed with them the different motives which have determined him. The ministers, on their side, make him acquainted with all the letters they receive concerning state affairs. Thus the Czar takes cognizance of every thing, and views with his own eyes the smallest motion of this colossal machine. The conference I have just described employs nearly the whole of the morning, the remainder is dedicated to expedite dispatches to foreign courts, and giving audience to ambassadors. In these audiences the Czar d splays great caution; for although the ambassadors are permitted to address him in German, and he is fully competent to answer them instantly in the same language, yet, to avoid all misunderstanding, he causes their words to be translated to him by an interpreter, and afterwards gives his answer in Russian through the same medium. On these occasions he has also his counsellors of state by his side, to be able to ask their advice should any affair of importance occur.

He is in general very much prepossessed against lawyers, doubtless on account of his having discovered many of them lengthening suits by the means of chicanery, overthrowing truth by subtilty, and making fraud triumphant. As soon as a man is acknowledged innocent or guilty, he causes him to be immediately discharged, or immediately punished.

* This letter is dated August 25, 1711.

Every Russian, whatever may be his condition, is freely allowed to address to him his requests or his complaints. I have myself seen him listen, for half an hour, to two poor Polish peasants who presented themselves before him in the street, as he was departing from the state council. He promised them that they should be speedily righted, and ordered his pages to give them money to support them in the mean time. By thus allowing every one free access to his person, he is well acquainted with all his officers; and his memory is so excellent, that it retains the most trifling circumstance.

The Czar's wisdom is also manifested in the impenetrable secrecy which he preserves with respect to his projects. Livonia is an example of this. There is no doubt that he was long since of the same opinion as his allies, regarding the fate of this province; yet he has not allowed one word to transpire. A foreign minister having asked him some explanation on that head, he replied, "When the fox shall be caught, it will be time to dispose of his skin."

In the choice of his ministers he has displayed that he possesses a perfect knowledge of men. Those who at present immediately surround him, are very clever, and of the most unshaken fidelity. Count Golofkin, by his great talents, is well fitted for the high dignity he holds; and his noble and affable manners cannot fail to please all ranks of people. The second minister, Prince Dolgoroucki, possesses much skill and knowledge, not only in diplomatic affairs, but in war and government. He speaks Italian like a native.—Baron Schafiroff, vice-chancellor and third minister, is the most accustomed to affairs of state. He is perfectly acquainted with the Latin and German languages, and he is charged with all the transactions with Germany. The Baron of Loewenwold, fourth minister, has progressively attained the highest summit of perfection. He speaks fluently all the languages of the various European courts.

The Czar joins, to all these exalted qualities, a sincere and unfeigned piety. In every action he has the Almighty in view, and acknowledges him to be the author of all the advantages he has gained.

The Polish ambassador, in one of his audiences with Peter, was praising his military talents, and particularly the prudence and intrepidity he had displayed at the battle of Pultawa. "My soldiers," replied the Czar, "are like all other soldiers, and can do no more; but the hand of God decided the doubtful fate of the battle. For myself, I incessantly bore in mind the words of the Holy Scripture—*Work and pray*. I have, to the best of my endeavour, fulfilled the last injunction; and my soldiers, with the assistance of God, have accomplished the rest. You have only to advise the King, your master, to do the same, and he will meet with the like success."

Let not this induce your highness to believe that the Czar is prone to fanaticism; the whole tenor of his conduct shows how far he is the contrary. It is well known, that intolerance and hypocrisy are inseparable companions. Peter, who cannot bear the idea of the Catholics treating all other Christians as heretics, has permitted the Lutherans to have in Moscow churches for public worship, and even laid himself the first stone of the last that was erected, and will sometimes hear divine service in them. The Calvinists have also at Moscow two churches; but the Catholics do not enjoy the same privileges. Their worship is only public in one church, the service of which is performed by capuchins.—With respect to the Jesuits, the Czar will not allow them to remain in any part of his empire. "Priests," he says, "have no business to mix with the affairs of the world; it is contrary to the words of the scripture, which our Saviour said to his Apostles."

The Czar never swears, and never allows himself to joke on any subject that might be injurious to any one; he is fond of pardoning the little faults of those who surround him, and even capital offences, provided they be not sufficiently serious to awaken his anger.

Prior to his reign, public liberality was totally unknown in Russia. Peter greatly relieved the poor by founding hospitals, and establishing at Moscow a public pharmacy, which alone cost him above twelve thousand pounds. All those who are employed in it, as well as the medical men of the town, are supported at the expence of the state.

With respect to military talents, the Czar may be put in competition with the first characters of this century. His foresight, his presence of mind, and his dauntless courage, are well deserving of admiration. He exposed his person so much at Pultawa, that his hat was pierced by several bullets, and he had a horse killed under him. He ranged his troops in so excellent an order for battle, that the King of Sweden said to his generals, I could never have believed that the Moscovites could have placed themselves so advantageously, though the Prince who commands them, has owned that he owes to his enemies the

obligation of having taught him the art of war.

The Czar's land forces are very considerable; they are rated at three hundred thousand men, including the garrisons. In time of peace his army consists of a hundred and fifty thousand regular troops. The very advantageous pay which he gives them has procured him numbers of German and French officers, so that at present there are no longer any posts remaining for those who now present themselves. The major part of the officers of his army are Germans; the Russians however have now acquired so much military knowledge that they would fight very well without the assistance of foreigners.

The Czar's navy is very considerable; and the neighbouring princes look with very jealous eyes on his numerous excellent sea-ports, well furnished with every thing necessary for the equipment of a fleet; such are Petersburg, Archangel, Astrachan, Azoff, and Veronizza. Peter is well skilled in the art of navigation; and in Holland he learned the manner of building ships. He is so extremely fond of aquatic excursions that he never travels by land when he can avoid it; he is also an able engineer, and applies himself with enthusiasm to the art of fortification. When he has no important affairs to transact he amuses himself with drawing plans; he intends making comments on the works of Vauban and other masters.

Any one who has found the means of pleasing him, and makes a proper acknowledgment for his favourable sentiments, is certain of finding in him a sincere and faithful friend. The best example that can be given of this is the cordiality with which he received the King of Poland, when he came to take possession of the throne which the Czar had restored to him. On this occasion Peter, who abhors the infidelity of subjects towards their sovereign, made the bitterest reproaches to the magnates of Poland for not having better stood out in defence of their king. With what eagerness, with what pleasure did he renew his alliance with Prussia and Denmark! What affectionate regard he testified towards his Danish majesty, in the person of the Prince of Courland, to whom he has resolved to return his estates, because he was the friend of his father! In short, to possess the Czar's friendship may be considered an inestimable blessing. His invariable maxim is, that the promise of a sovereign must be held sacred, even should the loss of his states follow its fulfilment; for, adds this magnanimous prince,—"It is better to lose a crown than forfeit one's honour."—Peter watches carefully lest any thing might tarnish his glory. It is well known how high Prince Menzikoff ranks in his favour on account of the services which he has received from him, and the affection which this prince has always shewn him from his infancy; he has overwhelmed him with honours and riches, has given him the province of Ingria for him and his heirs for ever; and, moreover, has made him generalissimo, with the power of transacting all military affairs without consulting any one, to make whatever promotions and changes he pleases among the officers and generals. The Czar, however, does not regard with anger those who murmur at being obliged to submit to the generalissimo's authority, particularly when distinguished officers are in the case. By these means he often has it in his power to retain in his service many military men, who having some cause for discontent, solicit their discharge. Far from reproaching them with their want of subordination, or making any complaints even when he has some reason for it, he only tells them how much he shall regret their loss, gives them their discharge without any hesitation, and by this generous conduct attaches them for ever to his interest. Numerous examples of this nature might be related, especially towards foreigners; but generally the Czar's kindness, and the admiration which his exalted qualities inspire, make them forget their friends and their own country.

He does not display less skill in drawing towards him foreign officers whose merits are known, particularly when he has some intimation of their being prepossessed in his favour; and when his point is gained he never fails to recompence them according to their services. A foreign general sent him some new models in plaster, and described some other military inventions of great importance; his sovereign however heard this, and ordered him to be arrested, and sentenced him, unheard, to be confined two years in prison.

As soon as he was liberated the Czar called him to his court, appointed him to the rank of major-general, with a revenue of three thousand crowns a month, and six thousand more for the expences of his establishment. Your highness will not have forgotten that a prince of Darmstadt, who served in the Czar's army, was wounded in the battle fought with General Loewenhaupt, and died in consequence; the gratitude of his young sovereign granted an annuity of sixteen thousand crowns for life to his heir.

It would be wrong to conclude from these

instances of liberality that economy is not one of Peter's virtues, or that he lavishes his favours indiscriminately. He does not spend a single ducat without knowing to what purpose it is applied; and every reward he bestows has been merited either by military exploits, wisdom in council, or some other national benefit. This prince is well acquainted with the value of money, and is the more sparing of his treasures as he is unwilling to burthen his subjects with taxes. Not long ago some foreign powers invited him to lend them considerable sums, and pointed out the means of levying them immediately on his people, but he answered them:—"My subjects are my children; money is the soul of war, its source must never be exhausted. I must spare my people and my treasures if I wish that my empire should flourish, and the great work which I have undertaken should terminate successfully." The encrease of trade which he strongly encourages in his dominions, has already augmented the opulence of the state and the wealth of individuals. The revenue of that with Persia and China is, according to the latest calculations, two millions and a half of crowns higher than before his reign.

Iron, so abundant in the Russian mines, but till now looked upon as unfit to be worked, is since the arrival of the skilful workmen whom the Czar has brought with him from foreign lands, rendered as useful as that of any other country; with it all kinds of weapons, instruments, and tools are now made, the polish of which equals that of steel.

I have learned from the best authority, that the Czar, as soon as peace will allow him, intends to attempt to civilize the whole extent of his wide dominions; this gigantic design, the execution of which seems impossible, will not prove so for his genius. His first intention, however, is to encrease the population of his kingdom, several parts of which are mere desarts. On this account he endeavours to gain the affection and gratitude of his Swedish prisoners; many of whom he would wish to become manufacturers, whilst the rest should clear and cultivate the earth.

It is useless to say that Peter's great qualities, and constant labours for the honour and happiness of Russia, have acquired him the unanimous love and esteem of his subjects. At the slightest intimation all are in readiness, and hasten to obey him as children would a beloved parent. This was particularly exemplified when, against all the ancient customs, he proclaimed an edict which commanded all the Russians, not exempting the clergy, on the same day to have their long beards cut off, and to change their Russian costume for that of the French or Germans. This edict was obeyed with a punctuality which greatly surpassed his expectations. Scarcely had the day appointed for this elegant revolution dawned, when a general metamorphosis took place in Russia, the advantages of which experience soon taught the nation.

Before I finish this relation, your highness will allow me to add a few words respecting the heir apparent to the crown, to whom I have frequently had the honour of paying my court. The Czarowitz is tall and well made; his eyes beam with fire and expression when he speaks; he greatly resembles his father; his disposition seems cold, and in general he says little, but never delays his answer. Those who have studied him more attentively praise the dignity of his soul and religious inclinations, and relate that he has already perused the holy scriptures five times over. He is also passionately fond of the Greek historians; his wit is keen, and his judgment sound; he is almost a perfect master of mathematics, the military art and naval tactics. The French language is familiar to him, and he is well acquainted with the German. He is not yet very dexterous in bodily exercises, for the Czar thought it was more useful to teach him the arduous science of government. A foreign minister once told him it was a pity that such an illustrious prince should be a stranger to those arts in which distinguished noblemen excel from their youth, and which display the strength, agility, and grace of the body. "I do not see how it is a pity," answered Peter, "let him first procure what is necessary, superfluities will come after." But I ought to confine myself to what is essential, in order not to exhaust your highness's patience. In my next dispatch I shall have the honour of communicating to you some anecdotes of the most distinguished persons of the Czar's court, and that of Prince Menzikoff.

I am, &c.

St. Petersburg, August 25, 1711.

REVIEW AND ANALYSIS
OF
MARMION; A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.
BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THIS is the production of the celebrated author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; a poem which has been deservedly popular, and raised its author to the highest point of poetical reputation in the present day.

The character of Mr. Scott's writing is a faithful portraiture of feudal times, a poetical picture of the costume of Gothic character, as well that which belongs to nature as that which is peculiar to life. He passes with a bold retrospective genius into those times of turbulence and arms, in which are found those materials of the picturesque and savage sublime, which have so often astonished and charmed us in extraordinary ballads and obsolete romances. These peculiarities of life and customs, which Mr. Scott has studied with the labour and exactness of an antiquarian, he has already woven into a poem in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and has repeated with equal success in "Marmion."

The same simplicity, the same unaffected strength which kept him aloof from the modern fopperics of poetry in his former work, will be found in "Marmion." The whole story is admirably told: it never lags, it never fatigues; curiosity is kept up by the regular stratagems of his art, but is practised upon by no unworthy artifice and trick. The attention is unalterably detained to the last verse; and when the sympathy excited by the story abates, the charms of the poetry afford a fresh treat of delectation. Without bestowing any notice on the introductory pieces prefixed to each Canto, we shall proceed to submit to the reader a brief analysis of the plan of this performance, which the author denominates a romantic tale, and which he professes to be an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times upon a broader scale, and in a more interesting story, than he has already done in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The first Canto, entitled the Castle, opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion the (description of whom is given in the poetical extracts in the last Number of our Magazine) at Norham Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of Sir Hugh Heron. The ceremonies attending the reception of the noble stranger are enumerated, after which the author passes to the entertainment given him by the owner of the castle. The feast, accompanied by the harp and the voice of the performer, being finished, Sir Hugh calls for the wassel bowl, which he replenishes with wine, and thus addresses his guest:—

"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion;
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve that cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?

When last in Raby towers we met
The boy I closely eyed,
And often marked his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide:
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand
Or saddle battle steed;
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery rich and rare
The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom, when he sigh'd
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride!"

Marmion replies that he has left his page sick at Lindisfarn; he enquires, in his turn, the cause of the absence of Lady Heron; and being informed that she is at the court of the Scottish Queen, he informs her husband that he is going by his sovereign's command to that court to enquire the reason of the extraordinary levies of troops in Scotland. He requests his host to supply him with a guide to conduct him to the Scottish monarch; and accordingly a Palmer is found who undertakes to serve him in that capacity. The following morning Lord Marmion quits the castle; and thus concludes the first Canto. The next introduction of the Palmer is so eminently beautiful and descriptive, that we cannot omit it in this Canto:—

"From Salem first, and last from Rome,
One that has kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine—
On hills of Armenie has been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;

In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The mount where Israel heard the law;
Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin
And shadows, mist, and darkness given.—
He shews Saint James's cockle shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily;
Saint Rosalie retired to God."

The second Canto, bearing the inscription of the Convent, represents the voyage of the Abbess of St. Hilda, with five of her nuns, from Whitby to Lindisfarn, or Holy Island, whither she is summoned to meet the Abbot of St. Cuthbert and the Prioress of Tynemouth, for the purpose of passing sentence on two offenders of the monastic order. The description of the Abbess of St. Hilda in this Canto, is in the most masterly style of the author:—

"The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair, too, she was, and kind had been,
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Or knew the influence of her eye.
Love to her ear was but a name
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys were all
Bounded within the cloister wall;
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic vows the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim,
To emulate St. Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To elevate the eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She decked the chapel of the Saint;
And gave the relique shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems imbost;
The poor her convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its hall found rest.
Black was her garb, her rigid rule,
Reformed on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,
Vigils and penitence austere
Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey;
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well."

The Vault of Penitence, the horrid scene of this meeting, is described, and the culprits are then introduced:—

"Before them stood a guilty pair;
But though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And on her doublet breast
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But at the Priorcss' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud."

The calmness and fortitude of the beauteous Constance before the tremendous tribunal, are well contrasted with the pusillanimity of her base minded companion. The Abbot is about to pronounce their awful doom, when Constance, having twice in vain essayed to speak, thus addresses the assembly:—

"I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.
I listened to a traitor's tale
I left the convent and the veil,
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave
Who forfeited to be his slave,
All here and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.

The King approved his favourite's aim,
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose faith with Clare's was plight;
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge—and on they came
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are prayed,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout Marmion, Marmion to the sky!
De Wilton to the block!
Say ye, who preach heaven shall decide,
When in the lists two champions ride,

Say, was heaven's justice here?
When loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death
Beneath a traitor's spear.
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell.—
Then drew a packet from her breast.
Paused, gathered voice, then spoke the rest.

Still was false Marmion's bridal staid
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried;
Sir Marmion she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remained, the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I lingered here and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitif monk for gold did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And by his drugs my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the King conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke
Although my heart that instant broke.
Now men of death work forth your will,
For I can suffer and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death who comes at last.

Yet dread me from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome;
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends,
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic king
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones;
And ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.

Fixed was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;
The locks that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy,
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled the astonished conclave sate;
With stupid eyes the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread,
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
'Sister let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother part in peace!"

To some of our readers it may not perhaps be known, that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same punishment as the Roman Vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive walls of the convent; a slender pittance of bread and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in pacem*, Go in peace—were the signal for immuring the criminal!

The hotel, or inn, where Marmion and his train reposed the night after his departure from Norham Castle, form the subject of the third Canto. Here to beguile the time, Fitz-Eustace, one of his Squires, sings a song concerning the fate of the constant and the faithless lover; which fills Marmion's breast with the keenest remorse for his conduct to Constance, whom he had surrendered to the church, in order to rid himself of her threats, importunities, and upbraidings, and also because, frantic with despair, she had planned the destruction of her rival. He was for some time overpowered by the passions conflicting in his breast, but soon again

"Lord Marmion raised his head,
And smiling to Fitz-Eustace said:
'Is it not strange that as ye sung
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?'
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The live-long day he had not spoke)
'The death of a dear friend."

These words, together with the tone in which they were uttered, and something in the look of the Palmer, completely unmanned Marmion, whose bosom was filled with repentance and reviving love, till the host begins a tale concerning the combat of Alexander III. of Scotland with a goblin-knight, at the ancient Pictish camp, a short distance from the village where they then were. This being finished, Marmion withdraws with his Squires for

the night. Instead, however, of retiring to rest, he calls up Fitz-Eustace, directing him to saddle his horse. He takes the road towards the Pictish camp, from which he returns with extraordinary speed, both rider and horse exhibiting the appearance of having fallen; but the account of his adventures during the excursion is reserved for another place. Thus ends the third Canto.

The fourth, entitled the Camp, commences with the departure of Marmion and his retinue from the inn. They have not proceeded far before they are met by Sir David Lindesay, Lion King-at-arms, with a train of heralds and pursuivants, sent by the Scottish monarch to provide a fit lodging for Marmion till the King should find time for an interview. He accordingly conducts the English ambassador to Crichtoun Castle, whose owner, Earl Adam Hepburn, had marched that morning, with all his followers, to join the army which James was assembling on the Borough-moor. At Crichtoun Marmion stops two days; and on the second night Sir David Lindesay relates to him the story of an apparition which appeared to the Scottish King, to warn him against a war with England; which, together with Marmion's narrative of his nocturnal encounter at the Pictish camp, the reader will find among the extracts given in our last Number. The Canto concludes with a description of the Scottish camp near Edinburgh, to which the herald conducted the ambassador and his train.

A picture of the arms and accoutrements distinguishing the various clans that composed the Scottish army, opens the fifth Canto, entitled the Court. Marmion having traversed the camp, is led by his conductor to the city, and thence to the palace of Holyrood, where James was that night giving an entertainment to his nobles, previous to his departure for the expedition against England, which he had fixed for the next day. Marmion is introduced to the monarch, whose character, copied correctly from historical records, the author has happily sketched in the following lines:—

"The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament and sue!—
Suit lightly won, a short-lived pain!
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joyed in banquet-bower;
But mid his mirth 'twas often strange
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance-pain,
In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed with double glee
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Starts the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside,
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And straining on the tightened rein
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife had sway;
To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on English land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair,
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus for both he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour."

Such was the cause for which James, disdaining the counsels of prudent advisers, and even warnings which were thought to be supernatural, rashly determined on war, and in reply to the commission of Marmion, hurled defiance at the monarch by whom he was sent. An interesting scene takes place between the King, the Earl of Angus, and the English

ambassador; the former remains steady to his purpose; but as Marmion was directed to remain as long as the slightest hopes of peace were left, James assigns him Tantallon, the castle of the above-mentioned Earl for his residence during his stay in Scotland; and likewise places under the protection of the ambassador the five nuns of Whitby and their Abbess who had been taken by one of his gallies. The Abbess, who had been one of those that sat in judgment on Constance and Clara, for whose sake the latter had been betrayed by Marmion, justly dreaded the man who was appointed by the Scottish monarch to escort them back to their convent. The Palmer was still in Marmion's train; with him the Abbess contrived a secret interview; and having related the history of De Wilton and Clara, she delivered to him the packet she had received from Constance, containing proofs of Marmion's treachery towards his opponent, charging him to convey them with all possible speed to the King. The extraordinary vision which terminates the meeting of the Palmer and the Abbess is founded on a circumstance related by Pitscotie, and which, like the apparition at Linlithgow, was probably a device to deter the King from the war. The parting of the Abbess and Clara, and the journey of Marmion and his retinue with the latter to Tantallon, occupy the remainder of the fifth Canto.

The sixth, entitled the Battle, begins with the unexpected meeting of Clara and her lover, De Wilton, in Tantallon Castle. After the first emotions of mutual surprize, he relates his adventures since the rencounter with Marmion. He informs her, that being conveyed from the lists, where he was left for dead, by his beadsman, Austin, he was attended by the old man, who found means to bring him to himself, till a complete recovery was effected; when he accompanied him to foreign lands in the disguise of a Palmer. Austin fell sick, and before he expired, he charged De Wilton with this dying injunction, to spare, for his sake, the life of Marmion, should fortune ever place it in his power. De Wilton then repaired to Scotland where chance directed that he should be the guide of his most inveterate enemy. He was the supposed spectre whom Marmion encountered on Gifford Moor, and it was he to whom the Abbess delivered the packet which was to prove his innocence. Douglas, to whom his family had formerly been known, had promised to provide him with armour, and again to dub him a knight, after which he purposed to repair to the camp of the Earl of Surrey, the commander of the English forces dispatched against the King of Scotland, whither he knew Marmion intended to conduct Clara. Such is the substance of De Wilton's history, the knowledge of which is represented as having produced a distant coldness in the Earl of Angus to his guest, and at their parting a quarrel, which is given with considerable spirit.

" The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu;
'Though something I might plain,' he said
'Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.'—
But Douglas round him drew his cloke,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
" My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—'This to me!' he said,—
An'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword)
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus thou hast lied!'
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: 'And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou then unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.'
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;

To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

After this narrow escape Marmion rejoins his troop, and missing the Palmer, makes enquiry for him. He is informed that at day-break he had left the castle, mounted on the Earl's favourite steed, and cased in armour, in which he bore a great resemblance to the knight whom Marmion had vanquished at Cotswold. Marmion's eyes are now opened; he recognizes in the Palmer his old enemy De Wilton, and knows that he must have been the antagonist whom he encountered on Gifford wold—a discovery which excites in his guilty bosom no very agreeable sensations.

Proceeding onwards to the Tweed, the hostile armies are discovered opposite to each other. Marmion hastens to join that of the English, in the rear of which he places Clare, with a chosen guard. He repairs to the Earl of Surrey, who assigns him a post in the van. The battle commences, the fortune of the day seems to waver in the part where Marmion fights, and two squires whom he had left with Clare, fly to his aid. They soon return to the spot bearing along their wounded lord.

"His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand,
Dragged from among the horses' feet
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!
Young Blount his armour did unlace
And gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—'By Saint George he's gone!
That spear wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!'
Good night to Marmion.'
'Unnurtured Blount! they brawling cease;
He opes his eye,' said Eustace; 'peace!'

When doffed his casque, he felt free air
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, charge again!
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!
Last of my race on battle-plain,
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'—
They parted and alone he lay,
Clare drew her from the sight away;
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan
And half he murmured,—'Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring
To slake my dying thirst!'

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She filled the helm and back she hied,
And with surprize and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head,
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave,
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then, as remembrance rose—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle.'
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth!' he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true,
I would the fiend to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then fainting down on earth he sunk
Supported by the trembling monk.
With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever he said that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying,
So the notes rung;
'Avoid thee fiend! with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!

By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen
But never aught like this '—
The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And Stanley! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade
And shouted—'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge!—On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

The battle of Flodden Field, could not, it is well known, be made to terminate otherwise than in favour of the English, and, as the reader may easily guess, the piece concludes with the union of De Wilton and Clare.

This poem will be readily conceived to have faults, some of which candour obliges us to point out.

Mr. Scott seems to think that, for the sake of a rhyme, a poet may take any liberties he pleases with the participles of verbs. This inference we are at least justified in drawing from such instances as the following:—Hast wove—were tore—had broke—hath swore—were chose—and many others of the like kind.

Bad rhymes are of still more frequent recurrence. Thus we find:—Broad and showed—thunder-bolt and halt—one and man—mourn and return—dumb and tomb—lost and most—goneand stone—pierce and rehearse—tone and on—shown and won—messenger and bear—clad and red—Edelfled and pray'd—executioner and there—laid and bread—once and glance—scorned and returned, &c. &c.

Scotticisms occasionally occur, such as:—

"When the old man
Said we *would* make a matchless pair."

Violations of grammar are not uncommon. From any person who has had the education of a gentleman, we should scarcely have expected such gross faults as these:

"By four deep gaps *are* entrance given.

Scarce by the pale moon-light *was* seen
The foldings of his mantle green.

Even such weak minister as *me*
May the oppressor bruise."

The accents in some of the following lines are peculiarly disagreeable:—

"O woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And vari*a*ble as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A minis*te*ring angel thou!—

Hast thou no eleg*i*ac verse."

The proportion of doggrel in this volume is by no means inconsiderable. We shall quote a few instances:

"As when the champion of the lake
Enters Morgana's *fated* house,
Or in the chapel peril*ous*,
Despising spells and demon's force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse;
Or when Dame Ganore's grace to move,
(Alas! that lawless was their love)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den
And freed full sixty knights; or when
A sinful man and unconfessed
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,—&c.

And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wonderous men the dust.

With musquet, pike, and morion
To welcome noble Marmion.—

And there she stood so calm and pale
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks;
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life was there."—

"Steely weeds" cannot be a proper expression, neither does that in the following lines appear to us more appropriate:

"The cannon from the ramparts *glanced*.

Or slow like *noon-tide ghost* would glide."

Thoughout the whole work the author appears extremely partial to alliteration. Of this the annexed verse affords a ridiculous example:

"May *bid* your *beads* and *patter prayer*."

One might be tempted to suppose that Mr. Scott was composing a parody on *Sally in our Alley*, in the following lines:—

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling."

But with all the deductions which just criticism is compelled to make, we can securely recommend "Marmion" as a delicious treat to the reader.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BIRTH
OF THE SEVERN, THE WYE, AND THE RHYDDOL.

A NEREID once from Neptune ran,
A mountain giant was her man;
They ask'd no banns, they fear'd no shame,
Plinlimmon was the giant's name,
His bed a mountain's desart cave,
Three pledges of their union gave;
Their sex was her's that was the mother,
As if 'twas jealous of the other.
No sooner born but full of play,
The little truants ran away.

The first, caressing public sight,
Made wealth and cities her delight;
Was proud of her maternal birth,
For Ocean's tribute claim'd the earth,
With many a dealer snug in trade,
Had love and passions ready made;
Itinerant from shore to shore,
Prolific indications bore,
And yet a character preserv'd,
By the decorum she observ'd;
But opulence the ruling aim,
And Severn was the lady's name.

The second, fond of rural scene,
With graceful air, like beauty's queen,
Coquetting, but with morals chaste,
And sentimentally embrac'd,
From coarse and glaring crowds remov'd,
By gentle spirits cheer'd and lov'd,
Was ne'er obnoxious but retir'd,
And sweetly coy, was more desir'd!
Her playful dress, with careless grace,
And shifted charm improv'd her face;
Her flowing hair the Muses crown'd,
Her step was consecrated ground;
By Genius lov'd, caress'd by Fame,
And Wye the matchless wonder's name.
A termagant the Rhyddol next,
With manners bold, and choice perplex'd,
Pacific intercourse disdain'd,
In fury shone, in terrors reign'd;
Wild as a colt, or pamper'd horse,
And bounding with a tiger's force,
In rocks and caves that shunn'd the light
Or tumbling from the mountain's height;
She leapt, she flew, as quick as thought,
And still pursu'd, was never caught;
Refus'd the lover's gentle sway,
And swept with scorn her thund'ring way;
Unless, to wanton mischief prone,
She made some heedless nymph her own,
And wore the counterfeited smile,
An artless virgin to beguile.
'Twas thus two Naiads * were deceiv'd,
With open arms her gifts receiv'd,
But soon were in a torrent lost,
On stormy Neptune's bosom toss'd!
And borne upon a car half dead,
The helpless victims of his bed.

With tempting charms the Istwith pleas'd,
Betray'd, and by the Rhyddol seiz'd,
With shouts of joy was borne away,
The Rhyddol's boast, the Ocean's prey;
And sportive Mynach shar'd her fate,
Caught by the same alluring bait.

Ill-fated Istwith! dear to love;
In Hafod's grot or pathless grove;
By Hafod's Druid Priest† admir'd;
By Hafod's Muse herself inspir'd;
In many a cave by him pursu'd,
With taste entranc'd, with love renew'd;
The Rhyddol binds thee with her chain,
And mountain shrieks are heard in vain.

Yet such is beauty's varied power,
That not alone Armida's bower,
But Rhyddol's features, wild and rude,
With love's attractions are endued;—
We look at charms, to errors blind,
Adore the form and veil the mind.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander
Upon a distant shore;
Where lovely, fair, and tender,
Is she whom I adore:
May Heav'n, its blessings sparing,
On her bestow them free,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

* The Rhyddol meeting with Istwith and the Mynach, takes them with her to the sea.

† Mr. Johnes, the owner of the celebrated Hafod, and whose taste in the display of its beauties is universally admired.

Had Fortune fix'd my station,
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation,
Endow'd with wealth and power;
That wealth and power sharing,
My peerless queen should be,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

Altho' the restless ocean
May long between us roar,
Yet while my heart has motion,
She'll lodge within its core;
For artless and endearing,
And mild and young is she,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,
That my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation
I'll lay me down and die;
Fond hope my bosom cheering,
That I in heav'n shall see,
The lovely Maid of Erin!
Who sweetly sang to me.

THE MAID OF LOCH NELL. *

The wintry winds houl'd round the towers o' Dunstaffnage,
The tempest-wing'd spirit shriek'd wildly on high,
The thunderbolts plough'd up the heathy mount's high ridge,
An' the blue forked lightning illumined the sky,
The storm-laden black clouds were heavily lowrin',
The sea billows heav'd up wi' mountain-like swell,
The cauld rorin' blast swept the brow o' Benfewrin,
An' kiss'd the white breast o' the Maid of Loch Nell.

She sprang in the Curragh to meet her Macdonnell,
While her soul-breathing love-sighs were mingled wi' fear,
For the tempest-beat billows rav'd wildly in Connell,
An' the fiery-warm lightning hiss'd awfully near.

Her long flowing hair to the rude blast was wavin',
As the lab'ring Curragh wave-toss'd rose and fell.
The spray waft the wings o' the storm-lovin' raven,
An' chill'd the sweet form o' the Maid o' Loch Nell.

Ah! ne'er more, sweet maid, wilt thou meet thy Macdonnell,
Nae mair in the strath will ye arm-in-arm rove;
For the angel of death's on the dark waves o' Connell,
An' waits for the mandate preparing above.
Three times a loud voice was heard sabbin' an' wailin',
Aboon roarin' Connell wi' sad mournful swell;
An' three times a voice was heard plaintively sailin',
Wi' sighs round the mansion o' lofty Loch Nell.

Ne'er again, lovely maid, wilt thou stray thro' the wild wood;
Ne'er again wilt thou rove thro' the sweets o' the glen,
Ne'er again wilt thou tread in the haunts of thy childhood,
Or rouse the dun-deer frae its rock-cover'd den.
Sad, sad, will thy loss be, ill-fated Macdonnell,
Nae maer on thy love's ruby lips wilt thou dwell;
For low in the oozy-green caverns o' Connell
Lies the pride o' thy heart—the sweet Maid o' Loch Nell.

ENO; THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

'Tis done, the blow's given, reveng'd is my love,
Yes, yes, and to-morrow I die;
To-morrow my soul wings its journey above,
To Orra, to Orra, I fly!

Ye tribes, Oh, my brothers! you knew she had charms!
You knew, too, I made her my wife:
Yet the fell villain came, tore the maid from my arms;
But he fell!—Yes, he fell by my knife.

Yet why did my hatchet so soon find his heart?
Or scalp'd was the white man by me?
Why, why, Oh! I'll tell it, with rapture impart,
That Eno might come, love, to thee!

* Loch Nell, the seat of General Campbell, is a beautiful romantic spot in the west Highlands.—Dunstaffnage, the ancient residence of the Kings of Scotland, is a little below Loch Nell, and the rapid river Connell runs between them. Benfewring is a very high hill N. E. of Loch Nell.

Yes, yes, and to-morrow I go to my bride,
'Tis fix'd, 'tis the Christian's decree!
The faggots will blaze, but their joy I'll deride,
For Orra, I come, love, to thee!

" Farewell! and for ever! tormentors, I'll cry,
" My sinews to ashes may burn;
" Yes, yes, but a groan, not a groan nor a sigh,
" Your flames shall exact in return.

" Farewell! and for ever! I go to my bride!
" Your tortures are pleasures to me."
My arm fell'd the tyrant, he struggled and died!
But Orra—I come, love, to thee.

THE SLIGHTED SHEPHERD.

Aside yon' gently sloping hill,
A cottage overlooks the dale,
Where smoothly steals a purling rill,
Along the daisy spangled vale.

Enticing spot! sweet magic scene!
The hill and dale, the mead and grove:
A simple, yet a rich demesne,
The pure abode of virtuous love.

Bright Summer's clad in warm array,
Cool groves invite to calm repose:
But ah! what melting love-sick lay,
Does yon' tall pine tree's bark disclose?

" Ye villagers of humble sphere,
" Who oft' frequent this silent grove:
" Ye who the lonely shade revere,
" The sweet receptacle for love.

" Behold yon' little mountain cot,
" With myrtle girt, and woodbine sweet;
" From noise and bustle far remote,
" Except the harmless lambkin's bleat.

" Within resides a matchless maid,
" The fairest of the village train;
" In soft resistless charms array'd,
" The fond attraction of the plain.

" Cease contemplation—cease to bear
" To memory's reflective view,
" My hopeless passion for a fair;
" Nor disappointment's pangs renew.

" Yet shall my friendly muse disclose
" The dictates of a wounded heart;
" The object of my lost repose,
" Ah! let these humble lines impart.

" Then be my hapless tale confess'd;
" Let all the village know my lot:
" A passion kindled in my breast,
" For Flora of the mountain cot.

" Oft' as the maiden blush of morn'
" Crept slowly up the smoaking hills:
" When sparkling dew-drops tipt the thorn,
" And Sol illum'd the tepid rills.

" Oft' as the Sun's enlivening ray
" Awak'd the busy chirping crew,
" I quit the village blithe and gay,
" And to the mountain cottage flew.

" On me affection seem'd to smile,
" As Flora's hand I gently press'd;
" A fond return I thought awhile,
" Had render'd faithful Robin blest.

" The matchless maid I truly love;
" But she proves cruel, cold, unkind:
" With Robin she'll no longer rove,
" Fair Flora's of uncertain mind.

" Dissembled love is like the vane,
" That alters with each restless breeze;
" It holds a short delusive reign,
" And sinks beneath its base decrees.

" The pastimes of my native vale,
" Have long since ceas'd to yield delight:
" I now alone my fate bewail,
" As wand'ring thro' the gloomy night.

" Adieu my dear paternal vale,
" Farewell enticing shaded grove;
" Do thou record the simple tale,
" A constant Shepherd's slighted love."

Vale-Place. GOBBO.

SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

All ye, who torn from Love,
At distance roam forlorn;
All ye who vanquish'd prove
Some cruel fair one's scorn;—
Your sorrows, tho' severe,
Compar'd with mine are small,
For you have Hope to cheer,
And I have lost my all.

I lov'd a beauteous fair,
And was belov'd again—
But in this world of care,
No joy can long remain;
'Tis like the tender rose,
Expanding to the skies,
At dawn of morn it blows,
At eve it droops and dies.

Vain were her youth and charms!
The lovely maid is gone:
Death snatch'd her from my arms,
And I am left alone!—
The griefs which now o'erwhelm,
Will finish soon my woe,—
That stroke which fells the elm,
Destroys the ivy too.

York Barracks. E. C.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE!

THE sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;
In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,
And calm meditation led forward the hours:
I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,
I sung of an exile, forlorn, broken hearted,
Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,
And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry tenacious,
Presented the form I must ever esteem;
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas! how fallacious!
Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.
Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,
The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection
Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering Hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms unfold;
In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers singing,
When each soft affection is dormant and cold.
E'en sad as the merchant bereav'd of his treasure,
So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,
So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
Around it affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek resignation supporting the spirit,
Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;
A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.
There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,
By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,
But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday, March 31, was presented at Drury-lane Theatre, a New Play, entitled "*The World*," from the pen of Mr. Kenney; an author well known, and deservedly praised, for "*Raising the Wind*."

CHARACTERS.

Cheviot.....Mr. ELLISTON,
Echo.....Mr. BANNISTER,
Withers.....Mr. WROUGHTON,
Index.....Mr. MATTHEWS,
Subtle.....Mr. WEWITZER,
Social.....Mr. PURSER,
Loiter.....Mr. DE CAMP,
Dauntless.....Mr. PALMER,
Author.....Mr. RUSSELL,
Margin.....Mr. MADDOCKS,
Lady Bloomfield.....Mrs. JORDAN,
Mrs. Barclay.....Mrs. POWELL,
Eleanor Barclay.....Miss BOYCE.

FABLE.—*Mr. Cheviot*, an author of lofty spirit, and appropriate poverty, is in love with *Lady Bloomfield*, a fashionable widow, whom he has rescued from an insult at the Opera. His humility and his pride equally forbid him to express his admiration openly; and the widow is withheld from explicit encouragement by the jealousy of *Eleanor Barclay*, a young lady, whom *Cheviot*, amid all his poverty, relieves with a sum of money that *Lady Bloomfield* herself had sent to him without a name. *Echo*, a good-natured honest fellow, who imitates the manners and tones of all his companions, has been attached to *Eleanor*, but is urged and pressed by his friends to woo *Lady Bloomfield*. *Cheviot*, in a spirited conference, urges him to perform his original promise. Love and honour resume their influence over his mind; he is united to *Eleanor*, and *Cheviot* receives the hand of *Lady Bloomfield*. The obscurity which, during the earlier part of the play is hung over the birth and connections of the young author, is removed by an interesting scene in the fifth Act, where *Mrs. Barclay*, the mother of *Eleanor*, discovers herself to be the mother of *Cheviot* also, by a gentleman named *Davenant*, who, in early life, deserted her, and had married, and was a widower: while her son was maintained by this very *Davenant*, who having long professed to be only the friend, at last avows himself the father of *Cheviot*, and makes amends to *Mrs. Barclay* by marriage. Little amusement is afforded by the incidental characters of *Dauntless* and *Loiter*, two idle coxcombs, and of *Index*, a

good-natured gentleman, who is instrumental in bringing the parties to a right understanding.

This Play is certainly creditable to its author; for though it discovers no originality of genius, no profound and accurate view of the mixed masquerade of human characters,—but little of the *vis comica*, and less of polished taste, and a refined and skilful portraiture of living manners,—notwithstanding these deductions, it deserves to stand high upon the basis of negative merit, and was well entitled to what it obtained,—security; though it can make no pretensions to what it certainly aspired to, —praise.

Its merit is a sort of bleating innocence; an unarrogating simplicity. Its highest praise is that it does not offend; and, in the present state of the stage, it must be confessed to be no indifferent and original credit, not to disgust.

This play, however, is certainly formed from the floating materials and widely-spreading elements of the novel press. It has been sucked up in the atmosphere of circulating libraries; and has a most powerful impregnation of that diverse kind of extra-human incidents which break out from the Leadenhall shop in periodical abundance. We have children who know not their parents; and parents who do not know their children. We have life turned upside down in search of surprizes. We have novelty in the garb of wonder; and but seldom in the attractive dress of reality or truth.

The character of *Cheviot* is unnatural in the extreme: there is nothing to be seen or imagined like him either in life or fancy.

Echo, *Index*, and *Loiter* had little humour. They had neither the recommendation of life nor of manners: they were the mere ephemera of the stage: the "*Child who many fathers share.*" They belong to almost every author who has written for the playhouses for the last dozen years.

The dialogue and occasional sentiment of this piece were mostly entitled to praise; if we except the performers, who were more deserving either than author or play.

This piece made many lucky shots between wind and water, and came securely into port, under a plentiful discharge of clap-trap morality. It kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and nothing was gained but safety.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday March 31, was presnted at this theatre a Melo-Drama, entitled, *Bonifacio and Bridgetina*; or, *The Knight of the Hermitage*; or, *The Windmill Turret*; or, *The Spectre of the North East Gallery*.

The idea of this Melo-Drama is taken from the French of Mons. Martainville, and a comic conversation, supposed to pass in the box-lobby between the author, box book-keeper, and one of the audience, is introduced by way of prelude, to inform the public what species of farce they are to expect—from this we easily anticipate a travesty after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, or *Chrononhotonthologus*—the piece then commences with a beautiful view of a castle, forest, and hermitage, where *Sir Hildebrand*, in mock heroics, informs his confident, *Nicholas*, that a sorcerer has robbed him of his daughter, his nephew, and his castle —the recovery of these, and the subjugation of the tyrant *Wizard*, form the ground-work of the succeeding scenes, in which we are presented with every species of pageantry and splendour usually exhibited in pieces of a more serious nature; interspersed with robbers, enlivened with caves and spectres, and finishing with a combat and conflagration.

This piece is a species of burlesque upon Melo-Dramas, preparatory to the exhibition of one. It is translated from the French, to whom we now go for our satire as well as our sentiment.

We have no room to analyze it:—it corresponds with its professions, and was well received by the town. It contains much good scenery, and will doubtless answer the ends of the Managers.

Hyde Park Walking Dresses in April 1803.

Printed for La Belle Assemblee N° 30. Published by I Bell, Proprietor of the Weekly Messenger. May 1st 180

Evening Dresses as worn in April 1808.

Engraven for the 3d. Number of La Belle Assemblee. Published, May 1st 1808.

FASHIONS

For MAY, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Walking Dress.

A plain muslin walking dress, with Spanish spencer of celestial blue, or shaded lilac sarsnet, ornamented entirely round with the new Chinese trimming, and confined round the waist with a large cord, and tassels to correspond. A bonnet composed of the same materials as the spencer, with *tiara* front, and Chinese trimming. Shoes of pale blue, or lilac kid. Gloves of York tan.

No. 2.—A Lady and Child.

A high gown of French cambric, with long sleeves, shirt front, and frill of scolloped lace. A French hanging sleeve; coat with slashed skirt, and Spanish lappells, formed of figured Imperial sarsnet or Chinese silk—its colour spring green, buff, or jonquille, ornamented with a floss silk trimming of agreeably contrasted shades. A Gipsy hat of straw, or figured Imperial chip, worn rather forward; a little French cap appearing beneath, and the hair formed in close curls, or a waved crop behind. The hat tied simply across the crown with a narrow white ribband. A nankeen slipper, or shoe of pale green kid. Gloves of pale Limerick.

Child's Attire—A frock, and short trowsers of cambric, with Turkish pomposas of jonquille kid. A wrapping coat with deep cape, formed of fine scarlet, or purple kerseymere. A beaver hat and feather of pale brown, or dove colour.

No. 3.—Evening Costumes.

A plain round robe of white gossamer satin, with a short train, round bosom, seamed back, and long sleeves. Crescent tucker of rich antique lace. A white satin *coiffe a-la-Mary Queen of Scots*, edged with silver worm trimming; ornamented on the top and at the point, in the centre of the forehead, with pearl drops. This unique head-dress is confined under the chin, where it is attached to a crimp lace, which is extended to each ear. The hair is ever worn with this head-dress in full dishevelled curls; and the most elegant and appropriate ornaments are diamonds and amethysts. Shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. White kid gloves; fan of carved amber; and short round Opera tippet of swansdown.

No. 4.—Evening Costume.

A round robe of white or coloured Italian gauze, over a white sarsnet slip, ornamented round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with a fancy border of gold or silver, in tambour. The waist rather longer than usual, with round gored bosom, and rucked frock sleeve. A French cloak of figured or shaded sarsnet; the colour a silver grey, lilac, or peach-blossom, trimmed with a fine gossamer fur, or rich Chinese floss trimming. The hair drawn smooth from the front, and twisted in a knot on each side of the head, where it is confined with a comet pin; a full bunch of curls over the left eye, and a gold *bandeau*, or diadem, to correspond with the border of the robe. Pear ear-rings of pearl, with necklace, brooch, and bracelets to suit. Shoes of white figured silk, with gold rosets. Gloves of French kid, below the elbow.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE MOST ELEGANT AND SELECT *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.*

THE sweet season of Spring is rapidly advancing, and buds expanding into blossoms, put forth their varied hues in odoriferous beauty, while nature triumphs in the rich luxuriance of her train. The cheering rays of the Great Vivifier of our globe, awaken to new life the animal and vegetable kingdom. The dejected mind shakes off the lethargy of care, and feels its hopes revive; while the votaries of fashion, the frolic of spring, taste, and beauty, exulting in the splendour of their favoured isle, sport in the sunshine of rival grace and loveliness. So numerous and attractive are the combinations of attire offered in this gay season, that in order to give a delineation at once copious and select, we must forbear all digression, and pursue with our accustomed exactness and attention, the destined subject of remark. We commence therefore with the walking, or carriage costume.

We remark that pelisses and mantles of divers constructions, are here invariably adopted; these are chiefly formed of shaded double sarsnets, or Chinese silk, and we have seen some few of Italian crape, lined throughout with white sarsnet, which have a light and chaste effect. The most novel construction for these articles of apparel are, the Cassock, or *demi* robe-pelisse; it is formed to sit close to the person, embracing about two-thirds of the figure in length. It is constructed without a cape, flows in loose robes on each side from the centre of the back, and is occasionally confined at the bosom with an onyx, or cameo brooch. The long pelisse most distinguishing, is that which wraps plain across the figure on one side, meeting a loose flowing robe on the other, while a strip, the size of the throat, finished with a rich correspondent tassel, acts as a substitute for a collar. The only elegant or appropriate trimmings for this species of habiliment, is the Indian floss, double Trafalgar, gathered borders of the same, or the large link trimming described in our last. Canonical scarfs and spencers, rich silk shawls, fancifully and variously disposed, some few of muslin lined with coloured sarsnet, and tied on the figure in style like the drapery of our Grecian statues, with a few Spanish spencers, are observable amidst the endless variety which is offered at the shrine of the fickle Goddess. With the above mentioned habits are worn, the small Gipsy hat of straw, or chip, with *demi* caps of the same, or the small French hood of lace. Some tasteful females edge these attractive ornaments with a *petit* wreath of the white or yellow jessamine or any other delicate flower; they are usually tied across the crown with a ribband, or silk handkerchief, the colour of the coat or mantle. Straw and chip hats are also worn with the fancy turban, or *tiara* front, and short white veils; but for a neat or graceful figure, we consider no article of this nature so marked and becoming as the Gipsy.

The Minerva bonnet, the same as the pelisse, the small French poke, the small Scotch bonnet, with puckered *tiara* fronts—the two latter worn with short white veils, and silk cravats, with embroidered ends to correspond, adorn many of our females of acknowledged taste and celebrity. In full dress, the brilliant diversity which our fashionables display was scarcely ever equalled. We shall particularize a few of the most striking habits, and give our general remarks where it is impossible to be minute.

We observe that, amidst the many coloured robes which adorn our females in public, the chaste and elegant garb, formed of white satin, is selected by many of our fair countrywomen, and shines in pure and native lustre. These dresses are variously constructed, but are generally worn untrimmed, with long sleeves and high antique shirts of gold or silver tissue.—Sometimes these appear as a simple slip, and are worn with a lace veil, formed in a kind of short tunick. At others, a silver net drapery *à-la-Ariadne*, flows in the Grecian style round the figure, and is fastened on the left shoulder with a cameo brooch, or diamond buckle.—But the most unique and elegant habit we have witnessed this season, was a Rutland robe, formed entirely of Brussels lace, worn over a blossom satin under slip; the hair ornamented with a *tiara* of the apple blossom, exquisitely formed to nature, and fastened behind with a Persian pin of diamonds.—Round robes of white leno, made short; a broad white satin ribband placed at the bottom, with waist and sleeves to correspond, and a small Spanish hat of white satin, edged with silver Trafalgar, and ornamented with a frosted willow feather, appeared on two females of rank and beauty at the splendid musical party lately given by the amiable and interesting Mrs. K——. Roman tunicks clasped up the front, formed of coloured Italian gauze, with a white satin petticoat partially seen beneath, is an elegant and attractive garb. Borders of artificial flowers frequently ornament white drapery, and some few coloured borders in

needle-work, which produce an animated effect amidst the *coup-d'ail* of a drawing-room.

The high antique ruff is still but partially adopted. Indeed it can never be worn to advantage but with a fine throat, and commanding figure. The general style for gowns differs little from our last account: the waist is much increased in length with our most fashionable females, but the multitude seem not inclined to depart from that mediocrity to which in this particular, they have long adhered. Morning dresses are invariably formed a walking length, high in the neck, with long sleeves, and frequently with narrow treble flounce. To some are attached the French jacket, to others the tunic robe, and embroidered shirt. Caps of diverse construction are worn with this style of costume; and also in half dress. The court hood, or lappet cap, with the Grecian mob, are the most conspicuous for novelty and elegance. In the evening, or full dress, we see a few Indian turbans, also some Spanish hats and feathers; but the hair in the Grecian and antique style, with diadems and coronets, or bandeaus, together with *tiaras* of the frosted thistle, oak-leaf and fruit, roses in moss, and other fancy ornaments, is more generally adopted. With the cap *à-la-Mary Queen of Scots*, and also with the court lappet of fashionable attraction, the hair must be disposed in full dishevelled curls, bands and braids producing an unbecoming and graceless effect with these last-mentioned articles. The long sash of ribband, or sarsnet, with plain round dresses, tied immediately behind, or across the shoulder, *à-la-militaire*, has been lately revived; and on very young women, the latter style gives a graceful turn to the figure.

Trinkets afford a brilliant display in private parties, and at the Opera. Next to the diamond, which can never be out of fashion, the amethyst, ruby, and emerald, rank highest. Pearl, with center ornaments of these jewels, must also defy the power of fashion and the effects of time, for neatness, grace, and purity, can never be out of date, where the taste is correct, and the judgment sound. The Persian and comet pin, the cameo, onyx, and mosaic brooch, the gold linked necklace, pearl ditto, in form of flowers and shells, take precedence of other minor ornaments. Gloves of French kid, a pale primrose, silver grey, and flesh colour, now take their place, with the York tan, and Limerick.—We have before remarked, that in full dress nothing is admitted but white kid. Shoes are most fashionable, formed of double silk, to correspond with the pelisse, or otherwise, of pale blue, brown, or green kid. In the evening, white satin, kid, or figured silk, with gold or silver rosets, cannot be changed to advantage. The prevailing colours for the season are, shades of pale green, pale blue, lilac, buff, and jonquille.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S
MANSION AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THIS *chef d'œuvre* of architecture and furniture, which is now to be disposed of by private contract, is really the most superb residence we ever witnessed. It is the daily resort of the fashionable world, and amateurs of what is called the *classic*, in household embellishment. This superb mansion, together with its plantations, hot and succession houses, &c. have cost his Royal Highness no less a sum than eighty thousand pounds, independent of fourteen thousand pounds expended in the furniture and other decorations. The richness of the whole *tout ensemble*, and the accommodations which are multiplied *ad infinitum* for domestic comfort as well as ornament, are without a parallel in this country. The state apartments consist of several suites, they are as follow:—Entering the hall, from the court-yard, the windows appear with additional splendour, from their being composed of stained glass. To the left of the grand geometrical staircase is a noble vestibule, which leads into the dining parlour; this apartment is of the grandest proportions, being about forty feet by twenty-five, the walls are elegantly finished *in fresco*. The curtains are of superfine orange colour cloth, of an Etruscan hue, pannelled out with very bold and broad margins of velvet; the draperies after the Etruscan style, are suspended over antique cornices. The whole of the windows are occasionally covered with painted transparencies on silk, producing the most beautiful effect imaginable. On this floor is the private library; the walls of which are covered entirely with azure blue silk, and decorated with fanciful draperies. The book cases are without doors; in their stead, from each shelf is suspended a novel and very tasteful *vallen* of blue silk, decorated with *bullions*, in festoons and drops. The chairs in this room are of white and gold. The vestibule is *en suite* with the dining parlour. Ascending the grand staircase, you enter, on the first flight, another vestibule, which leads to the principal drawing-rooms.

The walls of these magnificent apartments are painted wholly in *bas relief*, and finished with gold mouldings in compartments. In this room are mirrors of vast magnitude and uncommon beauty; they occupy the spaces between the piers and over the chimney-pieces. Under each of the two principal piers is placed a table of the most exquisitely designed and executed *scagliola* marble, perhaps ever witnessed; it represents Etruscan vases and antiquities. These tablets are supported by superbly carved and gilt *chimeras*. The chairs are of white and gold, covered with blue damask silk. The curtains are composed of white lutestrings, with continued draperies of azure blue satin; they are very tastefully arranged, and occupy the whole length of the rooms; the principal apartment is forty feet long. The carpets are of the cut-velvet manufacture, in shades of crimson. Contiguous to the latter is a superb *boudoir*, or Turkish room, fitted up in strict costume. On the second story is the Duke's sitting-room, which is chiefly remarkable for its commanding cite, and the general simplicity of its outline. This room is fitted up with book cases, in white and gold; and Grecian couches. Adjoining to this is his Royal Highness's bed-chamber, in which is placed an elegant French bed, tastefully formed with draperies of yellow cotton, and embroidered white muslin. On this floor is an unique bath, made after the French style, the bath being concealed in a couch, and covered with cushions and draperies. This bath is supplied with hot or cold water, which is always kept in a state of temperament for instant use. The residue of this suite is occupied by dressing rooms and vestibules. Passing up the third flight of stairs, you enter a lady's sitting room, the walls of which are wholly hung with blue calico, formed into quills, and surmounted by festoons, decorated with bullion fringe. The curtains of this room are of blue calico and white muslin; the furniture is simply elegant, and consists of Grecian couches, sofa, tables, and magnificent pier and chimney glasses. Parallel to this apartment is another, fitted up to correspond, but having the addition of a French bed.

On the ground floor, beneath the dining parlour, is an oval conservatory, now filled with rare exotics. A door of communication leads to the Duke's private study; the latter is not finished. The innumerable offices, attached and detached, renders this enviable residence truly valuable; affording every accommodation for a very numerous household. No expence has been spared in supplying the house with every other requisite of domestic utility. In short, we may venture to add, there is not a mansion in the vicinity of the metropolis of equal attraction, combining all the luxury of Rome, with the simplicity and elegance of ancient Greece.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1808.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.
2. HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS; by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
3. FIVE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
4. Two new COUNTRY DANCES, composed expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. LANZA.
5. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, June* 1, 1808.

A COMPLETE SUITE OF

THE SERIES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES,

PAINTED BY JAMES BARRY, R. A.

And preserved in the Great Room of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi.

On the first of July, 1808 *(together with the succeeding Number of this Magazine), will be published* No. XXXIII. *the customary Half-yearly*

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

Which will conclude the present (being the Fourth) Volume of this Work, with the division of the year.

MR. BELL having been honoured with permission to make OULINE ENGRAVINGS from Mr. BARRY's celebrated suite of Pictures, entitled

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY,

he intends to present them to the Public in the next *Supplemental Number* of *La Belle Assemblée.*

These Works of the deceased Mr. Barry, have long been esteemed one of the greatest ornaments of the Art of Painting in this Country; and it has been a subject of regret that they have never hitherto been engraved. Mr. Bell is proud to say, that the OUTLINE SPECIMEN which he shall give of them, in fidelity and perspicuity, will not be inferior to the most finished works of the graver.

These Pictures, being Six in number, and containing infinite work, and variety of character, Four of them only will be given in the next SUPPLEMENT; the remaining Two will be included in the two suceeding Numbers of the Magazine.

The SUPPLEMENT will contain descriptions and criticisms of these Pictures; the life of Barry; and a variety of interesting and original matter upon every department of the Art.

Orders should be immediately given to secure fine impessions of these invaluable Prints.—The SUPPLEMENTAL Number is charged Half-a-Crown, the price of each Number of this Work.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE COUNTESS of OXFORD.

Engraven by special Permission for the 34th Number of La Belle Assemblee Published
June 1. 1808.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Thirty-First Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

The founder of the honours of the noble house of Oxford, was the celebrated Harley, who, in the early part of the last century, during the reign of Queen Anne, was entrusted with the most important offices in the state.

The character of Harley will be long remembered in English politics; he was at the head of the famous Tory party in the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne, and was suspected of a design (to which indeed all the members of that celebrated body were exposed) of bringing in the Pretender.

He was attacked at the Council Board by the knife of an assassin, and received a most dangerous wound. This injury, and insult to a minister in his office, produced an act of parliament, making it felony to attempt the life of a Privy Councillor.

The death of Queen Anne broke down the whole system of Tory politics.—Harley was not only driven from his place, but committed to the Tower; until the malignity of his enemies abated, his life was in danger; but as time softened their asperity, it produced in like manner his release.

The founder of the Oxford family however will long be remembered for his patronage of literature, when the virtues and vices of his political conduct will be consigned to equal oblivion. The patron and friend of Pope and Swift will be cherished in the remembrance of the wise, when the Lord Treasurer of Anne, and the opponent of Walpole, will be forgotten. To the present possessor of his honours, Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and Baron Harley of Wigmore, the Countess, whose portrait embellishes this Number of our Magazine, was married on the 3d of March, 1794. She was a daughter of the late Rev. James Scott, A. M. vicar of Itchin, in Hampshire, and who, we believe, was tutor to his Lordship, while at the University. This union has produced three children,—a daughter born March 9, 1796; Lord Harley, the heir-apparent to the title, born January 20, 1800, and another daughter born December 12, 1801.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

LUCRETIA GRENVILLE was betrothed to Francis Duke of Buckingham, at the time he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to revenge his death on the murderer. During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original; and, as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public, and when he did, it was with such precaution, that few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred: the city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honour of the Protector, who, either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in all the splendour of royalty. Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to neglect so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design into effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she laboured; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong, that she nearly fainted, but, however, recovered just as the usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim, and fired; but a sudden start, which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction from that which was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry the Protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet. The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade, and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle. Above twenty females were on their knees, imploring his mercy, with uplifted hands, whilst *one* only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the usurper, exclaimed, "Tyrant, it was I who dealt the blow; nor should I rest satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that ere another twelvemonth has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me."

The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, were preparing to level the house to the ground, when Cromwell cried aloud, with the most artful *sangfroid*, "Desist, my friends! alas! poor woman, she knows not what she does," and pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested, and confined in a mad-house.

THE ARTIST.

No. V.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[*Continued from Page* 155.]

THE schools of art, in the Academy, were an object of attention with Mr. West. Men of eminence were appointed to preside in them, and every regulation was provided that could stimulate and forward the growth of genius. It is but justice to add, that the success of these endeavours was rendered complete in the rapid improvement of the young artists, and that a more promising body of juvenile painters was never formed and educated in any similar institution. Still, however, there were difficulties to contend against, which neither arose from the art or the artist, but which had a melancholy origin in the public itself. We scarcely need mention that this difficulty was the general and deplorable want of patronage, and the encouragement of opulent men.

Young men of the highest talents, and the utmost delicacy of mind, after having been formed in this Academy, were frequently obliged to seek subsistence in producing works, degrading to their talents and their profession, and thus to submit their minds to the most slavish and meanest branches of professional labour, by which the dignity of the art was impaired, and the national celebrity, as connected with it, sensibly tarnished.

Mr. West, thus beholding the higher department of the art upon the decay, and having had personal demonstration of the avidity with which it was about to be cherished in a neighbouring country, made known his anxiety, with respect to its declining state in this country, from want of patronage and national incitement, to many noblemen and gentlemen, as well as to the members of the Royal Academy,—who equally felt the necessity of taking some decisive steps to obviate the consequences which it threatened. This gave rise to several meetings of men of considerable rank and fortune at the house of Mr. West, to take into consideration the mode of carrying into effect the desirable purpose of cherishing the higher department of art in this country. The particulars of these meetings, and the result of the general sentiments there expressed, Mr. West held it his duty to communicate to his Majesty, whose gracious intentions towards the prosperity of the arts had uniformly been made manifest upon every occasion.

Mr. West made it an essential point, in these interviews, to explain to his Majesty, that a new Institution was necessary for the purpose of forwarding the growth of the arts, in taking up the ingenious artist where the Royal Academy left him, and after he had been educated in that school of delineation. Mr. West, likewise informed his Majesty, that in order to carry this Institution into effect, his Majesty would be waited upon by some of the noblemen and gentlemen who were then forming themselves into a committee for arranging the Institution, under his Majesty's patronage.

Thus concluded the second presidency of the Royal Academy under Mr. West; and we shall now pass to the third presidency, that of Mr. Wyatt.

As we formerly took a review of the state of portrait and historical painting, prior to the accession of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West to those branches of the art, it will be necessary, as Mr. Wyatt is an architect by profession, to combine, with our previous researches, a review of the state of architecture in England before the appearance of that gentleman.

Inigo Jones is the first who claims our attention in the refinement of this branch of science. He flourished in the reign of Charles

the First. As an example of the purity and grandeur of his taste, we have only to refer our readers to that perpetual monument of his fame, the front of Whitehall. In this noble work we behold the taste and science of Palladio, the pride of Italian architecture, founded upon those principles which marked the Greeks in the best æra of their arts.

The next of our countrymen who distinguished himself in architecture was Sir Christopher Wren. His structure of St. Paul's, the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, St. Bride's steeple, Bow, and other prominent works of architecture which adorn the city of London, are sufficient testimonies of the grandeur and refinement of his taste, which, like that of his predecessor Inigo Jones, was founded upon the style of Greece and modern Italy. These buildings are not only the pride of Englishmen (particularly the dome of St. Paul's,) for the transcending purity of their taste, and the majesty of their structure, but are the admiration of the refined and scientific in every part of the world.

Sir William Chambers, in his building of Somerset-Place, and Mr. Robert Adam, in his numerous private structures in different parts of England, laboured jointly to support the solid principles and refined taste of their predecessors, and to embellish their native countries with the best models of Italy and Greece; and at this period, the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, maintained the science and purity of the same taste.

Such was the progress of architectural science, and such the attempts which had been made by a succession of artists, to maintain its purity and refinement, and preserve all those qualities of the art which Greece had originated, and Italy restored, from the reign of Charles the First to the demise of Chambers and Adam, in the present reign. From that period, we are compelled to acknowledge the rapid degeneracy and depravation of all those principles of the art,—of its purity, its refinement, its majesty, and its principles of science. We are condemned to lament the subversion of true taste, more particularly in religious structures, and the prevalence of that architectural caprice, which, founded on a Gothic origin, and vitiating even this imperfect model, by a wild and injudicious application of it, has reduced the art so much in the scale of science, that we scarcely recognize the dignity of its first origin, in ecclesiastic edifices, or can be enabled to recal the perfection, the taste, and the majesty, of which it was once susceptible.

It is but just to say, that the magnificent structure of the Abbey at Fonthill can have no share in this imputation. The gentleman to whom it belongs had too much taste and good sense to admit of any other style of architecture than that of the pure Gothic.

It is this style of building misapplied which is the object of our censure; it is this style which, carried into palaces, public buildings, dwelling-houses, has so much deteriorated the original purity of architecture, and subverted all the principles of the antients. It is rendered yet more intolerable by that unskilful combination and jumble of the classic orders, which belonged solely to antient temples and mausoleums,—by that affected mixture of the Greek and Egyptian ornaments appropriated to cenotaphs, and which, in modern taste, we now behold over senates and banqueting-houses; in a word, by that heterogeneous medley, which, in endeavouring to combine all, has left nothing distinct, or in possession of its native principles and proper purity, but with a truly savage contempt, has put aside every thing that science had established on the basis of nature and truth, to substitute a mere catching effect, a gaudy heap of ill-assorted wonders, which, when the novelty shall have ceased, will become the contempt of the meanest stone-mason and bricklayer. Truly do we lament, that the architect, to whom we are indebted for the inside of the Pantheon, (now consumed by fire) should have lent the authority of his name, and contributed so much to this absurd taste of architecture, and incongruous jumble of discordant principles of art.

We have now exhausted the history of the several presidencies, and all the materials of the life of Mr. West. His recal to the chair of the Royal Academy, after his resignation, is still fresh in the public remembrance. He still fills this eminent situation in the arts; and it is to be hoped he will continue to occupy this elevated seat as long as his health will permit him.

In our SUPPLEMENTAL Number, which will be published the first day of July, 1808, we shall give a correct catalogue of all the works of Mr. West, the various sizes of the pictures, the persons for whom they have been painted, and in whose possession they now are.

This catalogue, we are proud to say, has the most unquestionable authenticity; it will be continued up to the very last works of this master,—even to the day on which it is compiled.

Painted by J. F. Reynolds. Engraved by G. Clint.

THE INFANT HERCULES.

London Published as the Act directs June the 1st 1808. by John Bell &c.

Weekly Messenger Office Southampton Street Strand. & at La Belle Assemblée No 31

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS subject has a well-known origin in the Mythology of the Greeks, and is a representation of one of those fabled acts of infantine prowess which the poets have ascribed to Hercules.

Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon, being seduced by Jupiter, who presented himself to her in the character of her husband, then absent at Thebes, conceives by the God, and gives birth on the same day to Hercules and Iphiclus—Amphitryon, instigated by the jealousy of Juno, who was mortified by the honour conferred upon Alcmena, and desirous likewise to know which of the twins was his own son, introduced into their cradle two serpents of unusual malignity and size.—Iphiclus trembled and fled; but Hercules testified his divine origin by the immediate act. He seized the snakes, grappled their throats, and strangled them in the moment. The son of Jupiter was immediately confessed, and Amphitryon stood too much in awe of the vengeance of the Gods, to venture the destruction of the infant hero.

The Poets have given another account of the origin of this miracle. It is unnecessary to relate it—Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the present composition, has taken the general features of his story from Mythology at large.

The present figure was the original study made by the artist for the large picture, painted by command of the late Empress of Russia.—Sir Joshua is conceived by many to have caught the original idea, and much of the style and manner of expression, from the same subject painted by Augustino Caracci, after a design of his brother Annibal's. There can indeed be little doubt but that we owe the present work to the original attempt of these celebrated masters. Nevertheless, we are bound to insist, if not upon the invention, at least upon the superiority and more enlarged comprehenson of the English painter. The Hercules of Augustino Caracci has the grandeur, and much of that style which is peculiar to this illustrious school; but it has not that combination of charms, that variety of expression, that peculiar sweetness and grace of infancy—nor does it represent that divine and calm intrepidity which we expect from the infant son of Jove. The Hercules of Augustino is a little man; he shrinks from the serpent, which is not sufficiently heroic, nor of a proper magnitude or malevolence for the sublimity of the scene; he seems doubtful of his own power to resist,—in a word, there is nothing in his Hercules celestial, intrepid, or truly engaging.

But in the Hercules of Sir Joshua we contemplate every assemblage of qualities which art could introduce without impairing the dignity of the subject. The grace and sweetness of youth are united with the most powerful muscular strength; and notwithstanding the prodigious size and violent swell of the joints, there is no want of elegance or ease. He strangles the serpents in the same manner as an indignant boy would dash to the ground a plaything that teased him.—His grasp is easy, though it has the characteristic of immense force, and his effort has not the rudeness or distortion of an act of violence. The figure is astonishingly grand; the frown of the child, contending with the otherwise predominating sweetness of his countenance, has an indescribable effect. The serpents are conceived with great sublimity and magnificence of fancy; in a word, as a single figure, no effort of Sir Joshua's pencil has ever excelled it.

THE LIFE OF DOMENICHINO ZAMPIERI.

If the expression of the human passions be the principal object of painting, no man can be considered more eminent in his art than Domenico Zampieri, who directed the whole powers of his genius to this point. If it be true, likewise, that the persecutions of envy and mediocrity, which are ever armed against the talents that pain and eclipse them, do but in the end advance that merit which they endeavour to obstruct, what man ever had a greater claim to the benevolence and regret of his contemporaries than this illustrious artist?

Born in an obscure station, he was involved in continual struggles to surmount the obstacles of his condition: the bloom of life withered in obscurity; and the works which are now praised by the contending enthusiasm of nations were then either unknown or calumniated; but he bore all with patience and fortitude, and died the victim of envy, without enjoying the fruits of his labour, or even that celebrity of which men of genius are more reasonably desirous.

Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna, October 21, 1581, was the son of a common shoemaker. His father, notwithstanding his early inclination to painting, refused to give him the same education as his eldest son, Gabriel, who was from the first devoted to that art, and placed with Dennis Calvart, a celebrated painter, who had been long settled at Bologna. Domenico was initiated into the study of letters; and the ambition of his parents was to see him one day, either at the bar or the church, in the exercise of a lucrative profession, which might enable him to soothe and support their decline of life.

Zampieri, however, was an indifferent judge of the talents of his children: Gabriel made no progress in drawing, and Domenico, though not backward in his studies, would yet frequently absent himself from school, either to sketch rude designs of figures, or enjoy the society of a neighbouring artist who perceived and fostered his genius.

His father, being told of this conduct, after reprimanding and punishing him, insisted that his master should chastise him with the utmost rigour whenever he was absent from his studies.

The precaution was useless: the genius of Domenico burst forth in spite of restraints; and Gabriel, having represented to his father the greater advantages which were likely to ensue from encouraging this strong propensity in Domenico, than in devoting him to a study unpropitious to his genius, obtained leave of Zampieri to exchange conditions with his brother, who was from that time to occupy his place with Dennis Calvart, whilst he himself passed over to those studies which Domenico had rejected.

Dennis Calvart was not slow in perceiving the happy talents of his new pupil; he formed him on the same principles which Guido and Albano had received in his school before their removal to that of the Caracci.

But Domenico took less pleasure in copying the designs of his master than in imitating some prints of Augustino which he had procured.

His master surprised him one day employed in drawing from an engraving of this artist; and making a pretext of a quarrel on the day before, on account of the negligence of his pupil in letting fall a picture, which he had triflingly damaged, he beat him with shocking brutality, and sent him away with a bloody nose.

From fear of another chastisement he was afraid to appear before his father; he stole privately into the house, and concealed himself in a chamber, where he could overhear the conversation of his parents. There he passed the night; but the next day, to ease their inquietude at his absence, he appeared before them. His sorrowful countenance, his plaintive and simple tale, dissipated the anger they had conceived.

It was soon resolved that he should embrace the first opportunity of a recommendation to the Caracci. But Zampieri was too poor to afford the expence of educating his son under those masters.

Domenico offered, as a compensation, to undertake those offices in the school which belonged to the servants; for such was his love of the art, and so strong his desire of receiving instructions from those illustrious masters, that he was not ashamed of any servile condescensions, provided they were not dishonest.

Augustino, to whom he was first presented, introduced him to his cousin Louis, who received him with kindness bordering on affection as they had been both equally ill used by their first master.

Admitted in the school of the Caracci, Domenico laboured with unwearied assiduity. He applied himself not only to the mere copying of the drawings of Augustino, of which he strove to imitate the outlines with exactness, but his ambition was more nobly directed to catch the character and expression of the passions, and to investigate the causes which made them strike, as well as the exterior symbols of the art. His masters, while they praised his diligence, predicted his future eminence; but the scholars formed an opinion less advantageous of his genius. They were prejudiced by his timidity, bashfulness, and slowness in receiving his lessons; they were confirmed in their unfavourable opinion when they looked to the manner of his studying. He appeared to labour little, and affected nothing of that promptitude and temerity which are often mistaken for marks of genius. They had themselves adopted this system of judgment from the example of Louis Caracci, who had obtained by long practice, that facility of pencil which is worthy but of little esteem unless united with the more essential qualities of the art. But Domenico did not suffer himself to be seduced by a superficial merit; indefatigable in his labours, and earnest in pursuit of perfection, he was never contented with himself: he was restless and thoughtful before he began a work, was constantly effacing, and commencing anew, and was deeply afflicted by every imaginary failure. Heated by the study of the poets and historians, his mind caught the spark of sympathy from them, and he attached himself to pathetic subjects.

In order to catch the true expressions of character and nature, he frequented the scenes of public concourse, observed the artless vivacity of the young, the tardiness and gravity of the aged, the soft emotions of women, and the greater dignity and energy of man in the vigour of life. Wrapped up in his cloak, he took slight crayon-sketches of their different attitudes, and returned home to finish them while the images were yet fresh in his mind.

The singularity of these studies, little known or followed by his companions, contributed to separate him from them, and confirmed the opinion they already entertained of his indolence, irresolution, and incapacity. But, even at this early age, he obtained a pre-eminence above his rivals too exalted for envy to dispute.

Louis Caracci had established in his school a kind of public exhibition, in which the composition of a drawing chosen from history or mythology was proposed to his scholars, and whoever succeeded best was honoured with the title of *Prince of the Academy*.—Domenico contrived to introduce, privately, his own performance among those of his rivals, and his drawing was adjudged the superiority three times successively, without a detection being made of the prosperous candidate. Every one was surprised that the author of such successful works should refuse the honour of being known and admired for them; and after many fruitless inquiries among his pupils, Augustino addressed himself to Domenico. His silence and modesty betrayed him, and the contempt which had been hitherto entertained of his talents was converted into esteem and admiration. This triumph was the origin of his reputation; and on account of his extreme youth, and eagerness to assist his companions in their studies, he received from them as the testimony of their friendship, the surname of "*The Domenichino*," an honour which he retained throughout his life.

It was then that he began to handle the pencil. His first drawings, though not executed with much facility, shewed a justness of expression, and a force of *relief*, which none of his school-fellows could attain, though they worked with more expedition, and, frequently, with more imagination. Louis Caracci proposed him as an example to his pupils; for such was the ambition of Domenichino that he aimed at every part of the art, and, constantly contemplating and minutely inspecting the works of his master, he applied himself not only to the composition and disposition of his drawings, but examined every thing in its detail and progress.

But if he appeared slow in his conceptions, and difficult in the choice of his ideas, this fastidiousness increased yet more when he came to express them on canvas. When he had drawn his outline and given the first strokes of his pencil, he remained fixed with such ardour to his labour, that he could scarcely detach himself from it, even for the common repose of nature.

When he was more advanced in age he formed a friendship for Albano, with whom he had passed many years. They studied together; and, aiming each at the same excellence, communicated their ideas, and assisted each other by mutual advice. This friendship continued long unempoisoned by jealousy.

They went together to Parma, Reggio, and Modena, where the inspection of the paintings of Corregio and Parmegiano instructed them how to unite the sublimities and the graces of the pencil.

Some time afterwards Albano went to Rome, to view the gallery which Annibal Caracci had painted at the palace Farnese; and he promised Domenichino, who was much hurt by their separation, to return and carry him to Rome with him, where he might expect a much better establishment than in his native country.

Six months passed after the departure of Albano, and Domenichino experienced no good effects from his promises. Impatient to join him, and inflamed by the sight of some drawings taken from the works of Annibal Caracci, in the gallery of the palace of Farnese, which Albano had sent to Louis, to place in his school, he departed suddenly for Rome, and rejoined his friend, who little expected him. Their intimacy was now unremitted; they lodged in the same house, and lived out of a common purse for two years.

At the recommendation of Albano, Domenichino was received in the school of Annibal, who was delighted at being able to attach a pupil of such high hopes to himself, and formed a design of educating him as a rival to Guido, whose reputation he saw, with some jealousy, prevailing above that of his other pupils. While Louis, at Bologna, was opposing Guerchino to him, Annibal, employed in the same project, was training up Domenichino, whose superiority, in many respects, he perceived over Guido. He accelerated his progress by all means in his power, and was not slow in furnishing him with an opportunity of coming before the public with advantage.

Annibal, being obliged to employ Albano in the paintings of the chapel Errera, and, for this purpose, to detach him from his employment in the Farnese gallery, occupied Domenichino in this last work. He not only employed him to fill up his own sketches, but engaged him to execute a subject of his own invention in an apartment of the garden adjoining to the gallery. Domenichino represented Adonis killed by the wild boar.—The grief of Venus was so well expressed, and the various actions of the Loves attendant on her were so suitable to the object, that Annibal himself was even astonished at his skill. This was the first picture that he painted at Rome.

His knowledge of the art daily advanced, as well in designing, as in disposing his figures, and more particularly in expressing the passions. But the more Caracci was attached to him, the more exposed was he to the jealousy of the other painters. Mortified at the increase of his fame, they endeavoured to undermine it by the meanest artifices, and, unhappily, but too well succeeded.

Lanfranc, his contemporary at the school of the Caracci, began the attack, and disparaged, on all occasions, the performances of Domenichino. Antonio Caracci, the natural son of Augustino, had the weakness and malice to join with the calumniators of this great painter. They pretended that Domenichino wanted the spirit of invention, and that his works (to adopt a cant phrase) *passed under the yoke*. They called him in derision, the *Ox*; and this gave occasion to a reply of Annibal's: 'If he be an *Ox*," said he, "he is one who labours in a field which will fertilize and nourish painting to all ages." These sentiments of Annibal did equal honour to his heart and judgment; for of all the painters then living, the only one who could give him umbrage, and dispute the first rank with him, was his pupil Domenichino.

Francesco Polo, master of the ceremonies to the Pope, to whom he had been recommended by Albano, on his arrival at Rome, obtained him the esteem and protection of M. I. B. Agucchi, of a distinguished family at Bologna, and capable of estimating the merits of a Domenichino. He perceived the injury which the fortune and fame of this young painter sustained from the detraction of his enemies, and resolved to rescue him from this unpleasant situation, and procure him some solid means of subsistence: he acordingly recommended him to the patronage of his brother, the cardinal Jerome Agucchi.

But the good intentions of the two brothers had nearly proved fruitless to Domenichino. His embarrassed deportment, his excessive timidity, and tardiness in developing his abilities, prejudiced the cardinal against him: who thought it impossible that a man of distinguished talents should want that species of confidence which mostly accompanies genius. But M. Agucchi did not easily give up the cause of Domenichino; and in order to erase all disadvantageous impressions, he caused him to paint privately, a picture in oil, representing Peter delivered from prison by the Angel; which when finished, he placed in the apartment of the cardinal. When his eminence beheld it, he was enraptured; he summoned the connoiseurs, who all declared it admirable: he then demanded the painter's name. His brother confessed the stratagem. The picture was placed in the church of St. Peter in Vinculis; and the cardinal, from that moment, decided in favour of Domenichino's pencil.

It may be remarked, in the life of this artist, that he no sooner began to triumph over the

cruelties of his fortune, than some unforeseen accident involved him in new difficulties, and blighted his hopes in their bud. The cardinal, whose favour he had so well earned, died a short time afterwards.

Domenichino was employed to ornament the tomb of his benefactor. He drew the design of the monument; below he painted, in an oval, the portrait of the cardinal, supported by two sphinxes. He was desirous likewise, from gratitude, to execute, with his own hand, in marble, some other ornaments, among which was one of the two heads of a ram, which is to be seen at the front of the tomb.

Convinced of the great talents of Domenichino, M. Agucchi received him into his house, and gave him a pension. Ease and tranquillity were to him stronger motives for giving himself up wholly to the study of his art. Very different have been their effects on other celebrated artists, whom independence has made indolent, and taken away from them the relish of industry, and the taste of their science.

He here painted many pictures in oil, of various sizes. It was at this period that he painted the greater proportion of his smaller works, which, having often changed their place, are now exhibited to all Europe. The principal ones are at Paris, and form a part of the Central Museum.

M. Agucchi was not backward in employing the talents of Domenichino. Having become major domo to cardinal Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement the Eighth, he proposed to the cardinal the decoration of his villa at Belvedere, which was then building. Domenichino painted the different subjects from the history of Apollo.

Annibal Caracci, delighted with the vigorous and scientific manner of his pupil, employed himself in studying occasions to bring his talents into greater notice, and give them a more full and general scope: he engaged him to paint upon one of the gates of the gallery of Farnese, a girl with an unicorn, the device of the house of Farnese.

Domenichino was afterwards employed at the abbey of the *Grotta Ferrata*, ten miles from Rome, where he painted in the chapel, for the cardinal Odoard Farnese, many of the miraculous actions of St. Nil and St. Bartholomew, and other subjects of devotion. It was Annibal who obtained him this employment.

Among the pictures of this artist which enjoy the most distinguished reputation, there is one which we regard with a superior kind of attention, as it recals an interesting event of his life: it is that in which St. Nil receives the visit of the emperor Otho the Third. The young man, in a rich habit, who appears leaping from a spirited horse, presents the portrait of a young girl of Frescati, with whom Domenichino was in love, and whom her parents had refused to betroth to him.

One day she came with her mother into the chapel where he was working; he seized the opportunity of taking her portrait, and placing it in his picture. The change of dress could not so far disguise her features, but that the parents perceived it. They resented it towards Domenichino, who, naturally timid, precipitately quitted the *Grotta Ferrata*, and returned to Rome.

If he found in Annibal Caracci a master who did justice to his merit, he possessed likewise in Albano a warm friend, who neglected no opportunity of serving him. The ardour with which he espoused the interest of Domenichino, without any mixture of envy at the works of so powerful a competitor for fame, reflects the highest credit on his memory.

The Marquis Justiniani employed Albano in his mansion at Bassano; and hearing from him scarcely any thing else but the praises of his friend, he confided to Domenichino the painting of one of the chambers.

He represented here many subjects from the history of Diana.

The manner in which he acquitted himself in this work added greatly to his reputation. Annibal, who was now labouring under the distemper which put a period to his life, obtained, by the credit of the cardinal Scipio Borghese, that Domenichino, whose skill in architecture he well knew, should be intrusted with the decoration of the interior of the chapel of St. Andrew, in the church of St. Gregory, on mount Cœlius. He procured for him afterwards one of the larger pictures, which is still to be seen in that chapel. Guido was appointed to paint the picture opposed to it.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS,

WITH A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY AND OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THAT CAPITAL, IN A LETTER FROM AN ANGLO-AMERICAN RESIDENT THERE.

[*Concluded from Page* 171.]

THE most frequented of the public gardens is Tivoli, which is in the *Rue Saint Lazare*, and formerly belonged to Boutin the financier. This was the first garden which was opened to the public. Here they exhibit fireworks, and have an Orchestra well filled with instrumental performers. The price of entrance is three francs, or an English half-crown.

The garden of Frescati is on the *Boulevard Italien*. This is the favourite summer promenade of all the voluptuous idlers of Paris, of both sexes. But neither this place, nor Tivoli, is to be compared with your Vauxhall gardens; the delights of which are more in consonance with good sense than are to be found in any other public garden that I have seen in any part of the universe.

In the garden of the Capuchins, on the *Boulevard L'Antin*, are to be seen *Comediens les Marionettes and Fantocini*, or puppet-shews, in the French and Italian manner; an amphitheatre *d'equitation*, or horse-riding; another for dancers; *Funambules*, or rope-dancers; *des Escamoteurs*, or jugglers. Here you may behold *la Puce savante*, or the learned flea; the sacrifice of Jephtha; *L'Ane savant*, or the erudite ass; the tiger of Bengal; *le concert hydraulique*, or water concert, &c. &c.

The public gardens, where all are privileged to enter without payment, on the observance of good manners, are the Thuilleries, the *Champs Elysées*, or Elysian fields; the *Jardin Soubise*; the *Jardin Paphos*; the garden of the Luxembourg; the botanic garden; the garden of the arsenal, &c.

At present there are twenty-two newspapers published in Paris, and each department has its proportionate number. The *Moniteur* of Paris is the paper in which are first published all the official notifications of the government. Each paper, and every species of book, or pamphlet, is subject to a censorial inspection previous to publication.

The Boulevards of Paris formed in the earlier ages the bulwarks of the city: they are now continued entirely round Paris, and make perhaps the most variegated and pleasant scene of perambulation in the world. It is scarcely possible to convey an adequate description of this amusing scene, especially of that interesting part which lies between *Place Concorde* and the *Rue St. Antoine*.

Place Concorde, heretofore known by the name of *Place Louis quinze*, is the spot where the late king and queen were guillotined, and, eventually, a great number of those who had voted for the death of this benevolent sovereign. The same loathsome machine is now used for the common malefactors in the *Place de Grève*. The remains of Louis and Antoinette were thrown, with quick lime, into a rude grave made in the cemetery of the Magdalens, where they are now making a foundation for an immense monument to the honour of the grand armies of France. Here, by a rational inference, it may be supposed, that the dust of this royal pair will constitute a part of that cement which is now binding the marble bases of this temple.

How strongly this illustrates the reasoning of the immortal Shakespear:—

"Imperial Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay,
"May stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

The road of the Boulevard is wide and well preserved, and each of the foot-paths is lined with trees, which form a most agreeable shelter from the heat of the sun, during the summer months. I have already enumerated the theatres which are on the Boulevards; in addition to which there are panoramas, gardens, hot and cold baths, green-houses, over which they announce the enjoyment of "an eternal spring;" *le Casse estaminet*, where you can enjoy your pipe, and coffee-houses for tea, where you cannot. The surprising Furioso, the tumbler, dances before you on the tight and slack rope, with more boldness and agility than Richer, but not so easy and pleasing; whilst on the other hand you may see feats of horsemanship by Franconi, although very inferior to the graceful exertions of the younger Astley. Here are conjurors, who sell fortunate numbers in the lottery for two sols each, who have not interest enough with fortune to procure a decent coat for themselves; and pro-

Phecying Sybils, who cannot divine at what moment the police will dissolve their spells, and chain their own persons in durance vile. In the evening you hear a concert in every avenue, and are regaled at the corner of a street by a ragged minstrel, singing "the delights of rural love," who has crawled from a starving family in the Fauxbourg St. Denis, to gather sustenance for his offspring. You are stunned with vociferations " to walk in," and see the facetious Mr. Punch and his accommodating spouse; the giant and the dwarf; the celebrated fire-eater from Lapland; Dutch birds taking a fort by storm; the court of king Solomon in all its glory; and the monkey shaving the cat.

When you are disposed to retire from this noisy scene, you are civilly desired to occupy a chair, for one sol, where you may lounge and meditate, or participate in the conversation of surrounding belles; as the ladies in France will engage in discourse with a well-bred man, without the dread of contamination from the interchange of polished sentiments.

To sum up all in a few words, the Boulevards of Paris is one continued fair, where all ages, sexes, conditions, and nations, appear to unite, to pass the vacant hours in chequered gaiety, and reduce the claims of want through the medium of pleasure.

I have now conveyed to you a tolerably correct idea of the present state of Paris, but here the pleasant part of the description ends; the departments of France are truly miserable, on a comparison with the counties of England. It is impossible to stop at a town, or village, in the interior of France, without being nearly overwhelmed with beggars, who importune you for money with unceasing yells; and whose squalid appearance shocks your feelings. Nor is the appearance of France so beautifully variegated, nor so luxuriantly fruitful, as England. The climate is fine and moderate, and, in the southern parts, more genial than in England, at least for a valetudinarian; but for rural imagery, superb pleasure grounds, wholesome beverage, excellent viands, free argument, and honest manners, give me old England, which is, and I hope ever will be, the seat of independence, and the garden of the world.

You have desired me to give you an idea respecting the general character of the present Emperor of the French, and of the leading personages of St Cloud, and I will endeavour to present you with a slight sketch of the parties.

Napoleon is about five feet five inches in height, well made, and somewhat muscular: it has been observed that, notwithstanding his fatigues, he has a tendency to be corpulent. His complexion is a pale olive; his eyes piercing; his hair brown, cut short, and uniformly unpowdered. He seldom smiles, and is, in the natural disposition of his mind, impetuous; but he corrects this habitude by a powerful command of his passions. He is very abstemious, takes snuff abundantly, and remains at dinner with the imperial family but thirty minutes, when they dine *en famille*. He eats of the plainest food, drinks four or five glasses of wine, takes his coffee (of which he is extremely fond), and departs. He passes the evening in visiting the lyceums, or places of public gratuitous education (of which Paris and its environs are full); examines the scholars personally; enters newly-established manufactories, and, when he deems the inventor worthy, invests him with the insignia of the legion of honour, which he frequently takes from his own coat for that purpose. On his return to St. Cloud, if in the country, or to the Thuilleries, if in town, he hears a concert, converses with his family, takes a slight repast, and retires to bed about eleven o'clock. In the morning he rises commonly with the lark, goes to his private cabinet, and examines written documents upon the affairs of state, or representations from all the ministers, both domestic and foreign; inscribes a concise resolution upon each, to be delivered to the proper officers in the course of the morning. In all these duties he is as regular as time itself; and even when encamped in the field of battle, I am informed that he pursues the same system upon a narrower basis. At six or seven o'clock he rings for his coffee, and then dresses himself for the day, his dress, on ordinary occasions, is a blue undress uniform, with white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches; military boots; a cocked hat, with a small cockade, placed on the very rim, a sword, and the order of the legion of honour suspended by a red ribbon from his button-hole. I should inform you, that no person enters his cabinet but his pages, and those only when he is present; and when he departs he takes the key in his pocket.

His library is fitted up in the English taste, and rather plain than otherwise; it is decorated with marble busts of great men, among which you find those of the late regretted Mr. Fox, and the immortal Nelson. The Emperor had a great personal esteem for Mr. Fox, and treated him, while that illustrious patriot remained in Paris, with the most conciliating attention. I am told that he has remarked that Mr. Fox was to Great Britain, what Cas-

sandra was to the Trojans, always telling truths, but, unfortunately, never believed.

I carried my curiosity so far, as to take measures to learn what books this extraordinary character was fond of perusing, and found that Ossian's poems, (well translated into Italian); the works of Newton and Leibnitz; Smith, on the Wealth of Nations; the works of Montesquieu, Tacitus, Guiccardini, &c. formed the leading articles with which he amused or informed himself in his leisure hours, if such an active mind can be supposed to have any leisure.

To indulge the curiosity of those natives and foreigners, whose rank and talents do not entitle them to an introduction at court, he takes an airing every Sunday evening in the gardens of St. Cloud, with the Empress, the imperial family, and his marshals: and I have observed that his attendant Mameluke is uniformly behind his person; and I was told that he sleeps at the entrance of his apartment, or tent, when he is on duty from the capital.

It cannot be denied that he is indebted for a great portion of his success, both in the cabinet and the field, to that judgment which he has displayed in selecting his ministers and officers, all of whom have been advanced for their individual merit. He has sometimes listened to the recommendation of distinguished persons, in filling up civil vacancies of little importance, but never any other; Marshal Augereau is the son of a grocer at Paris; Marshal Lefebvre is the son of an inn-keeper; Gen. Vandamme was a taylor in Brabant, and a great majority of the rest were of the same description.

Napoleon endeavours, by every species of artificial attention, to acquire and retain the good will of his army. He never suffers an officer to strike a soldier, on any pretence whatever: their punishments are through the medium of shame, privations, or death. In England, the citizen and soldier run parallel in their interests; but in France, the soldier is paramount in authority to the citizen: and this partiality is perhaps necessary in a government which owes the acquirement and consolidation of its power to the zeal and fidelity of the national armies.

His ambition is boundless, and seems to swell and extend in proportion as it is opposed! If it is asked, has he any political enemies in France? I would answer, truly, many: but the well connected system of his government precludes all opposition to his will, and even those enemies are becoming less every day, as the brilliancy of his career neutralizes the enmity of those who deprecate his power, by making their national vanity a party to his personal renown.*

His consort, Josephine, is supposed to be forty-five years old, though, in the court calendar of France she is said to have been born in 1768, which is only making her one year older than Napoleon, who was born on the 15th of August 1769. This lady is tall, with a well made person, and an expressive countenance. It is said, that when questioned as to the ancestry of Napoleon, when he became first consul of France, she quickly replied, "That his father was Mars, and his mother was Fortune."

With the situation of the rest of the Napoleon family, the world are pretty well acquainted. They know that Lucien (who is reported to be a man of ability and erudition) lives in a state of exile, at Tivoli, near Rome; the causes of this seclusion are perhaps unknown to any but the parties immediately concerned: many are assigned on the Continent, but none absolutely confirmed.

Jos. Napoleon is partially recognised as King of Naples: his consort is sister to M. Antoine, mayor of Marseilles, who is a worthy and unambitious man.

Louis Napoleon is partially recognised as King of Holland, very much against the will of a majority of the Mynheers, who certainly merit the military rigour which they endure. As the frogs of Batavia croaked most unreasonably at King Log, they must not complain that Fate has sent them a King Stork.

Jerome Napoleon is partially recognised as king of Westphalia, and is married to a daughter of the King of Wirtemburg, the consort of the Princess Royal of England! I have been in company with this new-fledged monarch, in the United States, where he was accompanied by his wife, late Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and his physician and secretary. He is

* The revenues of France amount to between thirty and forty millions sterling; and the subjects pay, in the aggregate, about 33 per cent. The taxes are chiefly levied on windows, individuals, door-ways, sign-boards, furniture, working patents, as no one is permitted to manufacture in any way without a patent; custom-house duties, which are now so inconsiderable, as not to pay the salaries, post-horses, lodgers, &c. &c.

The sum total for the annual consumption of food in Paris, according to the last calculation, amounts to 258,640,000 francs, each franc being about tenpence-halfpenny in value. One-sixth part of the population of Paris are classed as paupers.

a delicately made man of modest manners, and seemed to me to possess tolerable understanding; I rather think that "greatness has been thrust upon him," perhaps at the pressing instances of Madame la Mère (the imperial mother) who is most tenderly attached to this her youngest son.*

Field-marshal Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, is minister of war, and among the first personal favourites of Napoleon. To him is assigned the organization of those vast military plans which originate in his warlike master. At the battle of Marengo, this officer, who was second in command, rode up to Bonaparte, when victory was inclining to the Austrians, and exclaimed, "General, I fear the day is lost, for the enemy's cavalry have penetrated our right wing." "This is the first time (replied Bonaparte) that I have seen Gen. Berthier in agitation!" on which he galloped off, and placing himself at the head of Desaix's corps of reserve, charged the Austrians, and gained the day.

The present war establishment of France, consists of nearly one million, including the *gens d'armes*, &c. These armies are recruited by an annual levy of 80,000 conscripts, of which 50,000 are raised in the three first months of the year, and 30,000, which is called the reserve, in the remainder. They are raised by ballot in each department, which furnish their *quotas*, agreeably to their population. All descriptions of persons, excepting the clergy, and registered officers, are liable to this levy, which is selected from those young men who have passed their twentieth year, and not arrived at their twenty-third. When the lot falls on the son of a rich man, from 4 to 15,000 francs are frequently given for a substitute, who must be previously examined and approved by a military commission in each department. When any of the conscripts are refractory to the marching orders, they are chained together, and sent under an escort to the armies!

M. Champagny is the minister of the interior: to whom is confided the regulation of every thing that leads to the internal prosperity or embellishment of the empire.† He is now raising, under the orders of Napoleon, the following superb structures in Paris:—

A column in the Place Vendome, to the French arms; it is to be 150 feet high: in the inside is a spiral staircase, and on the outside are to be placed many of the cannon which have been taken from the Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, and other nations. The sides are to be decorated with appropriate sculpture, in imitation of the column of Trajan, at Rome, and on the summit is to be placed a statue of Napoleon. To render the effect of this column more striking, they have cut a handsome avenue, from the place Vendome to the Boulevards.

A Martial Temple, on the Boulevards St. Honoré, in which are to be placed the statues of all the generals who have served under Napoleon, with the various standards taken in battle: and on plates of gold are to be engraven the names of all the officers and soldiers who have fallen; and on plates of silver, of all those who may have survived these conflicts of horror and carnage.

A Triumphal Arch, at the Thuilleries, as already described.

A Temple to Victory, at the barriere of the *Champs Elysées*, which is to be encircled with several colonnades, and of a magnitude so extensive, that they have deemed it necessary to lay the foundation ninety feet beneath the surface.

A new *façade* to the *Palais du Corps Legislatif*.

The Column of Rostock, brought from Prussia by Napoleon, where it was erected by Frederick the Great, to commemorate a victory over the French armies.

The New Gallery of the Louvre.

The *Quai Desaix*, which is to be faced with a piazza.

The Pantheon of St. Genevieve. The New Bridge of the *Champ de Mars*, &c.

* In forming the establishment of this young gentleman, we find another glaring instance of ingratitude and baseness. The Abbé Maury, who made the "welkin ring" with praising the high and noble qualities of the royal house of Bourbon, and who was invested with the dignities of a cardinal at Rome, at the express solicitation of the pious aunts of the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth, no sooner found the house of Napoleon imperialized by the Holy Father, than he crawled to Paris, and solicited, and obtained the appointment of Aumonier, or chaplain, to the newly-created Prince Jerome, whose family he now sanctifies from the pulpit, at the expence of his benedictions as a priest, and of his integrity as a man! Such a duty in the Cardinal Fesch is in consonance with his received obligations, but in the Cardinal Maury it is disgusting.

† Since writing the above, I understand that M. Champagny is made minister for foreign affairs, and Gen. Clarke is made minister of the war department.

In regard to your question on the state of those public characters who have been so conspicuous during the revolution, and who are yet living, I can only answer imperfectly; General Moreau lives at Morrisville, on the banks of the Delaware, in the state of Pensylvania, in America. General Humbert (who was in Ireland) is in a state of domestic exile in Nantes, on a suspicion of being accessary to the plans imputed to Moreau. Tallien, who overthrew the monster Robespierre, is now a commercial agent in the Adriatic. Barrere, the inflated orator of the democratic assemblies of Paris, is now the author of the leading article of the *Argus* of Paris, which is translated into English under the inspection of a censor. Volney is a senator, but is not in favour at St. Cloud; he receives the salary, and lives in rural sequestration. The Abbé Sieyes, who had been the secret, but efficient mover of the governing machine, previous to the consulate of Bonaparte, lives in philosophic retirement: his influence is still supposed to be great, but he has never been known to exercise it for his own emolument.

I visited M. Barras at his *chateau*, where he lives, almost in a state of seclusion from society. He amused himself with the diversions of the chace, but the use of fire arms being interdicted by the prefect of that department, in consequence of an assault upon a few *gens d'armes* by some robbers, his pleasures are now confined to reading, and the conversation of a very limited number of visitors. Such is the recluse and fallen state of a man, who but a few years since was the dictator of France, and the origin of the imperial greatness of Napoleon himself!

The rest of the democratic actors, may be presumed to be in a state of secret mortification: those who have virtue, regretting the consequence of their folly; and those who are incurably desperate, lamenting that order and security is restored to society on any terms whatever.

Thus ends this trivial, but temperate and well meant statement. If you should object to the application of the epithet *great*, to the conqueror Napoleon, you must recollect that the Grecian Alexander possessed it on the same terms; and until mankind shall assign a greater portion of honour to their benefactors than their destroyers, such an annexation of false dignity will run current in opinion.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 159.]

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Vices of the Skin.

THE skin is subject to an infinite number of diseases, most of which require the aid of medical art; but how many females are there, who, neglecting to have recourse to it, suffer certain cutaneous affections, which if properly treated at their commencement would have disappeared speedily and without inconvenience, to take such deep root as not only to become extremely difficult but even frequently dangerous to cure. It is with a view to prevent an evil which is but too common, that we shall enable our readers of either sex, to apply a speedy remedy on the first appearance of the evil. I say of either sex, for if the men ought to leave to the women those precautions which tend to the embellishment of the skin, or as some ancient authors express it, to the illustration of the face, still they should equally with the fair sex adopt the means of preventing those hideous disorders which compromise health no less than beauty.

I shall not forget that we have physicians, and shall not encroach too far upon their province; I shall even frequently endeavour to persuade my readers to have recourse to their talents, and to prevent cases when it would be imprudent to leave them entirely to their own management.

I shall therefore treat only of the most common cutaneous diseases, and shall consider them rather as accidents destructive of beauty than as sickly affections; introducing nothing but the ordinary practice and what is adapted to the capacity of all. It is for this reason that I have entitled this chapter—Of the *Vices*, and not of the *diseases* of the skin.

The latter would have required too extensive a developement for the plan which I have chalked out.

I shall commence with that disease of the skin called by the French *couperose*. It is a redness accompanied with reddish pimples scattered over the whole face. These pimples sometimes resemble drops of blood, which has occasioned this disease to be termed *gutta rosacea*. It proceeds from a bad state of the liver. Its cure therefore, falls within the province of medicine, and if I treat of it here, it is principally with the intention of shewing the danger that is incurred by striving to cure it merely by topical applications.

This affection is often the consequence of the excessive use of wine, as among the inhabitants of Friesland and the Netherlands, where this disease is extremely frequent; but it may likewise proceed from other causes, since we often see that persons of the greatest sobriety are not exempt from it. It particularly attacks the nose, which it greatly disfigures, and which sometimes grows to a prodigious size.

This redness and these pimples, proceeding as we have observed from a vice of the liver, they cannot be cured without removing that vice, be its cause what it will. Any other cure would be merely a palliative. It is, therefore, very dangerous to confine one's self to external remedies, and especially to topical repellents, such as salt of saturn, which some quacks are not afraid to employ, without accompanying it with an internal treatment. It is then a misfortune to be successful and the more speedy the effect of this topical, the more pernicious it is, because you strike in a humour which nature was striving to expel. This humour being thus repelled may occasion the greatest derangements in the system and even produce incurable diseases, by attaching itself to some important viscus, and disturbing its functions. The patient may then think himself fortunate if he can again drive out externally that humour against which he has closed every outlet; but this it is commonly very difficult to effect. Instances have been known of persons perishing because they imprudently cured a too inveterate couperose.

This disease, then, should not be treated thus, unless when it is recent, and moreover, exterior applications ought to be accompanied or rather preceded by an appropriate regimen and internal treatment. It is, therefore, necessary to prepare with bleeding and purgatives, to follow a mild, cooling regimen, such as fresh culinary vegetables, white meat, milk, rice, &c.; to abstain from liquors, wine, and coffee, as well as from ragouts and spices; to drink chicory water and clarified whey.

The local malady may then be directly attacked by applying to the face a liniment made of white of eggs and a small quantity of alum or camphor; and afterwards using oil of myrrh, which is said to be efficacious in this case. But it should be observed that the treatment must be of considerable duration, and that, to prevent its return, the regimen we have described ought to be regularly continued.

We shall now give some receipts for pimples on the face.

Take a pound of powdered alum, a pint of purslain juice, the same quantity of plantain juice and verjuice, and twenty yolks of eggs. Beat the whole up well together and distil it. This water is very good not only for the couperose, but for all kinds of pimples and ebullitions of the blood.

Another remedy is as follows:—Take half a pint of brandy, put into it as many strawberries as it will hold, and stop the phial well with a piece of bladder, let it stand for a week in the sun, and then strain the liquor through linen. Put in more strawberries as at first, and add half an ounce of camphor. Wash the face in the morning fasting with this liquor, and in a short time a cure will be effected.

The following have likewise been recommended:—

Water in which a small quantity of saltpetre has been dissolved.

Water of water-lilies into which has been put a small quantity of camphor, previously dissolved in a little brandy.

Plantain water mixed with essence of sulphur, and applied morning and evening to the face.

Distilled waters of chervil, plantains, marshmallows, chick-weed, rosemary, and mercury.

I shall not give any receipt for repellent ointments into which salt of saturn is introduced. If the couperose be not too inveterate, the processes which I have mentioned are more than sufficient; if it be too inveterate, all the prudence of a skilful physician will then be necessary.

What I have said respecting the danger of repellents for the couperose, equally applies to the affection called the tetter, or ring-worm. Consumption has often been the melancholy result of tetters imprudently repelled. If the tetter be therefore at all considerable, recourse must be had to internal remedies, and to the regimen indicated above for the couperose. The frequent use of the bath then becomes indispensable, and the patient must

likewise take an infusion of scabiosa leaves in the form of tea.

Dr. Beal announces in the Philosophical Transactions, that after having unsuccessfully employed all the known means of removing tetters, he had at length effected a radical cure by the following method:—He applied plumb-tree gum dissolved in vinegar; an extremely simple application. To procure this gum, twist some of the branches of a plumb-tree, which, the succeeding spring, will be covered with gum.

Subjoined is the composition of a cosmetic ointment of great efficacy for curing tetters, carbuncles, and other disorders of the skin.

Take flowers of sulphur and refined saltpetre, of each half an ounce, good white precipitate two drams, and benjoin one dram; to ascertain whether the precipitate be good, put a little of it on ignited charcoal, if it evaporates it is a sign that it is good; if it remains upon the fire, or melts, it is nothing but pounded ceruse, or something of that kind. Pound the benjoin with the saltpetre in a brass mortar, till they are reduced to a very fine powder; then mix with them the flowers of sulphur and white precipitate; and when the whole is well mixed put away the powder for use. When you want to apply it, incorporate it with the most odoriferous white ointment of jessamine. The smell of the latter, together with that of the benjoin, will correct the smell of the sulphur, which many persons cannot endure.

For tetters some persons employ a shell-fish known by the name of *puccelage*. It is dissolved in lemon-juice, and this juice is applied to the tetters; but those who make use of this remedy must not neglect now and then to take opening physic. It has been seen to produce very good effects.

Alphonse le Roi, a French physician, has made numerous experiments that have convinced him of the efficacy of hot flour applied to the skin in certain cutaneous diseases.

The white tetters are easily cured by the regimen which we have indicated, together with some internal application; but when they are of the nature of those which medical men term miliary, or corrosive, they then require a regular treatment, and it will be prudent to have recourse to professional advice.

There is another kind of pimples which commonly appear on the face and neck, especially of young persons of either sex who are advancing to the age of puberty; they are red and hard, and turn white at the top. Against these are employed various preparations, into which camphor, the essence of benjoin, cerate, and virgin milk are introduced.

There are again other small cutaneous, inflammatory, and pustulary eruptions, which are almost always occasioned by acrid perspiration; of these there are many different varieties, but they all yield to the same means of cure. These means are moderate heat, rest, frequent bathing, and a mild diluting regimen. Those who are thus attacked may likewise wash themselves with the decoction of linseed, mallows, or marsh-mallows.

Itchings reduce the skin very often to a state nearly resembling the tetters. The skin is sometimes dry and at others humid; now and then pimples are formed, but in less number than in the tetters, though like them they emit a farinaceous serosity when scratched. To cure them observe the same regimen as for the tetters. The author of "Domestic Medicine" informs us that he has known dry frictions upon the skin with a soft brush, or an old linen cloth, produce a good effect.

He likewise observes that when the itchings are violent, the parts affected by them may be fomented with softening infusions, such as those of marsh-mallows, or flowers of elder. Bathing scarcely ever fails to remove them.

Spots, marks, and freckles, may likewise be numbered among the vices of the skin. The correction of these vices belongs more particularly to the province of cosmetics; we shall therefore refer them to a distinct chapter.

[*To be Continued.*]

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE TSAY-VOU-CANG;

FROM THE ACCOUNT OF THE DUTCH EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, A YEAR LATER THAN THAT OF LORD MACARTNEY.

(*From a Work which will soon make its appearance.*)

We were carried in our palanquins along the western ramparts of the town of Hongcheou-fou, till we came in sight of the lake Tsay-vou-cang, celebrated throughout China on account of the imperial villas which it contains, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. This lake is situated in the midst of elevated mountains, fantastically clad here and there with pines, and trees of a different species, and which extend from the north-west to

the south-west part of the town, at which spot the labours of man have carried the rampart even over their proud summit. The tops of the other mountains bear five convents, or pagodas, called Pao-chan-hong, Sam-sing-ying, Sam-sing-chee, Nam-chan-hong, and Oucang-tsi, which are all embosomed in verdant shades.

This lake contains three islands; the most northerly, and also the largest, called Ouong-cong-chan, is distinguished by a mountain which rises from its centre. The middle island is called Lok-yet-chung, and that on the south Tong-tsan-tsi; they contain numerous villas belonging to the Emperor, and where this monarch used to repair every day when he resided at Hong-tcheou-fou.

Two roads run across the lake, they are both paved in the middle, whilst their sides are sheltered with willows, banana-trees, and peach-trees. At certain distances stone bridges of a single arch, and high enough to allow the pleasure yachts a free passage, produce an agreeable variety in the road. These bridges were formerly adorned with open pavilions, but few of these are now standing.

One of those roads leads from the town to the largest island, which is connected with the main land on its northern side by a superb stone bridge of five arches; the other crosses the western part of the lake, and its direction lies from north to south.

We were carried along the foot of the mountains at a short distance from the town, towards the northern side of the lake. On the summit of the mountains we perceived a tower called Pau-sok-thap; the mass of the edifice alone remains, with the pike of cast-metal with which it was surmounted, and which is still encompassed with chains. The roof, as well as the galleries, being made of wood, have long since yielded to the repeated attacks of time, or been either rotted by the rains, or burned by the lightnings of heaven.

On our way to the lake we passed near a convent, in the neighbourhood of which many noble temples are erected; this convent is called Tay-saa-tsi, and is well worthy to arrest the traveller's attention. From this spot we descried in the vales below, and sometimes on the sides of the hills, numerous low buildings, where coffins are deposited, in which the dead await until the time appointed for their burial should arrive. These small buildings are divided into fifteen or twenty apartments, contiguous to each other, and each containing no more than one coffin; as they are scattered over the whole circumference of the lake, it may be supposed that several hundreds of corpses are mouldering here, and that some have lain unburied for no less than sixty or eighty years. These places are kept in good order by the bonzes belonging to the neighbouring convents, who receive a small retribution for their trouble, which forms the largest part of their annual revenue.

On proceeding a little farther we saw three or four villages filled with shops, several triumphal arches built with stones, some of which stood near the houses, and others in the midst of the sepulchres.

When we reached the elbow formed by the north-west mountains, we left our palanquins, and repaired to the monument of the unhappy Calao, sometimes called Ngok-fi, or Ngok-so-han-kun. This virtuous mandarin, who lived a thousand years ago, under the reign of the Emperor Song-cau-tsong, filled an important post at court. But his elevation excited envy, and envy worked his ruin, aspersed his integrity and fidelity, and succeeded at last in causing him to be beheaded. His innocence being fully ascertained after the iniquitous sentence had been put into execution, his body was laid, by the command of the repentant Emperor, in a magnificent tomb, and the funeral rites celebrated with the utmost pomp. Not satisfied with these proofs of grief, Song-cau-tsong placed the unfortunate mandarin among the saints, heaped dignities on his son, and inflicted a condign punishment on his treacherous accusers.

The tomb in which the dust of Ngok-fi slumbers, consists of a semi-sphere of bricks; on its left a smaller monument is erected, in which the ashes of his son, Ngok-ouang, are deposited. In the centre, before the father's tomb, stands an altar supporting a vase, in which perfumes are burnt; both the altar and the vase are of stone, and serve to offer sacrifices to the memory of this injured statesman.

The two monuments are built on a rising ground, separated by a wall with a gateway, forming three arches, from a large square court, the middle of which is occupied by several rows of antient statues of stone. Every row consists of three mandarins, a saddled horse, a crouching ram, and a lion couchant. On each side of the gateway the statues of the four calumniators are ranged two by two, kneeling, their hands tied behind their backs, their faces turned towards the tomb, but lowered, and their names inscribed on their breasts; the latter are as follows,—Thenkouey and his wife Ouong-tsi, Mau-tchi-lu, and Loua-u-tchit. After the revolution of ten centuries, the Chinese are still in the habit, when they have offered their sacrifices

before the tomb, of striking the forehead of the four statues of the calumniators with a piece of wood, or a stone, as a mark of the detestation in which they hold their crime. At the time of our visit to this spot, one of the statues was removed from its pedestal, and lay in a corner near the door.

The whole of this sepulchre is surrounded with walls and trees. A magnificent gateway composed of three arches, leads into the square court already mentioned, paved with large flag stones, and each side of which contains an elegant cylindrical stone column fifteen feet high, and a plain square pillar of the same altitude.

After contemplating this justly celebrated monument, the solemn sacredness of which seems to be heightened by the antiquity of its foundation, we were led towards the southern shore of the lake. Here we followed one of the roads which I have already described, in order to visit the imperial villas, and every object worthy our attention.

Here I left my palanquin a second time, and preferred walking, as it enabled me to examine the surrounding country more leisurely and more minutely. I observed the western and southern parts of the Ou-on-cong island, the other sides of which I had beheld before. The mountain which that island contains is clad with trees to its very top, whilst the lower grounds are adorned with picturesque and numerous houses.

The imperial villas are situated towards the south, and form, with their extensive gardens, a varied and grand spectacle. The north and east are not so richly strewn with noble habitations, but a crowd of low buildings, the receptacles of the unburied dead, and the tombs of those whose funerals have been celebrated, spread a less pompous but more interesting scene to our view, calculated to speak forcibly to the feeling heart, and awaken melancholy but philosophical reflections.

Westward of the road we pursued we descried two imperial villas, built on two peninsula, and surrounded with trees, and gardens stored with the choicest flowers. When we reached the foot of the mountain, we were instantly led to the chief palace belonging to the Emperor; it is called Ce-ou-yau-tien-uan, and consists in unconnected buildings scattered over the rocks that line the shelving sides of the mountain.

Almost every beauty with which this spot abounds, springs from the hand of nature. If art has improved her scenes, it has not intruded but concealed its presence, or assumed such a shape as to be mistaken for nature herself. Here the most delightful variety greeted our sight. When standing in pavilions, or beneath lofty domes erected on the unequal declivity of the mountain, our eyes wandered over the pure waters of the lake, and the verdant islands that seemed to swim on its surface, or glancing beyond the mirror of its peaceful waters, rested on the picturesque edifices that rose on the distant mountains, the convents, the tombs and towers that clothed their foot, or proudly frowned on their summits.

Owing to the elevation of the spot on which we stood, we were able to view every part of the two flat islands that lay at some distance beneath us. One of them, called Tong-tsau-tsi, contains two pools of rather large dimensions. We remarked in front of this island, three pillars of cast-iron, forming a triangle, and rising from the bosom of the lakes. The portion of them that was not concealed by the water, ended in the shape of a pear. We were told that their height was about eighteen feet, and the diameter of their base seven, and that eight hundred years had already elapsed since they had been placed in their present position.

The only unpleasant sensation we experienced in this delightful spot, was that of regret at its present neglected state. The cause of this neglect is the twelve years' absence of the Emperor, and the belief that his age will not allow him once more to repair to the shores of Ou-on-cong. When the presence of the monarch gave life to this now almost deserted spot, it must have offered an image of the first abode of man, the antediluvian paradise. It is therefore justly that the fame of this lake has spread throughout the Chinese empire. Had nature been as bountiful of her choicest gifts on any spot of European land, its beauties and advantages would have become a general theme of praise and admiration.

P.

STRICTURES ON THE PERFORMERS OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

BY C. A. G. GOEDE.

THE following remarks are the result of part of the observations of an enlightened German writer, made during a visit to this country about five years ago, and which have been recently given to the public in an English dress.* The author enjoyed an advantage seldom possessed in such a degree by a foreigner, an intimate acquaintance with our literature and language; and if he appears on some occasions to wield the critical lash with too much rigour, he cannot, at least, be suspected of being swayed in his opinion by any improper bias or personal animosity. Should our readers be inclined to dispute the justice of some of these strictures, they will, however, be amused by the perusal of the sentiments of an intelligent stranger.

The English actors are highly impasssioned in their lofty tones of tragedy, which pourtray the whirlwind of the soul, when ruffled by the gusts of passion, when instigated by some stern, unalterable resolve, or wrought up to a pitch of phrensy and enthusiasm. Anger, the ravings of anguish, wild despair, rancorous hate, fell revenge, are expressed by them with matchless force. They are truly grand in those situations when a mortal, with impious audacity, bids defiance to fate, and challenges heaven to wrestle with his determinations.

They are also peculiarly happy in counterfeiting those attitudes, when the utterance for a while is wholly suspended by a delirium of passion, but afterwards discharges itself in a torrent of fury. They are unrivalled in articulating that hollow, ghostly language, which is peculiar to a man appalled and panic-struck by the contemplation of his own shadow. There is, perhaps, no other theatre in the universe where you witness such a lively representation of those heart-piercing tones in which the human soul gives utterance to its agony.

On the contrary, it cannot escape the observation of every attentive spectator, that their performers almost always miscarry in the expression of refined and affectionate sentiments. The friendly chit-chat and tender communications of love, the cordial raptures in which friendship unbosoms itself, the accents by which kindred souls strive to make a reciprocal disclosure of their sentiments, appear almost totally unknown. Even Kemble and Cooke, in this particular, want the emphasis of truth and nature. The most glowing asseverations of love, of friendship, and of confidence, languish and expire upon their lips. With the exception of Mrs. Powell, the actresses appear in this instance to have absolutely renounced nature. In such situations their frigid manner and their fulsome affectation border on the incredible.

In these remarks I would by no means be understood to comprehend Mrs. Siddons. This sublime actress has reached a summit of perfection in the art, which perhaps no female ever before attained, and presents us with a model which of itself enlarges the sphere of criticism, and gives to the standard of excellence additional majesty. It is impossible to speak of her otherwise than with rapture and enthusiasm.

Whatever eminence many of their superior performers may claim in some particulars, they do not actually excel in all. They have, doubtless, bestowed the most intense study upon the counterfeit action of the features, and their stage still possesses many performers entitled in this respect to honourable distinction.

In tragedy, Cooke and Kemble claim the pre-eminence, and of these Cooke, in my private judgment, bears away the palm. Kemble's countenance is cast in a finer mould, and is the more noble of the two, but his muscular action is less strong and expressive. Cooke shines also in comic parts, in which Kemble is little conversant. In those gradual transformations of the countenance which succesively pourtray the emotions of the soul, they both excel. They never assume that sort of sedate and unruffled mien, which only discomposes its features on certain occasions by a violent exertion.

In comedy, King, Wroughton, Pawcett, and Bannister, possess remarkable powers with respect to mimic action; but they are too regardless about delicacy of expression, whence they often degenerate into burlesque, even

* This work is entiled "Memorials of Nature and Art, collected in a Journey in Great Britain, during the years 1802 and 1803." Translated from the German of C. A. G. Goede, by Thomas Horne, 3 vols.

when the character which they are personating does not require it.

Wroughton is a veteran actor gifted with considerable talent, and, if we may credit the assertion of his countrymen, reminds the spectator of the times of Garrick, with whom he was contemporary. It is much to be lamented that he does not more frequently appear on the stage. In this, as well as in other points of the scenic art, young Bannister betrays great ignorance; his countenance is by no means destitute of flexibility, but he does not know how to make a proper application of its powers.

I shall pass over the rest in silence, I only observe that some of them, out of a too great zeal for their profession, have applied themselves sedulously to the practice of making wry faces. In this respect Wewitzer, Palmer, and others, have acquired a wonderful facility, and as often as they can find a convenient opportunity, amuse the gallery with a display of their facetious grinning.

The actresses do not appear to regard mimic action as a part of their performance. No where else do we see female countenances so devoid of meaning as upon the English stage. Mrs. Powell alone is a laudable exception. The lines of her countenance are noble and expressive, and with respect to mimic action, she evidently strives to approach the illustrious model of Mrs. Siddons.

All the actresses, with the exception already made, have an extremely faulty gesticulation. They are either wholly ignorant of this theatrical language, so that they have merely some general symbols expressive of its various modes, which may be regarded as so many signals of distress indicating their imbecility; or the vulgar gestures of uncivilized society are become so familiar to them by the force of habit, that one might be tempted to suppose they had never conversed except with menials and clowns. This is more especially the case with Miss Pope and Mrs. Jordan.

I am well aware that many ladies of this description cultivate an assiduous correspondence with the fashionable world; nay, that one or other of them even reckon princes of the blood among their admirers. Of course they appear to much greater advantage in private than upon the stage: it seems, therefore, quite unaccountable, why they should delight in obtruding upon the public a performance so totally incompatible with female elegance and delicacy.

When a performer is become an adept in gesticulation, it generally diffuses a grace and harmony over his local attitudes. We must likewise acknowledge, that distinguished English actors appear perfectly at their ease. Some of them may even be regarded as exemplary models, and here Kemble more especially claims the pre-eminence. His attitudes are, for the most part, majestic and picturesque. In this particular, indeed, he far outshines Cooke; for though Cooke excels in mimic action, he possesses neither the pith, the point, nor the picturesque beauty of attitude for which Kemble is remarkable.

Of this Kemble is, in fact, such a consummate master, that with him it appears a spontaneous production of nature. While he abundantly satisfies the most extravagant demands of criticism, he does not betray any efforts in attaining his end; whereas the French actors, Talma and Lafond, notwithstanding the beauty of their attitudes, always shew evident symptoms of study and labour.

Of all the female performers Mrs. Powell appears to the greatest advantage in this species of picturesque. She possesses much practical talent, a refined taste, and many excellent parts, which are greatly set off by the charms of a fine person. Most of the rest manifest the same indifference to art which nature has displayed towards themselves. In reality, I question whether there exist at any European theatre so many untheatrical female figures as on the London stage. The managers appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. They pay less regard to gentility of shape than bulk, and the shortest figures are enrolled, provided they compensate by rotundity for their deficiency in height.

The English performers are less ambitious to acquire excellence in every department than to distinguish themselves in those particulars in which they may expect the most effectual support from their own natural abilities. Nay, even those among them whose deserts are most conspicuous, such as Kemble and Cooke, appear to have applied all their powers to this object, and to have made it the ultimate scope of their ambition. They sometimes soar to an astonishing eminence in parts for which they feel within themselves congenial talents and dispositions; but they generally remain very defective in those in which they have to subdue their own refractory natures by violent exertion. This I have particularly witnessed in three different representations of Richard III. at Covent-Garden, in the Haymarket,

and on the Dublin stage. Cooke performed the character at Covent-Garden. It is universally esteemed his *chef-d'œuvre*, in which he has a decided pre-eminence over Kemble. He certainly gives us a genuine transcript of Richard's character, and pourtrays this hideous monster with matchless force in all those scenes in which he discovers himself in his native colours; but whenever it is necessary to assume the vizor of hypocrisy, he is seldom successful, and often wholly fails. This was more especially the case in the second scene of the third act, when Richard endeavours to cozen the frail Lady Anne, and to insinuate himself into her affections—a scene exhibiting the triumph of his dissimulation, which he himself considers as a miracle, and of which he speaks with diabolical exultation. In this admirable dialogue, Shakspeare makes Richard speak with all the warmth and rapture of ardent passion, though deformed and stained with a crime of the foulest dye, yet in the passion which respires through all his words and gestures he becomes amiable to her eye: his hypocrisy must therefore borrow the native colours of truth in a superlative degree, or it would shock the feelings of the spectator by wearing the semblance of mockery. In this particular Cooke grossly belied his character. His voice and gestures betrayed a vulgar hypocrite, who might easily be detected by the most superficial observer, and would create disgust even in the most insensible minds. Thus the manner of the performer, and the expressions which the poet puts into his mouth, were at variance. The latter appear the natural rhapsody of delirious passion; they counterfeit all the various modulations of feeling; the high and the low, the gentle and the fierce. But Cooke assumed one invariable tone of voice, and one invariable mien; the wary, deliberate elocution of a hypocrite, and the farce of crafty dissimulation. Of these both were incompatible with nature. We can only account for this gross violation of propriety, by supposing that Cooke has partially cultivated his sublime talents for a display of the savage and the brutal, which makes him appear unnatural when he endeavours to personate the mild and the humane.

The author judges it advisable to conclude these general observations on theatricals with a few characteristic portraits of eminent performers, which may tend to illustrate the foregoing remarks.

Kemble is the darling, he may even be termed the idol of the populace. Few persons will venture in any particular to adjudge the palm of excellence to Cooke. Such sentiments would be too hazardous, especially in the presence of English ladies, who, upon every occasion, are zealous advocates for the former.

Kemble possesses an elegant masculine figure, and his handsome shape is eminently ennobled by art in picturesque attitudes. His countenance is one of the most majestic which I ever beheld upon any stage; it is a perfect oval, set off by a fine aquiline nose, a well-proportioned mouth, firmly compressed; eyes not deeply sunk in their sockets, shaded with thick eye-brows, pregnant with fancy, and flashing with lambent fire; an open forehead, somewhat arched; a chin projecting in an angular point; features cast in a happy mould, where no harsh lines are discoverable. These collectively compose one of those physiognomies which command respect at first sight, because they announce, in the most expressive manner, a man of exquisite sensibity, of sound intelligence, and of complete ascendancy over all the motions of his will. If his eye were devoid of a certain cast of enthusiasm, his countenance would present the portrait of a polished, dispassionate, selfish courtier, hackneyed in the ways of the world; but that enraptured glance, warmed by the kindly beams of fancy, qualifies the indentation of his chin, and the stern compression of his mouth. His voice, though melodious, is feeble, of small compass, and very flat. This is the chief natural impediment, which this extraordinary man, so richly gifted in other respects, has to encounter.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; his countenance, however, is not devoid of manly expression. A long nose, somewhat incurvated; a pair of eyes fiery and significant, a high and rather broad forehead, the muscular lines which impart motion to the lips sharp and prominent; these are the most remarkable features of Cooke's physiognomy. It is less noble and majestic, but more impassioned than that of Kemble, and few actors can more emphatically depict the hurricane of passion. His voice is strong and capacious, an advantage in which he excels Kemble, and which he knows how to employ with great effect. His general exterior is not so happily formed for gesticulation.

C. Kemble, Johnstone, Powell, Barrymore, and many other actors who frequently sustain the principal characters, present fine personable figures on the stage; nay, their physiognomies also appear, at first sight, admirably adapted to their profession, but their action is far from corresponding with this

expectation. In the musical and picturesque parts of the scenic art, they are equally defective.

Old Wroughton has an admirable expression in his countenance, and a wonderful elasticity in his muscular gesticulation. His mimic action in comedy is excellent. His voice, naturally not very harmonious, when raised to a lofty pitch, becomes harsh and dissonant.

Murray's significant physiognomy is well adapted for the performance of ancient and reverend characters; his voice is deficient in point of vigour, and he occasionally assumes a querulous tone, which impairs the dignity of his performance.

Suett and Fawcett are peculiarly fitted for that department of comedy to which they have exclusively devoted their powers. The features of the first, however, are cast in a finer mould, and seem more peculiarly adapted for sublime comedy than those of the latter, whose round, jolly, jovial countenance is a transparent mirror for broad humour.

The author has already made a frank avowal of his sentiments concerning the figures of English actresses, and this candid, though somewhat ungallant confession, differs widely from the opinions of those journalists, who, all the year through, in the oracles of fashion are accustomed to extol the ravishing beauty, the lovely and amiable simplicity, the enchanting graces, which, if we may credit their assertion, diffuse superlative splendour over the goddesses of the London stage. The author, whose weak organs of sight have probably been dazzled and overpowered by the glare of those refulgent glories, confesses that he could not discern the faintest glimmerings of their perfections.

THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME, AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A KING of Persia, who possessed as great a fondness for tales as the Sultan Schariar, had in the beginning of his reign a son, whose birth had cost his mother her life. This young prince, who was named Nourgehan, possessed great talents; nature had loaded him with her gifts, and his soul was the seat of every virtue. He had nearly attained his fifth lustre, when his father, at the age of sixty, became suddenly weary of his long widowhood, and owing to one of those unfortunate weaknesses which are but too common, espoused a young princess, a descendant of the antient Guebres; she was handsome, lively, and witty, but like those of her race, her passions were excessively violent. Whether owing to the age of her husband, or that the prince Nourgehan seemed more deserving of her favours, the latter made so deep an impression on her, that she found it equally impossible to extinguish it or conceal it within her own bosom. The silence which she had endeavoured to preserve on so criminal a flame, only tended to increase it. At length, however, forgetting all she owed to her husband and herself, she seized the first opportunity when chance threw the prince in her way, to declare the love which she felt for him. Nourgehan, thunderstruck at so criminal an avowal, far from sharing her vicious passion, was disgusted and indignant at it, and immediately left her, saying,—that she owed to the respect he entertained for his father, rather than any regard for herself, the silence which he should preserve on the horror he had experienced while listening to the criminal declaration which she had had the temerity to make him.

A woman intoxicated with a passion which is disdained, and who only meets with contempt, is sure to breathe nothing but revenge. The more it has cost her to make so immodest a declaration, the deeper will disappointment wound her feelings.

She waited for some time in expectation that she might be able to overcome the prince's coldness; but all her hopes were frustrated, and not being well assured of Nourgehan's discretion, she was in constant fear lest he should divulge the fatal secret, and at length determined to be before hand with him. This resolution formed, and strengthened by apprehension, she immediately repaired to the King, and, bathed in tears, threw herself at his feet, and like another Phedra, accused the prince of entertaining an incestuous passion for her, and of having dared to avow it. The King, whose jealousy and rage were awakened at this recital, without making any further inquiries, or listening to his son, thought of him only as a monster whom he could not too soon punish, and instantly condemned him to death.

This dreadful news was soon spread abroad, it filled every heart with dismay, threw an universal consternation among the nobles of the kingdom, who however refused to credit it as well as the people, by whom this unfortunate prince was adored. But yet how could it be disbelieved, when it was ascertained that Nourgehan had been arrested, and dragged, without respect for his rank, to the prison reserved for the vilest of criminals.

The King's council was composed of forty vizirs, who were wise, virtuous, and prudent men; loaded with his gifts, their only wish was to encrease his happiness and his fame. They were struck with astonishment at this unexpected act of violence without one of them having been consulted. It is true that for some time past they had observed, with uneasiness, the great ascendancy which the Queen had obtained over the King's mind, as more than once he had lately acted contrary to their advice; they had also remarked that instead of the attention and flattery which the Queen at first lavished on Nourgehan, there now reigned a marked coldness, a striking contempt on both sides, for which they had not been able to account. The terrible event which had taken place did more than awaken suspicion, it tore off the veil which covered this odious mystery; but still proofs were wanting which time alone could unfold. To await the aid of these, and endeavour to discover the truth, they resolved to labour with unceasing ardour, considering it their first duty, to spare the King, not only on account of injustice, but the revolting crime of making his own son, and the heir to the throne, perish by the hand of the executioner.

The Queen, however, pursued her victim. Knowing that nothing made so lively an impression on the King's mind as examples taken from history, it was by these she endeavoured to convince him of the necessity of hastening the death of him whose destruction she had vowed. The vizirs, who were not less acquainted with their monarch's weak side, were of opinion that it was only with the same weapons they could diminish the Queen's influence. It was then through the medium of tales that they endeavoured to convince him that he ought to avoid a haste which might perhaps be followed by the bitterest repentance.

After several debates of this nature, the Queen at length triumphed; and her husband, who had remained hitherto irresolute respecting his son's fate, now assured her that at the next dawn, as soon as the white sheep had driven away the black one, unhappy Nourgehan's head should be severed from his body.

This sentence, pronounced with all the vehemence of an outraged father and monarch, left scarcely any hope of being able to suspend the execution. However, before the break of day, one of the vizirs repaired to the King's apartment to await his rising; and as soon as he was allowed to speak, supplicated his majesty to suspend the order he had the day before given. But, determined by the Queen's pressing entreaties, the Sultan commanded the vizir to be silent, and forbade him, in an angry voice, ever to mention the prince's name. The faithful minister, in despair, threw himself at his master's feet, and placing one of his hands on his head, he with the other presented a paper, which he implored the King to read, as the last favour he would ever ask. After some moments of hesitation, the monarch took the paper, opened it, and read the following words:—

"O my King! revered monarch of the two worlds, inexhaustible source of goodness, ever wise, ever beneficent and just, disdain not to listen to your slave! I have had the nativity of your unhappy son cast; it says that Nourgehan, in the spring of his life, shall be accused of the blackest crime, that his august father shall condemn him to death without awaiting for the proofs of his guilt; but it also announces, that the thick veil with which truth is covered, shall be removed the fortieth day. This truth, so precious, is still then in futurity; eight days have only elapsed since the accusation of your son. O my King! beware of ordering his death before the forty days have expired; precipitation may overwhelm every thing without hopes of remedy; patience may, without any danger, perhaps set all things right. Your sublime majesty would find a proof, and an example of this, in the history of Carizime and the Princess of Georgia; but you have forbidden me to speak."—"You assure me that the example is striking," said the King, interrupting his vizir."—"Your majesty will be a judge of this if you will deign to hear me."

After having reflected for a few moments, the King replied:—"Come, vizir, as it is thus, we will pass into the Queen's chamber, and you shall relate your story."

When the Queen saw her husband accompanied by the vizir, she immediately thought that Nourgehan's execution was again deferred. She could not contain her indignation; but the King was resolved to hear the history of the Prince Carizime, and made a sign to the vizir, who spoke thus:—

HISTORY OF THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

"Before you commence," said the King, "tell me where the kingdom of Carizime is situated?" "Of this I am ignorant, Sire," replied the vizir. "You see," hastily rejoined the Queen, "it is a story composed at will, and may——." "Madam, madam," said the King, "it is of little consequence to us whether this kingdom be situated in Europe or Asia, and is of no importance to the story, therefore let us listen to the vizir."

A King of Carizime, who had no children, was continually imploring Heaven to grant him this blessing. His prayers were at length granted, and the Queen was delivered of a son, lovely as the morning star. The birth of this prince was celebrated by sumptuous feasts, to which the King invited all the astrologers of his kingdom; ordering them at the same time to cast the nativity of the new born infant. These illustrious personages assembled for three successive days in a magnificent hall prepared for their reception. Here they remained shut up, as they had required that no one should be admitted to witness their incantations—"That they might be at full liberty to compose lies," interrupted the Queen. "Madam," replied the vizir, "what follows will shew that they said nothing but the truth."—"Go on, go on," said the King.

This horoscope did not however prove as happy as they had flattered themselves; the astrologers would not for a long time reveal it; but the King of Carizime, impatient at their silence, declared to them, that if in an hour they did not explain themselves, they should all be immediately hanged.

Your majesty will readily believe that a command dictated in such strong terms would produce a speedy effect! The astrologers instantly announced that Razimir (so the young prince of Carizime was called), was threatened to experience a long succession of unfortunate events until he had attained his thirtieth year; but that if death did not overtake him before this period, he would then be the most accomplished, the happiest, and the most justly revered prince in the universe.

Your majesty, continued the vizir interrupting himself, doubtless has recognized the first point of resemblance between the prediction announced to the prince of Carizime, and the horoscope of the prince Nourgehan, which I have made known to you. "I cannot say much to that," replied the King, "as there are thirty years on one side, and forty days on the other; but never mind, go on."

The prediction greatly diminished the joy of the King of Carizime, and if he had threatened the astrologers with hanging, because they remained silent, he could now have willingly made them experience the same fate for having spoken. "And he would have been right," said the Queen.

The entertainments which were to have been so brilliant, became dull and languid; no one seemed to enjoy himself, because the King no longer appeared to take a share in them, and was a prey to incessant inquietude. But what can we oppose to the ordinances of fate, but resignation and patience!

Time however lulled the king's fears to sleep; Razimir had attained his sixteenth year without any adventure having justified his horoscope; and easy to deceive himself respecting the fate of a child who was his only hope, the King persuaded himself that the astronomers were fools, or cheats, who spent their lives in deceiving honest people, and doing every thing to abuse their credulity.

The King and all the court remained in perfect security, and witnessed with admiration and pleasure the many brilliant talents which daily expanded in the young prince. Sensible, mild, and affable, he was the hope and refuge of suffering humanity; generous, brave, and full of useful knowledge, he promised to be the worthy supporter of his empire, and the ornament of his country.

One day, he had a desire of walking by the sea side; the sky was pure and cloudless; the waves were calm, their surface almost motionless, reflected in the distance the burning rays of the sun departing to enlighten another atmosphere. Razimir was contemplating this wonder of nature, when he perceived near a bay a light bark fastened to the beach by a single cable. By an involuntary impulse, either of pleasure or curiosity, or perhaps because his destiny had so ordered it, he entered it; and soon his suite, composed of about twenty persons followed: almost instantly a fresh breeze arose and encreased; the waves were agitated, they wished to land; but the skiff was instantly unfastened, and pushed away from the stone by the wind; and notwithstanding every effort was employed to regain it, the bark flew with the swiftness of an arrow, and was soon very far from land. In a few moments the shore was no longer visible, and night which began to spread its veil over the agitated waters, redoubled their fears and distress. Beaten by the storm, the sport of the waves, after having wandered for a long time without compass or pilot, in the midst of profound darkness, they at length perceived towards the east a feeble light: which

proved to be the twilight that preceded the dawn. In imminent danger the smallest event recals hope.

They now watched the break of day as a great favour; but alas! it only served to shew them the dangers by which they were surrounded. At sun-rise black clouds assembled, and robbed them of the brilliancy of its light; tempestuous winds arose, the ocean became furious, lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the sea opened its abyss, and seemed as if it would swallow them up, and on every side they appeared to be surrounded by death.

"Ah! here are my thoughtless gentlemen," said the King of Persia, "what business had they to enter the bark? Are you going to make them all perish!" "No Sire," replied the vizir, "Heaven protected them in this perilous situation. The winds abated, the sea became tranquil, which was doubtless the recompence of their patience and resignation." "Very well! patience then, since I must have patience," said the King, "go on."

Their sailing was not less tedious, nor less rapid than the preceding day. Towards night they were driven near an island surrounded by rocks, with so much violence that the skiff split, and it was not without the greatest difficulties that they could effect a landing. Fatigue, want, and the impractibility of quitting it, obliged them to await the fate Heaven had ordained for them.

The next morning their first care was to explore the spot to which their misfortunes had borne them. Whether it was inhabited or not, was for them a new theme of inquietude. While some of them set out on this errand, others employed themselves in erecting with stones and earth a sort of enclosure to serve as a retreat from the wild beasts, whose dreadful roarings during the night had announced their existence.

They had not separated more than an hour, when those who were at work at the enclosure experienced an interval of hope, but it was of short duration. They heard at a distance the barking of dogs, as if some persons were hunting in a wood, about an hundred yards off. But what was their dismay when they beheld their companions rushing towards them with the utmost speed, pursued by above a thousand enemies, and who, unarmed, and defenceless, sought to save themselves by flight. Several of these unfortunate men were caught, and instantly torn to pieces, before the eyes of their companions. This horrid spectacle announced the treatment which they might expect to encounter.

The unhappy prince of Carizime and his suite had disembarked, or rather been wrecked on the island too well known as being inhabited by the Samsards.—"Good," said the King, "here are again some people whom I have never heard of before."—"Sire," replied the vizir, "the Samsards are gigantic anthropophagi, having the bodies of men, with the heads of mastiffs; and it was their cries and barkings with which they rent the air as a sign of their joy and triumph, when they perceived the victims which chance had delivered up as a prey to their carnivorous hunger. What resistance could be offered these monsters who were in such vast numbers? The prince and his followers were immediately bound and dragged to a dark prison; and each morning one of these miserable beings was conducted into the kitchen of the sovereign of this barbarous island; here he was cut in pieces, and made into different dishes which the King found exquisite.

When all those who shared the prince's fate were eaten up, Razimir, who had doubtless been reserved for the last, as being the most delicious morsel, had no doubt but that his turn was come. But however weak and useless the means he possessed to repulse the barbarians appeared, he determined that if he could not preserve his life, he would sell it dearly. His mind was absorbed in these melancholy reflections when he heard the door of his prison open, and saw they were come to fetch him. The hideous appearance of his conductors redoubled his fury; these, who looked on him with contempt on account of his youth, had not considered it necessary to bind him, one of them only held in his jaws a part of the prince's dress that he might not run away. Arrived in the King's kitchen, he took his time so well, that with one violent kick behind, he broke the jaw of him by whom he was held, and forced him to let go his hold; having immediately perceived on a table a large knife, doubtless intended to cut his throat, he rushed towards it, seized it, fell upon his guards, and killed many of them, and put the rest to flight; and making a rampart of the door which he kept half shut, offered to plunge his blood-stained weapon in the hearts of all those who dared to approach.

This combat, so unequal in appearance, but so fatal to the prince's enemies, had lasted more than two hours, and the King became impatient for his dinner, when the news was carried to him: astonished that one man alone had been able to resist so many enemies, he wished to see him; but to accomplish this, his Samsard majesty was obliged to take the trouble of descending into his kitchen, for the

young hero had entrenched himself there, and armed with the knife, those who dared to approach him would have paid the forfeit of their lives; and he would have shewn no more lenity for the King than for another. His majesty therefore remained at a sufficient distance to be out of the prince's reach. He then said, "young man, I admire your courage; I like valour wherever I meet it; and although you have killed so many of my subjects, I will forget the offence, and give you my royal word that your life shall be safe. What are you? who are the authors of your being? from what country do you come? and what induced you to land on this island?"

"My name," replied he, "is Razimir; I am the prince of Carizime; and it is to the sovereigns of that country that I owe my existence." "I would have guessed your origin by your courage;" said the King of the Samsards; "I am delighted to learn that your father possesses a crown, and as we are both reigning monarchs, nothing could be more beneficial than for us to unite in an alliance, which shall establish between us an amicable and lasting peace.. I accept you then for my son-in-law, and this very night you shall become the happy husband of my beloved daughter." Razimir, less astonished than enraged at this discourse, felt however, when surrounded by so barbarous a people, the necessity of dissembling his horror. He contented himself with observing, that however he might be sensible of the honour which his majesty wished to confer on him, he was persuaded that a noble Samsard would suit the princess much better, and entreated ——. "No, no," said the King interrupting him; "when I command I must be obeyed, or else be instantly devoured by my guards; make your choice, and let me know it."

The alternative was doubtless dreadful, yet, all well considered, it was better to live than be exposed to the voracity of a nation of monsters. The prince consented to the marriage, and the King invited him to follow him to his palace, assuring him that from that moment he should be treated as his son and heir to the crown. This was the last thing which would have either pleased or occupied Razimir; he gave himself up much more to the hope of escaping from this dreadful place, and was reflecting on the means of succeeding when the princess was announced. She had the finest dog's head that had ever been seen in the island; her long ears descended to the ground, and her mane, similar to that of a lion, had the finest effect in the world. Notwithstanding all these beauties Razimir, from the first moment of this interview, took for his intended wife the most insurmountable aversion. He was so little an adept in the art of dissimulation, that it must have drawn upon him very fatal consequences, if by one of those events which cannot be accounted for, the bone of a wild turkey, which the princess, who was naturally very greedy, had swallowed too voraciously, had not strangled her in the midst of the magnificent feast which had been given in honour of her nuptials.

It will be easy to conceive the joy which the prince of Carizime felt at being thus freed from so frightful a spouse; but what cannot so easily be described, are the howlings, the barkings, and the infernal yell of this canine people, and particularly that of the King of the island, when he saw himself deprived of his beloved daughter by so fatal an accident.

The first moments of grief passed, they began to occupy themselves with the princess's funeral, which was prepared with a sumptuous pomp that arrested the curiosity of the living, and was totally useless to the dead. But there was another ceremony which was inevitable, and which greatly diminished the secret joy which the prince felt. A general law in this island, and in that of Serendib, ordered that the widower should be buried with his deceased wife, the same as the wife who survived, was obliged to follow her dead husband into the grave. The chief magistrate of the island came and announced this law to Razimir, who did not fail to tell him that this custom was detestable; but all that he could say on this subject had no success, as these ceremonies afforded a great diversion the people, to which they always looked forward with avidity; and customs are not easily abolished, especially when they yield pleasure.

"This is the silliest custom I ever heard of!" said the King of Persia. "Madame," continued he addressing the Queen, "I do not advise you to die first; for the devil take me if I allow myself to be buried with you." "Sire," replied the Queen "you have been before hand with me; for I would not suffer it any more than yourself. But happily we are not in the island of the Samsards."—"You are right," said the King, "I had forgotten that. Go on vizir.

Sire, continued the vizir, the Samsards knew by experience that the prince of Carizime possessed by his valour the means of repelling the violence which was intended him, and presumed, with some justice, that the custom in question would not be at all to his taste. They therefore took the precaution of binding him hand and foot to assure themselves of his per-

fect docility. The hour for interment being arrived, they laid him in a coffin exactly similar to his wife's, excepting that they placed in it a loaf, a pitcher of water, and the remainder of the turkey, one of whose bones had choaked the princess. The spot wherein they were both to be buried was an extensive subterraneous vault which had been made under a sort of a temple situated at the extremity of the principal town. The prince of Carizime's wife was first carried down, whilst the ladies of her court howled with all their might, and the people replied by barking, which together made the most horrid noise that can be imagined. When it came to the prince's turn, the scene was totally changed; when he descended into the vault, all the mourners, and even the King himself, began to utter acclamations of joy, and to dance around the coffin; but scarcely had he disappeared from their sight, when the tomb was closed up with immense stones. When Razimir found himself at the bottom of the abyss, he exclaimed: "O Allah! to what a wretched state am I reduced; and you, my father, wherefore did you attach so much importance to my birth?"

M. R.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[*Continued from Page* 163.]

"My friend was the son of a respectable man, but rigid and ceremonious. Being the only child, he was subjected to a course of education, which was intended by his father for the best, but which would have extinguished for ever all the freedom of his mind, had he not possessed a power of resistance superior to the tyrannical oppression of unnatural maxims and precepts. Among other things his tutor was particularly careful to keep him from all intercourse with our sex. He was never permitted to be alone with a female, whether of mature age, or in the years of childhood. He was even cut off from the affection of his mother, that, as his father used to say, he might become so much the more virtuous a man. The consequence of this education was, that at an age when boys and girls commonly feel a kind of aversion to each other, my friend, unknown to his parents and teachers, had already a secret attachment. The female who had kindled this flame in his youthful heart was but a child, as well as himself, but a child of such quickness of apprehension, that she understood his passion as perfectly as her French grammar. The houses of their parents were very near each other. A brother of the extraordinary girl, whom my friend was allowed to visit, afforded him an opportunity of seeing her, but only in company; and when the youth had attained the age of fifteen and his mistress that of fourteen years, they had contrived to find more than one favourable opportunity for secretly concerting the plan of their future marriage.

"A separation of two years which my friend was obliged to pass under the care of a tutor at a distant seminary, without paying a single visit to his family during that interval, had not weakened the reciprocal attachment of the enthusiastic pair. An interview of an hour was sufficient to bind them anew to each other for years. A secret correspondence also was now kept up between them.

"This correspondence was continued till my friend was sent, in his eighteenth year, to the university of Göttingen. About this time the young man's desires began to be more ardent. Though he remained faithful in thought to his Frederica, yet thoughts were not sufficient for him. He made acquaintances among his fellow-students who were all older than himself. He soon found means to deceive his tutor, who tormented him with studies. He first passed whole hours and then whole evenings in jovial companies, having at length gained this point, that the man who stood in the way of his pleasures, durst not complain to his father, for fear of losing a place of which he was in expectation, that he found himself unable to govern the young gentleman according to the strict injunctions of the parent. Fortunately for my friend his jolly companions were only wild and not depraved; so that, notwithstanding the extravagances in which he indulged, his heart remained uncorrupted. Meanwhile he had occasion for a passion that should afford him something more than imaginary enjoyment, and this he found, because he sought it. A passion which

a person seeks lasts, I have been told, no longer than till he feels inclined to go in quest of a new one; and this is said in general to take place in a very short time. But by this inconstant roving my friend, as he assures me, became more strongly attached to Frederica; for after every deviation his heart reverted to her, and the reproaches with which his conscience punished his infidelity, convinced him that constancy alone could make him happy.

"My friend's father was still a stranger to his son's secret passion. The ceremonious gravity which pervaded every thing about him, kept his family in ignorance of many things which were the common talk of the whole town. At the same time he maintained a kind of connection which nobody could comprehend with the family of which his son's mistress was a member. Nothing farther was known respecting it, than that the two families lived on the best footing; and yet my friend's father being once in a company when an acquaintance, though not at all in the secret, proposed Frederica as a suitable match for his son, he flew into the most violent passion, and with furious vehemence declared, he would rather follow his son to the grave, than consent to such an union. My friend was present on the occasion. The circumstance not only made him more cautious, but also rendered him more anxious respecting futurity. The obstinacy of his father was, as he well knew, a metal that defied every attempt to work it.

"What cautious prudence had been whole years in concealing, was betrayed by carelessness in a single moment. My friend, previous to his setting out on a little tour from Göttingen, had sent by post in one envelope, two letters, one to his father and the other to the brother of his mistress, and had by mistake changed the direction. An unexpected summons from his father, led him to conjecture that something of importance must have occurred. He travelled in all haste to his father's, and on his arrival, a single sentence made him acquainted with his fate. Disinheritance and the curse of his father were to be his lot unless he immediately renounced the female to whom he had vowed fidelity. He begged to know the reasons of such a command. The will of his father was assigned as a sufficient reason, and thrown in his way as a rock which no effort, no entreaty were capable of moving. My friend who had not inherited a portion of his father's obstinacy for nothing, was equally peremptory in refusing to break his word. Neither threats nor promises could obtain the required renunciation. The utmost that he would at length concede, was the promise not to marry Frederica without his father's consent; but with this the old man seemed by no means perfectly satisfied.

"A melancholy period now commenced for my friend. Frederica's mother, who had lately been left a widow, and who had suspected as little as his father what she was not intended to know, forbade him her house. He was sent back to Göttingen, and his mistress was removed to another residence; but the place of her retreat was kept a profound secret from him.

"Frederica's brother, whose attachment to my friend outweighed his obedience to the commands of his mother, at length yielded to his entreaties, and undertook to renew the correspondence between the separated pair. As soon as my friend was made acquainted with the abode of his mistress, no consideration was powerful enough to restrain him from the execution of a romantic, but happy thought. He provided himself with money sufficient for half a year, escaped from his tutor, and assuming another name, travelled in disguise to the place where Frederica resided with some distant relations, who had never seen him. He wrote to his father, that, dissatisfied with his situation, he should turn recluse for a few months, but that in due time he would again make his appearance. That he might be perfectly secure, he remained almost a month concealed in Hamburgh. During this time, as he had expected, strict enquiries had been set on foot for him at the country-seat in Holstein, where Frederica resided. After it had been reported, in answer to those inquiries, that no such person as my friend had been seen in that part of the country, he ventured to proceed to Holstein. His fluency in the English language, enabled him to pass with success for an Englishman. Assuming that character, he took a lodging at a farm-house in the village, not far from Frederica's residence, under the pretext of gratifying a melancholy humour. He soon became the subject of conversation, and people wished to become acquainted with the eccentric stranger. They did become acquainted with him, after he had, with difficulty, contrived to get a note delivered to his mistress. He received an invitation which he accepted, and acted his part to admiration. The invitation was repeated, and he soon brought it so far, that out of extraordinary complaisance, which was returned with the warmest thanks, he gave the girl of his heart instruction in the English language.

"So ample a reward for the pains of separa-

tion my friend had not expected, when he set out on his adventure. His partiality for his fair pupil could no more remain unnoticed than her inclination for him. But what under other circumstances would probably have been taken amiss, was now regarded with a favourable eye by the protectors of Frederica. They rejoiced to see the man to whom her heart was attached supplanted by a stranger, from whom she might, it was supposed, be withdrawn in time, if this new passion should strike too deep root The triumph of my friend was announced to Frederica's mother with exultation.

"This interval of happiness continued so long, and afforded my friend such manifold, and yet innocent pleasures, that he afterwards gave it the appellation of his golden age. Each day, as he said, witnessed the confirmation of a covenant that had long before been concluded. Nothing embittered his happiness, but filial solicitude for his father. He received information, in a circuitous way, that the already infirm health of the old man was daily declining. The uneasiness of his conscience got the better of prudence. My friend entrusted one of his friends at Göttingen with his secret, and wrote through him to his father, but without mentioning the place of his abode. The latter returned an answer through the same channel. It was conceived in terms so unusually tender that the son immediately wrote again. This was just what the father wanted. As my friend's acquaintance at Göttingen was incapable of treachery, the wily father applied to the post-office in that town, at the same time sending the direction of a letter in his son's hand-writing, and easily obtained information from what place a letter in the same hand had come.

"My friend ought to relate the circumstances to you himself to give you an idea of his feelings, when he, the pretended Englishman, who went by the name of Mr. Williams, heard himself saluted, in a harsh voice, by his real name, one afternoon, when familiarly seated by the side of his Frederica. It was no other than his father himself, who surprized him with a visit. The effects of this visit, the scenes which it occasioned, and the consequences which resulted from it, your imagination may supply. The undutiful son, as he was called, though he had not broken his promise, was dragged away like a malefactor, and the wretched victim, his Frederica, was attacked with a mortal disease. The obdurate father was immovable in the exercise of his parental authority, and not less immovable was the son in refusing obedience where he did not conceive himself bound to obey.

"What menaces and commands were incapable of effecting, was, however, brought about by qualms of conscience and pity. The old man's soul had long been a stranger to violent emotions. No sooner had he reached home with his son, than he sunk again upon a sick bed, from which he had been rouzed by the united force of anxiety and indignation. The physicians declared him to be in a critical state. The seeming agony of death with which he seemed to struggle whenever he looked at his son, at length prevailed upon the latter to give a new promise, not only that he would never marry Frederica without his father's consent, but that he would do all that lay in his power to wean himself from her, and her from him. After this promise my friend's father delivered to him a sealed packet, which he was to open in case the old man died, and to return if he recovered. He did recover, and received back his packet; and my friend, who seriously intended to keep his word, set out on his travels.

"In England, in France, and in Switzerland, this martyr to filial subjection sought to retrieve his lost happiness and his blasted hopes. He formed a philosophy of dissipation which he practised two whole years. Dissipated from despair, he grasped at pleasures, which according to his peculiar sentiments, he was destined to despise. In this endless circle of novelty and variety, he neither heard nor saw any thing of his Frederica. She continued near his heart, but was estranged from his thoughts. He never recollected her but with sorrow and affection; but days sometimes passed on which her image did not once present itself to his mind.

"The attempts that were made to withdraw the heart of the faithful Frederica from her lover, were not so successful. She peremptorily rejected every proposal to become the wife of another. She would cheerfully have promised never to marry, but resolved to be united to none except the man of her choice.

"My friend returned from his travels, and the cure which he had begun by dissipation he was now required to complete by attention to business. His father had designed to form him for a diplomatic post, and for the affairs connected with it, he was to be prepared under the superintendence of an experienced politician. But the intelligence of the invariable attachment of his Frederica, rendered him totally unfit for business, and he told his father that he must absolutely travel for another year,

before he could apply to it. The father, fearful of a relapse, was once more necessitated to comply. It was soon after this that my friend became acquainted with my brother, and accompanied him to our house with the intention of proceeding to Vienna.

"Of that part of his history which here commences, he had no occasion to give me a full account. So much the more important was the other half relating to the continuance of his love for Frederica. Whatever his ideas might have been on his first acquaintance with me, the thought of an indissoluble union terrified his conscience and revived his former attachment. The forced relish for the dissipations by which my brother had learned to know him wore off when, as he expressed himself, he grew good with me. For the same reason, he again kept a stricter watch over his heart. He even thought it his duty to inform Frederica of his new attachment. At a time when nobody apprehended any such thing, a secret correspondence again commenced between them: and on this account it was that his humour was governed so exactly by the departure and the arrival of the post.

"He had long been undetermined whether he should suffer me to take part in the conflict in which he was engaged with himself. He was afraid, and with good reason that I should side with his first attachment against myself. He tried another expedient. He procured a third person to inform Frederica that he was as good as betrothed to me, and even acquainted his father with part of his wishes in regard to me. His father, though a zealous protestant, most joyfully consented to his union with me. Both these circumstances surprized my friend. He had expected that Frederica would load him with reproaches, and that his father would throw difficulties in his way. Soon afterwards he received intelligence that an offer made to Frederica had not been positively rejected. All this confirmed him in the resolution to continue to keep his secret from me, and to try, by means of a longer stay with us, whether it would be possible to be made happy by the fulfilment of his first wish, now that he was no longer able, as he supposed, to suppress the second.

"The closer my friend s intimacy grew with me, the more firmly he was convinced, he said, that he could not possibly live without me. What gave him the greatest uneasiness, was that he heard no farther tidings of the offer which had not been rejected by Frederica. From this circumstance he concluded, but falsely, as you will presently hear, that she waited only for him in order to take the second step. His heart nevertheless reproached him as often as he felt disposed to take the first. This was too complicated a business to be arranged by letters. He determined to see and hear, and, if possible, to speak once more to Frederica. He supposed that in three months at latest every thing would have been settled.

"I have told you how I drew the long concealed secret from his agitated soul, at the moment when he announced to me his intended departure. He had not calculated upon this accident, and again became uneasy and confused. He knew me. The fear of losing me rendered him blind to the consequences of an inconsiderate step, and that but ill accorded with the delicacy which I had discovered in him, and without which I could not possibly have loved him. He resolved to pledge his honour, in order to bind his heart; he therefore hastened before he had time to cool, to my guardian, and solicited my hand.

"Scarcely had he returned home and obtained an interview with Frederica, when the whole weight of his injustice and precipitancy fell with aggravated force upon him. Frederica received him with tranquil resignation. The proposal which had made her appear unfaithful to him, had never been serious. She had purposely concerted it to see how the intelligence would operate on my friend. To find that he was unable to repress his joy on the occasion, was the severest stroke she had yet experienced. She was drowned in tears when nobody saw her. She pined so visibly that my friend was frightened when he beheld her again. She calmly relinquished all her claims, congratulated him on his new prospects and his reconciliation with his father, and when he was going to seize her hand, hastily withdrew into another room, where, as he heard, she fainted away.

"Ah! my poor friend; who suffered most, you or she against whom you had transgressed?—He told me that for a considerable time, he was not master of his senses. Languishing between happiness and misery, he stood upon burning ground, unable to turn either to the right or to the left. Had she, whom he was about to desert but made him a single reproach! But no; not even the satisfaction of a meditated justification was afforded him. Half resolved to relieve himself with a pistol from this insupportable sensation, he hurried home. Before he reached his room, he was met by his father, with whose knowledge he had paid this visit to Frederica. The old man beckoned and called to him, but my friend paying no attention rushed past him up the stairs. His father followed him, and an explanation en-

sued. For the first time my friend beheld his father shed tears. He felt somewhat relieved, and thinking this an opportunity of which he ought to avail himself, he renounced all farther connection with me, and begged permission to make Frederica happy. Notwithstanding his tears, the father proved inexorable, and informed the son, with the sternness of an executioner, that all the necessary preparations were now made for removing Frederica from his sight for ever. My friend sprang up like a maniac, vowing instantly to annihilate all these preparations. The father placed himself at the door to oppose his exit. A scene revolting to the noblest feelings of humanity would perhaps have ensued between the father and the son, but for the opening of the door at the moment, and the entrance of two persons whom my friend did not expect. These were, his mother, an excellent woman, but who, on other occasions had no voice in family affairs, and the mother of Frederica.

"The former threw herself into the arms of her son, and the latter delivered to him a letter. My friend opened it, read and read it again, and was scarcely able to support himself. It contained a formal renunciation of him by Frederica, accompanied with a vow, never to see him more, and the assurance that were he even to return to her, he could not make her happy. She begged him by obedience to his father, and fidelity to his new mistress, to afford her the consolation of having contributed something toward his felicity and that of his family.

"It is possible that it was not this renunciation which again directed my friend's thoughts to me. But, at the moment when it produced its first effect, it abated the flames of passion, which threatened to destroy the recollection of me in the mind of my friend. Deeply affected, he observed a profound silence, which was interrupted by his father. He held up Frederica's conduct to him as an example, and contrasted her fortitude with his weakness. 'Hitherto,' said he, 'in your opposition I have recognized my son. I have excused your disobedience, because I could not disclose the reasons why I must not, and as I am a man of honour and your father, never will consent to a connection between you and Frederica. You ought to have believed that these reasons must be very weighty because they fix my determination so irrevocably. But I know how difficult it is to take reasons upon credit; this made me pity but not despise you. From ignorance you persisted in your way, as I did, from a more intimate acquaintance with circumstances, in mine. You were true to one female; but now you are promised to two brides. You can no longer tell me that your passion is invincible. Now the wishes of your father coincide with those which you have yourself acknowledged. If I am again to find in you my son, and not the pusillanimous wretch who changes his mind every day, fulfil your promise at least on the one hand. Make amends for your disgraceful injustice in the only way you can. Or will you, of your own accord, desert the second; in the same manner as you were obliged, against your will to forsake the first?—But is not that a ring which I see on your finger?'

"It was a ring of my hair, made in memory of a very remarkable hour. When my friend, struck by his father's question, cast his eyes upon the ring, another power glowed, as he expressed it, within his soul. He earnestly begged to be left by himself. His request was complied with. He locked his door, firmly resolved not to leave the room till he had come to a final determination, and to carry this without farther consideration into effect, let the consequences be what they might."

[*To be continued.*]

HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE APPARITION,

IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

Our readers may attach what credit they please to the following history; but of this they may be assured, that, at the time, it excited a great sensation, and was generally believed; and that if any deception was practised, it was, at least, contrived with such subtlety as to escape detection if not suspicion.

The little town of Salon in Provence, which boasts of being the native place of Nostradamus, was in April, 1697, the first scene of the present history. An apparition, which many people took to be no other than the ghost of Nostradamus, appeared to a private individual of that town, and threw him into not a

little perplexity. It charged him in the first place, on pain of death, to observe the most inviolable silence respecting what it was going to communicate, and then commanded him, in its name, to demand a letter of recommendation of the intendant of the province, which should enable him, on his arrival at Versailles, to obtain a private audience of the King.—"What you are to say to the King," continued the ghost, "you are not to know till the day before your arrival at court, when I will appear to you again and give you the necessary instructions; but forget not that your life depends on the secrecy which I enjoin you to observe respecting what has passed between us, with every body except the intendant." With these words the spectre vanished, and left the poor man half dead with fear. Scarcely had he come to himself, when his wife entered, observed his uneasiness, and enquired the cause. The threats of the ghost however had made far too powerful an impression for her to obtain from him a satisfactory answer. The evasions of the man excited the wife's curiosity still more, and the poor fellow, that he might have peace, was at length weak enough to reveal the whole matter, and the next moment paid for his indiscretion with his life. The woman was exceedingly affrighted at this unexpected catastrophe, but persuaded herself that what had happened to her husband was merely the effect of an imagination confused by a dream, or some other accident, and thought fit, both for her own sake, as well as out of regard for the memory of her deceased husband, to communicate the secret to none but a few relatives and friends.

It so happened, however, that the same visitor appeared to another inhabitant of the town, who had also the imprudence to disclose the circumstance to his brother, and was in like manner punished with a sudden death. These two extraordinary incidents now became the subject of general conversation, not only at Salon, but throughout the whole country for more than sixty miles round.

In a few days the same spectre appeared to a blacksmith living at the distance of only two houses from the persons who had died so suddenly. Rendered wiser by the misfortune of his neighbours, he delayed not a moment to repair to the intendant. It was not without difficulty that he obtained the private audience directed by the ghost, and was treated as a man deranged in his intellects. "I can easily conceive," replied the smith, who was a sensible man, and known for such at Salon, "that the part I am acting must appear highly ludicrous in your Excellency's eyes; but if you will please to order your deputy to make inquiries concerning the sudden death of two inhabitants of Salon, who had received from the ghost the same commission as I have, I flatter myself that your Excellency will send for me before the expiration of a week."

An investigation having been made into the circumstances attending the death of the two persons mentioned by François Michel, the smith, having been made, he was actually sent for by the intendant, who now listened to his story with much greater attention than before, and after furnishing him with dispatches to M. de Baobesieux, minister and secretary of state for Provence, he supplied him with money to defray his expences, and wished him a prosperous journey.

The intendant was apprehensive, lest so young a minister as M. de Baobesieux should accuse him of too great credulity, and give the court a subject of laughter at his expence; he therefore accompanied the dispatches not only with the documents of the examination instituted by his deputy at Salon, but also annexed the certificate of the lieutenant of justice at the same place, attested and subscribed by all the officers.

Michel arrived at Versailles, and was not a little perplexed what to say to the minister, because the ghost had not yet appeared to him again agreeably to its promise. The very same night, however, the spectre threw open the curtains of his bed, desired him to be of good cheer, and told him word for word the message he was to deliver to the minister, and what he was to say to the King, and to him alone. "You will have," it continued, "many difficulties to encounter, in order to obtain this private audience, but be not deterred, and beware of suffering your secret to be drawn from you by the minister, or by any other person, as instant death would be the inevitable consequence."—The minister, as may easily be conjectured, did his utmost to get at the bottom of the secret, which the smith firmly refused to reveal, protesting that his life was at stake. He concluded with observing, that to convince him what he had to communicate to the King was not an idle tale, he might acquaint his majesty, in his name, that at the last hunt at Fontainebleau he had himself seen the ghost, that his horse had taken fright at it, and started aside; but that because the apparition had staid but a moment, his majesty had regarded it as a deception of the eye, and had therefore taken no farther notice of it.

This last circumstance struck the minister, and he now thought it his duty to inform the

King of the smith's arrival at Versailles, and the extraordinary business which had brought him thither. But what was his astonishment, when, after a moment's silence, the monarch desired to speak with him that very day in private.

What passed at this singular interview was never made public All that was ever known on the subject is, that the smith afterwards remained three or four days at court, and that he publicly took leave of the King, with his consent, when he was going out a hunting.

It was asserted that on this occasion the Duke de Duras, the Captain of the life-guards on duty, said aloud :—"Sire, if your majesty had not expressly commanded me to permit this man to approach you, I should never have allowed him, for he is certainly a madman." The King with a smile replied:—"Dear Duras, how falsely we often judge of our fellow-creatures! He is more sensible than you and many others may suppose."

These words of the King's made a deep impression. The courtiers used every endeavour, but in vain, to discover the subject of the smith's interviews with the King and the minister Baobesieux. The people, ever credulous and consequently partial to the wonderful, imagined that the taxes occasioned by the long and oppressive wars were the real motives of them, and hoped for a speedy alleviation of their burdens; but they continued till the peace.

The visionary, on leaving the King, returned to his own province. He was supplied with money by the minister, and was commanded to keep his errand a profound secret from every body whatever. Roullet, one of the first artists of the age designed and engraved a portrait of this smith. The face was that of a man between thirty-five and forty years of age; with an honest, open, though somewhat pensive look, and exhibiting what the French term a *physionomie de caractere.*

ON FRIENDSHIP.

AMONG opulent nations, friendship is very rare. The heart remains empty while the mind is filled with caprices, jealousy, ambition, and love of pleasure. In nations to which a happy mediocrity has been allotted it is more common. Strangers alike to penury and abundance, they witness not the false enjoyments of the rich, and consequently these cannot excite envy; the mind is more tranquil and the heart better employed The savage possesses no sensibility except for his wants; he has none left for friendship.

This sentiment is nevertheless found among the natives of the Kurile Islands. Perhaps, from their situation they have an intercourse with nations who are unacquainted with the poison of luxury, and do not feel the pressure of want. The meeting of two friends there, after a long absence, is a spectacle not less singular than affecting. As soon as the Kurile hears that his friend has landed with his canoe, he goes to meet him with a solemn pace, and in military attire. The two friends advance towards each other, forming a kind of dance; they bend their bows, but in a moment; throwing away their arms, they fall upon each other's necks, and shed tears of tenderness and joy.

The stranger is then led by the other into his hut; he makes him sit down, treates him in the best manner he is able, deems it a duty to attend personally upon him, eagerly questions him about all that has befallen him ever since their separation, and listens as attentively to his tale. As a mark of respect, he stands in his presence, and his whole family devours the words of the stranger. He often speaks for whole hours, and enters into the minutest details of his adventures in hunting and fishing, his disappointments and pleasures. Nobody interrupts him, or gives him reason to think that he is too prolix. In no face does he discover traces of *ennui*, but only the interest which his adventures excite. When he has concluded his narration, the oldest person in the hut begins his tale, to which the auditors are equally attentive. The arrival of the beloved guest is then celebrated with festivities, and every moment is passed in singing, dancing, feasting, and telling stories.

The friendships of their neighbours, the Kamtschadales, are of a very different nature. If a Kamtschadale is desirous of making another his friend, he invites him to an entertainment. He previously heats his stove, and prepares a sufficient quantity of provisions to satisfy ten people. The guest strips, and so does his host, as if for a pugilistic contest. The latter then produces his provisions, and pours broth into a large shell in order to assist digestion by this beverage. While the guest is eating, the host sprinkles water on red hot

stones to increase the heat. The guest eats and sweats till he can hold out no longer, and is obliged to cry mercy of his host. The latter, for his part, takes nothing, and can go out of the hut as often as he pleases. As it is an honour for the host to keep heating and dishing up without intermission, so in like manner the guest prides himself on enduring this immoderate heat and too abundant entertainment. He would rather relieve his stomach ten times by vomiting, and discharge all the fluids of his body by perspiration, than give in. If he is at length compelled to acknowledge that he is overcome, he enters into a capitulation. His host then requires him to purchase an armistice by a present consisting either of dogs or apparel, threatening, in case of refusal, to heat still more violently, and to make him eat till he either pays or bursts. The guest gives what the host demands, and receives in return either old rags, or old lame dogs. He however enjoys the right of retaliation, and at a second banquet, in which he changes places with his guest, he gains as much as he lost by the first. This mutual treating of each other keeps up friendship and hospitality among the Kamtschadales. If the host did not pay attention to the invitation of the guest whom he had so liberally entertained, the latter would take up his quarters with him, without saying a word, and if he did not make him a present unsolicited, the stranger would next morning harness his dogs before the hut of his host, and after placing himself in his sledge, would thrust his staff into the earth, and not depart till something had been given him. It would be the most cruel affront, the cause of irreconcileable enmity, were he suffered to depart empty-handed. The avaricious host would have no friends, and would disgrace himself for ever in the eyes of his neighbours.

Krascheninikow relates a story of a Cossack, who, by the method above described, obtained a beautiful fox-skin of a Kamtschadale. The savage, so far from regretting his gift, declared that he had never been so sweated and crammed in all his life, and that the Russians knew how to regale their friends much better than the Kamtschadales.

REFLECTIONS ON IRON.

The vegetable kingdom supplies man with food and clothing, and the animal kingdom furnishes him with the same. The mineral kingdom affords him implements for separating bodies and joining them together, means of security, and weapons of defence.

Man destroys the animal and vegetable kingdom. The mineral kingdom, to which nature has assigned no particular form, is not destroyed by man, but destroys him; for he himself employs it for his destruction.—Steel protects against steel.—The helmet and the shield defend the head and breast against the sword and the arrow; but not against the death-dealing bomb, or the bullet of lead discharged by the force of kindled powder from the murderous tube. For this reason the helmet and the shield are no longer retained in these days of death and desolation, buf are thrown aside as an unnecessary burden to the warrior.

The engines of destruction have gained the victory over those destined for protection. With the augmented powers of the former, those of the latter have not been able to keep pace. The helmet and the shield are thrown aside, but nothing has been substituted in their stead.

Iron revenges on man the havoc which he makes in the animal and vegetable world. The soft wool of the sheep clothes him. The trunks of the trees, though he has cut them down, afford him a convenient habitation, and screen him from the wind and the rain. But iron, which he has himself forged for his own destruction, dashes him in pieces and kills him.

In the hand of man, iron is at once the most useful and the most dangerous of substances. Destruction is invariably its principal object. By the axe the tree and the ox are felled; by the saw the internal composition of the former is destroyed; by the knife the organization of the animal is dissolved; and by the scythe the waving ears are levelled with the ground. By iron man destroys the animal and vegetable world, in order to produce another creation of his own workmanship.

Men soon conceive a jealousy of each other on account of this new creation of their own production. Hence arise disputes and wars. The same dangerous engine by which this creation was formed again destroys it. The glowing ball transforms palaces into heaps of rubbish. The point of iron is turned against man himself, and because with it he

destroys the order of nature, it destroys him in his turn.

Man who admires this wonderful concatenation of things, who takes a comprehensive survey of their action and counteraction, their origin and their annihilation, is at a loss what final result to draw from these circumstances. The various relations of things to each other again operate on his powers of reflection and involuntarily set them in activity.

He thinks, and thinks, and imagines that he has discovered something, but it almost seems as if nothing but the fibres of his brain were set in motion; for, at last, the sole fruit of his speculations is a play of the ideas.

THE CANNIBAL.

THE appearance of a Cannibal in the midst of one of the most polished nations of the world, and that at a time when affected sensibility has become a fashionable disease among persons of almost every rank, is a singular phenomenon. It affords ample room for reflection to the moralist and the philosopher, but without encroaching upon their province, we shall confine ourselves to a plain statement of facts.

John James Goldschmidt, a cow-herd at Eichelborn, near Weimar, was born at the village of Hernschwegen, received as much instruction in the Christian religion as his simple schoolmaster could or would give him, married at the age of twenty-seven, and afterwards continued for the same number of years to follow his occupation. During all this time nobody had perceived in him any thing remarkable except that he was immoderately choleric, and had a certain roughness of manners which characterizes people of that class. Thus uniformly passed his life, till his fifty-fifth year, in 1771, when a general scarcity prevailed in the greatest part of Germany, and among the rest, in that country in which he lived. Nevertheless this scarcity did not contribute to the atrocious crime to which he was instigated by an extraordinary propensity: for the same day it was committed his wife had brought home a supply of bread from Weimar. He had no debts, and possessed some poultry. A widow, named Schönemann, had sent her daughter, about eleven years of age, early in the morning to school; but at noon the child did not return as usual. The mother, fearing lest some accident might have befallen her, made inquiries concerning her of all the neighbours, and among the rest, of Goldschmidt. The latter said that he had seen her by a certain pond. The pond and the well near it, were carefully examined, but without success. A suspicion arose that he had made away with the child, as it was recollected that he had once advised the killing and eating of children. One of his female neighbours had moreover remarked that on the day the child was missed, Goldschmidt had been extremely busy at home, that she observed him twice at the door looking about, as if to see whether any body was near, and then carrying a bundle of clothes under his coat into a neighbour's empty house, from which he returned without it. This circumstance the mother mentioned to the justice of the village. On strictly searching the abovementioned house and cellar, they found some articles of wearing apparel, and thirty-six mangled portions of the girl's body, such as a considerable part of the brain, the reticular membrane, the lungs, the liver, the right kidney, and the bowels, which were cut through in more than one place; great part of the scalp, the lower lip, together with the skin torn from the chin and throat, and the upper extremity of the windpipe adhering to it. Under the chin was an oblique wound two inches in length, and upon the scalp a large bloody spot. In Goldschmidt's house they perceived a strong smell of burning, and found in the ash-pit of the stove, a handful of singed hair, a piece of half-burned skin, and some pictures belonging to the catechism; and in the baking-trough a piece of flesh boiled or roasted, that appeared to belong to the thigh, and weighed half a pound.

In consequence of this discovery Goldschmidt was taken into custody, and made the following confession of his crime:—About the hour of eleven the girl was passing by his door, and at his invitation went with him into the room, where he promised to shew her the clock. While the girl was looking at it, and simply asking what the live thing at the top was, he seized her behind, deliberately, and without any provocation, by the cap and the

hair, intending to cut her throat, but as he could not do it immediately, he struck her with the hatchet on the head, and after chopping at her neck, at length twisted it completely off. The child breathed twice before the fatal blow was inflicted; the blood spirted against the wall, and the murderer followed up the deed he had begun. He stripped the corpse, threw the head, the arms, and the legs, together with the school-books, into the oven, cut up the rest of the body, so that his wife might not discover what it was, concealed the best pieces on the ground, with the intention of regaling on them while watching during the night; buried the intestines in the dunghill, and carefully washed and sanded the floor; after which he ate, out of curiosity, a piece of the boiled and roasted flesh, and next day carried his provision into the cellar of the empty house. He declared that he had often eaten with his wife the flesh of dead sheep and calves, and of dogs which he killed; and that for some time he had been so familiar with the thoughts of murder, that it was perfectly indifferent to him whether he killed a beast or a man. That the wife had no knowledge of, or share in the crime, was attested by her husband and a great number of witnesses, but had unwittingly partaken of the flesh of the innocent girl. She likewise deposed that whenever her husband was in a passion, murder was always the first thing he talked of, that he was continually morose and passionate, but never pensive or frantic, and had sometimes stolen trifling articles from the neighbours.

No sooner was this wretched man convicted of one murder than he began to be suspected of another. In his house were discovered clothes which manifestly were not his own. Goldschmidt likewise confessed this crime, of which he gave the following particulars:—A few days after Michaelmas, 1771, he was, as usual, driving his cattle about noon into what is called the Jesuits' Wood, at the entrance of which he found a young man about twenty-four years of age, standing in a travelling dress, and who frightened the animals. Goldschmidt abused him, the traveller denied that he was in fault; they came to blows, and the former, with his thick stick, gave the stranger such a violent stroke behind the left ear, that the blood immediately followed copiously, and the unfortunate man fell dead upon the ground. His limbs were still convulsed, when the wretch, with a few more strokes, made them quiet for ever. The murderer then carried his victim into the thickest part of the wood, stripped him, cut up the body, and on his return home always carried a piece with him in a bag, covered with brush-wood. It was then that he acquired an appetite for human flesh. It was boiled and roasted, the remainder was kept on the ground; and because it soon became putrid, some of it was likewise boiled for the dog, who was himself afterwards killed and eaten. His wife was allowed to partake of this repast; but she was unable to chew this mutton, as he called it, and said it must have been a confounded old sheep, at which the murderer laughed most heartily.

During Goldschmidt's confinement, the physician to the prison went thither unknown to him, to see whether he could discover any symptoms of insanity, which his advocate had alledged in his defence. He found nothing, however, to corroborate that assertion; Goldschmidt spoke sensibly and coherently, and among other things, said that dogs' flesh tasted better than human flesh, for the latter was too sweet and somewhat nauseous; and that it was impossible to eat the liver of the child on account of its excessive bitterness.

The tribunal of Jena therefore sentenced him, as a convicted murderer, to be broken alive upon the wheel, and his body to be left on it. This sentence was executed on the 24th of June, 1772, at Berka, on the Ilm.

ON DEATH.—A FRAGMENT.

"FIE, for shame!" said my uncle, "give up snivelling in that manner!"

"O my poor dear Amelia! she cannot live!"

"Why did she wear such high heels? She may with truth be called a martyr to fashion."

In illustration of this dialogue, I must inform the reader, that my dear Amelia, who wore the highest heels of any female in the whole town, fell down a flight of stone steps and broke a leg, an arm, and the bridge of her

nose, besides receiving several other fractures, contusions, and injuries. Her life was despaired of, and this was the cause of my tears.

"If you are a man," continued my uncle, "you must be ashamed to weep. We must all die sooner or later."

"But the manner is so extraordinary!"

"What can you be thinking of? Is it possible that you, who have read so much, can be ignorant that the kinds of death are so various that you might fill whole volumes with them. You know that Anacreon was choaked by a grape-stone; a bald head was the death of Æschylus, the most antient tragic poet. The eagle would not have mistaken his bare skull for a rock and let the tortoise fall upon it, to spoil for ever his writing of tragedies, had he worn a perriwig. The burgomaster of Braunau forgot to lift up his long beard when he went up stairs, so stumbled, fell down, and broke his neck. He was going up stairs, and Polly down; both trod upon something, both came by their death through vanity and an inordinate love of fashion. Lady Russell pricked her finger with a pin and bled to death. I have read on the tomb-stone of a page, that endeavouring to swallow in great haste one of the roasted apples which he was carrying to the prince, his master, he instantaneously expired. All the elements are sworn enemies to human life. Henry II. of France had broken numberless lances during his life, without ever receiving any injury, but at length the splinter of one flew into his eye, and death was the consequence. The Emperor Henry VII. never imagined that a spiritual benefit was likely to deprive him of a temporal one, and yet he died by eating a poisoned wafer. Philip IV. of Spain, as well as the Marquis of Pobar, thought it beneath his dignity to take the wood off the fire near which he was sitting, but chose rather to contract an eresypulas which carried him to the grave. Charles VI. of France, never imagined that his mummeries would deprive him of his reason, and soon afterwards cost him, as well as several of his fellow-satyrs, his life in a moment. Agathocles of Syracuse, had a poisoned tooth-pick given him by his attendant Menon, and was certainly far from foreseeing that it would be his death. Hatto of Mentz, and the Polish duke, Poppel II. were both devoured by mice, the former by himself, the latter in company with his wife and children. The Emperor Antoninus Pius died of eating too much cheese; and Aristides of Locris, of the bite of a cat. I could give you numberless instances of this kind, but you are already acquainted with them. You know that some have expired of joy, others of grief, that some have laughed and others have wept themselves to death, that one died in the field of battle, another in the arms of a courtezan. It is all one at last. We must die; it is the universal lot of mankind, and death too has his holiday suit. The fall of your mistress belongs to the events of this best of worlds, therefore dry your tears. As long as you sojourn in the world you should be ashamed to be disconsolate and dejected about accidents which are necessary links in the grand chain of its perfections. Had not Amelia worn such confounded high heels she would not have fallen, neither would she now be at the point of death. If she were not at the point of death, Charlotte would not have to dry the tears which affection for you makes her shed night and day; so that——"

"But my dear Amelia!"

"Boy, sit down and compose a dirge; but dispute not, for in your present frame of mind you cannot hit the mark."

And did my uncle hit the mark, think you?

THE CONJUGAL TRIO.

MR. EDITOR,

In your last Number you introduced an interesting anecdote respecting the ancient German Count Gleichen and his two wives, who lived together in perfect harmony. I am inclined to think that such instances are not so rare as might at first be imagined. Subjoined is an example of the kind which I have lately met with, and which forms an excellent parallel to the history of the noble German.

S. L.

A woman in Pennsylvania, of middle age, fell sick, and was soon convinced that she had not long to live. The thoughts of her young children gave her great uneasiness in these last moments of her life. She sent for her husband to her bed-side, and did not conceal from him the apprehensions she entertained lest her successor in the conjugal bed should ill-treat her motherless infants; she begged and conjured her husband, now that she was going to leave him, to marry the young and robust

Rosina, who had always been a faithful servant to them both, and cheerfully performed whatever was required of her. The husband regarded this proposal of his sick wife as the effect of impaired intellects, but as she insisted that he should swear to fulfil her wishes, he, to please her, took an oath to that purpose. Two days afterwards, the patient, distrusting her husband's sincerity, called him and Rosina to her bed, and told the latter that she intended to unite her in marriage with the man whom she herself was about to leave a widower; exherting her, at the same time, to be faithful to him, to love him, and to take great care of his children and his domestic concerns. The good-natured Rosina promised, weeping, to do whatever she required. The sick woman united them herself, made them both take the matrimonial vow, and obliged them immediately to put the seal to their new contract to prevent the possibility of their receding.

Having accomplished this business to her satisfaction, the patient gradually grew better; but the husband, in whose sight the new wife had found favour, told his former partner on her recovery, that since she had obliged him to marry Rosina, he was determined not to forsake her as long as he lived. The former, so far from being displeased, was, on the contrary, highly delighted with this resolution, embraced her husband, and by her caresses testified the warmest approbation. No misunderstanding was ever known to arise between these two wives. The second bore several children, to which the first shewed as much tenderness as to her own, and paid the utmost attention to the mother in her lying-in. The young wife never forgot the respect, esteem, and affection which she owed to the elder as her benefactress; the days of this conjugal trio glided happily away, and nobody took offence at their extraordinary union.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BACHELOR.

"'Tis said the portion of a wife
"Is nought but quarrelling and strife."
OVID.

HAPPY the man, who, free from cares,
Passes in peace his latter years;
Descending slow the hill of life,
Without that worst of plagues—a wife!
Him no discordant cries awake,
No children squalling for a cake:
And when his evening rest he takes,
No scolding wife his slumber breaks.
He sleeps upon his couch at ease,
Whilst all is quiet—all is peace:
No sons, impatient for his death,
Anxious await his parting breath.

The Bachelor considers this
The height of every human bliss;
He treads the mazy paths of life,
Unblest by Heaven's best gift,—a wife,
Whose heart an equal share sustains
In all his joys, in all his pains;
No infant lips (in accents mild)
Lisp out "Papa!"—He has no child!
No daughter tends his latter days,
No son a father's care repays;
Unfelt the choicest gift of Jove,
He knows not what it is—to love!

THE MONODY OF CAROLAN,

THE IRISH BARD, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

WERE mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spelful song, and eloquence divine,
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre, and Ossian's harp were mine;
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In Mary lost, would lose their wonted grace,
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow,
In vain!—I rest not—Sleep brings no relief;
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe,
Nor birth, nor beauty shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride;
Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once ev'ry thought, and ev'ry scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employ'd,
Now doom'd to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude!—my heart a void!

Alas, the change!—to change again no more!
For ev'ry comfort is with Mary fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorn'd me in life's early prime!
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,
The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, rent them from my breast!
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more:
Thy muse deserts an heart with grief opprest,
And lost is ev'ry joy that charm'd before!

SWEET LIBERTY.

Fair Anna has a soft blue eye,
That steals the soul we know not why;
Her auburn tresses graceful flow,
Adown a neck as white as snow;
Her form is cast in Beauty's mould—
Who can, unmov'd, such charms behold?
Yet, yet, whene'er I think of wedding,
My passion in an instant flies;
Domestic wranglings sorely dreading,
I dare not thus secure the prize.
Not softest eye of azure blue—
Not bosom of a snow-white hue—
Not auburn locks—not form divine—
Can e'er induce me to resign
Sweet Liberty.

The sprightly Delia, young and gay,
Looks brighter than the opening day;
Enchanting smiles illume her face,
Each word is wit—each motion grace:
And when she strikes the sounding lyre,
My kindling soul feels all on fire.
Yet, do not think I would disparage
Wedlock's pure and holy rite:—
Yet, yet, whene'er I think of marriage,
At once my love is put to flight.
Not music's captivating power—
Not wit enlivening every hour—
Not heavenly smiles—not sparkling eyes—
Can ever make me sacrifice
Sweet Liberty.

Corinna has vast store of gold,
Nor is she very—very old;
Her park is amply stock'd with deer,
And border'd by a trout stream clear;
Her chariot swift flies thro' the street,
Drawn by four steeds high-bred and fleet.—
Yet, had she e'en Peruvian treasure,
And all Golconda's jewell'd store,
There is in freedom so much pleasure,
Our wedding day I should deplore.
Try me with gold's alluring bait—
With wooded park and large estate,—
Yet, yet, though you may call it strange,
For these I never would exchange
Sweet Liberty.

Young Cupid, who was standing nigh,
Soon punish'd my weak vanity,
From out his quiver drew a dart,
And instant shot me thro' the heart.
Astonish'd by the sudden wound,
I started, and I gaz'd around,
My restless eye unquiet roving
Was fix'd at last on Emma's charms;
Then first I knew the sweet of loving—
Then first I knew its fond alarms.
I look'd—I trembled—look'd again—
I felt a dear delicious pain,
And cried, as soft ideas grew,
Be Emma mine—and then adieu
To Liberty.

LINES ADDRESSED
TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Dear Tom, so like to one another,
So well in all things you agree,
Of Cupid you are sure twin brother,
Just such a darling rogue as he.

Just such another fickle boy,
Wild, whining, and unsteady,
Brimful of waggery and joy,
For mirth or mischief ready.

Like him you hurl your darts and fires,
Yet gentler seem than Venus' turtles;
Look, sing, and play what he inspires,
Embow'red in laurel, rose and myrtles.

Like him you are too often naught,
Restless by day, by night alarming;
With all that urchin's fancies fraught.
Yet whip ye both, ye both are charming.

Then, as for what the critics say,
Against your frolic and your fun;
You know the vigour of his ray
Draws maggots from the pregnant sun.

Poor crawling things! a myriad train,
At once may batten in your beam;
And while they prosper on your strain,
Themselves are scarcely heard or seen.

But were, like Seneca's, your page,
A code of morals in each sheet;
Still would the critic-reptiles rage,
And eat, and scold, and scold and eat.

Yet as your muse, though blithe and gay,
Has sometimes miss'd the shrine of truth;
O! let her, in each future lay,
Chasten, not chill, the glow of youth.

What though you can sweet chaplets bring
From harmony's delicious stores,
And woo the muses at their spring,
Still all the Nine confess your powers.

Your Mira, Mary, Nea, Nancy,
Are but the play things of an hour;
Form'd in the haram of your fancy,
Dulcineas of a fairy bower.

And though you are a peerless knight,
Lord of a little burning zone;
Ne'er will you taste of true delight,
Till Virtue shares with wit the throne.

Believe me Virtue's sacred lyre
Can touch the tenderest, noblest strain,
But wit's incendiary fire
Soon blazes off, and leaves a stain.

Ah! then to her your vows impart
And taste the charm their love bestows,
Give and receive the bliss of heart,
Which vagrant passion never knows.

So Venus shall with Pallas join,
Graces and virtues round you throng;
The purest, richest wreath shall twine
And all be proud to aid your song.

THE PASSIONS.

The Passions once, in frolic pastime gay,
Stole Fancy's magic-lantern for a day;
And each, in order, its effect essay'd,
On some new Phantom, which herself pourtray'd.

Fierce Anger first her hasty hand apply'd,
And sketch'd an earth-born giant's tow'ring pride:
Vast was his strength, and terrible his nod;
He spoke in thunder, and on storms he rode;
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down thrones;
And infants call him still, raw-head-and-bloody-bones.

Valour, of glorious hazard only proud,
Drew dragons hissing from the bursting cloud;
Sorcerers, whose spells cloud wrathful warriors tame;
And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame;
Till happier hardihood th' inchantment broke;
And magic adamant dissolv'd in smoke.

Fear's trembling pencil group'd a goblin crew,
Ghosts clatt'ring chains around the church-yard yew;
Forms without heads, that cross the midnight ways;
Head without limbs, where saucer eye-balls blaze;
And shapes grotesque, down eve's grey shade that slide,
And buzzing, grinning, chatt'ring, screaming, glide.

To her succeeded Hope; intent to trace
A friendly wizard's comfortable face;
The rev'rend Merlin of a former age;
Unconquerably just, benignly sage.
Low o'er his breast a milk-white beard was spread:
Awed by his wand the pow'rs of Mischief fled;
Till (every peril past) sure triumph grac'd
The brave, and happy wedlock crown'd the chaste.

A scene far different wild Despair employ'd;
Furies, whose whips clash thro' the darksome void;
Demons with forks of fire, and breaths of flame,
That howl revenge, and chuckle at our shame;
Mock guilty misery's most alarming hour;
And to the rage of malice, add the pow'r.

Mirth then display'd a jocund troop to view;
Trim fairies, frisking on the twilight dew;
Fantastic Will-a-wisps thro' brush and briar,
That lur'd the staring clown, and sous'd him in the mire;
And fire-proof elves, that round the cauldron squat,
And burn the housewife's dumpling to the pot.

Then Superstition came, her sprites to show,
That make the mastiff's yell the note of woe;
At melancholy's window flap their wings,
In concert with the dirge the raven sings;
O'er Nature's face a veil of omens spread;
Perplex the living, and belie the dead.

Envy's shrunk finger next th' occasion caught;
And scratch'd the hideous image of her thought;
A scraggy witch, on broom-stick hors'd for flight,
Equipp'd with all th' artillery of spite;
Mildews and blights, to blast the forward grain;
Philtres t' intoxicate the madd'ning brain;
Pray'rs mumbled backwards, discord to promote;
And crooked pins, to rend the suff'rer's throat.

Love still remain'd—but lo! while she prepares
Her little family of joys and cares,
Fancy herself surpris'd the wanton train,
Reclaim'd her lantern—and resum'd her reign;
Seiz'd on the spot, the visionary scroll,
And then the Genius gave the motley whole.

Genius, sublime with taste, correct with ease,
Al ernate soften'd those, and heighten'd these;

From features rude, and parts of monstrous size,
Bade mystic sense, and moral beauty rise;
Engag'd tradition on the side of truth;
And made the tale of age, the oracle of youth.

THE SHEPHERD LOST IN THE SNOW STORM.

BY MR. SCOTT.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tir'd ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the Shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow;
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides;
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells
Stiffens his locks to isicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage-window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again;
And facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale:
His path, his landmarks all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,*
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot;
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's§ loud revelry;
His native hill-notes tun'd on high
To Marian of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaken reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

* On the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, after sun-set, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described; and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

HENRY AND JANE.

Mark the cot on the brow of yon sun-tinted hill,
Where nature and art have united their skill—
I feel my old heart throb with ecstacy still—
'Tis the cot where I first saw my Jane.

I have travell'd the mountain, the valley, the moor,
Over tracts that were almost untravell'd before;
But long years have elaps'd, since I view'd Fowey's shore,
And the cot where I first saw my Jane.

It brings to remembrance the scenes of my youth;
It reminds me of vows, that were founded in truth;
But, alas! soon will fall before time's iron tooth
The dear cot where I first saw my Jane.

It reminds me of scenes upon life's chequer'd stage,
Of sorrows, alas, which no time can assuage;
Ah! witness the tears and the sobbings of age,
Thou dear cot where I first saw my Jane.

My tears have ceas'd flowing—their fountain is dry;
I'll lay my old limbs on the grass-plat here by,
And there will I languish, and there will I die,
Near the cot where I first saw my Jane.

Thus sigh'd the poor wand'rer, and, under a willow,
He stretch'd himself forth, the cold earth was his pillow;
He stretch'd himself forth, at his length on the plain,
And the grave clos'd for ever on Henry and Jane.

§ The Scotch harvest-home.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

DRURY-LANE.

On Friday night, April 22d, was produced at this theatre a grand serious ballet of action, entitled *Caractacus*, under the management of Mr. D'Egville, assisted by some of the Opera corps.

The story of this ballet is taken from Tacitus, and Mason's *Caractacus*; and is partly the invention of the Ballet Master.

The scenery of the first act is in the antient island of Mona, the seat of Druidical superstition, with some of the savage ceremonies of which the piece commences. The second act is amongst the rocks and fastnesses of North Wales, in the vicinity of Cadir Idris, Snowdon, and Plinlimmon; amongst which *Caractacus* and his Son are seen flying, and pursued by the Roman soldiers. The third act introduces *Caractacus* into the palace of *Claudius Cæsar* at Rome; he is brought in loaded with chains. The Ballet Master here follows Tacitus; *Caractacus* is released from his bonds, and received into the friendship of *Claudius*.

The scenery of this piece was exquisitely beautiful and grand, but the action was too serious and slow; the piece wanted variety, both in the tone of its characters and its incidents; and it was debased by much of the solemn foppery of the Opera ballets. There was too much of dancing and posture-making. D'Egville performed in a most touching and masterly style: Miss Gayton and Mrs. Sharpe acquitted themselves well.

On account of the length of this ballet it met with some opposition, but the general feeling of the house was strongly in its favour.

On Tuesday, May 3d, was produced an Opera, from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, entitled the *Jew of Mogadore*; the following are the Dramatis Personæ:—

Selim	Mr. HOLLAND.
Hassan	Mr. KELLY.
Prince Giovan	Mr. BRAHAM.
Abdallobad	Mr. RAYMOND.
Nadan the Jew	Mr. DOWTON.
Mardochee	Mr. PENLEY.
Zelma	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Mammora	Sig. STORACE.
Brigida	Mrs. BLAND.

FABLE.

A Sicilian galley, having on board *Prince Giovan* and *Zelma*, the favourite mistress of *Muley Selim*, is wrecked on the Arabian coast, where the passengers and crew are seized by the natives, and sold for slaves to a rich and benevolent Jew, named *Nadan*, who purchases them with the intention of restoring them to liberty and their friends. In this situation *Muley Selim* sees and recognizes *Zelma*, whom he supposed lost to him for ever; and, notwithstanding the certainty of being exposed to his father's severest displeasure, he determines to make her his bride. In the mean time the news reaches him of the death of his father, and a mutiny having broken out among his black troops, he immediately takes the field, quells the mutiny, and returning in triumph, makes the beautiful *Zelma* partner of his throne.

We are concerned we cannot speak of this piece with as much kindness as we could wish from our respect for its veteran author. Its fable is formed of various trite ingredients, mixed up with no great skill or novelty of cookery. Its characters are ladies and gentlemen whom we well remember to have seen before, and were never, in truth, much pleased with. Of incident it has little or any, and that little is excessively monotonous and fatiguing. The dialogue is spiritless in general, but sometimes rises to a vapid elegance and sentimental bombast, which brought down much applause from the boxes. The whole piece, in a word, is unworthy of its author. There is some very pretty music of Kelly's, thrown away upon it.

It met with considerable opposition on the first representation; and, for ourselves, we gave it up for lost.

Mr. Colman is busily at work on a new play, which he intends for his own theatre. The principal character is to be something in the style of his *Octavian*, and is to be represented by Mr. Young.

Fashionable Spring Walking Dresses.

Engraven for the 31st Number of La Belle Assemblee, Published on June 1.1808, for John Bell, proprietor of the W
Messenger, Strand.

Opera & Full Dresses

Engraved expressly for the 31st Number of La Belle Assemblée, Published June 1, 1808. by John Bell
proprietor of the Weekly Messenger

FASHIONS

For JUNE, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.

A plain cambric, or jaconet muslin dress, made a walking length; scolloped at the feet and wrist, with high gored bosom, and long sleeve of net. A spencer of silver lilac sarsnet, with bosom and cuffs, ornamented *à-la-Militaire*. Simple turban bonnet, composed of the same material as the spencer. The hair in alternate bands and ringlets. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid; and parasol of shaded green sarsnet. It is as well to observe that with this kind of bonnet is usually worn a short veil of white lace, suspended from the edge next the hair.

No. 2.

A light dress of blossom-coloured muslin, over white cambric, with waistcoat bosom, and deep scolloped collar and cuffs. A large gipsy hat of straw, or imperial chip, tied across the crown with a silk handkerchief, of the same shade, or one of white brocade sarsnet. A veil of Mecklin lace, thrown negligently over the front of the hat, so as agreeably to shade the countenance. Small French watch, worn on the outside. Shoes of purple kid, or olive jean. Gloves of York-tan. Brown, green, or purple parasol, with a deep fringed awning.

No. 3.

A simple frock of French cambric, buttoned up the back, with round bosom, and plain sleeve, with frock cuff. A Spanish vest of pale blue, or French grey sarsnet, with short French sleeve, lappelled bosom, and pointed skirt, finished with correspondent tassels. A pale amber, or lemon-coloured scarf, of Chinese silk, twisted negligently round the throat, the ends flowing in varied drapery, or restrained by the graceful disposition of the hand. A cottage poke-bonnet of fine straw, simply ornamented with a bow of white ribband on the right side. Gold filigree earrings of the hoop form. Hair in irregular curls, partially confined with a band. Gloves of Limerick, and shoes of grey kid.

No. 4.

A Moorish turban of pea-green silver tissue; totally obscuring the hair. A band of diamonds on the left side, finished with a loop and *aigrette* of brilliants in front. A round robe of white or pea-green crape, worn over a white satin slip; stock bosom, formed in circular plaits; finished at the corner of the bosom with diamond brooches. Short full sleeves of white satin, with armlets of pearl, and gathered tops the same as the robe. The dress ornamented at the bottom with fluted ribband of the same shade. Diamond earrings, and festooned necklace of Bohemian pearl, with diamond snap; bracelets to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed and spangled with silver. French kid gloves above the elbow.

No. 5.

A round dress of white, apple-blossom, or silver-lilac satin, with triangular front, pointed back, and plain frock sleeve; a double trimming of antique scolloped lace, placed full round the bust. A large Mosaic brooch in front of the bosom. Hair, a waved crop, with a few irregular curls in divers directions, confined with a comb in Mosaic. A diadem in front to correspond. Pearl hoop earrings; bracelets *en suite*, with Mosaic studs. A plain pea-green satin slipper. A *bouquet* of mignionette, jessamine, and moss-rose. Gloves of white kid; and fan of green crape, wrought in silver *lilies of the valley*. A sash (or occasional scarf) of lilac tissue, embroidered in a delicate border of silver.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST SELECT AND ELEGANT *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.*

OUR metropolis may now be said to have arrived at the zenith of its splendour; while taste and beauty pay the willing tribute to fashion and elegance, and pleasure dances on the wings of time. At this gay and jocund season the charms of nature and the genius of art aid and animate each other, and exhibit an assemblage of attractive interest and loveliness. We may now safely challenge any country on earth, not only on the score of individual beauty, but on that of taste and elegance. We now see personal charms heightened and accompanied by the graces of motion, manners, accomplishments, and attire. And if, as Chesterfield avers, something of the character is to be traced from the general style of personal decoration, our fair countrywomen need not shrink from the scrutinizing eye of investigation. We have only to lament that the latitude given to individual selection should be so unlimited, that it is difficult to pronounce the decided fashion of the day. Our attention must be directed therefore to those females whose unquestionable rank and elegance, entitle them to be looked up to as the standard of taste and fashion. From such sources as these we offer the following observations.

The late warmth of the weather has in some degree abolished the sarsnet pelisse adopted in the early part of the season; and mantles, French cloaks, Grecian scarfs, and pelisses of fine white muslin are substituted in their place. These articles are composed in various forms, either of double or brocade sarsnet, of figured patent net, in white and colours, and often of fine India muslin. Amidst the diversity we remark the following as most eminent for novel elegance. The Grecian mantle formed of a small square of spring green sarsnet, gathered in a cameo brooch on one shoulder, trimmed entirely round with a fine scolloped lace, and confined on one side of the bosom with a correspondent cord and tassels. The mantle *a-la-Villageoise*, of fanciful construction, and fashionable simplicity; the Nell Gwyn ditto; the canonical pelisse, and long military scarf; the cottage cloak and shawl *a-la-Ariadne*—all rank amidst a fashionable assemblage. The gipsy hat, though often seen on very genteel women, is not in such general esteem as in former seasons. The large Grecian poke, the cottage ditto, those of the Spanish form, composed of plain or mossstraw, appear on females of acknowledged taste and celebrity. Small French bonnets of sarsnet, corresponding with the mantle or cloak, are very becoming and appropriate. In carriages, and often in the walking habit, we observe a whole or half silk handerkchief, disposed on the hair so as to form a small bonnet, or cap; a flower of the tiara form, a *demi-wreath*, or bow of ribband, placed in front towards the left side, and worn with a short veil; indeed some fashionable females appear in Kensington-Gardens, with only the hair simply confined with a comb, ornamented with a flower, or the Grecian hood of lace; over which is thrown a long veil, which flows in graceful drapery on the bust.

Flowers were never more in vogue than at this season. Surely no ornament can be more interesting or more appropriate, though we do not consider them a consistent ornament for the morning costume.

The splendour of public and private assemblies offers a large field for the exercise of taste. Although there is some little guide as to the general style, yet in other respects the rein is given entirely to fancy, and variety seems the order of the day. The white robe, though not so universal as in former seasons, has yet a distinguishing place, and relieved as it now is, by silver drapery, borders of painted flowers, or wreaths of ditto, it may be exceeded in splendour, but can scarcely be equalled in simplicity, and elegance. There is a sort of indefinable attraction in a beautiful young woman thus adorned, which makes its appeal from the *eye to the heart*. White and black lace veils formed into *demi-robes*, over white or coloured satin, are considered a distinguishing garb. We have seen the former disposed over blossom satin, and the latter over primrose and lilac, to produce a most beautiful and unique effect. Coloured nets over white sarsnet, white embroidered leno or muslins, over coloured slips, appear also amidst the endless diversity. At the Marchioness of H—'s last grand assembly, we observed a most beautiful habit formed of silver grey satin, with draperies of white gossamer gauze, embellished with silver stars, and terminated with a silver fringe. A stomacher of the antique form, composed of silver scaling, ornamented the waist in front which was unusually long, and a scolloped belt of the same construction confined it at the bottom. Round the feet was a silver beading corresponding with that which edged the bosom and sleeves. The head ornaments were, a silver filigree comb and coronet, and necklace and earrings of diamonds. Dresses of white crape, with coloured satin sleeves and front; with a long military sash thrown round the shoulders, the ends gathered into

large silver tassels, and the whole trimmed entirely round with a scolloped Mecklin lace, is a very attractive habit, and appears to much advantage on the youthful female. Scarce any lady appears in public without a little French cloak, or scarf, shading most becomingly the back and shoulders, which would be otherwise somewhat indecorously exposed. These simple and modest ornaments are composed of white or coloured satin, or of spangled tiffany, silver tissue, or Paris net, trimmed round with vandyke, or scolloped antique lace. The bosom of dresses is formed high, so as to reject the aid of the tucker; and the waist, amongst the first class, is considerably increased in length. Morning robes are usually high in the neck, with chemisette fronts, and antique ruffs, or worked collars. The long sleeve is not confined to this species of costume, but is still very generally seen in evening parties. Worked borders, both in white and coloured tambour, is observable in almost every part of the white robe; and narrow treble flounces are seen on a few females, but this fashion we consider too redundant to be generally adopted by females of a correct taste.

There is nothing particularly new or striking in caps since our last communication. Queen Catherine's hood, and the cap *a-la-Lady Jane Grey*, are the only novelties at this time. Turbans seem quite exploded; the half handkerchief too is rather on the decline, and mobs are considered as anti-fashionable.

The hair, variously ornamented, is chiefly adopted in full dress, or evening parties; it still continues in the Chinese and Grecian style; with some little fanciful dispositions, which are guided by the taste of the several individuals. Sometimes we see braids, or bands, on one side of the temple, with ringlets on the other. Sometimes a plain crop, with a high curled front; at others the Madona front, with long falling ringlets on the left side. The ornaments worn on the hair are alternately of diamonds, pearl, or polished steel. Combs and coronets of silver filigree, *bandeaus* of pearl, with the pear drop in the centre of the forehead; *tiaras* and wreaths of flowers; a few spanish hats of white satin, or green and silver tissue, with frosted feathers to correspond. The twisted necklace is now on the decline in fashionable parties. The Cameo and Mosaic take precedence. The most novel minor articles in this line are, the coloured patent pearl necklace and bracelet, and cable chain of gold.

Lemon, grey, and lilac kid shoes are very much in esteem; olive jean, and purple kid, are fashionable, and more appropriate for the pedestrian fair. Painted kid, white ditto, laced at the toes and trimmed with colours; together with white satin with gold and silver trimmings, are general in full dress.

Gloves continue as in our last. Parasols are now worn of divers colours, with deep shaded fringed awnings. The prevailing colours are spring-green, lilac, grey, blossom-pink, and primrose.

DESCRIPTION OF *CARLETON-HOUSE.*

THE high pitch of excellence to which the modern style of furnishing has within these few years arrived, being universally acknowledged, it is not to be wondered at that Carleton-House should be looked up to at the present moment as the standard of chasteness and true classical taste. When it is likewise remembered that the whole has been under the sole and immediate direction of a gentleman of acknowledged taste and judgment, we need not be surprised at the encomiums generally lavished upon it, and we have every reason to believe that it will be considered as the *acme* of perfection.

The state-rooms, about twelve in number, have undergone a thorough repair, and have all been recently furnished in the most splendid and magnificent style possible, and every way worthy of the residence of the Heir Apparent.

At the end of the range of rooms is a Chinese *boudoir*, which for taste and execution will far surpass any thing of the kind that has ever yet been attempted. These apartments, which were always heretofore considered as useless, have been completely fitted up and subdivided, so as to render them not only ornamental but every way useful. These are the rooms which will be immediately occupied by the Prince of Wales. They consist of his bed-chamber which is forty feet long; it is fitted up as the interior of a tent: immediately at the back of which is a magnificent bath, equalled by none in the kingdom. The walls are composed of real *verde-antique* marble, and the whole is highly polished. The flight of steps, niches, &c. are of the finest statuary.

The whole is upon a very large scale, and built after the model of Titus's celebrated bath at Rome. This bath is surrounded by different chambers for the pages, dressing-rooms, &c. In front of the chamber is a marble anti-room for servants. Next to this is an Etrus-

can-room, opening into the garden, and fitted up with books, &c. for gentlemen wishing to see his Royal Highness. Beyond this apartment is a chamber called the Roman-room, the walls of which are covered with purple cloth, and fitted up with bookcases, &c. The latter may be considered as a kind of state-room, or small drawing-room. The decorations of this apartment are remarkably light and elegant, and altogether completely in the Roman style. It is generally thought to be the most tasteful, though not the most expensive room in the house. This opens into the Great Library, which is fitted up according to the time of King Henry VIII. the costume being all strictly proper. The walls are hung with superfine scarlet cloth, and bordered by rich massy gold fringe. The bookcases, tables, chairs, &c. are of black ebony, inlaid with ivory, producing altogether the richest and most comfortable effect that can well be conceived. This superb range of rooms terminates with a Gothic Conservatory, 140 feet in length.

The latter building bears every mark of the most classical taste in the design and execution, and being the only one ever attempted, it may certainly be considered as unique. This suite, when the folding doors are all thrown open (for they each act upon sympathetic hinges) will exhibit the most singularly picturesque appearance imaginable; the distance from the farthest extremity of the Prince's bed-chamber to the end of the conservatory, being upwards of six hundred feet.

EXTRAORDINARY CONTEST.

HELENA SCHARSEGIN, the natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, was the greatest beauty of her time in Germany. Her extraordinary personal charms naturally attracted admirers. Among these, Rauber, a German baron, and a Spanish nobleman of distinction, solicited her hand; each flattered himself with the hope of becoming the Emperor's son-in-law, both Rauber who was his favourite, and the Spaniard a grandee of the highest rank.

The competition of these two threw the Emperor into the greatest embarrassment. He was unwilling to offend either by a refusal, and yet unable to devise any way of satisfying both. His good genius at length suggested this mode of deciding the matter. He made known to the rival candidates that he who should fairly put his antagonist into a sack, should receive the hand of the beauteous Helena.

A day was appointed for the contest, and each of the champions was provided with a sack adapted by measure to the stature of his opponent. Figure to yourself two rivals in the flower of their age contending for such a prize as was here to reward the exertions of the conqueror. Strength and stratagem were alternately employed to obtain the victory. The conflict was long and obstinate. The dexterous German, at length, watching his opportunity, threw his nervous arm about his antagonist, and thrust him with his impetuous passion, and all his Spanish grandezza, into the sack for which he had suffered himself to be measured.

The Emperor was overjoyed at the prowess of his countryman, and rewarded the victor with the possession of the beautiful Helena Scharsegin.

London: Printed by and for JOHN BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1808.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Elegant PORTRAITS of their MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN.
2. DESIGN for a TEMPLE and BRIDGE; by R. GANDY, A. R. A.
3. COUNTESS CHOLMONDELEY in a Splendid and Elegant COURT-DRESS.
4. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
5. An Original SONG, set to Music expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
6. Two elegant new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, July* 1, 1808.

With the present Number of this Magazine is published No. XXXIII. *being our*

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

Which concludes the present (being the Fourth) Volume of this Work, with the division of the year.

IT CONTAINS A COMPLETE SUITE OF

THE SERIES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES,

PAINTED BY JAMES BARRY, R. A.

And preserved in the Great Room of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi.

MR. BELL, having been honoured with permission to make OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS from Mr. BARRY's celebrated suite of Pictures, entitled

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY,

has introduced them to the Public in the present *Supplemental Number* of *La Belle Assemblée*.

These Works of the deceased Mr. Barry, have long been esteemed one of the greatest ornaments of the Art of Painting in this Country; and it has been a subject of regret that they have never hitherto been engraven. Mr. Bell is proud to say, that the OUTLINE SPECIMEN which he has given of them, in fidelity and perspicuity, is not inferior to the most finished works of the Graver.

These Pictures, being Six in number, and containing infinite work and variety of character, the three leading ones only are given in the SUPPLEMENT; the remainin three will be included in the three next succeeding Numbers of the Magazine.

The SUPPLEMENT contains descriptions and criticisms of these Pictures; the life of Barry; and a variety of interesting and original matter upon every department of the Art.

The SUPPLEMENTAL Number is charged Half-a-Crown, the price of each Number of this Work.

Marié Jean Boudier sculp.

THEIR MAJESTIES the KING & QUEEN of SWEDEN.

Most correctly Copied after the Fine Medal which was Struck in Commemoration of the Coronation. Engraven by Special Permission expressly for the 38 Number of La Belle Assemblée. Published by John Bell Proprietor of the weekly Messenger.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Thirty-second Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

At a time when Europe is undergoing such extraordinary changes; when one kingdom disappears, and another rises of different government and extent; when fear seems to paralize the sceptered arm, and to bow the crowned head to the nod of the conqueror; how much ought we to admire the heroism of Gustavus the Fourth, the young King of the comparatively small realm of Sweden! A monarch descended from a line of ancestors, whose names need only be mentioned to awaken the most honourable recollections.

He was born on the 1st of November, 1778, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, who was assassinated on the night of the 15th of March, 1791. Being a minor, his uncle the Duke of Sudermania became regent. In 1782, Gustavus III. had made a will, by which he ordered, that, in case of his decease, his son, Gustavus Adolphus, conformably to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, should not assume the reins of government till arrived at the age of twenty-one. When the war broke out between him and Russia, he made a second will, by which the majority of the heir apparent was fixed at eighteen, on account of the extraordinary progress that young prince had made in his studies, his early indications of courage and judgment, and the exigency of the times. The assassination of the monarch brought this provident testament too soon into effect. His brother, the Duke of Sudermania, was scarcely seated in the regency, before the creatures of Russia, a power ever hostile to Sweden, retired to various other countries. Amongst the most turbulent was the Baron von Armfeldt, who, by his intrigues with the court of St. Petersburgh, was very active in endeavouring to deprive the Duke of the regency, and even of life. The court of Sweden was not ignorant of his plots; all his steps were observed by spies; and an opportunity was seized to take his papers from him; they were sent to Stockholm and laid before the proper tribunal, who arrested all his accomplices that were in the kingdom. The greater part of the documents relative to this trial were published, and proved incontrovertibly to the world, that the conspiracy was managed by the court of Russia.

The Duke of Sudermania wished to unite his royal ward with one of the young Princesses of the house of Mecklenburg. The marriage was even agreed on, and the Princess publicly announced as the future Queen of Sweden. At the news of this measure the Empress of Russia shewed great displeasure, pretending that Gustavus III. had promised her the hand of his son for one of her grand-daughters. The regent would not hearken to her message, which was couched in terms rather of com-

mand than expostulation; and the misunderstanding between Sweden and Russia seemed ready to assume the most serious appearances, when a French emigrant, named Christin, arrived at Stockholm. He had come from England, and gave out that he was charged with a mission from Count d'Artois to the Northern Powers. But this was only a pretence, for it was well known afterwards, that he was a secret messenger from the Czarina to incline the regent to her views. His negociation was attended with success; and, in the course of a few weeks, General Budberg arrived in Sweden, as Ambassador from Russia.

By him the King and his uncle were persuaded to repair to St. Petersburg, where the most splendid entertainments were devised and given; and the Grand-Duchess Alexandra was introduced, in the full blaze of youthful charms and regal attire, to the young monarch. The sight of her easily made him forget the Princess of Mecklenburg. Proposals of marriage being instantly offered, they were readily accepted, and a day was fixed for the nuptials.

When the contract was presented to the King to sign—(to the astonishment of the imperial assembly, who with wonder and disappointment at so much conscientiousness and wisdom in a lover and a youth of nineteen) he said, that the Princess must previously change her religion; for, till she complied with that condition, he could not set his hand to the contract.

Catherine at first had recourse to persuasion, flattery, and promises, to prevail on him to sign the deed; but still the young King, though often regarding the lovely Alexandra with a sorrowful and pleading look, remained firm to his purpose.—"The laws of my country command me, (continued he), and none can I make Queen of Sweden who refuses to comply with what they require."—At these words, which were delivered in a calm and determined tone that declared them to be irrevocable, the Empress rose sternly from her chair, and, followed by the Grand Duke and his imperial sisters, left the room.

Gustavus was steady; and in defiance of the threats of Russia, and his love for the Princess, he the next morning quitted St. Petersburg for Sweden, with the regent and his whole retinue. Disgusted with the designs of Russia, and devoting his mind entirely to the welfare of his country, the virtuous young monarch soon conquered his regrets for the lovely Alexandra; and on the 31st October, 1797, married the no less beautiful than amiable Dorothea Wilhelmina, fourth daughter of the hereditary prince of Baden (and sister to the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria) who was born on the 12th of March, 1781. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth, the young Queen gave birth to a son.

Since the King of Sweden first unsheathed his sword against his mighty enemy, it is marvellous to behold the conquests of the one and the resolution of the other. The bloody wreaths won on the plains of Austerlitz and Friedland, are yet green on the brows of Napoleon; and still Gustavus remains undismayed. Stralsund and Rugen are lost; but no particle of their monarch's glory has fallen with them. No Swedish artillery or ammunition swell the arsenals of their enemy; no Swedish subjects fill his prisons: when overpowered by numbers, they either died sword in hand, or retired, in the Parthian manner, making a dreadful havock amongst the French troops who dared to disturb their retreat.

The Northern ally of the King of Sweden is fallen from his side; the peace of Tilsit is signed; and Gustavus stands alone on the Continent, with all the arms of the conqueror levelled at his breast!

Though attacked on the east by the formidable force of Russia and menaced on the south by the combined armies of France and Denmark, he still holds firm to England and to honour: and like his brave ancestors, will acknowledge no peace that does not leave Sweden free.—His people are worthy of their king; and in all their proceedings manifest, rather the ardent affection of children to a parent, than merely the cooler feelings of faithful subjects. He mixes with them at their public festivals; they share in his domestic comforts; and while they look on his lovely wife and his beautiful offspring, their hearts acknowledge the empire of virtue; and when he turns his eyes on the people, his soul exults in a nation which loves him as a father, as a benefactor, and as a good King, *the noblest work of God.*

THE ARTIST.

No. VI.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

THE LIFE OF DOMENICHINO ZAMPIERI.

[*Continued from Page* 203.]

POSTERITY, which alone determines the rank of great artists, has placed the name of Guido below that of Domenichino; their contemporaries thought differently, and their partiality was eminently manifested in this circumstance. They established, against all justice, an extreme disproportion in the value they affixed to their respective labours. The *Flagellation of St. Andrew* brought Domenichino only 150 Roman crowns; whilst Guido received 400 for his picture of the Saint on his Knees before the Cross. When these paintings were exhibited to the public, the majority decided in favour of Guido; but Domenichino wanted no other consolation than the applauses of Annibal. "Domenichino's," said he, "is the work of a scholar; Guido's is that of a master; but the scholar is superior to the master." This celebrated expression of Caracci gives us a strong idea of the excellence of Domenichino; it was that of an artist, who, wanting the accuracy of a master, possessed that genius and fire which are always ranked far above correctness and regularity. But Domenichino had yet greater applauses from nature uninfected by the sophistications of science.

An old woman of the lower rank came one day with her child into the chapel, and, being struck with the expression of the characters in the painting, exclaimed,—"See, my dear, with what fury these executioners torture the saint! Behold the inflamed visage of the one who threatens him, and of the other who exerts all his force, whose every nerve is in action in tightening the cords that bind him! See, too, how faith supports the martyr in the midst of his torments! He raises his eyes to heaven, and seems to triumph in his sufferings." After pronouncing these words, she threw a cold and indifferent look upon the picture of Guido, and, bathed in tears, quitted the chapel.

Grievously wounded and depressed by the injustice of his enemies, Domenichino resolved to return to Bologna, where one of his friends, a priest of the church of St. Jerome, procured him to be employed in painting the altar-piece. This work, known by the name of The Communion of St. Jerome, is universally acknowledged to be the masterpiece of Domenichino. The judgment of Poussin upon it is well known. This great master considered the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Descent from the Cross, by Daniel de Volterre, and the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, as the three most perfect works which the art had produced. For this inestimable picture he received but fifty crowns. The enemies of Domenichino, compelled to acknowledge its excellence, endeavoured to degrade it by stigmatizing it as a plagiarism, and a copy. Lanfranc, who had been long his enemy, remembered that Augustin Caracci had formerly taken this subject for the Chartreuse of Bologna; and pretended that Domenichino, incapable of any great work of original invention, had stolen the ideas of Augustin.

To strengthen this assertion, he employed Francis Perrier, his pupil, to engrave the composition of Augustin, which he circulated through Rome. His accusation, unjust as it was, had yet some colour of truth.

It is not to be denied that Domenichino had somewhat availed himself of the general style of composition, and disposition of figures, peculiar to his preceptor; but it is impossible to charge him with any want of invention; for, whatever be the merit of the work of Augustin, it can sustain no comparison with that of Domenichino, in the truth and beauty of

conception, the strength of character, and that abundance of pathetic expression which ennoble the thoughts, and exalt the superiority of this great painter far beyond the competition of any cotemporary rival. The engraving of the picture of Augustin, published by Lanfranc, did not, however, produce the expected effect; it only served to display his malevolence, and establish the fame of Domenichino. The Communion of St. Jerome was finished in 1614, in the thirty-third year of his age.

If this masterpiece with which he enriched the art had not the power to silence his enemies, it nevertheless increased the number of his partizans, and consequently, of his employers. Business now flowed in upon him. He was engaged with Lanfranc, Guerchino, and Josephin, in a palace of Rome, which has since come into the possession of the Marquis Costaguti. He represented there on the ceiling, Apollo driving his Chariot, resplendent with the light of Truth, supported by Time. He painted likewise for the Marquis Maffei, on the ceiling of a small chamber, the History of Jacob and Rachael. But he had frequent occasion to employ his talents in works of greater enterprise and difficulty. He was employed to decorate with paintings in fresco the chapel of St. Cecilia, in the church of St. Louis of France. These are, in truth, the best of his productions; they represent the chief events of the life of St. Cecilia. In the two first we behold the saint distributing her goods among the poor; the moment in which she refuses to sacrifice to idols; in the third she is represented on her knees, with Valerian her husband, receiving a crown of flowers from the hands of an angel; in the fourth she is represented dying of her wounds. The ceiling presents her apotheosis.

He went afterwards to the town of Fano, where he painted in the cathedral, for the chapel of the family of Nolfi, the Life of the Virgin, in fresco. Afterwards the desire of seeing his parents recalled him to Bologna He there painted a picture in which he represents himself employed in the midst of his family.

The most distinguished works which he executed in this city, are two great pictures, entitled The Virgin of Rosaire, and The Martyrdom of St. Agnes. The subject of the first is complicated, and not easy to be understood.

The artist himself has given a vague explanation of this mystical allegory. In regard to execution, this painting presents the most striking beauties. The Martyrdom of St. Agnes is not inferior; the head of the saint is exquisitely expressive and pathetic.

Domenichino married in his own country; he espoused a young and amiable woman, so handsome that she served him for a model in his paintings.

Gregory XV. when a cardinal, was godfather to one of his sons. When he became Pope he appointed Domenichino architect of the apostolical palace. The death of Gregory deprived him of that employment, and of many other happy occasions of exercising his talents. Fortunately, the cardinal Alexander Montali was then building the church of St. Andrew *della Valle*. This prelate, who greatly admired the talents of Domenichino, drew him from his retirement, and employed him to paint the pulpit and the cupola of that church.

Domenichino first painted the four arches of the cupola, in which he represented, in a large and colossal manner, the four Evangelists. He attempted, likewise, in the pulpit and spaces of the windows, the History of St. Andrew. This work was almost completed.

Having finished, with much study and fatigue, the designs for the cupola, and whilst he was meditating three compositions for it in a different style, the death of the cardinal deprived him of one of his chief protectors. His enemy Lanfranc pretended that he could not finish, unassisted, the whole of the works for which he had engaged. He thus obtained for himself the execution of the cupola.

Domenichino was sensible of this new injury, but had some consolation in the general censure of his rival.

The cardinal Octavio Bandini, to recompense him, employed him to paint in the church of St. Silvester, at Monte Cavallo, the four ovals which are in the chapel of that prelate. He there represented subjects from the Old Testament: Esther before Ahasuerus, Judith showing to the Hebrews the head of Holofernes, David playing on the Harp before the Ark, and Solomon on his throne with his Mother Bathsheba, or, according to others, with the Queen of Sheba.

He painted afterwards in *Santa Maria de la Vittoria*, the Virgin with the Infant Jesus and St. Francis. On the walls of the same chapel he painted, in two pieces, the same saint receiving the prints, and entranced with the sounds of heavenly music.

On the completion of the church of St. Charles *de Catinari*, the paintings were intrusted to Domenichino. He first painted in the arches of the vault, the four Cardinal Virtues; but the misfortune which pursued him through life, and at length brought him to the grave,

did not suffer him to receive for these admirable works any adequate compensation. Domenichino, afflicted and irritated by the malice of his enemies, left the figure of Temperance imperfect, and would not undertake the painting of the cupola.

He painted afterwards, for the church of St. Peter, a picture representing the martyrdom of St. Sebastian; and another as considerable for the altar-piece of St. John *des Bolonnais*. In this last are painted the Virgin and the Infant Jesus; A Concert of Angels; St. John and St. Peter. When we consider the merit of these works, we are surprised that they did not obtain for the artist an affluent fortune; but so badly was he paid, that his condition was scarcely bettered by his acknowledged excellence and constant employment. He accepted, therefore, an invitation to paint the chapel of the Treasury at Naples. The important trust had been successively consigned to Guido and Josephin, both of whom abandoned it. They had been compelled to leave the city for fear of poison, as the Neapolitan artists were enraged to see strangers snatching away the fruits of labours in which they thought themselves only should be employed. Their menaces drove them from the city. One of them named Corenzio, by birth a Greek, who after the departure of Guido had been employed in conjunction with another painter called Caracciuolo, was less remarked for his talents than for a ferocious and revengeful disposition. Domenichino did not know him: but the order of the viceroy had compelled Corenzio to abandon his employment; and Domenichino, in order to support his family, and compensate himself for the loss of his late place, so far overcame his fears as to accept the offer, without yielding to the prayers of his wife and friends, who in vain endeavoured to dissuade him.

He treated with the envoys of Naples in 1629, and repaired to that city with his family, where he was received with distinction.

After examining the edifice which he was engaged to ornament, he began his compositions without delay. He took his subjects from the Life of St. Januarius, the tutelary saint of the Neapolitans, and retraced the various circumstances in which his protection had been eminently evinced towards the city.

When the designs were finished, he was compelled, in order to execute them on the walls, to erase the labours of Corenzio and Caracciuolo. Their rage was now at its height; but Domenichino was too well fortified under the protection of the viceroy to fear any attempt upon his life. Not being able to attack his person, they assaulted his fame, and vilified his works in the common language of envy. Nature they said, had not bestowed genius upon him; and whatever merit he had was produced by tedious and toilsome industry. Libels of this kind were affixed to the door of his house, and he received anonymous letters daily, in which their malice blazed out with invincible fury.

They informed him, that were it not for the attentive zeal of an ecclesiastic, who endeavoured to amuse his distraction by music and conversation, he would inevitably fall into madness and stupidity.

Lanfranc and Espagnolet joined themselves to the cabals of the Neapolitan painters: they saw with envy the vast design with which Domenichino was intrusted, and had the baseness to represent the price of his engagement as extravagant, although he had stipulated to receive no more than Caravagio, the same as Guerchino, and but half as much as was promised to Guido.

They said, moreover, that he introduced many figures in his paintings with a view only to enhance their price. This ridiculous charge Domenichino had the weakness to repel, by displaying in one of his compositions a veil which filled an extraordinary space. But he chiefly confounded his enemies by the labour which he bestowed on every part of his designs; and, indeed, he employed so much of his time in perfecting his works, that he himself was in a manner the cause of his agreement with the treasurers of the chapel being in the end disadvantageous to him.

Meantime his enemies attacked him on all sides: they said that Lanfranc, whose expedition was well known, would have finished the chapel in half the time. This last affirmed that the entire life of Domenichino would not suffice to finish it, and that they must of necessity employ him. After the death of Domenichino, the wishes of this jealous and inveterate rival were but too well accomplished.

They had now recourse to the most desperate means of ruining Domenichino: they bribed the mason, who prepared the plasterings on which he was to paint, to mix ashes with the lime that he used, so that when Domenichino retouched his figures, the plastering of the wall cracked, and impeded the continuance of his work. But his constancy supported him against their malice, and he indulged the fond hope of genius, that justice would be rendered him at a future day.

At this time he was obliged to suspend his labours in the chapel, in order to complete

some paintings which the viceroy of Naples was desirous of sending to Spain.

Again his enemies were in arms, led on by Espagnolet He represented to the viceroy that the paintings of Domenichino were tolerable when first produced, but that he spoiled them by a vain desire of excellence, which he could not attain, and which it was hopeless to pursue. At last Domenichino was ordered to paint in the presence of the viceroy; and to this mortification was added that of seeing Espagnolet point out some imaginary defects in his works, and persuade the viceroy to have them retouched before him.

His perseverance was exhausted by this last insult to genius, this degrading concession to ignorance and malice. He left the city in haste, accompanied by one of his pupils, and repaired to Rome. When the viceroy was informed of his flight he arrested his wife and daughter, and sequestered his property.

Domenichino in vain solicited the release of his family; finally, perceiving that his expostulations were ineffectual, he returned to Naples, and resumed his labours.

His family was now restored to liberty, and had permission to retire to Rome as they desired. But his resignation could not appease those rivals whom his superiority had inflamed. They renewed the plots against him which had formerly compelled him to quit Naples; they corrupted his Nephew, a profligate and abandoned wretch, and frightened him with menaces against his life.

Finally, having employed three years in painting the cupola, when one year of vigorous and uninterrupted labour would have sufficed, the perpetual mortifications which he suffered, diminished the force and spirit of that genius which could best shoot out in tranquillity and peace.

He could now trust no one, not even his wife, through fear of poison. He daily diminished his allowance of nourishment; but, notwithstanding all his precautions, he yielded to the severity of his afflictions on the 15th of April 1641, in the sixtieth year of his age, after lingering many days in the most cruel tortures.

It is yet a matter of doubt, whether his death was caused by grief, or the desperate practices of his enemies. His wife affirmed that he was poisoned in some water which he used every morning; others contend that he died a victim of melancholy. It is more natural to believe this last representation, from the peculiar character of Domenichino. His excessive sensibility, and softness of temper, too easily admitted melancholy to prey upon his spirits, till the foundations of life were too weak to sustain any additional weight of grief.

The same misfortune which pursued him through life, may be said to have accompanied him even after death. The hatred of his enemies was neither extinguished nor softened by his dissolution; Lanfranc was yet the persecutor of his memory.

Scarcely was Domenichino in his grave, when the works which were left incomplete were destroyed by the jealousy of this artist, who substituted his own productions; nothing in the chapel was spared but the angels and the paintings below them.

The persecution of his enemies extended even to his family; the wife and daughter of this great painter were compelled to refund great part of the sums which he had received, under the pretext that he had left unfinished a work which was the monument of his glory, and, in some measure, a monument of himself.

He was buried without distinction in the cathedral of Naples. A short time afterwards, the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, honoured him with a funeral service, not unworthy of his merits. His eulogium was pronounced by J. B. Passereni, member of that academy, of which the whole body omitted nothing that could immortalize the name of so distinguished an artist.

Domenichino left to his daughter a great number of designs, and unfinished paintings, and in money about twenty thousand Roman crowns Her youth, beauty, and captivating talents, and more particularly the honour of affinity to so great a painter, made her required in marriage by many of illustrious rank. She married a gentleman of Pesaro.

In person, Domenichino was short and lusty; his complexion was fair, and his cheeks full of colour; his eyes were blue, and his mouth well proportioned and pleasing; in his last years his hair was white. His manner of dress, which was extremely simple, gave him the appearance of dignity and respect. He was easy of access, grave and instructive in conversation, but more addicted to solitude than society. In his hours of leisure, he read with peculiar devotion the sacred writings; and, when more unbending, the treasures of history and antient mythology.

He often consulted M. Agucchi respecting the composition of his works; and Albanus assures us, that if, in his paintings in the

church of St. Andrew della Valle, and those of St. Charles de Catinari, any thing of the unnatural or monstrous appear, it must be charged upon M. Agucchi, in whose judgment Domenichino implicitly confided.

His studies were in the extreme laborious. Some of his designs are yet preserved, in which the heads and hands, effaced and drawn anew, are varied seven or eight times in the movement and attitude; and frequently he would make twenty sketches of a single figure. If any thing, therefore, of heaviness appear in a few of his works, it must not be imputed to barrenness of invention, but to a restless and unappeasable dissatisfaction with his labours, joined to a diffidence which would scarcely permit him to think even his best works finished with that excellence of which he thought them capable. He was dubious and indecisive in respect to the estimation of his works; and when his friends would press him to follow the example of other masters, and labour less upon them; he would reply, "It is for myself alone, and the perfection of the art, that I labour."

He was convinced that a painting should be equally laboured in every part; that nothing should be slightly dismissed, and that genius should never relax its efforts.

When, after long meditation upon a subject, he had settled the plan of invention and disposition, he was accustomed to say that the work was done.

When he was told the sarcastic criticisms of his enemies, he concluded that he had produced a good performance; and by the same rule, when he was informed that they praised any of his paintings, he would exclaim, "I am not altogether certain that I have not committed some very great blunder."

He was not susceptible of any lasting or vehement anger; and notwithstanding he saw with concern the reputation of Guido advanced above his own, he yet never hesitated to do justice to his talents, and treat him with friendship whenever they met. In the sequel, these two men, so worthy of esteem, were of mutual service to each other.

He judged with equal impartiality the antient and modern masters; he examined with the same care their good and bad productions; and was accustomed to observe, that as no book was so bad but that some good might be extracted from it, so in painting, from works of excellence beauties might be borrowed, and from those of inferiority we might be taught to avoid errors.

It was not to favour alone that Domenichino owed his employment of architect of the Apostolical Palace. His judgment in architecture was generally esteemed. He studied the art with peculiar attention, though he never executed any considerable monument.

He learned from Father Mattheo Zoccolino the principles of optics and perspective, and was tolerably versed in mathematics.—Though he himself never executed a single statue, many are yet shown at Rome of which he furnished the design and models.

In his early youth he had a decided taste for music; he had acquired a theoretic knowledge of it; and many able composers were fond of hearing him discourse upon the art, and were accustomed frequently to consult him. Jean Doni, in his treatise upon theatrical music, has mentioned with praise the name of Domenichino as one of the most skillful judges.

His pencil was always chaste; the purity of his manners added lustre to the brilliancy of his talents; and this painter may, perhaps singly, challenge the rare praise of being not only most eminent in his art, but equally distinguished for those virtuous practices which inspire the veneration of the good.

It will be asked, therefore, with some reasonable surprise, how it came that Domenichino, living in retirement, blameless in his life, and more than just to the merits of other painters, could raise up against himself enemies so numerous and invincible?

This mystery is easily explained. The persecution of his rivals would have been feeble but for the ignorance and prejudice of a certain class of connoisseurs; for it must be remarked that the beauties of this painter are not such as are strongly felt by common capacities; those only can properly esteem them who have studied the art as a system.

[*To be Continued.*]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

DESIGN FOR A TEMPLE AND BRIDGE,

TO A

NOBLEMAN OR GENTLEMAN'S PARK.

BY R. GANDY, A. R. A.

THIS design is selected because it possesses much of the simplicity and elegance we ought to see in a building of the Grecian taste, and is a specimen of that style which we wish more generally introduced in this country, in order to keep pace with the classical knowledge of our Universities.

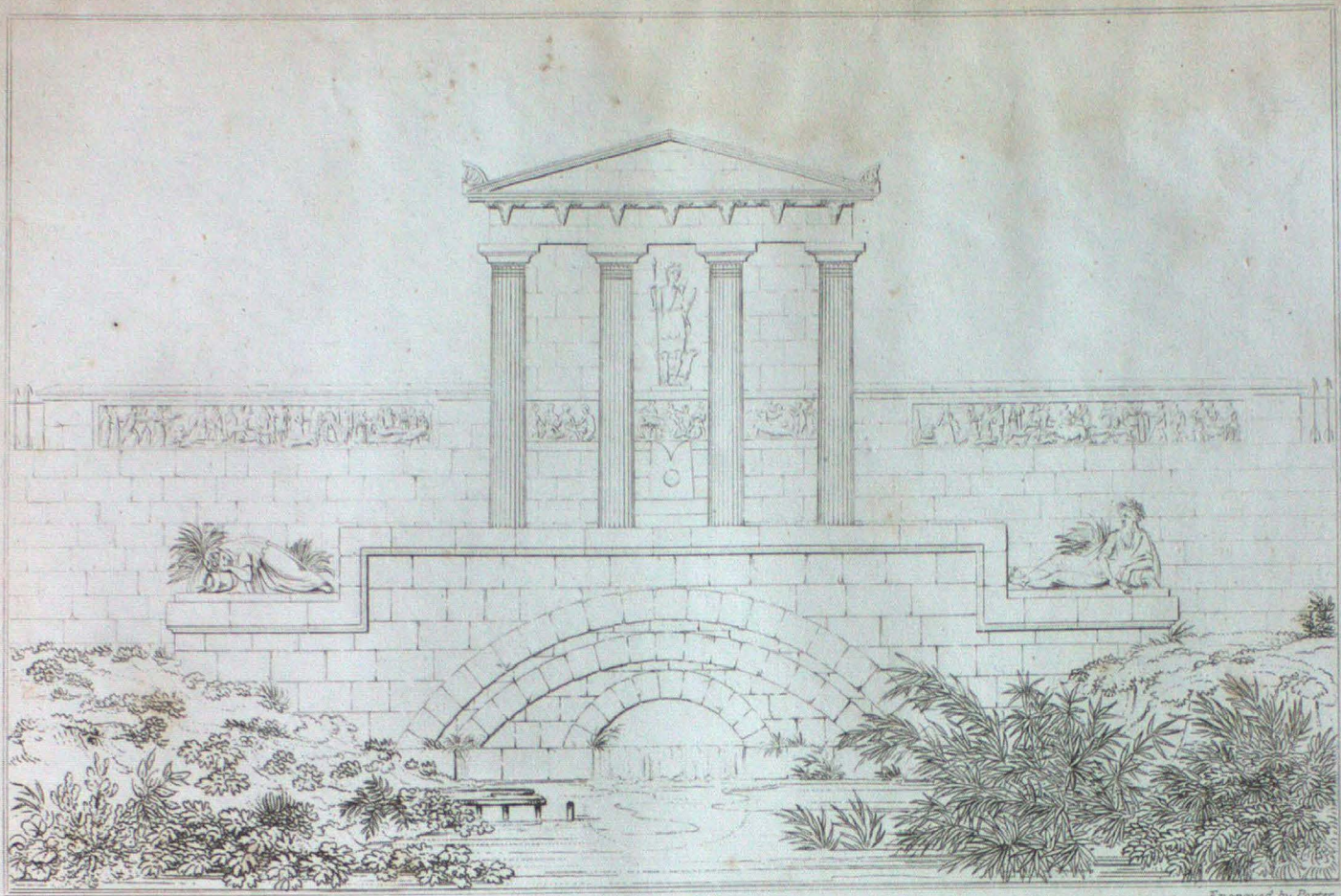
The purity of architecture we conceive to be in the selection of parts well arranged; like the human countenance they are few, but infinitely varied; we can distinguish modesty and chastity, from impudence and depravity, and between the ornaments, well or ill disposed, of an ignorant savage, or a refined Greek.—At least, so far our judgment has a criterion for taste; a building may be overloaded, and have misplaced decorations, like those suspended to the nose, lips, &c. of some of the Indian nations.

We have examined many of the public and private structures of this kingdom, and find but few which have features of Grecian beauty; and we regret to remark our disappointment in many, which have some of the semblances (as in columns) but are generally half buried in walls, neither appearing to give shelter or shade to the owner or stranger who approaches them.—It is not our intention, therefore to present our readers with many of this description, as we consider what is published should be held up as models to help to form a purity of taste equal with the morality our best poets inculcate, as it is less expensive to build on paper than in stone, we propose to give designs from living professors, as well as from some of those which are executed, as exemplars in the art we are endeavouring to diffuse.

The design here given was made for a gentleman who had collected many Greek sculptures, chiefly relating to hunting, and select parts of the history of Diana, with a statue of the Goddess herself. It was intended to erect a temple as an ornamental object in view of the house, on the boundaries of the park, to contain these sculptures within and near it,—over a stream of water which flows from a spring at the back, and a bridge to carry a road before it. The sculls in the frieze are those of the deer, which were prepared for the purpose from the animals themselves.

In all cases designs in architecture are governed by local circumstances, and the extent of the builder's purse.—This is an apology for many errors committed in that art, and is often made use of to hide the want of skill in the artist, who cannot, or does not bend all his powers to form a pleasing combination with those things which present themselves on the spot, appearing very often like difficulties incompatible with each other, but assuredly it is possible to mould those things like clay in the sculptor's hands.—It is genius determines what character the countenance of a head shall have, otherwise it is an unintelligible mass, or misshapen attempt.

We leave our readers to judge, whether the artist has obtained any of these advantages in the design before him, and how far his purpose is answered in combining the materials which were proposed within his reach, according to the above reasoning.



J. Gandy Esq. A.R.A.

Engraved by Porter

DESIGN for a TEMPLE and BRIDGE in a NOBLEMAN'S PARK.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

MOST people pass their whole lives in search of happiness, exert every effort to enjoy it, and can never succeed. The story I am about to relate is an example of this unhappy truth.

A man of a mild and peaceful disposition had purchased a small country house, about a league from the capital; hither he had retired alone to avoid the turbulent temper of his wife. On his arrival, he exclaimed, "she will not seek me here to torment me; I have given up to her two-thirds of my fortune, she ought to be satisfied with her situation, and I will bless mine. Far from a wicked woman, whose temper was insupportable; far from a deceitful world, which I never liked; with a moderate fortune, it is true, but with still more moderate desires, I shall be happy; I shall excite no envy, I shall envy the bliss of no one, and my days will gently glide on to that inevitable term which is the last, and to many the happiest of their days."

Our moralizing gentleman in his new hermitage, soon banished all melancholy reflections. For the good there are thousands of enjoyments, and tranquillity is the source from which they all spring. "What," said Durval (for this is the name I shall give our hermit) "can be more delightful than to have a garden? We may gather our peaches, adjust our vines, water our flowers, neither wife nor children are worth all these."

Every morning at sun-rise he walked out; later a shady bower protected him from the sun's fiercer rays. An old woman, his only domestic, brought him his breakfast, and while he partook of it, gave him the history of all the wives in the village. If she might be believed, they were all in the right, but in Durval's opinion they were all in the wrong.

After breakfast he took up a book, ran over a few pages, and generally fell asleep over it; this was his manner of reading. Notwithstanding he was not deficient in sense, but it was of that natural kind, which does not need instruction, and which would lose by extension or application. In his youth he had been fond of literature, and sometimes, either from taste, or for want of some other employment, still cultivated it. He now thought he should become young again, surrounded by so many tranquil enjoyments. Without care, vexation, ambition, or any desires but those he could easily gratify, his position appeared to him the happiest in the world.

Durval had promised himself a long enjoyment in his new abode; but his friends, who were neither void of passions or vices like him, blamed him for having quitted the world, and resolved to make him abandon his retreat. They often visited him; he received them with pleasure, but they never left him without having put him out of humour, because, indefatigable in their undertaking, they never failed to press his return to the capital.—"Ah! my friends," he would exclaim, "what have I done to you, that you wish to put a period to the happiness I enjoy? Why do you pretend to know better than myself, what is suited to my taste and disposition?—Enjoy yourselves your own way, and allow me to do the same."

"But your wife?"

"Let us have done with that subject, I intreat you."

"Your absence is injurious to her."

"Her presence would be an eternal torment for me."

"Did you marry her then to fly from her presence?"

"I married her to be happy. You have not seen me in search of rank or fortune; moderate in my tastes, sober in my desires, my only passion was that of a sincere attachment to my wife, and a wish that she might return it. She refused me the one, I was too prodigal of the other, and I was convinced, but too late, that we did not suit each other: I have quitted her from reasonable motives, I have left her a free will to live as she pleases; what would she have more? O, my friends, though you conspire against my peace, I give you my fervent wishes that Heaven may preserve you from a cross and teazing wife."

His had not been an inattentive hearer; for this conversation was of her own concerting, and she had been introduced without her husband's knowledge, and placed in a closet, from whence she could listen to all that passed.

The last words he uttered enraged her so much, that she could no longer contain herself, but rushed from her concealment, and would have strangled Durval. "Good God!"

cried he on seeing her, "who could have thought you so near?" "Vile, capricious, unjust man, 'tis you who accuse me, and of what?" "Compose yourself, Madam," said he, "if possible. It is no longer needful to reproach you, the proofs you have just given are quite sufficient. I vow I have no wish of offending you; I have said that our tempers could not possibly assimilate; your's rendered my existence insupportable; far from you I have sought a repose, which while with you I could never enjoy. Would you wish to prevent my happiness, when I offer no impediment to your's?" "Your happiness, Sir, ought to consist in living with me, learn that none but women of a bad character are ever shunned."—"Even such women are not always void of humanity; and you have taught me, that with a virtuous mind it is possible to be very inhuman. I wished to lead a peaceful life; I only valued mildness, and the kind attentions of friendship."—"And why did you not tell me this sooner? You shall have all these, is it so difficult to content you on these heads? I have always done you justice; you are an honest, worthy, and amiable man, when you please; I was very happy with you, and I am persuaded that the only cause of our disagreement is, because we have not understood each other."

"Rather acknowledge, Madam, that it is because you would never listen to me, that your only occupation was to torment me. You are now sorry, or at least endeavour to appear so; you make fair promises, but is not the undertaking above your strength? A resolution which springs from submission, has to contend with pride, and is never lasting."—"Try me, however; the steps I have taken, ought to be considered as a pledge of my sincerity."

The worthy man was softened, without placing much faith in her fine promises; his mild and easy disposition induced him to comply. His friends who were present, joined their entreaties to those of his wife. The attack was strong and pressing: how could he resist? His natural goodness led him on much more than their fastidious remonstrances. His wife seeing that he was affected, had recourse to the last resource, she let fall a few tears; and Durval, who was on the point of imitating her, rushed into her arms, tenderly embraced her, and accompanied her to the capital, without regretting his garden.

An enemy to deception, and not thinking it possible to utter language contrary to one's sentiments, ignorant even of the smallest wiles, he had not the least suspicion of the sincerity of his wife, neither did she intend to deceive him; she had acted in a manner to satisfy the opinion of the world, and firmly believed that it would cost her nothing to fulfil her engagements.

During the journey, she was prodigal of her attention, lavished on him the kindest appellations; in short, this return was so pleasing to both, that both were deceived. But the faults of temper are in the blood, and a very copious bleeding would have been requisite to work this miracle.

"Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop," said La Fontaine.

In the evening an entertainment was given to their friends; each attributed the reconciliation to himself, and celebrated their joy by lively stanzas, whether good or bad is of little importance; they were, however, judged to be excellent. On retiring to rest, it was good night, my love, good night, my dear, and on awaking they found themselves completely happy. During the day, the most perfect tranquillity reigned throughout the house. "Well, Sir," said the lady to her quiet consort, "do you repent being once more under the same roof with me?"—"Ah, my love," he replied, "let it ever be thus, and I shall exult in my determination."

It is necessary to observe, that Madame Durval had a particular fondness for animals; that is to say, useless and incommodious ones. She entertained for her's a tenderness beyond all expression, the utmost attention, and the best bits were always for them; in short, to make use of her own expression, she loved them to *adoration*. Perhaps after all, it was only to be in the fashion, for at that time visit a lady whenever you would, you were sure to find a cat, a monkey, a parrot, or an abbé. Madame Durval had a cat and a monkey: her husband, who liked neither the one nor the other, never caressed them, yet he suffered them to remain for the sake of peace, and had never contradicted her on this account.

Far from suspecting the storm that was about to fall on them, they sat down to supper. Scarcely had they begun, when Madame Durval's cat received from her fair hand the wing of a partridge, which she had cut off on purpose for him. Whether through hunger or jealousy, the monkey was desirous of having it also, and flew at the cat, who, resolving not to yield, had for a better defence sought an asylum under Durval's chair. The battle began, the monkey dextrously avoided his enemy's talons, which fell on the leg of our worthy gentleman, who, feeling himself scratched, without intending it, placed his heel on the

cat's paw. The animal's cries went to his mistress's heart, and instantly lighted the fire of discord between the married pair. Madam accused her husband with having wished to kill her cat. "It is because I am fond of it, that you wish to destroy this poor animal: come, come, my love," continued she, going to him, "O Heavens! look what a state he is in: one must have a very hard heart to act thus." The good man now endeavoured to justify himself. "No, no, Sir, I now see it plain, that you only returned home to afflict me, to wound me in the tenderest part, in what I hold most dear. I ought to have seen this sooner, and am a fool for having striven to deceive myself."—"But, Madam, you do not see that my leg is bleeding?"—"Is that a reason for you to have crushed my cat? Yes, Sir, I see you detest me, since you hate my cats, and this is only because I love them. I dare say you wish me dead." "No, Madam, I assure you I have no such wish. But since the involuntary harm I have done one of them, has made you forget all the promises you have made, why did you recal me hither? The tranquillity which I was taught to expect hangs by so slender a thread, that I am resolved to return to my country house."—"Pray, Sir, return whenever you please, you are very welcome, I shall offer no opposition, this very night if agreeable."—"Perfectly so, Madam, and I am still more desirous for this separation than you can be, but be assured that this trial shall be the last, for I swear that you shall never have it in your power to torment me again."

Madam Durval's tender solicitude for her cat occupied her so much, that her husband had arrived at his hermitage before she had perceived his departure. His old servant was quite astonished to see him. "Yes, my good Louison," said he, "it is I, it is your master, give him joy, he is rid for ever of his wife." "What, is she dead?" "No, child; she is not likely to die, but she is still less likely ever to see me again. I, without intending it, trod upon her cat's paw, and she will never forgive me this dire offence." "You are right," replied Louison; "she is madly fond of her beasts, and would give the whole universe for them." "Louison, Louison," said the good man, "if my wife has singular fancies, you have duties, and the one I command you to fulfil strictly is, to speak of my wife with respect."—"Upon my word, Sir, it is very difficult to hold one's tongue, when one sees so much ill nature towards a husband, and so much kindness for beasts. And, besides, you said so yourself, and I am only your echo."—"In that case I have said more than I ought, and you should not repeat it." Louison withdrew grumbling, and saying to herself, "upon my word, it is a true saying, that a wicked wife is a bad piece of furniture."—As for Durval, he began his former manner of living, and found himself even happier than the first time.

He lived in this way for nearly a year, without experiencing the least *ennui*. He had begged of his friends to visit him but seldom; and scarcely read their letters, because they were incessantly reproaching him with his retirement. "These are strange people," he would exclaim, "they pretend to know what suits me better than myself; but I know that there is neither wisdom nor friendship in the world, since it subjects us to general rules, and a man is not permitted to make himself happy his own way."

About a hundred yards from his house dwelt a very charming young widow; she was mild and lovely as an angel, and like himself lived in great retirement. He beheld her, and at first sight was much pleased with her, he cultivated her acquaintance, often visited her, and willingly left his shady bower to enjoy her society. Imperceptibly his attachment became stronger, and he fancied he perceived that it was mutual. How much he regretted not being at liberty to offer her his hand. "This is the woman," thought he, "that would have suited me, my days would have happily glided away, and I should have lived with her in perfect tranquillity. Why are we doomed to view the joys that are out of our reach?"

While he was involved in these gloomy reflections, an express arrived to inform him of the death of his wife. This news cost him no tears; on the contrary, he felt a secret joy, and mentally exclaimed, "now I shall marry the widow, I have still time to be happy, and I return thanks to Heaven." He did not attempt to put on the appearance of grief, for who could suppose it possible for him to regret a woman, who ever since their union had been his constant tormentor? And he was too sincere to imagine, that one ought to feign what one does not feel.

Six months had elapsed when he publicly announced his marriage with the widow. At this news, officious counsellors renewed their importunities, and he had to contend with all the eloquence of heated opposition. "Your new wife is not above twenty," they continually exclaimed, "and you have long been on the wrong side of forty. This ill-suited match will ruin your health, and shorten your existence. And are you fit for the society of a

young lady, you who have of late led the life of an hermit, and lost every sort of relish for the pleasures of the world."—"Yes," he answered, "I forgot in my garden the whole universe, but now I shall even forget my garden, with my amiable widow; I was happy, but my felicity confined to my own breast, was useless to others; and solitude is criminal when it deprives the world of a feeling heart."

With these arguments he triumphed over the counsels of his friends, or at least made them hold their tongues, which was the same thing to him. But his mild and peaceable consort put him in a passion a hundred times in the space of six weeks. As he was naturally of a lively disposition, he soon became weary of the conversation of a person who was always of his opinion. His wife always said as he did. This was very well in essential points, but in trifling things nothing could be more insipid and insupportable. We sometimes like to meet with an opposition contrary to our will, in order that we may have the pleasure of overturning it. To change this tiresome monotonous life, he would sometimes give the most ridiculous orders, to try her temper, but all to no purpose. If she wished to go to the theatre, or to walk out, he would invite company, and oblige her to remain at home; she complied with his request without a murmur. "It is very strange," thought he, "that I am born to experience all kinds of contradiction. It seems as if fortune had even taken it into her head to contrast the causes of my persecution."

One day a servant broke twenty guineas worth of china. Durval affected to say nothing, in order to see whether his wife would scold; but no, she did not say a word.—"How, Madam," exclaimed he, "you do not turn off this rascal?"—"It is a misfortune," she replied, "I will replace them, and then it will be no more thought of."—"Certainly, and your husband will pay for them? What, this careless scoundrel."—"He did not do it on purpose, and is sufficiently punished already, if he has any feeling."—"I believe you, Madam; but if he should chance to have none, you will soon not have a whole piece of furniture in your house. These people are not to be treated with so much delicacy, you must learn to scold, Madam; you must make yourself feared; nothing will be secure, if you remain in this state of indolence."

A few days after this, her waiting maid shut the door on the head and paw of a little dog who had followed her. Durval was present. On hearing the poor animal's cries, she mildly said, "be careful of what you are about, you have hurt my dog. Well, Sir, you see I can scold."—"Agreed, Madam, but nevertheless your dog's paw is broken, and if you fancy you have scolded enough, I cannot give you credit for much feeling." "Its paw broken, poor Azor!"—She now slowly approached the dog, who, more dead than alive, had not moved from the place where the accident had happened. She very composedly ordered it to be carried to a celebrated dog doctor, who the same evening sent word that it was dead.—"Dead! I am sorry for it," she returned, "I will have no more of them; when they die, it vexes one too much."

Twenty such instances could not unfold her disposition better, but the last is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Her husband caught in her dressing-room one morning a handsome young man, whose manners seemed more free and easy than decency could allow. Struck with astonishment, Durval stood awhile motionless, and thus gave time to the seducer to effect his escape. At last he approached his wife, on whose features the serenity of innocence seemed to dwell. "What," he exclaimed, "you whose virtue I so highly prized, in whose love I exulted, you can so basely betray my honour, and degrade yourself?"—"I really am sorry for it," she calmly answered, "but this young man caught me alone in my dressing room; I told him I would call aloud for help, but he threatened to kill himself if I spoke a word; and I feared, lest he should hurt himself before me." "And thus you cared more for his life than my honour! Did you not feel you were inflicting upon me the severest wound a man can bear?"—"I did; but you always wish people should get into a passion: he frightened me, and I really knew not how to get rid of him."—"Very well, extremely well; but learn, Madam, that mildness, when it prevents our resenting an outrage, is a vice, and I now am well acquainted with the state of your heart. I will return to my garden, which I have done well not to sell, and there will try to forget your charms and your crimes."—"As you wish, Sir; but reflect that such a step might attach dishonour to my name, and you ought to be careful of that. I married you because I thought you were a reasonable and prudent man; but instead of finding you such, the violence of your temper makes you displeased at every thing, and you scold continually."—"How, Madam, do you call a burst of well founded indignation and resentment, unjust scolding?"—"I own, Sir, that you have some grounds of complaint this time, but your way of complaining is so loud, and you know I hate noise."—"You shall not

hear any more, Madam, and through contempt I will refrain from expressing any longer the pain your degradation has caused me."—Saying so, he withdrew, and returned to his country house. But could he find peace there? He carried in his heart a full remembrance, likely to blast the happiness of his life.

The same evening his thoughts recurred to the preceding event, and shame and humiliation spoiled his appetite: he took no supper. The next morning found him little better. His garden had ceased to attract his attention, and to yield the same amusement as formerly. Even Louison's presence teazed him, and he could not hear her mention the name of his wife without blushing. Reason soon however took his part, and rallied his spirits; he resumed part of his usual good nature, and even some cheerfulness. "What evil genius," he exclaimed, "had shed the bitterness of death in my soul? If a base woman has trampled on the solemn vow of matrimony, remorseless and unblushing, shall I take upon myself the task of blushing for her! No; even prejudice must have its limits; my honour cannot be in the power of a person who has lost her own. By contemning her, I acquit myself of my duty towards society, and he who would not think scorn sufficient, must have lost his senses."

He supped that very evening with a lighter heart than he had done for some time; yet his thoughts now and then skimmed over the surface of the past. He reflected that a woman, whom weakness had led once into guilt, might another time fall a prey to other seducers, and that nothing but a violent remedy could save her from destruction; he therefore wrote to her, commanding her to retire instantly into a convent, and threatening her, in case of disobedience to his orders, to withdraw from her the allowance he consented to make her. She answered, without starting any objection, that she would fulfil his wishes the very same day.—"By Heavens!" he exclaimed, when receiving her reply, "her mildness will, I believe and hope, never find an equal."

NATIVITY OF BONAPARTE.

We are favoured by an ingenious Correspondent with the following calculations on the nativity of Bonaparte, and prediction of the period of his death. We know that judicial astrology is very generally deemed, at best, but a conjectural science, and that in the present age, it has very few disciples; nevertheless, we hope, as the present essay is to be considered only as an experiment, that we shall not incur censure from the most incredulous of our readers for inserting it: to inculcate an opinion of the approaching doom of the tyrant may, in the present state of affairs, possibly infuse some portion of encouragement into the hearts of our countrymen.

In the second century lived Claudius Ptolemy, famous for his antient geography, skill in geometry, treatise on music, and catalogue of the fixed stars. He wrote a treatise on judicial astrology in the Greek language: collecting, from the Chaldeans and Egyptians, such predictions as he found true, and improved from his own experience.—As this book was not intended for novices, his meaning has been frequently misunderstood, but it has been studied with approbation by Regiomontanus (the inventor of decimals), Kepler, Cardan, Friar Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, Philip Melancthon, Dr. Keil, Mr. Dryden the poet, &c. &c. but rejected of late by the mathematicians of Oxford and Cambridge without any experiment!—The author of these few lines is inclined to think that there is some truth in it, and that from experience only; although when it is generally allowed that matter acts upon matter, that even Jupiter alters the position of the earth eight seconds of motion, viz. 3500 miles, while passing one-fifth of his orbit; and if the scriptures be true, that there were such things as lunatics, and further, if the physicians of the present day be not very much mistaken, that many diseases are subject to the solar and lunar periods, he hopes there is no need of any further apology for a trial of the truth of astrology on the nativity of Bonaparte, who is acknowledged by all true Englishmen, and the friends of Mr. Pitt in particular, to be their greatest enemy.—From the time given by Bonaparte himself to an astronomer in Corsica (viz. August 15, 1769, at a quarter before ten A.M.) calculations have been made, but as there is a small difference in the manner of calculation, &c. &c. I beg leave to produce mine, which I think is more agreeable to the writings of Ptolemy than any of them.

By only turning the equal time into the solar, and working the directions, I find that at 15 years and 2 months, the Horizon was directed to the trine of Venus in mundo, and the sun to the sextile of Venus in the ecliptic; at this time Bonaparte had an intrigue with a washerwoman's daughter; and a few months afterwards Mars was directed to the sextile of Saturn, and Venus to the opposition of the Moon, when he poisoned her with a pill of arsenic and verdigrease. At 20 y. 10 m. part of Fortune to the trine of the Sun, and at 23 y. Sun to the sextile of Venus, and parallel of Jupiter. At these times he was in great repute with those who were disaffected to government; but at 22 y. 10 m. the Moon to the opposition of the Sun, when the disaffected were in jeopardy, he was driven to poverty and disgrace; and the like at 25 y. when the Sun came to the opposition of the Moon, and almost at 26 y. when the part of Fortune came to the square of Saturn, and Horizon to the square of the Sun; but at 26 y. 5 m. the Sun came to the sextile of Jupiter, when he was made General of the armed force of France; soon after, the Horizon to the trine of Venus in the ecliptic, when he married the widow of Beauharnois, who had been a kept mistress to Barras. In his 28th year he had Venus to the parallel of Jupiter, and Moon to the parallel of Venus, shewing success, but the Sun to the body of Saturn shews danger of death.

The Directory, who feared and hated him, being anxious to destroy him (according to Carnot) sent him on that tedious and uncertain expedition to Egypt.

At 29 y. 6 m. the part of Fortune to the square of the Moon, when he was defeated before Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, and all his hopes blasted by the victory of the Nile. At 30 y. 5 m. part of Fortune to the trine of the Sun, and Venus to the body of Mercury, when he was made First Consul. At 31 y. 3 m. the Sun to the trine of the Moon, and soon after Mercury to the sextile of Venus, at this time he was very successful over the Austrians, and likewise in his 33d year, when the Moon came to the trine of Jupiter; but at 33 y. 9 m. the Horizon to the square of Mars, and part of Fortune to the square of the Moon, when the French gunboats were bombarded and obliged to take shelter under their batteries from the attack of the English vessels. At 34 y. 8 m. the Meridian to the body of the Sun, when he was made Emperor of France.

In his 37th year he had the Horizon to the body of Jupiter, shewing the success he had over the Austrians; but the Horizon to the square of Mercury, Venus to the parallel of Saturn and body of Mars, came up the same year (1805), and shew ill luck, which was verified in that grand victory of Lord Nelson. In the beginning of his 38th year, the Moon to the trine of Venus, and the Horizon to the body of Jupiter in the ecliptic, which point out his success in Prussia and Poland; but the latter end of the year the part of Fortune came to the square of Mercury and square of the Moon, and in the beginning of his 39th year, the Moon to the opposition of Mars; these point to his loss of the Danish fleet, and the emigration of the Portuguese to the Brazils: about the same time the Sun came to the trine of the Moon, and shews his victory over, and friendship with Russia. In his 40th year, viz. 1808 and 1809, Mercury to the sextile of Jupiter, Moon to the parallel of Venus, and Moon to the trine of the Sun; these point out great success, probably the downfall of the Turkish empire, and an end to the Roman Catholic religion.

In his 41st year Saturn and Mercury to the sextile of Venus, these also give him success, and raise his ambition to such an extravagant degree, that the eyes of Europe will be alarmed and no longer duped by his treachery; and in his 42d year, viz. the latter end of 1810 or beginning of 1811, the Sun, who is hyleg, becomes the parallel of the Moon to the parallel of Saturn, and to the sextile of Mars (evilly affected). At this time I expect the world will be convinced that he has reigned too long, and his death will be sudden and violent, either by suffocation or drowning.

For the satisfaction of those who will be at the trouble of making these calculations, the planets, places, and latitudes are as follow:— ♄ 25. 46. ♋ lat. 0. 3n. ♃ 15. 9 ♏. 0. 53n. ♂ 12. 2 ♏. 0. 58n. ☉ 22. 43 ♌ ♀ 7. 1 ♋ 3. 10s. ☿ 6. 20 ♌ 0. 30n. ☽ 28. 47. ♑ 2. 59n. Moon's ascending Node 20. 47 ♐. Right ascension of part of Fortune 8. 28. and the right ascension of the Meridian is 110. 30.

The method here taken admits of two kinds of aspects, viz. one in the ecliptic without latitude, and the other in mundo, with the planets' declination and a proportional part of the diurnal and nocturnal arches; and the Meridian and Horizon, as well as the planets, may be directed to both; the modern aspects, viz. semiquadrate, sesquiquadrate, &c. are rejected, because not mentioned by Ptolemy; the imperans and obediens, are equal distances from the tropics without latitude, and the measure of time (contrary to the method used by some of the moderns of reducing the distance by the geometric motion of the sun, but

perfectly agreeable to the doctrine of Ptolemy) is one degree of directional motion for one year. The mundane parallels are equal distances from the Meridian and Horizon; and because when the Sun and Moon are not qualified for being hyleg, Ptolemy takes that planet which has dignities in place of the Sun and Moon (even in case of life and death), I conclude that he directed all the planets for other purposes which were of less importance.

The Sun with Mercury in his own sign Leo, in the tenth house, viz. the house of honour and preferment, and near the cusp of the eleventh house (the house of friendship), shew that the native will arrive to the greatest degree of eminence, and that he will be very skilful and successful in his undertakings; but Mars in the eleventh, and near to the cusp of the twelfth (which is called the evil demon) shews that his successes arise chiefly through treachery. Venus near the cusp of the tenth, in trine to Jupiter in the second (the house of riches), shews that he will become very rich; but Saturn evilly affected, near the Meridian in opposition to the Moon, shews him to be tyrannical, cruel, revengeful, deceitful, ambitious, and destitute of every quality that may be called generous or honest. This position also shews that he will die a violent death, for Ptolemy says, "Saturn posited in most signs, configurated to the Moon, will cause death by water, being suffocated and drowned;" and there are other testimonies to shew that he will die by slaughter, either civil, hostile, or by himself. As this account seems to agree with the disposition of Bonaparte, and the directions not only point at the time of the principal actions of his life, but also to the nature of those actions according to the rules of astrology; the author thinks that every person who has some knowledge in this science, and others who are impartial, will acknowledge, that there may be some truth in astrology. However, if any person would wish to convince him that there is no truth in it, he must first, as an introduction, deny the perturbations of the planets, and the influence of the Moon on the tides; he must then make calculations himself, and prove from those calculations their disagreement with the accidents of the native's life; and this must be done in several nativities. But if any persons who do not understand this science pretend to determine the truth or falsehood of it, he thinks he has as much right to laugh at their determinations as much as they may be disposed to laugh at his pretensions who does understand it. And if some mistakes should be made in astrology, that is no reason why the whole should be rejected without a thorough examination; for surely physic is not to be given up because physicians are not always successful.

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THE WIDOW OF ZEHRA.

AN EASTERN MORAL.

The Caliph, *Hackem*.
Suleiman, Cadi of Zehra.
The *Widow*, an old Woman.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Suleiman, and the *Widow*, who is driving an ass.

Suleiman. Am I deceived! How is this, you are in tears! What is the matter, poor woman?

Widow. O! yes, poor woman! You are right to call me so. This ass, these cloaths, and this empty sack, are now all I possess. The Caliph has taken all the rest.

Suleiman. The Caliph?

Widow. Alas! Yes, the Caliph.

Suleiman. In what did your fortune consist?

Widow. It consisted of very little; but that little contented me. Do you see the remains of that farm; it was my inheritance, and had been that of my parents, and also that of the parents of my husband. It is there that we both first saw the light, it is there that we first knew each other, and both grew up together. That spot witnessed our love and our union; and for fifteen years our happiness. It was there my husband died in my arms, and in his last moments ordered me never to part with it, but carefully to preserve it for our son, the only pledge of our affection.

Suleiman. But this son, where is he?

Widow. In the army, where he is fighting for the Caliph who has reduced us to this state of misery.

Suleiman. But for what cause then has the Caliph taken your farm?

Widow. To build upon the spot a country-house.

Suleiman. A country-house!—*(aside)* Great

God! he who has so many others! he who has so many pieces of land to erect them on, has robbed this poor woman of the only asylum she possessed! and this merely to have another house!—*(Aloud.)* The Caliph has doubtless recompenced you for your loss?

Widow. Not at all. At first he offered me a small sum; but I refused it, because I would not sell my house, and seeing that he could not buy it, he has now taken it from me.

Suleiman. Did you not tell him your reasons? Did you not declare your poverty?

Widow. Yes, alas! I wept, I sobbed, I fell at his feet, which I bathed with my tears, and told him all that grief and despair could inspire; and——

Suleiman. He did not listen to you?

Widow. He did less, he repulsed me.

Suleiman. (Aside.) Great God! If thou dost not grant our prayers, thou listenest to them in silence; and he repulses the unfortunate who has claims on his justice and humanity! —Ah! Caliph! Caliph! I do not in this instance recognize the usual goodness of thine heart!—*(Aloud.)* Poor Woman! confide to my care, for a few moments, your ass and that sack; perhaps my representations may have a better effect than yours. The Caliph honours me with his protection, and I hope——but where is he at present?

Widow. On the very spot he has taken from me.

Suleiman. Enough.

Widow. But of what use will be the ass and the sack?

Suleiman. Leave that to me, I tell you. Follow me, but do not show yourself.

SCENE SECOND.

The *Caliph*, *Suleiman*, and the *Widow*, concealed behind the ruins of her Farm, which is demolished.

Suleiman. Illustrious father of the believers, you see before you the humblest of your slaves, who is come to kiss the dust of your feet.

Caliph. Is it you, Suleiman, you are welcome, I am glad to see you; it is a long time since I had that pleasure.

Suleiman. The slave is not deserving of so much kindness from the absolute master of his life and death.

Caliph. A man possessed of your talents and probity cannot be too much respected.—But what cause has brought you thither today?

Suleiman. The desire of paying my court to my sovereign, and——

Caliph. And some favour, doubtless to solicit; for you are never weary of asking—for others.

Suleiman. As your highness is never weary of granting.

Caliph. You may have chanced though, of having badly chosen your time to-day; for I am not in a good humour.

Suleiman. And what can have occurred to displease the father of the faithful?

Caliph. The ridiculous obstinacy of an old mad woman.

Suleiman. True, I have just met a poor woman, sinking beneath the weight of years. She wept so bitterly, and her complaints were so affecting, that I could not help taking a great interest in them. She calls herself the owner——

Caliph. Of this land, no doubt.

Suleiman. You have judged right.

Caliph. Suleiman, I prize your person, and I honour your virtues, but I beg you will not interfere in this affair.—I detest her! It is but just she should suffer for her disobedience. Those who do not choose to sell, deserve to lose all. Who then would be commander of the faithful, if the smallest of his wishes were to yield to the obstinacy of the lowest of his subjects, when he has the right of disposing of their riches and their lives.

Suleiman. Who doubts that the sovereign master of the world possesses universal sway over the earth; that every thing should be done to anticipate his smallest desires. But you forget that this poor woman asked you a favour, and not the sovereignty of your justice.

Caliph. And that favour she shall not obtain; this refusal will serve as a lesson to others. As she chose to refuse my offer, I may, very well, reject her entreaties.

Suleiman. True, powerful monarch; but not before having listened to her. She no longer requires the restitution of her habitation; she consents to yield it up to you as it is your wish: what she now asks is so little, that if you knew it, you would regret the time we have employed in speaking of it.

Caliph. Well, tell me what she wants?

Suleiman. That you would allow me to fill this sack with some of that rubbish, as a remembrance of what she lost.

Caliph. Fill a sack with rubbish!—Is it she or you who have lost their senses?

Suleiman. Perhaps both of us—only this sack full.

Caliph. Take ten, take a thousand, if it please you. There is enough to content you.

Suleiman. Many thanks, most gracious Caliph.

Caliph. I have determined that very soon this spot shall not be recognized. My palace, supported upon high pillars, shall rise here. That spot shall be occupied by an extensive piece of water which shall reflect all the surrounding objects. There noisy cascades shall fall majestically over an hundred steps of marble. Here a delightful garden shall offer all the riches of spring and autumn, and my eyes shall pleasantly wander over that hillock, which will be converted into a park, planted with cedars and palm trees.

Suleiman. (Still occupied in filling the sack.) Well! very well, mighty monarch, wonderfully well!

Caliph. Don't you think it will be a superb edifice?

Suleiman. (Still busy.) Oh! most certainly, very beautiful.—There exists in the empire more than one monument that attests the magnificence and delicacy of your taste.—I have now filled my sack; I have only one little favour more to ask.

Caliph. Speak, explain yourself: what is it?

Suleiman. It is that you would deign to assist me to raise this sack, that I may place it on the back of my ass.

Caliph. (Astonished.) What! I?

Suleiman. Yes, yourself, mighty Caliph.

Caliph. You are joking; that would scarcely become the least of my servants.

Suleiman. But it is to me of importance that no one but yourself should render me this service, and I earnestly entreat you not to refuse me.

Caliph. It must first be possible; you may easily perceive that this sack is a great deal too heavy for me to lift.

Suleiman. This sack a great deal too heavy for you, you say.—What will it be then, monarch, on the day when we shall all appear before our sovereign Judge?—What will it be then, when not only this sack, but all this land on which you are going to erect your palace, your gardens, your cascades, your park, and which will be bathed with the tears of the unfortunate, whom you have robbed of it—these will weigh heavier than all the valley of Kafa, whose circumference can contain the whole world?

Caliph. (With severity.) Suleiman!

Suleiman. I know the risk I run, and what you think.—My life is in your hands; you may dispose of it—but then it will not only be the tears of the unhappy widow that will fall and accuse you, my blood will also cry out for vengeance. Now, act as you choose; a single word from your lips can make thousands miserable; yet a day will come when you will be on an equality with the least of them.

Caliph. The least of them?

Suleiman. No, I am wrong; you will be distinguished by your punishments; for the more injustice you shall have committed, the more rigorous shall be your treatment. Each of your subjects will only have to give an account of their actions, whilst you will have to justify your own and all those of your people. If this duty which is imposed on them appears so terrifying, although it be confined within so narrow a circle, what must it appear to the eyes of a sovereign to whom two worlds are devoted?—Now, monarch, erect your palaces, plant your park, plan your gardens; in a word, enjoy yourself quietly, if you can, with the fruits of your oppression; for myself, I have performed my duty, I have spoken; the crime will fall on him who would not hearken to my words. Farewel, and may you forgive my sincerity!

Caliph. (Strongly affected.) Forgive you!—I should but feebly fulfil my duty.—First call the Widow, let her approach, and be re-established in all her rights; and to console her for what she has endured, let her instantly be paid double the value of the farm, which I restore to her.—As for yourself, I have also in my turn a favour to ask.

Suleiman. My kind master, it is for you to command and your slave to obey.

Caliph. In that case I order you always to tell the truth, as you have done this day, and to accept as a recompence the post of my visir. Alibeck retains it no longer. It was he, the perfidious wretch! who advised me to commit this act of injustie.

Happy the prince who may be convinced of his faults, but happier still is he who knows how to repair them!

M. T. O.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

THE COUNT D—— TO LOUIS ——.

Camp, near Marburg, Sept. 1760.

ONLY moments for the pen, dear cousin. Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick, and his nephew, the Hereditary Prince, give us such a breathing, that I resemble an Arab, who only knows how to attack, to conquer, or to run away. We are driven from the Rhine to the Weser, from the Weser to the Rhine; and what is the most extraordinary, we at the same time sing couplets in praise of the great king every morning and evening, and curse the man (you know to whom I allude) that compels us to face him at whose side we would much rather conquer. Be you quiet in your college and envy us not. Our whole business is to dance in summer to the infernal music of drums and cannons, and in winter to give balls in our quarters; while, in both instances, the miserable inhabitants are obliged to pay the piper.

That we are unable to tell why we are murdering each other here, is a trifle. Was the cause ever known in similar cases? Our calling is honour (good God), and in winter quarters pleasure; but which frequently appears to me to be another,—I had almost said a more cruel species of murder. You may however assure my excellent Risot, that I take no part in this moral murder, though I do not live like a saint of La Trappe. Men who for eight months have had death before and behind, above, beneath, and on each side of them, and have in prospect eight months more of the same description, wish, during the four winter months to be at least as intimate with pleasure. You peaceful citizens may raise the cup of joy to your lips, set it down again, slowly quaff copious draughts of intoxicating pleasure, and emphatically exclaim "What intemperance!" You may talk! but we—we are obliged to dash to the ground the exhilarating chalice.

But all this is nothing new. After two or three hundred thousand men have been massacred, the parties become tired of the war as they were of peace. At length peace is made, and every thing is again placed *in statu quo*, except a score or two of towns, and a hundred villages burned, and one hundred thousand families reduced to beggary.

I enjoy a good state of health, and as you see, practice the trade of slaughter with a kind of gaiety; that is, I shut my eyes against its horrors that I may not die of disgust, just as children shut their eyes that they may not see the phantoms of which they are afraid. Meanwhile I sometimes ramble from the beaten track, and look for pleasure where no one else seeks it. Last spring I was quartered in a village near Marburg, and if I am not deceived in my hopes, I shall be there again this winter. I shall then write oftener to you, and concerning myself. A charming girl (her name is Büchner) will then be the subject of my observations and my letters. A love affair proceeds as slowly among the Germans as every thing else,—as the business of their diets. But, on the other hand, they always contract, as they say, a connection for life,—do you see?—and therefore the matter must be conducted with some degree of caution and consideration.

I entered the house, and having taken possession of my apartment, I ran down stairs to pay a visit to my landlady, who is a widow. With her I found this girl, her niece. I was astonished at the loveliness of the young creature, and said so. The niece blushed, and the aunt looked very grave. But what was worse, they avoided me. The devil! thought I, angrily, the people suppose that men of our profession have half a century to spare to establish an acquaintance? I even put this question to the aunt in the most serious manner, and told her that I was sure her niece was afraid of me. She gave me a smile of compassion, and replied in very good French: "as to dangerous, Count, that you certainly are not. We dislike only what you call your *air degagé*, your *superiorite* in life."

"Do you perceive," said I, laughing, "that you are afraid of us?"

"Not exactly that, Count. What you term your *superiorité*, we Germans call rudeness.—If you would live with us you must conform to our manners."

"Very well!" I replied, "I will engage to live like a counsellor of the imperial court of Wetzlar; but the charmer must not confine herself to her room; otherwise, I tell you plainly, I shall break down the doors to get at her."

"You begin well, Count," said the aunt, laughing, and adding, seriously, "in future my niece shall eat with us; but the first liberty you take, she shall go to Cassel."

Thus, at length, the fair Henrietta again made her appearance, and I found myself quite mistaken with her; my wit, my flattery, my adoration—were all counterfeit coin, and would not pass current here. I wished to polish the girl, and she is worthy of it; but she very frankly acknowledged that she wanted to instruct me. "Me," said I, in great astonishment. "Yes, you," she replied, seriously. "You have a noble heart, Count, and you deserve to be a better man." I laughed; but such an extraordinary being is man!—the girl began to obtain the advantage over me. The aunt was right; I was not dangerous to the girl, but she to me. As often as I declared my love to her, in whatever manner it might be, she only laughed at or ridiculed me. "But, Madam," said I once, really angry, "how do they make a declaration of love in Germany?" She laughed still more. "In Germany, Count," she replied, "they never declare their love."

"But what else can they do?"

"They love;" said she, with a laughing eye.

I considered this as a hint she wished to give me. There was nothing, it is true, in her behaviour, to confirm me in this supposition; but I must be doing something. "Indeed," said I, "you are right; the Germans are more prudent than my countrymen." I caught her in my arms, and was going to press her to my bosom; but, with a tone terrible as the sentence of death, and eyes flashing indignation, she exclaimed, "Count!" and disengaged herself. "If you take such a liberty again," she continued, "you shall never see me more." I was embarrassed, like a boy surprised in a fault, and my confusion increased, when she said in a milder tone, "I am glad, Count, that you are at least ashamed of your rudeness."

"But," said I, half laughing and half vexed, "I intreat you in earnest to tell me what a German does when he loves a girl. If I say I love you, I am only laughed at."

She replied again, "a German loves, that is all." She then gave me an explanation which proved to me that such an affair must be the most tedious in the world. "Ah!" said I, folding my hands, "I must then become pious, and heave my sighs to a rosary, fair Henrietta? Well, even that I am ready to do."

"You must," she rejoined, laughing, "be nothing but yourself. Tell me as often as you please that you love me, and suffer me to laugh."

In this way, Louis, we went on every day, Henrietta laughed, and I began to feel extremely awkward. I imagined that her affections were pre-engaged; but no: she was perfectly free. In spite of my efforts—and what did I leave untried!—I could not gain an inch of ground. Sometimes I conceived myself secure of victory; but, like a stupid blockhead, only subjected myself to fresh ridicule.

Thus passed two months, which appeared like an eternity, when we received orders to march immediately. My company broke up; my valet brought me my sword and hat; nothing was more unexpected. I went down stairs to Henrietta. When I entered the room, she rose up hastily, and said, with seeming anxiety: "Is it true, Count?"

"We must march," said I, laughing. "To-morrow I shall be exposed to another kind of fire than that from those blue eyes."

"May your guardian angel protect you, dear Count!" she exclaimed with fervour. She turned pale, and tears bedewed her beauteous cheeks.

"Ah! cruel Henrietta!" cried I, "now when death tears me from your side, you confess that you love me!"

"Yes, dear Count," said she, laying her trembling hand in mine, "I reflect with anxiety on the dangers you are going to encounter, and should be inconsolable were I to hear that——Yes, dear Count, you leave behind a friend, who will pray for your welfare."

"A friend?" I exclaimed, "at a moment like the present? Dear Henrietta, how cold! Why not a lover?

"I never express more than I feel. Adieu. I wish you health and happiness." The tears then streamed from her eyes. She pressed my hand, and I, let me tell you, was very grave. When I was stooping to her hand, she held me her lovely pale cheek to salute. I kissed her, without saying a word, but with a sensation that threatened to bring tears into my eyes. Turning away my face, I said, "Henrietta! my friend! may God preserve you!" Then hastening out of the room, I mounted my horse and galloped away. I would have given a marshal's *baton* to have had a hostile battery before me.

An affair of this kind used to be forgotten in three days; but here! even now, after an interval of five months, the charming girl, with her tearful eye, is still present to my soul; and, fool that I am, there are moments when I ask myself: will it conduce to your happiness, if you see her again? Sometimes I curse the day when I first beheld her, and tremble at the moment when I shall meet her again. And that moment is in my power; I need only to step out of my tent, and I behold the steeple of the village-church, and the trees upon the

hill beneath which I have more than once been seated by her side. This Henrietta, my friend, would be thought insipid at Paris! Alas! that we—we unfortunate men of rank, are obliged to require more than a heart, understanding, and beauty!

Pob! dear cousin, don't be offended! So near the steeple, at the foot of which resides a charming girl, who melted into tears when a young fool was obliged to take the field: such a scene is so affecting that I shall never hear the last of your banter. In writing we introduce touches of nature before we are aware. These are the consequences of long letters. But so much is true, that in all France there is not a girl whom sensibility and the colour of heroic virtue would become more than Henrietta. With respect to me, you may think as you please; you may even consider me to be a love-sick fool; I shall not take the trouble to contradict you. Salute my mother, and inform her that the war is at an end for this year. Tell my good friend Risot, that my uncle lately proposed me to all the officers as a pattern of morality. He will rejoice at it. I was forced to fight a couple of duels to prove to my comrades that I was not quite such a saint as they supposed. What a stupid world, in which a man is obliged to fight because his morals are pure! The Chevalier —— advised me, in order to retrieve my character, to appear a few times in public with a *fille de joye*. Such things you see, are done a finger's breadth from the grave. Adieu. You shall soon hear from me again.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O——, near Marburg, Dec. 1760.

As you please, my good cousin. Every one follows his occupation, from the minister to the porter. Do you stick to yours, and insert your witticisms at my expence in the *Mercure*. But that you may know in what important business I am engaged, I will explain it clearly in three words. I am sitting beside Henrietta, and fastening gilded almonds and raisins to a large bush of box-tree, intended as a Christmas present to a little girl of her acquaintance. If this appears ludicrous to you, my very sapient cousin, just turn to our satirists, and see whether they regard the blue ribbon and the marshal's *baton* which your ambition decrees me, as any thing superior to gilded almonds and raisins. The only difference consists in this, that a child sacrifices nothing at all for its pleasures, that they are not embittered by envy, and that their enjoyment is consequently more pure. Tell the minister, the Duc de ——, and every one else who wishes to know it, that in the humour in which I am at present, I could twist the blue ribbon round the box-bush without a moment's hesitation.

You may say what you will, but Henrietta is right; "woe to the heart which has never felt that all the ribbons, and all the dignities of the earth are of no value!" But to proceed.—You wish to know what I am doing, and what I intend to do; for, in your opinion, my letter from O—— does not afford room to expect much good. My dear friend, I should wish both of us to know on what footing we stand with each other. Therefore a word or two first on that subject. It would not be difficult for you to interrupt me here in my pleasures. You might cause me to be called home, and if I refused to comply, I need only be put under arrest. You might—I tremble when I reflect on all you might do. Now, you have a will of your own; and I, for my part, am firmly resolved to have one for myself. You shall be acquainted with what I am doing; but now, my dear cousin, let me remind you of our juvenile friendship. You, dear Louis, you I will employ to guard my felicity. On you I can rely. Could you disappoint my most solemn hopes?

I love Henrietta, and she loves me But I beg of you to consider the word *love*, as signifying the most sacred passion of the human mind, an inexplicable sensation, an irresistible torrent of immortal life which rushes through the soul. I love the dear creature with an affection that appears surprising to myself. How shall I express myself that you may not laugh at me! But laugh as much as you please; I shall never be able to tell you what I feel.

I returned to O——, and she received me with sincere joy. But let me pass over the moments which my depraved heart could still profane! Now commenced a life—O! what may not man become, if he will be only a man! I was inseparable from the girl. When I approached nearer to the magic circle of her virtues—virtues so humble, so unobserved, and yet so sublime; when I first became acquainted with a heart which had never been accustomed to disguise, when I perceived the noble, independent, and delicate sentiments of her mind, which were gradually developed in our winter evenings' conversations, I no longer loved her as before; she was the first female that I respected, and from this respect proceeded, love. I now understood what she told me a year before: "in Germany they love." I loved her without telling her so; she loved me in re-

turn, and yet the word "love" has never escaped our lips.

My education has given me a twofold sense of honour. I am a Frenchman, and never will I bring disgrace upon that name. My mother and Risot inspired my heart with an aversion to all low vices; I now thank them for it. They made me a good citizen; I hated vice. Henrietta has made me a man; she has taught me to love virtue. You will smile and smile again, but so it is.

What do I intend to do? This singular question I have already asked myself a hundred times without being able to answer it. If I do what I ought—but your concurrence I should expect in vain. Enough of that! The question has long since been answered in my heart, in nature. What I will do is already decided; what I shall, time will shew. Yet in a few months, perhaps, the ball of one of Henrietta's brave countrymen, or an English sabre, will resolve this question to the satisfaction of all; and—what may appear the most extraordinary to you, I frequently look forward with an ardent desire to such a solution of the great question. Meanwhile I am sitting here, preparing a Christmas present for the child; looking every hour at a dress of Brussels point, intended for Henrietta, and asking myself, will it likewise afford her pleasure?

If Henrietta should acquiesce in my intention, it shall be accomplished—do whatever you please. There are countries to which the omnipotent arm of the minister does not reach, and should it even pursue me thither; should persecution there destroy my happiness, still there is a region, beyond whose dark bourn the power of man cannot be extended. There will I seek a refuge. After one hour spent in Henrietta's arms, what then is death!—I write with tears in my eyes, and an irrevocable determination in my heart.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O——, January, 1761.

You ridicule my conversion, as you express yourself, and request me to include you in my prayers. Dear Louis, what then is this life? Imagine but for a moment the French throne overturned, the order of nobility annihilated; will not the man be still left? If no places, no ribbons, no honours, no governments existed, what would then constitute the felicity of men? The very object of your ridicule—love, domestic happiness. And if these constitute domestic felicity, are they deserving of ridicule? Are the wise men of all nations, the poets and philosophers, all without exception, impudent liars, for having unanimously characterized conjugal and parental affection, innocence and virtue, as the happines of mankind? Or, is the courtier the only philosopher, that knows wherein human happiness consists?—he whose heart is constantly convulsed with envy and jealousy, ambition, and fear?—he who has so often resorted to crimes, poison, and the dagger, to lust and servile adulation, as his weapons, and has made them the sources of his felicity?

Only answer these questions. But let me beg you to spare your common-place observations upon honour, family greatness, splendour, ancestry, &c. You charge me with delusion. Granting that it is but delusion, is your felicity any more? Place yourself with the blue ribbon, the marshal's *baton*, and the Bourbons for your ancestors, among the savages on the Ohio, and you would resign all your lofty pretensions for a handful of maize. But transport yourself with a beloved female to what ever clime you please, love will always remain love. If it be illusion, it is the illusion of nature, of heaven, and of my heart; its consequence is virtue, and its reward content. And what then is your greatness? A ribbon, a truncheon, a title, a list of names, to which your ambition and vanity attach an imaginary consequence. If I be deluded it shall be by nature, happiness, and virtue, because I am a man.

You cannot comprehend how I have been induced to change my principles! Good God! I had been educated in the prejudices of my rank: that is all. I was a young simpleton, a vain fool, who indulged in dreams of ambition, because I was unacquainted with the felicity that is bestowed on man—a blind creature, who had no idea of the light of heaven, and is now endowed with the gift of sight. I open my eyes to its magic influence, gaze around in astonishment, and sink down with transport; and one of my blind associates calls out to me—"Illusion! nothing but illusion!—Why have you abandoned your principles?"—"Because I learned to see."

"A sentimental beauty," you continue, "a pretty girl—fye, what a shame!—has converted you!" I smile. Be it as you say. A falling apple taught Newton the law which impels the worlds in their spheres. Shall we deny its truth because he was taught it by the fall of an apple, and not by the fall of a world? On which side is the truth? that is the only question. What is my intention? you again ask. I intreat you to ask me no more; for, let me tell you, only for the sake of giving you

an answer, I could resolve to do what I have left to time to accomplish. Let peace be made, and then I will reply. Meanwhile, farewel.

RISOT TO THE COUNT D——.

Paris, Jan. 1761.

Trembling I take up the pen, my dear Count. Your cousin has shewn me your letters, and has made me the umpire in your dispute; you have no common-place to fear from me; recollect that I educated you, that I loved you, and strove as much as possible to make you a man. You are right upon the whole, dear Count; there is no greater felicity than that which love, domestic pleasures, and virtue procure; and you are already acquainted with my sentiments concerning ancestry and honours. Here however the question does not relate to you, but to the female of whom you are enamoured. In spite of your family you intend to give your hand to the object of your affection; that cannot be done without difficulty, and is perhaps utterly impossible. You have resolved, too, very naturally to wait; but meanwhile you kindle in the heart of the girl a passion of a different nature from yours. Supposing, dear Count, what might easily happen, that while you are waiting, your passion should cool. The prejudices of your youth acquire new vigour, because they are juvenile prejudices: a prejudice which is forcibly suppressed, is not, on that account, extinguished. Believe this from a man who, for twenty years, has been struggling with the superstition of his infancy, without being able entirely to subdue it. As your love becomes colder, your ambition will gain strength. Your love has now gained the victory over your ambition; will not your ambition, then, in its turn, obtain the superiority over your love? You now find motives for silencing all the claims which your family, your country, and your own imagination prefer to you; and then you will not be at a loss for reasons for rejecting those of love and constancy. Believe me, the heart, even of the most virtuous man, is the most arrogant sophist. A man must not, if he can avoid it, undertake any duty which he is incapable of fulfilling; and this would be your case. You were educated in the ideas of ambition; the prejudices of your rank are impressed upon all your thoughts and all your sentiments. At present these prejudices are silent, but they will not always remain so. In this case, only cast your eyes on the girl: she was educated for love, for domestic happiness, and knows no other virtue, no other felicity, than constant affection; and indeed almost the whole sex is educated for this virtue, this felicity. Examine the register of the unfortunate, who have lost their reason; ambition brought the men, and love reduced the women to that deplorable situation. This is perfectly natural; for, in women, love is the most powerful passion, and in men, ambition.

If, therefore, your ambition should be roused; if you should find motives for deserting the girl, and the poor creature, who knows and requires nothing but love, should be obliged to sacrifice the only happiness of her life! O, dear Count! I hope—I know—you shudder at this idea.

I will point out the virtue which reason and humanity demand of you, and for which alone you have—you must have strength. Your passion is yet only in its infancy; you have not yet declared your love to the girl, and it still appears impossible to her that she should ever possess you. Leave her, she will shed tears, but not be unhappy; only deception in love is productive of unhappiness. She will forget you, and enjoy felicity on the bosom of a virtuous husband. In your arms she probably would not. Such is the virtue which I, which humanity and reason require of you, and for which you must collect all your strength. This is in your power, but not that eternal love, that sacred constancy which this female's happiness would demand. Were you dependent only on yourself, dear Count, I would say to you, "give her your hand and be happy." But this, my dear pupil, is not the case; your ambition will again revive, and rend the heart of your mistress, which you may still save, if you have the courage to be virtuous. If now you possess not strength sufficient to overcome your passion, how will you be able to combat, during your whole life, your ambition, and the prejudices of rank, which will gain ground with each succeeding year? Listen, I intreat you, to the voice of one who loves you, who loves nothing in the world but you. O load not your conscience with the guilt of destroying what you considered the noblest object on earth, the heart, the happiness of this female. Yes, dear Count, I hope to see you. A letter from your mother requests leave of absence for you till the spring. Come to us, I implore you.

Your faithful

RISOT.

THE COUNT D——, TO LOUIS ——.

Brussels, April, 1761.

Well, it is over! You have your will! Are you now satisfied? O, I could take the most abandoned prostitute from the street and marry her, to punish you for your cruelty and

myself—And myself! Here I am plunged into the most horrible abyss of misery. If you knew what you have done, as I know what I have done, instead of rejoicing, you would weep. Weep! I say. What had you then in view with your execrable interference? You have dragged me to Brussels. Here I stop and survey the path I have traversed, dyed with blood, and moistened with tears. You have not yet got me to Paris. Do not triumph too soon!

Now bind the scarf of honour, for which I was obliged to break the most solemn oaths, around my wounded soul. Shall I not behold her sinking down, pale, and dying? Will not this sight for ever haunt me? Ah! my faithful Risot, why did you not say to me, you are a base, contemptible villain! That I am. Tell my mother so, Louis! To this state you have reduced me, I will inform you. It is horrible, horrible!

I received Risot's letter, was half convinced that he was right, and yet staid. I wavered to and fro, and my soul contrived the most detestable of crimes. I was not happy, and never shall be again. Even in the moments of the highest transport, I was not happy; the crime mingled its bitterest wormwood with my joys. Henrietta was mine. Upon my knees, I swore, with a tremulous voice, that she should be eternally mine—swore it by her tears, her affliction, her despair, and with a sincere heart. O how could I so horribly deceive such innocence, such celestial confidence! She pulled down my hands, which I had raised to invoke Heaven, and prayed to the Almighty not to hear my oaths. O, she suspected my crime, and still she loved me. Your letters arrived, and then my guilt commenced. They were soon followed by the letter of the King. My uncle sent for me, and painted in illusive colours the brilliant career into which I should be led by the most horrible perfidy. I threw myself at his feet, and implored him with tears to suffer me to keep my oath; told him that the beloved object was mine, and that I was united to her by a more sacred bond than the church could impose, by the bond of nature. Instead of answering, he read me the King's letter. Unfortunately I durst not oppose the desire of the King; though I had the horrible courage to renounce nature, virtue—to abandon my wife.

The scandalous business was settled. With a placid brow, and a black soul, I returned to Henrietta, and repeated the oath of fidelity, in order to deceive her, and the more securely to strike the death-blow against her open and unsuspecting heart. O infernal torture! those eyes beaming innocence and confidence through their tears, I met disguised with deceit, falsehood, and affected love;—as a wicked spirit assumes the appearance of an angel of light, before a world replete with happiness and virtue, which he hopes to involve in universal desolation.

Ah, could—durst—my mother form such a wish?—But let me hasten over the abominable transaction. On the very day when I was to have given her my hand at the altar; on the very day when she had determined to make the most generous sacrifice, and renounce my hand, if she could not render me completely happy; at the very moment when she overwhelmed me with tenderness and magnanimity—while my heart was rent with torture and remorse—the door flew open. My uncle's adjutant rushed in, demanded my sword, and informed me that I must instantly accompany him to the head-quarters. Virtue raised a last struggle in my heart; I made a motion to defend myself. La Fosse drew his sword, and the faithful Henrietta placed herself before me. As it had been previously agreed, I surrendered my sword, and with it resigned all sense of honour. My artifices were insufficient, my eyes betrayed my villainy, and my hands trembled. I had no longer the courage to look at Henrietta, but fixed my timid eyes on the floor.

She alternately regarded me and La Fosse. Both of us trembled: she remained composed, grasped my hand, and asked, with a tone that shook my very soul, "Are you deceiving me?" I threw myself down before her, and embraced her knees. She raised my face towards her, looked stedfastly at me, and abruptly exclaimed, "If you are deceiving me, God grant that you may never hear of me again!" I sprang up to press her to my heart, my blood now rushed impetuous through every vein, and all the faculties of my soul were endued with omnipotent force. La Fosse tore me from her, and six grenadiers dragged me without mercy into a coach. I heard Henrietta's shrieks; never will they cease to vibrate in my soul!

La Fosse returned my sword in the coach. I trampled upon it, saying with a horrible sensation, "Treason against nature has dishonoured me!"

I was brought with considerable difficulty to the head-quarters. There my uncle ridiculed my folly, and the Duc de —— bestowed on me a smile of commiseration. In this manner they overthrew my resolution to return. I was carried like one in a profound sleep to Brussels. Woe to myself and to you!

Is it your wish to cheer, to console me? Is it with this view that you charge me with commissions from the King to the government of Brussels? Let me alone, I intreat you. Ridicule of my misery might easily impel me to seek death, which my soul ardently desires. I have written to the minister that I am not in a situation to accept of any employment. Shall I not lament the loss of my honour, of my virtue, and of Paradise? Is my family offended that I look with anxious solicitude towards that Eden, the entrance of which is closed by an infernal deed of your contrivance? O, smile! but permit the murderer, seduced by you to perpetrate the deed,—permit him, at least, to shudder after the crime which he committed without shuddering! I fear a second crime will punish you for the first. My anguish thrusts the avenging sword deeper and deeper into my heart; it must at last reach the seat of my miserable life.

She is gone with her aunt to Cassel, writes La Fosse, who fetched my things from O——. Composed, he adds, and pledges his honour for it. Composed! O if I could believe that! See, Louis, if she were composed, if she were happy, then might misfortune and ignominy attend me the remainder of my life. Composed! Ah! I know her heart. You have murdered her, ye monsters! Murdered! I shudder. Every breeze wafts to me a dying groan, every ray of light appears to be her shade. I cover my pallid face with my hands whenever my door opens. I am afraid lest her spirit should enter, look me in the face, and kindle around me the flames of hell!

Farewel! O God! What have you done! What have I done! Farewel!

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[Concluded from Page 225.]

"You can have no difficulty in guessing what this resolution was, as my friend came back to us. He acquainted me with some of the motives by which he was actuated, when he had finished his narrative. 'Shall I,' said he, 'of my own accord desert the second, as I was obliged against my will to forsake the first? Shall I desert this Theresa, if she can resolve to be mine.'

"Such a resolution,' interrupted I with vehemence, 'she never can form.'

"Theresa,' said he, 'hear me out. I have thoroughly examined my heart. It is love that I still feel for Frederica, but not such love as I must of necessity feel if Frederica was to be made happy through me. It is you, you that I must have for my wife and not her. She too,—depend upon it, for I know her well—she too will soon learn to do without me, if she can but convince herself that it is not contempt which has withdrawn me from her; and this conviction she will obtain as soon as she reflects a little more calmly on the subject. Believe me, I know her; she will keep her word, be it yes or no. She is proud enough to reject me with obstinacy, if I were even desirous of sacrificing you to her. At any rate, therefore, she is no longer destined for me, and does not stand in the way of my love to you. But I stand in my own way, and live only for you, Theresa; for without you life would be intolerable. You alone can reconcile me with myself and with my father. If you repulse me I shall abhor my existence, and shall make my exit from life by the first outlet that presents itself. With you I am confident that I shall be able to pacify Frederica; she will be your friend when she learns to know you, and forgive me for your sake. Ah, Theresa! if you would do something to merit heaven, accept my hand!'

"He laid his open hand upon my lap, and looked in my face with a countenance from which I was obliged to turn away lest I should forget myself and all the world. I trembled as if ordered to prepare for instant death. I knew what reply I ought to have made, but my lips could not give it utterance. Love, compassion, anger, surprise followed each other with such rapidity in my heart, as to produce an uproar of contending sensations. I rose quite dizzy, and my friend remained sitting motionless as a statue, when his hand fell from my knee.

"Come,' said I, 'and conduct me home; you see that I am scarcely able to stand, and cannot give you an answer now.'

"He rose, and with faltering step advanced to me. Again he offered me his hand. 'You cannot give me an answer?' said he; 'and

can you be so cruel as to let this hand fall again? Save me, Theresa, before we part.'

"'We shall not part to-day,' said I; 'and now give me your hand not to act till you have heard all I have to say, in the same manner as I have listened to your story.'

"I grasped his hand, took him by the arm, and exhausted as I was, rather drew him along with me than was conducted by him. My silence seemed to inspire him with hope; I allowed him to indulge this hope, little as I was inclined to fulfil it; and it was not till I was alone in my room that I was aware of the distance of the leap which I was now obliged to venture either to the one side or the other.

"Could I, whom my friend once denominated the more worthy, could I do less than the deserted Frederica, who gave way for me? Can I, said I to myself, can I behold an innocent sacrifice bleeding on the altar of my happiness? The happiness which I want, my friend should not only confer, but he should confer it with a willing and an innocent heart. But can I accept the gift of a wounded conscience? If my society takes off the acuteness of his feelings, ought that to satisfy me? And how long would this insensibility continue? He would soon awake; he would start from himself with horror; he would endeavour to conceal his sensations from me, and for this very reason he would be still more miserable. The sweetest enjoyment which I anticipated from a connection with him, the consciousness of the most intimate union of hearts, and the most unlimited confidence, would be irretrievably lost. He, to whom I was attached, he could no longer make me happy.

"Amid these reflections burning tears trickled down my cheeks. The conviction that I too could no longer make him happy, did not give me half so much pain.

"I now began to consider the other side of the subject. What was to become of me, if I renounced my friend, was my least concern; but what was to become of him?

"Here all my thoughts were at a stand. I could not doubt his being capable of executing his threat against himself. His philosophy allowed him the right of taking away his life; we had often disputed on the subject. And if, through my hesitation, I should be the cause of his death——the very idea was enough to chill me with horror.

"I reflected again; but was totally at a loss what to do. All at once the maxim of the great King of Prussia came into my mind, and I exclaimed to myself,—'To gain time is to gain every thing.' I was filled with unusual resolution, and felt myself encouraged to take the threads of fate into my own hands.

Incapable of immediately devising a method of setting my friend at ease, I seated myself beside him at supper with as much confidence as though I had discovered one. He paid great attention to all that I said or did. Unperceived I pressed his hand; and as soon as we rose from table I retired in haste to my room. I was too much exhausted to dissemble any longer, and by tears I was obliged to procure myself relief. Unable to close my eyes, I ruminated all night on the step I ought to take, and at length resolved to write to Frederica. For the execution of this design more time still was necessary.

"Next morning I invited my friend to take a turn with me in the garden. Every opportunity was afforded us of being alone together, because it was conjectured that we had quarreled and were desirous of effecting a reconciliation. I told him that his serious proposal would have come unexpectedly even if he had offered me a heart that was perfectly free; still less could I give him immediately a decisive answer, in the present situation of things: that he should give me time for consideration, which the most rigid fathers were not accustomed to refuse their refractory children; that to love a man and to have no objection to marry him, were not in my opinion one and the same thing, as most females were disposed to believe; that I, at least, could not make up my mind to marry any man who should not find through me that happiness which he sought and required.

"This address produced on his side protestations and asseverations which did not surprise me. I did not contradict him; but I took advantage of the opportunity to demand a convincing proof of his love; and this was, that he should spend at least a month with us without pressing me for a final answer. It was not without difficulty that I prevailed on him to agree to these terms. Having settled this point, I made farther enquiry respecting the family of Frederica, and learned what I wanted to know. Not with a light heart, but with the appearance of unanimity we rejoined the company.

"I shall not detain you with the particulars of my plan, the object of which was nothing less than to re-unite my friend with his Frederica. By a correspondence which I commenced with her, I became acquainted with one of the few whom I love in the strictest sense as my equal. I was flattered to think that even such a person would be obliged to yield the precedency to me, if my friend should

follow his own inclination; I persuaded myself, because I knew his attachment to all that was good and fair, that nothing could have induced him to forsake such a female but a passion which raised my image to a higher place in his imagination than it deserved to hold. The value of the sacrifice which he made for my sake was a precious proof of his love. This proof came very seasonably to raise my spirits; but I found myself imperiously called upon to make amends for an injustice which my friend had committed for my sake, so that there was no merit in the execution of my design. If I accepted my friend's hand, I should by so doing have degraded myself in his eyes from the eminence on which he had placed me above another whom he abandoned only because he had raised me so high. I was therefore obliged to renounce him, because he would be obliged to renounce me as soon as I should be his. All these motives for the resolution I had taken, I explained to Frederica. My friend never suspected that his forsaken mistress and I were disputing which of the two should relinquish her claim to the other. This dispute terminated in a contract which I proposed. We agreed, in order to punish him for his injustice to us both, to make him be content as a bachelor with our friendship; but if one of us should die before her thirtieth year, he should engage to offer his hand to the survivor, who should accept it without hesitation.

"When our treaty was concluded, I submitted it to my friend, together with the whole correspondence which had occasioned it. He stood as if petrified. I was obliged to read to him the papers relating to this subject; for he could not of himself collect the drift of it from the letters. As soon as he had collected himself, he inundated me with such a torrent of eloquence, as I should have been unable to check, had I attempted to oppose my conclusions to his; but I left his objections unanswered, and appealed to my feelings. I told him, that if he refused to enter into the proposed agreement, and would not solemnly promise to comply with the terms prescribed in it, all the respect which I felt for him would be irretrievably lost. I had no occasion to adduce any arguments to prove that I should cease to love whenever I ceased to respect him. He again sought excuses, but I refused to listen to any. At length he begged time to consider, and I gave him three days. At the expiration of these three days, which, with all their pangs, were some of the most delicious of my life, we renewed our dispute, each urging the old arguments over again. He absolutely refused to comply. I immediately assumed a different tone with him; as much cordiality and warmth of affection I had shewn for him in these last three days, with so much coldness, and perhaps contempt, did I now dismiss him. I was not afraid that in this state he would lay violent hands on himself. Before twelve hours had elapsed he returned like a penitent, perfectly resigned to do whatever I should think fit to enjoin. I obliged him to take an oath to fulfil the conditions of our agreement.

"So far I had dexterously and successfully accomplished my business. My friend and Frederica, to whom I could now give the same appellation, imagined that it was completed; but what a bungling job would it then have been! a mere tissue of illusions which would have dropped to pieces of itself. How could my friend, if he actually felt for me something more than the attachment of friendship, continue to see me so often and keep his word? And what should I have gained had Frederica, whose respect I would not have forfeited upon any account, beheld in me a capitulating rival? Besides, could I calculate upon the death of a friend as the period of the fulfilment of my secret wishes? Once more I repeated to myself that my friend never could be my husband, and hastened to complete the work I had begun.

It happened, fortunately for the execution of my plan, that my guardian, of himself, conceived the idea of declaring me of age, though I was not quite twenty. I came, in consequence, into the independent possession of a property that was not inconsiderable. Through the medium of an acquaintance, I found no difficulty in borrowing, upon the security of my estates, a sum sufficient to maintain me as long as I lived. This money I turned by degrees into bills of exchange. While I was silently transacting this business, I was not less secretly engaged in trying the fidelity of the only person on whom I thought I could venture to rely. This was an old servant of my father's, by birth a Swiss, the same who now performs the office of porter at my gate, and would not change it for any more easy duty. I discovered that I could rely as firmly on his attachment as on his secrecy. I easily brought him over to my interest, telling him that private reasons obliged me, unknown to my family or any other human creature, to make a journey alone into Switzerland, his native country. It never entered the head of any person in our house that I was preparing

for flight. My friend still remained with us, and hoped by his reiterated intreaties to procure his release from what he termed the most unnatural and bootless of all vows. Instead of an answer, I gave him unbidden proofs of my affection. I was desirous of feeling till the very last moment that he was mine.

"My faithful Swiss had contrived matters so well, that I could set off as soon as I pleased. I crept round the brink of the abyss which I had dug for myself, and when I had looked down it till I was dizzy, I clung to my friend to keep myself from falling. At length the letters which I intended to leave behind were written, and the carriage was appointed for my flight. The letters contained falsehoods; but truth had forsaken me when I had need of her assistance. I wished to persuade my friend and my family that I had drowned myself in the Danube. By this delusion, I hoped to restore the lover of two mistresses to the object of his first affection, to whom, conformably with his oath, he would after my death exclusively belong.

"It was a serene evening, in the month of August, I had not lost sight of my friend the whole day. For the first time, I made an appointment to meet him after supper in the park. He was transported with joy and surprize. My guardian was gone to town; and my brother, with an old aunt, formed the whole of the company besides ourselves. We separated as soon as we rose from table, my friend going as he said to take a turn in the park, while I went to my room. Here I found my old Swiss, to whom I delivered my jewel-box. Some indispensible articles of dress, and such papers, books, music, and other things as I wished to take with me for keep-sakes, had been removed at different times by the same faithful attendant. The greatest part of my property I carried in bills in my pocket. I then laid the letters which I had written to leave behind me, on my desk, and hastened down stairs into the garden, where my friend was waiting for me.

"I embraced him for the last time. Had he known why my tears trickled upon his cheeks, he would not have paid such ready obedience to my commands when I bade him go, upon the pretext that we might not be seen to return together. I called after him, "Adieu." He was coming back, but I beckoned to him to hasten to the house, and he disappeared.

"I ran down the terrace, threw my hat and pocket-handkerchief on the bank of the Danube, and then hurried breathless and half dead to the spot where the coach ordered by my Swiss from Augsburg, was waiting for me. I got into it: the coachman, who knew nothing of my name or residence, drove along at a rapid rate. My lot was decided, and I was now in the hands of fate.

"I shall say nothing more concerning my feelings on this occasion. I staid at Augsburg one day under an assumed name, and procured cash for some of my bills, in the name of a third fictitious person, to whom they would appear to have been paid away. My Swiss transacted all my business, so that I had no occasion to shew myself. At Augsburg I took post horses, and proceeded with all possible expedition, first to Schaffhausen, and then through Switzerland to Geneva. Concealed by my black veil, I was no where recognized. At Geneva I was told by a maid whom I had hired at Augsburg, the history of an unfortunate girl, who had thrown herself into the Rhone, out of despair, because she had been forsaken by her lover, and had to her sorrow been rescued from a watery grave. She was poor, but as I was informed, possessed a superior understanding, and polished manners. I succeeded in forming an acquaintance with this girl, and in her I made the acquisition of my Leonora. Through her I maintained so much connection with the world as was necessary for purchasing this old mansion, which just then happened to be offered for sale. For two years I have been buried in this sequestered spot; and would you believe, that during these two years, I have not made one single attempt to obtain any intelligence of my friend, for fear of defeating the object of my seclusion? My Swiss, who will certainly not betray me, while I have him under my eye, might perhaps be of a different way of thinking, if he should again see any of my family. But I confess to you, that I can scarcely endure this state of uncertainty, which every day becomes more and more oppressive. I appear to myself like a ghost stalking over the tombs of the departed, and only live in hope that I shall soon be no more. Could I be persuaded that I had sacrificed myself like a romantic simpleton, without occasion or benefit, I should perhaps arrive earlier at the goal. But I cannot help thinking that there was something more than enthusiasm in what I did and in what I suffered."

The recluse, fatigued with her narrative, sunk back in her chair. The stranger fell upon her neck, and both clasped each other in a cordial embrace.

"No," exclaimed the stranger; "you must no longer live in hope that you shall soon be no more: you must indulge more pleasing

expectations: you will again be happy, and so shall I with you."

The recluse raised herself, and exclaimed with emotion: "You with me! Are then our destinies united?"

"Our hearts at least are," replied the stranger, "and our destinies have been governed by our hearts. All that can be interesting to you in my history, you shall be made acquainted with. But for important reasons, I should not wish to break off my narrative; and before I can bring it to a conclusion, I must have a letter, which I am in daily expectation of receiving. I have already given orders for it to be forwarded to this place. Will you permit me to remain with you till then?"

"My friend," said the recluse, with an anxious look and significant tone—"My friend, you know me at least by name. Confess only that you know me, and intend—but no, it cannot be—O, if you should be capable of betraying me!"

The stranger turned away from her. "If I deserve such a suspicion, you will do well to send me from your house this very day."

Fresh protestations of confidence, and affection succeeded; but neither the recluse nor the stranger could conceal the uneasiness which they felt from that moment, whenever their eyes met each other. The stranger declared that the expected letter could not fail to arrive in a very few days, and the recluse was unable to comprehend why the mystery which this letter was to explain could not be mentioned as such, before its arrival.

In this manner two days passed away. They were just going to sit down to dinner, when a message was sent in that a coach and four had stopped at the gate, and a strange gentleman requested to speak with the mistress of the house.

The recluse turned her eyes flashing indignation towards the stranger. The latter sprang up, and triumphantly exclaimed, "It is he! It is he! My brother! My brother! Open the gate immediately! I will conduct him in!"

"Not so fast!" exclaimed the recluse, pale and trembling, and holding the stranger by the arm. "Have you a right to make this return for my hospitality?"

"Yes, that I have; a sacred, an incontestable right. We are happy; you my friend, and I with you—I, your sister, whom you have saved! Your Frederica!"

The stranger had scarcely uttered these words, when the recluse sunk senseless into her arms. The whole house was thrown into consternation: the stranger sent once more, requesting to be admitted as soon as possible. Leonora, who had hastened to the room on the first alarm, ran with loud lamentations to seek the means of recovering her mistress. The domestics refused to obey Frederica's orders, till the recluse had so far come to herself as to be able to direct the gate to be opened for the stranger.

It was then Frederica, the same Frederica who had made so great a sacrifice in behalf of the recluse, who now supported her in her arms, when the stranger entered, and this stranger was no other than the oft-mentioned friend of the mistress of the mansion.

The recluse, scarcely breathing in the arms of her friend, was unable to comprehend his meaning, and could hardly trust her half-recovered senses, when she heard him call Frederica sister. "How is it possible?" was her only question, which we shall proceed to answer, for the satisfaction of the reader.

The father of Belmont, for so we shall call Theresa's friend, as his family name cannot be material to this history—had not, with all his pompous etiquette, been sufficiently master of himself to suppress an illicit passion for Frederica's mother. His unhappy love was returned, and Frederica was undoubtedly his daughter. Her face alone would have proved this, had not a resemblance, which, at first occasioned much conversation, been explained away by her mother as a family likeness; for Frederica's mother was the daughter of the great aunt of the man whom Frederica so strongly resembled. Whether the public was satisfied with this genealogical elucidation, we cannot decide. Belmont's father had resolved to leave behind him in writing, at his death, that secret, which while living he could never resolve to pronounce. It was contained in the packet which he once delivered to his son, from whom, on his recovery, he had again received it.

Theresa's flight, had, as every body but Theresa could have predicted, by no means answered the purpose she intended. It was but for a very short time that she was supposed to be dead. The statement of the merchant at Augsburg, of whom she had procured cash for her bills of exchange, induced her friend to seek her among the living; but false reports led him about two years to places where she was not to be found. For the recovery of his impaired health, he had gone to the Hieres islands, near Marseilles. Meanwhile, his father was attacked with a disease which proved fatal, and at his death bequeathed the important packet to Frederica. As soon as Frederica had recovered from the surprize

which this piece of intelligence excited, she set out in company of her mother, in quest of Belmont. From Bern, where her mother resolved to rest herself, she proceeded alone with other servants who understood the French language, and assumed the name of Madame Friedberg, for fear Belmont should hear of her coming, and avoid her. When chance had united her with Theresa, she determined not to discover herself till her brother's arrival, lest the incredulous enthusiast should again tie the knot that was now unloosed: and besides, who would not wish in such cases to confer the joy of surprize?

That, after Belmont's arrival, the retreat of his Theresa contained two happy mortals, who could scarcely have found their equals on the whole surface of the earth, is another of those facts which may be best described with a single stroke. Frederica's heart gradually ceased to bleed; she learned to bring her desires into subjection to the commands of nature. An ample gratuity requited the little hostess, whose officious kindness had accelerated the adjustment of so many disharmonies.

At Lyons, Belmont received at the altar the hand of his Theresa. Both continued a few months longer at the hermitage, and then returned to Germany to enjoy those realities on which they had so long feasted in imagination.

THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME, AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

[*Continued from Page* 221.]

HAVING at length disengaged himself from the bonds by which he was confined, Razimir endeavoured to explore his dismal habitation. At first the darkness struck him with horror; but suddenly his eyes were dazzled by a light which seemed to approach him. Agitated between hope and fear, he stopped, and fancied he beheld at a distance a woman covered with a shroud, and holding a lighted taper in her hand. He instantly walked, or rather flew towards her, but the noise he made seemed to terrify the figure, who immediately let fall the taper, which went out, and he was once more buried in total darkness. "O, Heavens!" he exclaimed, "could I have been deceived? Could that light which just now struck my sight have been only an illusion? Alas! I fear it was, and that this faint hope was only the effect of my disturbed imagination, a hope which I must no longer entertain!"

Scarcely had he concluded, when he heard a voice at some distance, "What an unforeseen event! What have I heard? Has Heaven then taken pity on my misfortunes? O you whose complaints have echoed through this gloomy vault, who are you? Who has sent you hither? Is it to save me from the most dreadful of deaths, or to aggravate my woes? A fate perhaps similar to your's, has driven me ashore on this island; and I am going to perish the unhappy victim of the barbarous customs of its inhabitants. The only son of the King of Carizime, I was born to inherit a throne; but that fate which pursues me——." "You, son of the King of Carizime!" hastily interrupted the voice. "Oh, Prince! you know not what hope your words have given me. No, I can no longer doubt it; it is you who are destined to rescue me from that death which I was about to suffer. It is to you that I shall owe my life. Guardian angel, what rights will you acquire to my everlasting gratitude. Alas! I have but one way of repaying you, and I will not hesitate to adopt it. Yes, Prince, I solemnly swear by Mahomet, that only the gift of my hand can recompence such a service: well, Prince, it is yours, and I again declare that I never will wed any other but the Prince of Carizime." "Madam," replied the Prince, somewhat astonished at so prompt a resolution, "you do me much honour, but you are rather hasty; reflect, if you please, that we have not yet beheld each other; that you know who I am, but that I am yet ignorant of your name, and that whatever hope you and I may have of leaving this place, and however painful it may be to be buried alive at seventeen, I cannot conceal from you, that if you resemble my late wife, who was daughter to the King of the Samsards, I would die a thousand deaths rather than wed you." "Oh, how this resolution charms me!" exclaimed the lady; "and how much it coincides with my own feelings. Be easy, Prince, I am not a Samsard: I have just completed my third lustre, and if I may believe what has perhaps but too often been repeated to me, the sight

of me will excite in your breast neither the dislike nor disgust which you experienced for your first wife." Whilst saying this, she drew from beneath her covering a little phial of phosphorus, by the assistance of which she lighted her taper, that had been extinguished when the Prince first rushed towards her. Razimir now looked up and beheld the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and exclaimed with transport, "What divine charms! Surely Nature never before formed any thing half so lovely. What grace, what beauty! Am I awake, or am I under the influence of a dream? Kind Heaven, is it a favour which I owe to thy bounty, or an illusion which thou spreadest over my senses?" "No, Prince, nothing can be more real than my existence, and nothing would have been more dreadful than my fate, had I not met you. I am called Dilaram, and am daughter to the King of Georgia; you shall one day know by what accident I was cast on this island: you will for the present be satisfied with learning, that scarcely had I arrived in this abominable country, when a Prince of the blood royal fell desperately in love with me. I was just on the point of being devoured by the Samsards, when opposing their fury, he declared himself my defender; but as a recompence for the service he thought he had rendered me in preserving my life, he insisted that I should become his wife. At fifteen, we are very unwilling to leave the world! However terrific the appearance of my deliverer, and notwithstanding the horror with which his hideous figure filled my heart, yet a secret presentiment, a hope that my destiny might in time prove happier, induced me to marry him. I spent but a short time under the laws of this unnatural union, as my husband was taken ill and died; and yesterday, according to the custom of this country, I followed him into the grave. But before my interment, I took the precaution of concealing beneath my shroud this phial of phosphorus, some matches, and a taper. Scarcely had I descended into the vault, and found that the entrance was closed, when I got out of my coffin, and lighted my taper. I cannot say that this dreadful spot inspired me with the horror you would have supposed; persuaded that Heaven would not allow me to perish, my heart was filled with a confidence, the cause of which I could not define. I explored carefully this inclosure, and under that vault which you may see at a distance, I discovered an enormous stone; I approached it. Judge of my surprize, when I perceived an inscription on it, in which my name was mentioned. Only come, Prince, read and be convinced that Heaven has not forsaken us." The Prince approached, and read the following words:—"When the Prince of Carizime and the Princess of Georgia are here, let them raise this stone, descend the staircase which they will find, and pursue the path which terminates it."

"Alas! Madam," said the Prince, "an hundred men could not raise this stone, how then can we hope to succeed?" "Prince," replied the Princess, "doubtless a superior power protects us; let us obey, and leave the rest to him." Razimir now returned the taper to Dilaram, and endeavoured to raise the stone. His efforts were fruitless, but soon it rose of itself, and displayed to their sight the staircase which the inscription had announced. They were more than an hour in descending it; at length it terminated in another subterraneous vault of immense magnitude, and which led them to the entrance of a cave, whence they perceived an extensive country bounded by a rapid stream. Like good Mahometans, their first care was to return thanks to Heaven for the protection they had experienced, and express the gratitude which they felt at once more beholding the light of day. Having arrived on the banks of the river, they found a small bark without oars, or sailors, but nevertheless they entered it with confidence.

"Come, come," interrupted the King of Persia, "you are going to send them again among the Samsards, this will not do."—"Pardon me, Sire," replied the vizir. "The boat glided gently with the current, and after a pleasant voyage, in which they experienced no dangers, it stopped beside some steep rocks. Here they went on shore, in hopes of finding a path by which they might enter the country, but after a long and fruitless search, were obliged to return, intending to reimbark, and to proceed further until the course of the stream should lead them to a better landing place; but to their astonishment, their boat had disappeared, and they vainly sought to catch a glimpse of her. They now began to lose all hope, and feeling the pangs of hunger, they regretted the bread they had left behind them in the subterraneous vault, in the island of the Samsards; but we cannot foresee all things. While they were abandoning themselves to these melancholy reflections, and death was in a manner staring them in the face, a slight noise made them raise their eyes, and they perceived a very large bird, of an unknown form, coming out of a hollow in the rock. The Prince's first impulse was to approach, and he found some line and nets which had

probably been left by fishermen. This discovery raised their sinking hopes; Razimir joined them together, and formed a kind of ladder, to which he fastened two grapling irons, which he had fortunately found in the boat, and threw it with all his strength to the top of the rock; it stuck fast, and our travellers reached the top with a little difficulty.

They now perceived an extensive plain, in the centre of which rose a palace of the most exquisite beauty; they approached it, and beheld on the door several hieroglyphics, with this Arabic inscription:—"O you who are desirous of entering this magnificent palace, stop, and learn that you cannot pass the threshold before you have immolated at the door an animal with eight feet."

"Again fresh obstacles!" exclaimed the weeping Dilaram. "Unhappily," replied the Prince, "this one is of a nature which we cannot hope to overcome." "O my father!" rejoined Dilaram, sighing deeply; "how must you reproach yourself." "How is this?" inquired Razimir. "I will tell you, Prince," replied Dilaram. "I was educated in the palace of the King of Georgia, with all the care and tenderness that a father can bestow on a beloved child, and in all the pomp and luxury befitting one of the most powerful monarchs of the earth. A young Prince who was related to our house, conceived for me a passion, which was inimical to his repose, and in which the frequent opportunities we had of seeing each other, caused me to take but too lively an interest for my happiness. He loved me, and I began to return his affection, when an ambassador from a neighbouring King arrived at my father's court, accompanied by a splendid retinue, to demand my hand for the King, his master. My father thought a refusal would not only be attended with danger, but that the state could not fail to gain many valuable advantages from this alliance; he accordingly consented, and ordered me to prepare to go back with the ambassador. The young Prince, my lover, was so much shocked at this resolution, that he was taken very ill, and expired before my departure. The grief I felt at his loss, gave every one reason to suppose that he had not been indifferent to me. We embarked for the kingdom of my intended husband; but suddenly a furious tempest arose, which spread such consternation and dismay among our sailors, that finding all their efforts useless, they abandoned the ship to the mercy of the waves, which threw us on the island of the Samsards.

The noise of our arrival drew these monsters around us, and making the air echo with their horrid howlings, they seized me and all my retinue. O, Prince! what horror took possession of me when I beheld the ambassador and all his suite devoured before me! I expected to experience a similar treatment, when a nobleman——" "Stop, madam," said Razimir, hastily interrupting the Princess of Georgia, "do not move, I see a spider on your handkerchief." Dilaram terrified, hastily arose; the spider fell to the ground, and Razimir crushed it with his foot.

The moment he had killed it a loud noise was heard from the palace, the door of which opened of itself. Astonished at this unhoped-for event, they looked at each other, and concluded that the spider must have had eight feet, and that it must be the animal whose sacrifice was ordered in the inscription. They now directed their steps towards the palace. It was surmounted with a dome of crystal; they entered, and traversed several chambers without meeting any one. At length they came to a magnificent apartment, where they beheld, reclining on a sofa, an old man, who had on his head a crown of emeralds. His white beard, which descended to his waist, was only composed of six long hairs placed at some distance from each other; he had for mustachios three hairs on each side, which uniting under his chin, mixed with his beard; but what appeared no less extraordinary was, that his nails were at least a yard in length.

"We are," said Razimir, addressing him, "two unfortunate travellers who have been cruelly tormented by events which would be too tedious to relate to you."——"Ah! so much the better," said the King of Persia, interrupting his vizir, "I was terribly afraid he was going to give an account of all that we already know."

"I am," continued Razimir, "son to the King of Carizime, and this fair Princess who accompanies me, owes her birth to the King of Georgia; we implore you to grant us an asylum, at least for a few days, that we may be able to recover from our fatigue."—"Most willingly," replied the old man, "as you are the children of kings, and have been fortunate enough to penetrate into this palace, you are at liberty to remain in it for some time; but if you will settle here with me, you shall enjoy eternal happines; and death, to which all mortals are subject, will respect you. Like others, I have been a king in my time, and reigned over China. You may judge by my beard and the length of my nails that I was not born yesterday; for a long time I studied men, their vices, their propensities, their way of thinking, their morals, their hypocrisy,

their selfishness, and the little tendency they have to do good; I became weary of living among them, and still more so of governing them. One fine night I took it into my head to leave them, and came and fixed my residence here in this desert. I possessed the science of Mekachefa, and, as a magician, had several genii at my command. I ordered them to build this palace; for more than a thousand years I have inhabited it, and I propose to remain here to all eternity. Impertinence and envy can do nothing to offend me. I have but one enemy, which is *ennui*; but I take every precaution to overcome him, and I have hitherto but slightly felt his attacks."

The Prince and Princess received with much gratitude the old King's offer, and resolved to remain with him. He now asked them whether they would not take some refreshment, which they gladly accepted, and did not conceal from him that they had not taken any food for nearly two days, and were in the greatest want. The old King immediately took up a little instrument, which he had beside him, in the form of a rustic pipe, and began to play a lively air, which in any other situation would have afforded our travellers much entertainment. This was the manner the King of China used to call the genii who were at his service. Scarcely had he begun when the genii appeared and served up a most magnificent repast. The Prince and Princess amply made up for the fast they had been compelled to observe; the dishes were excellent, and the wine, which was served up in goblets of rock chrystal, was excellent. The King, the length of whose nails would not allow him to make use of his hand, had nothing to do but to open his mouth, and two genii alternately, gave him meat and drink. When the repast was ended, the King asked his visitors whether they were married, and on hearing that they were not, he said, "you are young and amiable you cannot have travelled so far, and experienced together so many dangers, without having taken a liking to each other; by plighting your faith to one another you may insure yourselves the most agreeable destiny."

The Prince and Princess, who had already sworn to each other eternal affection, renewed their vows, and were married in the presence of his Chinese majesty, who wished that their nuptials should be celebrated with all the pomp imaginable. Never before were such brilliant entertainments seen in any part of the world: the genii under the King of China's dominion multiplied them without end, and each day was productive of something new.

Nothing was now wanting to complete the happiness of our royal pair, but an heir. Their wishes were, however, soon accomplished, for Dilaram in proper time became the mother of two beautiful little Princes; she resolved to nurse them herself, and brought them up with the utmost tenderness till they had reached their sixth year, when the King of China, who loved them as if he had been their father, selected from among his dependent genii, the one he thought most competent to finish their education.

One of the greatest misfortunes of men is, that they are never satisfied with the situation in which heaven has placed them; the desire of being where we are not, and possessing what we have not, is so strong that we are insensible to the advantages we enjoy, and seek others which we cannot taste. We must, however, acknowledge that the motives which induced Dilaram to wish to abandon the delightful abode were deserving of praise, and your majesty will doubtless approve them. This princess, who had for some time appeared dejected, said one day to Razimir, "O, my friend! I can no longer conceal from you the *ennui* which incessantly pursues me in every part of this magnificent palace; however wonderful are the objects which surround us, yet their uniformity fatigues me; their enjoyment without any obstacle, divests them of every charm; satiety begets disgust; and when I reflect that all these comforts, which at first appeared to us so precious, are to last for ever, languor takes possession of my soul, I shudder, and must acknowledge that I experience the greatest disgust of every thing that would crown the happiness of any other mortal."

"Another wish," continued the Princess, "is also added to what I experience; I burn with the desire of seeing my father, notwithstanding the rigour with which he treated me, in sacrificing me to the interest of his state, yet I still love him with unabated affection; and it would be the summit of earthly felicity to me to see him once more, and to throw myself into his arms, if the grief of losing me has not deprived him of life."

"The good lady remembers this rather late I think" said the King of Persia, "but never mind; go on; for I see they are going to run into some other folly."

"My beloved Princess," replied Razimir, I have found no other happiness in the immortality which is promised us, than the delight of being always with you, and of loving you to all eternity. My wish is as strong as yours to see my father, the powerful King of Carizime, whose remembrance is so dear to my heart, and often causes my tears to flow. But how can

we return to Georgia? how announce our departure to this venerable and generous old man, who has received us with so much kindness, and loaded us with his bounty? habits at his age become a necessity: would not our leaving him be a mark of ingratitude."—"Ah, my friend!" replied Dilaram, "do we owe nothing to those who gave us birth? Besides cannot we find some method of softening the grief which the good King of China may feel at our departure? Will it not be possible to persuade him that we only leave him for a time, to perform a duty, and that we have no intention of quitting him for ever?" Razimir knew not how to resist the wishes of his adored wife, and his too great compliance proved fatal. Surely an attachment, which is in other respects praise-worthy, should not make us deaf to the laws of reason; a blind confidence placed in a beloved object, may often be productive of great misfortunes.

"This reflection was certainly very useless," said the Queen, "so pray proceed."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ANALYSIS

OF

THE EARLY PART OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE SECOND;

BY THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THERE have been few works, for many years, which have excited greater curiosity than the present; a curiosity which arose, perhaps, more from the circumstances and character of its author, than from any thing of intrinsic interest in the subject chosen for his history.

In truth, the history of James the Second neither required, nor perhaps admitted much of novelty or illustration.* But it must be confessed that there was an interest universally excited, to observe Mr. Fox stepping upon the the stage of literature in the character of an author; to admire the great champion of Whig politics in a new career, the most appropriate perhaps for the genius of a statesman and a political philosopher of any in the whole republic of letters.

The work before us, (exclusive of a chapter of Preface, by far the best executed part of the work) comprehends, in the way of strict history, little more than *five months* of the reign of James the Second.

Our purpose is not to give a formal criticism of the work, or to examine it with the leisure and gravity of a professed critic; we shall make an analysis of it, expound its plan and branches, and submit to our readers specimens of style and execution, borrowed from the most striking parts; at the same time candour obliges us to confess, that it is not a work which was expected from the genius and learning of Mr. Fox. It is the performance, at least such are its visible characteristics, of a mean name in literature. It has neither a style nor dignity of narration suitable to history. The facts are doubtless sincere; and the merit of blunt truth it may perhaps be entitled to in spite of criticism; but to the more beautiful and useful parts of history, the abounding sagacity of political maxims, reflections drawn from the great drama of historical life, the easy and unlaboured decoration of style, the dexterity of method and arrangement; to none of these recommendations, in which our historical classics have so conspicuously excelled, can the present work aspire.

Before we proceed to the analysis of that portion of this volume which proceeded from the pen of Mr. Fox, our readers will not be displeased if we first call their attention to the Preface, in which his nephew, Lord Holland, has given many interesting particulars respecting the origin and progress of this performance, and the literary pursuits in general of his distinguished relative.

"The precise period," says his lordship, "at which Mr. Fox first formed the design of writing a history, cannot now be ascertained. In the year 1797, he publicly announced his intention of 'devoting a greater portion of his time to his private pursuits.' He was even on the point of relinquishing his seat in parliament, and retiring altogether from public

* It was a subject upon which prejudice and faction had written their pens to the stumps, and on which history had said all that was worth saying.

life, a plan which he had formed many years before, and to the execution of which he always looked forward with the greatest delight. The remonstrances, however, of those friends for whose judgment he had the greatest deference, ultimately prevailed. He consequently confined his scheme of retreat to a more uninterrupted residence in the country than he had hitherto permitted himself to enjoy. During his retirement, that love of literature, and fondness for poetry, which neither pleasure nor business had ever extinguished, revived with an ardour, such as few in the eagerness of youth, or in the pursuit of fame or advantage, are capable of feeling. For some time, however, his studies were not directed to any particular object. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, that his own reflections, whether supplied by conversation, desultory reading, or the common occurrences of a life in the country, were always sufficient to call forth the vigour and exertion of his faculties. Intercourse with the world had so little deadened in him the sense of the simplest enjoyments, that even in the hours of apparent leisure and inactivity, he retained that keen relish of existence which, after the first impressions of life, is so rarely excited but by great interests and strong passions. Here it was that in the interval between his active attendance in parliament and the undertaking of his history, he never felt the tedium of a vacant day. A verse in Cowper, which he frequently repeated,

"How various his employments whom the world
"Calls idle!"

was an accurate description of the life he was then leading; and I am persuaded that if he had consulted his own gratifications only, it would have continued to be so.

"His notion of engaging in some literary undertaking was adopted during his retirement, and with the prospect of long and uninterrupted leisure before him. When he had determined upon employing some part of it in writing, he was, no doubt, actuated by a variety of considerations, in the choice of the task he should undertake. His philosophy had never rendered him insensible to the gratification which the hope of posthumous fame so often produces in great minds; and though criticism might be more congenial to the habits and amusements of his retreat, an historical work seemed more of a piece with the tenor of his former life, and might prove of greater benefit to the public and to posterity. These motives, together with his intimate knowledge of the English constitution, naturally led him to prefer the history of his own country, and to select a period favourable to the illustration of the great general principles of freedom on which it is founded.

"With these views, it was almost impossible that he should not fix on the Revolution of 1688. According to the first crude conceptions of the work, it would, as far as I recollect, have begun at the Revolution; but he altered his mind, after a careful perusal of the latter part of Mr. Hume's history. An apprehension of the false impressions which that great historian's partiality might have left on the minds of his readers, induced him to go back to the accession of King James the Second, and even to prefix an introductory chapter on the character and leading events of the times immediately preceding.

"From the moment his labour commenced he generally spoke of his plan as extending no farther than the settlement at the Revolution. His friends, however were not without hopes, that the habit of composition might engage him more deeply in literary undertakings, or that the different views which his inquiries would open, might ultimately allure him on farther in the history of his country. Some casual expressions both in conversation and correspondence seemed to imply that the possibility of such a result was not entirely out of his own contemplation. As his work advanced, his allusions to various literary projects, such as an edition of Dryden, a Defence of Racine and the French Stage, Essay on the Beauties of Euripides, &c. &c. became more frequent and even more confidently expressed. In a letter written to me in 1803, after observing that a modern writer did not sufficiently admire Racine, he adds, 'It puts me quite in a passion. *Je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre*, as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of Corneille, *vilipends** Racine. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it, you may depend. Oh! how I wish I could make up my mind to think it right to devote all the remaining part of my life to such subjects, and such only!'

"About the same time he talked of writing either in the form of a Dedication or Dialogue, a Treatise on the Three Arts of Poetry, History, and Oratory; which, to my surprise, he classed in the order I have related. The plan of such a work seemed, in a great measure, to be digested in his head, and from the sketch

* Mr. Fox often used this word in ridicule of pedantic expressions.

he drew of his design to me, it would, if completed, have been an invaluable monument of the great originality of thought, and singular philosophical acuteness, with which he was accustomed to treat of such subjects in his most careless conversations. But though a variety of literary projects might occasionally come across him, he was very cautious of promising too much; for he was aware, that whatever he undertook, his progress in it would necessarily be extremely slow. He could not but forsee that, as new events arose, his friends would urge him to return to politics; and though his own inclinations might enable him to resist their entreaties, the very discussion on the propriety of yielding would produce an attention to the state of public affairs, and divert him in some degree from the pursuit in which he was engaged. But it was yet more difficult to fortify himself against the seduction of his own inclination, which was continually drawing him off from his historical researches to critical inquiries, to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry. Abundant proofs exist of the effect of these interruptions, both on his labours and on his mind. His letters are filled with complaints of such as arose from politics, while he speaks with delight and complacency of whole days devoted to Euripides and Virgil."

The following letter is given as a specimen of his familar correspondence, and affords an idea of the nature of the researches in which his mind was accustomed to unbend itself:—

"DEAR GREY,

"In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a *merry* note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it any where merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, lamenting *Itys*, and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to perseverance day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question, as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the Odyssey, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale, but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the Odyssey, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the Flower and Leaf, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch, in the Flower and the Leaf, in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful. I am afraid I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c. as I do those better than attending the House of Commons. —Yours affectionately.

"C. J. FOX."

Having occasion to mention the Letter addressed by Mr. Fox to the Electors of Westminster, and his Speech on the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland takes this opportunity of observing that, with the exception of the 14th, 16th, and perhaps a few other numbers of a periodical publication in 1779, called The Englishman, and an Epitaph on the late Bishop of Downe, the above are the only pieces of prose he ever printed, unless, indeed, one were to reckon his Advertisements to the Electors, and the Parliamentary Papers which he may have drawn up. His Lordship adds, that there are several specimens of his poetical compositions, in different languages; but the Lines on Mrs Crewe, and those to Mrs. Fox, on her birth-day, are, as far as he recollects, all that have been printed. An Ode to Poetry, and an Epigram on Gibbon, though very generally attributed to him, are certainly not his compositions.

It is well known that one of the principal inducements of Mr. Fox for visiting Paris in 1802, was the desire to avail himself, if possible, of the documents relating to that period of English history of which he proposed to treat, which had been deposited in the Scotch College at Paris; or at least to ascertain the fate of those papers, if they were no longer in existence. For the succinct and interesting statement of the result of his researches on this subject, given in his own words, we must refer the inquisitive reader to the work itself.

We shall add one more extract to those which we have made from the Preface, and which though they exceed the length to which we designed them to extend, will not, we are sure, be thought tedious or frivolous. To the contemporaries of a man who attracted so large a portion of public notice as Mr. Fox, the minutest particulars can scarcely prove uninteresting.

"The manuscript book from which this work has been printed, is for the most part in the hand-writing of Mrs. Fox. It was written out under the inspection of Mr. Fox, and is occasionally corrected by him. His habit was seldom or ever to be alone, when employed in composition. He was accustomed to write on covers of letters, or scraps of paper, sentences which he in all probability had turned in his mind, and in some degree formed in the course of his walks, or during his hours of leisure. These he read over to Mrs. Fox; she wrote them out in a fair hand in the book, and before he destroyed the original paper, he examined and approved of the copy. In the course of thus dictating from his own writing, he often altered the language and even the construction of the sentence. Though he generally tore the scraps of paper as soon as the passages were entered in the book, several have been preserved, and it is plain from the erasures and alterations in them, that they had undergone much revision and correction before they were read to his amanuensis."

We now come to the consideration of Mr. Fox's work itself, which is divided into three chapters. In the first of these, as introductory to the other two, the author takes a rapid view of English history from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Charles II.; but it is only respecting the events subsequent to the year 1640, that he enters into any details, his observations on the preceding portion of the period included in this chapter being confined to four pages. The second and third chapters are wholly occupied with the transactions of the first five months of the reign of James II. That monarch ascended the throne on the 6th of February, 1685, and the history closes with the execution of the Duke of Monmouth on the 15th of July in the same year.

The principal events of the interval embraced in this work, must be too familiar to every person who is at all conversant with the history of the country, to need recapitulation. From the principles which Mr. Fox professed, it is easy to imagine that he should differ in opinion on certain points from the historians who have preceded him, on whom he accordingly now and then animadverts with considerable freedom. Hume, in particular, he thus characterizes:—"He was an excellent man, and of great powers of mind, but his partiality to kings and princes is intolerable. Nay, it is in my opinion quite ridiculous, and is more like the foolish admiration which women and children sometimes have for kings, than the opinion, right or wrong, of a philosopher." In his reflections on the execution of Russell and Sidney, accused of a participation in what was denominated the Rye-house plot, Mr. Fox is particularly severe upon this historian, who observes, that if the King had pardoned them, though such an interference might have been an act of heroic generosity, it could not be regarded as an indispensable duty. "I never reflect on Mr. Hume's statement of this matter," says Mr. Fox, "but with the deepest regret. Widely as I differ from him upon many other occasions, this appears to me to be the most reprehensible passage of this whole work. A spirit of adulation towards deceased princes, though in a good measure free from the imputation of interested meanness which is justly attached to flattery, when applied to living monarchs; yet as it is less intelligible with respect to its motives than the other, so is it in its consequences still more pernicious to the general interests of mankind. Fear of censure from contemporaries will seldom have much effect upon men in situations of unlimited authority; they will too often flatter themselves that the same power which enables them to commit the crime, will secure them from reproach. The dread of posthumous infamy, therefore, being the only restraint, their consciences excepted, upon the passions of such persons, it is lamentable that this last defence (feeble enough at best) should in any degree be impaired; and impaired it must be, if not totally destroyed, when tyrants can hope to find in a man like Hume, no less eminent for the integrity and benevolence of his heart, than for the depth and soundness of his understanding, an apologist for even their foulest murders."

This paragraph will be sufficient to give an idea of the manly spirit of freedom which pervades the work before us, and which is, perhaps, its chief recommendation.

In that small portion of the history of James the Second, which Mr. Fox lived to complete, he seems to have laboured to prove that absolute power, and not, as all other writers have hitherto advanced, the establishment of popery was the favourite object of that monarch's ambition. In this notion, however, he does not appear to be warranted by the documents which he has introduced by way of appendix. These consist chiefly of the letters which passed between Barillon, the French Ambassador at the Court of London and Louis XIV. The appendix contains also the correspondence between the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary of State, and the Bishop of Oxford, respecting the expulsion of Mr. Locke from the University, which will not be perused without particular interest; the bill for the

preservation of the person and government of King James the Second; and an account of Richard Rumbold, a companion of the Earl of Argyle, in his descent in Scotland, and accused of being an accomplice in the Rye-house plot, taken from Lord Fountainhall's manuscript memoirs.—The appendix occupies about one-third of the volume.

We shall now subjoin an extract or two, in order to enable the reader to form a judgment of the style and manner of the historian. The first we shall select is the character of Charles II. with which he concludes the introductory chapter.

"With respect to the character of this Prince, upon the delineation of which so much pains have been employed, by the various writers who treat of the history of his time, it must be confessed that the facts which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, furnish but too many illustrations of the more unfavourable parts of it. From these we may collect, that his ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmixed with the love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean, and treacherous, to which may be added vindictive, and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to him the praise of clemency and forgiveness, seems to be perfectly justifiable, nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyrick. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced, of his having spared the life of any one whom motives, either of policy or revenge, prompted him to destroy. To alledge that of Monmouth, as it would be an affront to human nature, so would it likewise imply the most severe of all satires against the monarch himself, and we may add too an undeserved one. For in order to consider it as an act of meritorious forbearance on his part, that he did not follow the example of Constantine, and Philip the Second, by imbruing his hands in the blood of his son, we must first suppose him to have been wholly void of every natural affection, which does not appear to have been the case. His declaration, that he would have pardoned Essex, being made when that nobleman was dead, and not followed by any act evincing its sincerity, can surely obtain no credit from men of sense. If he had really had the intention, he ought not to have made such a declaration, unless he accompanied it with some mark of kindness to the relations, or with some act of mercy to the friends of the deceased. Considering it as a mere piece of hypocrisy, we cannot help looking upon it as one of the most odious passages of his life. This ill-timed boast of his intended mercy, and the brutal taunt with which he accompanied his mitigation, (if so it may be called) of Russel's sentence, show his insensibility and hardness to have been such, that in questions where right and feelings were concerned, his good sense, and even the good taste for which he has been so much extolled, seemed wholly to desert him.

"On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable, and, if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a laudable sort, he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the stoicks are not perhaps wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him, and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet, inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the Queen during the heats raised by the Popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster, than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

"The best part of this Prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the Duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwyn, upon his death-bed, to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with those ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally, and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad

men, should be confounded. His affection for the Duke of Gloucester, and for the Duchess of Orleans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have done, his grief for the loss of the first to political considerations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement, whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insinuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes;-but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a monster."

On the delineation of the character of the Earl of Argyle, who was taken in arms against James II. in Scotland, and executed at Edinburgh, as well as the account of his conduct during the last moments of his life, the author seems to have bestowed more than usual pains. A remarkable incident which is recorded to have happened just before the execution of this unfortunate nobleman, is thus related.—

"Before he left the Castle (at Edinburgh) he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris (the clergyman who attended him) and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, 'No, no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——."

For our last specimen we shall take the execution of the Duke of Monmouth, which closes the work.

"At ten o'clock on the 15th (July 1685), Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to Tower-Hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops were in the carriage with him, and one of them took that opportunity of informing him, that their controversial altercations were not yet at an end; and that upon the scaffold, he would again be pressed for more explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold, with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable, and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans, which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced, were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention, and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer. The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told, that, if he was of the church of England, he must acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the church in general, it included all; they insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case, and urged much more concerning their favourite point, upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth, of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the sight of God; when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate,

in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, and renewing their demand of *particular* penitence and *public* acknowledgement upon public affairs, Monmouth referred them to the following paper which he had signed that morning:—

'I declare, that the title of King was forced upon me; and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare, that the late King told me, he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King, who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.

MONMOUTH.'

"There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor, though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, 'I am to die,—Pray my Lord,—I refer to my paper,' would these men think it consistent with their duty to desist. There were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed, if the facts were not attested by the signature of the persons principally concerned. If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word invasion, 'give it the true name,' said they, 'and call it rebellion.' 'What name you please,' replied the mild tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in the present circumstances, as a certain earnest of the favour of his creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying, he should die like a lamb. 'Much may come from natural courage,' was the unfeeling and stupid reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him for his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

"At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer, but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture, than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance; would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his majesty, to recommend the Duchess and his children? 'As you please;' was the reply, 'I pray for him and for all men.' He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that in this last sad ceremony, the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines would have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them. They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. 'I have said I will make no speeches,' repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; 'I will make no speeches. I come to die.' 'My Lord, ten words will be enough,' said the persevering divine; to which the Duke made no answer, but turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russell. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough, but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the mean time, many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing; praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

"The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head, and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first, and the headsman in a fit of horror, declared he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body."

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1808.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

Not with more joy, when, gathering round,
Dark mists the face of Heaven deform:
When howls the wind with sound,
Preluding to the rising storm;
We through the severing clouds descry
Of cheering light a golden gleam,
And hail awhile the clearing sky,
And feel awhile the genial beam;
Than now, when spreading wide and far,
Roars the tremendous peal of war,
We bless of peace and joy the ray,
That gilds the happy hours of George's natal day.

From regions wrapp'd in endless snow,
Eternal Winter's drear domain,
To where Sol's fervid axles glow
Incessant o'er the arid plain,
The Muses look with anxious eye,
To see the clouds of discord fly,
That the loud clarion's warlike sound,
Which awes a trembling world, may cease,
And all their tuneful choir around
May strike the lyre to notes of Peace:
The scenes of horror and of death be o'er,
And fell Ambition grasp her iron rod no more.

Vain are their hopes, their vows are vain;
War still protracts his bloody reign;
And when these halcyon hours are past
That lull awhile the stormy blast,
The Muse again in martial lays,
Must bid her voice the Song of Battle raise;
Must shew that all the joys that smile
On Britain's Heaven-protected isle,
Call on her sons with tenfold might
To stem the threatening waves of fight,
Whelm in the ensanguin'd tide their country's foes,
And guard with giant arm the blessings Heaven bestows.

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, *WHAT IS LOVE?*

'Tis the delightful passion that we feel,
Which painters cannot paint, or words reveal,
Nor any art we know of can conceal.

Canst thou describe the sunbeams to the blind,
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we, by description, show
This first of all felicities below.

When happy Love pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll;
When contemplation spreads its rainbow wings,
And every flutter some new rapture brings;
How sweetly then our moments glide away—
And dreams repeat the rapture of the day!
We live in extacy—to all things kind;
For love can teach a moral to the mind.

But are there not some other marks to prove,
What is this wonder of the soul call'd Love?

O yes! there are, but of a different kind—
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind;
Some jealous fury throws her poison'd dart,
And rends in pieces the distracted heart.

When Love's a tyrant, and the soul a slave,
No hope remains to thought but in the grave;
In that dark den it sees an end to grief,
And what was once its dread, becomes relief.

What are the iron chains that hands have wrought?
The hardest chains to break are those of thought!
Think well of this, ye Lovers, and be kind—
Nor play with torture, or a tortur'd mind.

A RECEIPT *FOR A MODERN ROMANCE.*

In the dreary recess of a thick-planted wood,
Imagine a castle for ages has stood;
Suppose, too, a pale bleeding spectre in white,
Stalking round its rude walls in the dead of the night;
Make some hero (in courage a match for the devil)
March forth in determined pursuit of the evil
That keeps the whole place in perpetual affright,
From the closing of day till the dawning of light:
Make some heroine a close-winding passage explore,
Which (most wond'rous) has never been found out before;
While the rain beats in torrents, the winds howl around,
And a deep sullen murmur breaks forth from the ground;

Let her lamp be extinguished, let one feeble ray
Of the moon thro' a chink in the wall find its way,
As it just for an instant escapes from a cloud;
Then let darkness, deep darkness, its visage enshroud.
Having grop'd in this horrible place for a while,
Let her find out a room in this half ruined pile,
Where murders most foul were committed of old;
In due form and order the tale to unfold,
Let a worm-eaten trunk the apartment adorn,
(Containing some manuscripts mouldy and torn),
An old table and chair, thickly cover'd with dust,
A deep batter'd helmet, a cuirass all rust:
Let a dagger, with three drops of blood on the blade,
At a few inches distance be skilfully laid.
On her turning a key, let the spectre appear,
While the heroine displays not a symptom of fear:
At this solemn time, let her lover attain,
By a track which till now he has sought for in vain,
The mysterious abode—be surprised with the maid,
By the Lord of the castle pursued and betray'd.
Let the trumpet be sounded, the drum beat to arms,
And the place be assail'd. In the midst of alarms,
Let the Baron be slain, yet confess ere he fall,
The dire fact brought to light, to the wonder of all:
Let the clock at this critical moment strike one,
Set the pile in a blaze, and the business is done.

A DIALOGUE

Between an Amateur Actor and a Hair-dresser, delivered as a Prologue, at the Theatricals, at Bryn-y-pys, on Thursday, January 7, 1808.—Written by W. A. Madocks, Esq. M.P.

SCENE.—*Eagles Inn, Wrexham.*—PROLOGUE *discovered with a large wig, under the hands of the* HAIR-DRESSER.

PROLOGUE *(advancing.)*

"FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign sway,"
And plays and perriwigs have now their day.
A modish man, I burn with stage-struck passion,
And for my wig—'Tis in the *fullest* fashion.
[*Shakes his wig.*

HAIR-DRESSER *seizes* PROLOGUE.

H. D. Sit down, good Sir! indeed I cannot stop,
I've twenty people waiting in my shop.

P. (sits down, then starting forward in a theatrical reverie) "The gorgeous palaces."—

H. D. He's off, egad!
What, Sir? King George's palaces! he's mad.
[*Aside.*

P. "The solemn temples"—

H. D. What can thus perplex him?
Solomon's temples, Sir!—why you're at *Wrexham.*
Pray Sir, be quiet—there, Sir—there, sit steady—
[*Seats* PROLOGUE *and dresses his wig.*
Now turn your head—

P. Why, a'nt it turned already?

H. D. Egad it is;—and I begin to doubt,
If being turn'd so oft, it a'nt worn out.

P. (advancing) Fashion's the thing—A man as well may be,
If not in fashion's throne—a Cherokee;
Then sure it is the luckiest thing on earth—
When fashion sanctions unoffending mirth.
Yes! happy they, who (in this blood-stain'd age,
When havoc, death, and ruin are the rage)
Confine their mania, in such tragic days,
To wearing *killing* wigs—and *murd'ring* plays.
Hail! harmless heroes, hail! with pride I greet
Such crouds of *killing* wigs in every street;
All shapes, and colours, brown, red, black, and fair;
All sorts, and all quite new—except *the hair.*
See tender misses, mount the fiercest Brutus,
Aim at our hearts, and with hair-triggers shoot us.
While cruel beaux (with perukes curl'd so clever)
Think to destroy a lady's peace for ever.
Judges wear *killing* wigs—and ev'n Jack-catch
Plays not his part, but in a *killing* scratch.
In crouds as num'rous, and as *dangerous* too,
Our *bon ton* actors execution do.
You amateur there—to the stage but raise him,
He'll murder Richard, before Richmond slays him.
Thus Thespis reigns, and everywhere prevails,
In England, Scotland, Ireland, and in Wales;
From Bedlam's precincts, quite to Snowdon peak,
At every mile you'll hear some Roscius squeak.
How oft you'll see, unshaken by alarm,
Macbeths and Banquos lounging arm in arm;
Romeos in Bond-street, steering a barouche,
And Juliets beck'ning from a hackney-coach;
Hotspurs in Rotten-row, astride the crupper,
And Hamlets handing their mammas to supper.

See Jaques too, no longer in the vapours,
Dance down Tekeli with a thousand capers.
See town-bred Rosalinds leave love for riches,
And wedded Violas still wear the breeches;
Here great Glendowr (who was but an attorney). *Aside.*
Again on circuit rides his usual journey,
There "the Welch parson" offers "sweet Anne Page"
His "seese and putter," in the Greenwich stage;
While merry wives from city counters fill
The well cramm'd coach, to roll down Greenwich hill.
See christian Shylocks, very generous fellows;
See smock-fac'd Cannibals, and white Othellos;
See Castle Spectres on fat venison fed,
And Denmark's royal ghost go drunk to bed.

H. D. Oh, Sir, have done, I pray, to night I've made
Fifty appointments for the Masquerade.
I've got to dress an old and modern beau,
Two monkies, three blue devils, and a crow,
A Mother Goose, some hermits, and dervises—

P. Where is the Masquerade?

H. D. ——————At Mr. Price's;
Who is (to all so gen'rously behaved)
As good a gentleman as ever shaved.
O, happy land! when thus its youth delight
To keep their household gods in merry plight;
Who let their rents regain their tenant's door,
And make the rich the bankers of the poor;
Next week he gives a play.

P. "A play, my friend [*They embrace.*
"Oh for a muse of fire, that would ascend!"—
"My kingdom for a horse"—to draw my gig—
"Heat me those irons hot,"—to curl my wig.
By all the theatres in Rome and Greece,
I'll whip immediately to Bryn-y-pys.
Here! bring my doublet, and my scarlet hose,
My rapier, ruff, my small—no! my little cloaths;
My Lingo's caxon, and my square-toed shoes,
And all the trappings of the comic muse.
And hark! add Falstaff's dress. Go! go! I tell ye.

H. D. Lord Sir! the whiskey won't hold half your belly!

P. Let Mr. Jones then hire the Wrexham waggon,
And, in that case, pop in my new green dragon:
My witch's broomstick, hump and magic train;
A pound of lightning, and a peck of rain;
For tho' no tempests now the scene deform,
Perhaps next winter we may want a storm.
[*Going.*

(Returns very forward.)

And may next winter, and another still,
Smile, like a summer, *on this happy hill*;
Disperse the clouds that hang on sorrow's brow,
And dry all tears, but what from laughter flow.
May mirth delight again to hover here,
And bless the coming of the new-born year.
May mask, dance, song, pandean pipes, and all,
But, chiefly, your sweet smiles, ye Fair, "keep up the ball."

ON A BLIGHTED ROSEBUD.

Written by Miss Caroline Symmons, in her 11th year, who died in 1804, aged 14. The Lines are inscribed on her Tomb.

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,
And Nature hail'd thee infant Queen of May;
Scarce saw thine opening bloom the Sun's broad ray,
And to the air thy tender fragrance threw:

When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew,
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay.
Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue;
No more the Queen of Flowers, no longer gay.

So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy,
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest;
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast,
She fades—the parent, sister, friend deplore
The charms and budding virtues now no more.

IMPROMPTU,

Addressed by a Water Drinker to a Lady, who, when the wine was placed on the table, asked him whether he would have red or white.

GIVE me both!—The blushing rose
Enlivens the pale lily's hue:
Both your lovely cheeks disclose,
I would have them both in you.

While that ruby lip I press,
What like *red* can give delight?
On that bosom could I rest,
What would I exchange for *white?*

S.

The Court Dress as worn on his Majesty's Birth D

Engraven for La Belle Assemblee No 3e Published by J. Bell Strand July 1 1806

Kensington Garden Walking Dress

Engraven for La Belle Assemblee N.o 32. Published by J. Bell Strand July 1.st 18[illegible]

FASHIONS

For JULY, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—EXPLANATION OF LADY CHOLMONDELEY'S COURT-DRESS.

A bright primrose coloured sarsnet petticoat trimmed full round the bottom with point lace, and a rich drapery of the same, most tastefully festooned with diamond chains, and ostrich feathers in form of the Prince's plume reversed. Body and train of primrose sarsnet; the latter trimmed with lace, and the former ornamented with a most splendid diamond wreath to represent the oak leaf and fruit, placed obliquely across the front of the bust; the sleeves finished to correspond, and the bottom of the waist confined with a diamond *cestus*. Head-dress, court lappets of point; a diamond bandeau and rich coronet, with four ostrich feathers of unequal lengths, most tastefully disposed. Splendid earrings of the oval form; necklace and bracelets also of brilliants. Gloves of French kid, considerably above the elbow. Shoes of white satin with silver trimming.

No. 2.

A plain cambric or jaconot muslin dress, with basted fronts and long sleeve, scolloped at the feet. A canonical scarf of pea-green muslin, or figured sarsnet. A puckered bonnet, of the small poke form, composed of the same material, and ornamented in front with a bunch of corn-flowers. Silver filigree earrings. Green kid shoes, checked with black. A Chinese parasol of shaded lilac sarsnet, with correspondent tassels. Gloves, pea-green kid, or York tan.

No. 3.

A white round robe, made a walking length; with round or wrap bosom; a plain wide back, and short frock sleeves; ornamented at each extremity with an elegant coloured border in tambour. A Grecian honey-comb tippet of rose, or yellow muslin, with rich silk tassels of the cone form, twisted fancifully across the figure. A village hat of fine moss straw, with a simple flower in front of the hair. A white silk parasol, with variegated fringe and tassels. Limerick gloves, much above the elbow. Shoes of olive jean, lilac, or lemon-coloured kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON*; TOGETHER WITH A LIST OF COURT-DRESSES, AS WORN ON THE 4TH OF JUNE.

As this department for the present Number of our work will necessarily include much of the Birth-day costume, we shall comprise our general remarks in as short a space as the nature of our subject will admit. For though this species of attire is of too high an order to be generally adopted, yet from the style and substance of the several articles which compose it, our fair Correspondents may gather information to direct their choice of what will be considered most elegant and select for a fashionable full dress, during the season. As we shall give a progressive list of Court costume, we shall conclude this branch of our subject with observing, that the waist is now generally increased in length, and that colours (particularly various shades of yellow) are more fashionable than we have for a long time remembered them. That amidst the splendid throng of well-dressed females present at Court, the elegant and tasteful habits of the Princess of Wales, Duchess of York, Princess Mary, Duchess of Rutland, Countesses Selkirk and Cholmondeley, were particularly distinguished.

We now proceed with our usual observations:—Though still puzzled with the variety

which continues to prevail in personal decoration, yet as fashion has of late assumed a few features of a more determined character, we shall be able to give a more striking delineation than is at all times in our power.

The loose robe pelisse of coloured muslin, crape, sarsnet, or leno; the mantle of various fanciful constructions, and French tippets, composed of these materials; together with white leno, with coloured spots, or borders, are amidst the animating variety which distinguish both the walking and carriage costume. With these articles are worn either the Grecian poke, or village bonnet, of moss, or plain wove straw, with a full flower to correspond with the pelisse, or tippet; but we observe also small French, or antique bonnets, composed of the same materials as the mantle, to be equally genteel. The divers shades which pervade this species of attire give to the general scene a most lively and gay effect; but as an individual habit, in interest, neatness, and elegance, the white robe will ever obtain our suffrage; and indeed these unobtrusive garments can never be entirely laid aside: for the most brilliant glow of colour, however attractive, is overpowering, bold, and repellent, without a due portion of this purifying shade. How gross and vulgar is a full rose, bright yellow, or a deep-blue pelisse, if not recommended and relieved, by the simple under garment of white muslin. Ye English women! already far advanced in taste, let your dress serve as an index to your minds! Let animation reign without intemperance, and delicacy without affectation or formality. Remember, in your present rage for brilliancy of colours, that while the full rose will attract by its splendour and perfume, it is the sweet and modest jessamine which most forcibly interests our senses. The tasteful female will ever be nice in the appropriation and union of her colours. The transparent pelisse, or mantle of coloured muslin, or sarsnet, has a very lively and pleasing effect, if the whole of the remaining costume be white; but if any other colour is suffered to obtrude, how vulgar; how gaudy the appearance; and how unfavourable the impression it makes on the beholder. We greatly admire the Roman hood and mantle, of present fashionable distinction. It is formed of Paris net, and trimmed entirely round with antique lace; the hood is thrown over the hair, which is seen underneath, dressed in the Grecian, or Indian style. This elegant article is a most becoming appendage to the coloured dress; with the pea-green muslin robe, it has a most beautiful effect; and it greatly softens the full pink, and bright yellow, which is now seen, not only in round dresses, but forming at the same time a covering for the head.—Flowers were never more fashionable, or more tastefully chosen. The moss-rose, jessamine, white crocus, violets in clusters, snow-drops, jonquille, and sweet pea-flower, are most in request; and we are pleased to see the *bouquet* become rather more general of late in evening parties. Morning dresses are, as usual, worn high in the neck; and needle-work, lace, or coloured borders in embroidery, are introduced in various fanciful directions, both in the morning and evening costume.

Straw hats and bonnets, are now confined entirely to this last mentioned style; for the Roman hood, little French caps, or crown turbans, of sarsnet, with flowers, and short veils, compose generally the evening headdress; while some ladies wear only the hair ornamented with a simple comb or flower, over which they tie a lace half-handkerchief, or veil. Gowns are still generally without trains, edged at the feet, and otherwise ornamented with scolloped lace, or Chinese silk trimming; and in full dress, with gold or silver, and wreaths of flowers. The high ruff, though still but partially adopted, has made some little progress of late in the fashionable world; and with those females whose countenances will bear the Nell Gwyn cap, and whose figure is commanding, this article gives additional dignity and grace.

Trinkets have undergone no material change since our last communication, except by the introduction of a pretty simple article in patent pearl. Silver filigree ornaments are now very generally adopted. We see them not only forming decorations for the hair, but composing also the neck-chains, bracelets, brooches, and ear-rings. They have rather a poor, insipid, and tin-like effect. Their extreme neatness may, however, render them an acceptable change, and softening ornament for coloured dresses. Shoes seem to vie with the robes, in diversity of shades, and are more conspicuous than advantageous. Parasols are equally various: the most fashionable colours are pea-green, full pink, jonquille, and lilac; although blue, primrose, and plush, occasionally diversify the scene.

LADIES' DRESSES ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her Majesty.—A yellow and silver tissue train, trimmed with blond lace, and the petticoat yellow and silver tissue, covered with blond, and draperies of diamonds; sleeves and body to correspond.

The Princess of Wales—Displayed the ele-

gance of her taste in a superb Court train and petticoat of pink and silver tissue, the train richly embroidered with beautiful coloured foil border, and silver bullion, forming vine leaves, corn flowers, and silver shells, interspersed with rich coloured stones; the petticoat fancifully embroidered with foil and silver in wreaths and shells to correspond; the drapery of Brussels point lace, looped up with diamonds, forming rosettes and stars; the body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Duchess of York.—A white crape petticoat, most richly embroidered in Arabic stripes of gold and silver, the ground richly covered with bunches of wheat: the train of rich gold tissue, embroidered in silver; sleeves trimmed with beautiful point lace, and looped up with diamonds; head-dress, a handsome plume of feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Princess Elizabeth.—An amber-coloured sarsnet petticoat, completely covered with a rich silver net, ornamented with antique chains of massy silver, interspersed with double yellow narcissus, and wreaths of silver oak and cypress; train of amber and silver tissue; head-dress of diamonds and white feathers.

Princess Augusta.—A white crape petticoat, with an elegant border of lilies and cocoa shells, fanciful drapery on the right side, formed of rings and melons; the left side nearly the same; the middle of silver foiled stripes with spangles; silver border of pine-apples, ornamented with rich silver tassels.

Princess Mary.—A superb dress of silver tissue, richly embroidered with the same. The ground-work of the dress white crape over satin, studded with large silver rings, and terminated with a handsome vermicelli border, with bouquets of garden grass, and Guernsey lilies; the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery of silver tissue, with a massy border of foil shells, fossils, and stones, studded in festoons, from which bunches of oak and acorns were interwoven, and suspended: light drapery tastefully arranged, with handsome borders in scollop; shells formed the *coup d'œil* of this truly elegant and magnificent dress; the whole furnished with handsome cords and tassels. Robe silver tissue, trimmed with silver vandykes, point lace, and diamonds.

Princess Amelia—A white satin petticoat, richly striped with gold India embroidery; the draperies on the right side richly embroidered with silver, and tastefully ornamented with wreaths of the wings of India flies, supported with sprigs of diamonds; the left side a square drapery to correspond; the bottom of the petticoat richly ornamented with real gold fringe; the whole supported and relieved with real gold cord and tassels; train of white satin, with a border of tissue and gold fringe. Head-dress, a superb turban, in gold, with diamonds and feathers.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester.—A white sarsnet petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, and elegantly ornamented with wreaths of ivy and silver tassels; white sarsnet train, superbly embroidered with silver fringe and wreaths of ivy; head dress, diamonds and feathers.

Duchess of Northumberland.—A white crape petticoat and train, elegantly ornamented with a rich Chinese fringe of prune colour and silver.

Duchess of Dorset.—A rich embroidered silver petticoat, and train to correspond.

Three Ladies Percy, daughters of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland—White satin petticoats, with net draperies; richly embroidered in lamé, and fastened up with massy gold tulips; the trains of rich lamé embroidery, ornamented with a superb gold chain *à-la-Turque*.

Duchess Dowager of Leeds—Petticoat of lilac, richly embroidered in silver, body and train to correspond; head-dress, an elegant plume of ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Marchioness Cornwallis—A dress of violet crape over white satin, richly embroidered in wreaths of silver vines, draperies looped up with rich bullion rope, supported by silver doves.

Dowager Marchioness of Bath.—A beautiful white and silver embroidered dress and drapery; the drapery bordered with vine leaves and olive branches, tied up with rich cords and tassels; body and train brown and silver.

Dowager Countess of Pembroke.—A white crape petticoat, spangled in silver, a lilac border, richly embroidered with silver, draperies of lilac crape, embroidered in an elegant scroll; train of white crape, trimmed with silver.

Countess of Clare—White lace petticoat, thrown over yellow sarsnet, gracefully drawn up in draperies, and supported with bunches of liburnum; at the bottom a wreath to correspond; body and train of the same, trimmed with Brussels point; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Selkirk.—Petticoat of white and silver tissue, with draperies of lilac net, very beautifully appliqued with a nouvelle border of shells and sea-weed; on the left side a sash,

fastened up with a large cluster of the same, from which was suspended a massy chain and tassels, at the bottom a border corresponding with the drapery; train and body of lilac net, trimmed with very fine point, and finished by a border of shells; head dress, feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Poulett.—White sarsnet petticoat, superbly embroidered border, elegant drapery of lilac and silver gauze, tastefully ornamented with tassels; lilac and silver train, richly trimmed with silver.

Countess of Wilton.—A superb petticoat of pea-green oriental silk, richly embroidered in silver; head-dress and train to correspond.

Countess Dowager of Essex.—Petticoat and train of pale blue, draperies of fine lace; head-dress to correspond.

Countess of Belmont.—A white crape dress, trimmed with blond, white silk rope and tassels.

Countess of Antrim.—A dress of lavender, covered with point lace, and ornamented with pearls; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Glasgow.—A handsome dress of primrose satin, with white lilac, covered with point lace; body and train to correspond.

Countess of Cardigan.—A dress of lilac sarsnet, covered with lace, and tied up with bunches of flowers.

Countess of Mexborough.—A superb dress of lamé work on white crape, richly ornamented with gold doves and bullion rope; body and train to correspond.

Countess of Essex.—White petticoat, with drapery of silver gauze, trimmed with fine blond lace, looped up with bunches of purple corn flowers, and mignonette; the body and sleeves trimmed with silver blond, and flowers to correspond; train of white sarsnet, edged with purple; head dress a penache of purple and white feathers, with a profusion of jewels.

Countess of Dartmouth.—A superb petticoat of grey crape, richly embroidered in sprigs of silver, the draperies with handsome borders, festooned with silver chain; train to correspond; head-dress, plume of feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Ilchester.—A petticoat of white satin, ornamented at the bottom with blue and silver gossamer, looped with wreaths of silver roses, edged with vandykes of silver, draperies of the same, festooned with bunches of silver grapes, terminated with beads and tassels; train of blue and silver, trimmed with Brussels; head-dress, silver bandeaux, diamonds, and feathers.

Countess of Lonsdale.—A dress of pearl coloured crape over white satin, richly embroidered with borders of silver, ornamented with silver doves, and chains of silver beads.

Countess St. Martin De Front.—A dress of pale blue crape, ornamented with draperies of black lace and beads, handsome bead tassels, &c.; robe, pale blue sarsnet, trimmed with point lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

The Lady Mayoress.—A rich dress of pink crape, embroidered with silver, festooned with silver bullion rope, and tassels.

Lady Abdy.—A white crape petticoat and draperies, elegantly ornamented with patent pearls; train of white crape, ornamented with patent pearls.

Lady Milman.—A petticoat of white crape, with blue and silver draperies; body and train to correspond; head-dress to correspond, blue and white ostrich feathers, with a brilliant tiara of diamonds.

Lady C. Forrester.—A white crape petticoat, richly ornamented with patent pearls and fine Brussels point lace, and a pink crape drapery; train of pink crape, trimmed with point lace, and vandyked ribbons.

Lady Louisa Petty.—A petticoat of white satin; body and sleeves of the same, trimmed with Brussels lace; train of lace, festooned to form a drapery, and elegantly trimmed with Brussels lace and Roman pearls, finished at the corners with bunches of white flowers; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Hawkesbury.—A most elegant petticoat of real gold embroidery, tastefully looped up with bunches of gold flowers; train of white satin, embroidered with gold; point lace sleeves; head-dress, a plume of feathers, and profusion of diamonds.

Hon. Mrs Wyndham.—White satin petticoat, trimmed with scolloped lace; drapery of yellow crape, elegantly drawn up with wreaths of yellow and pink flowers.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1808.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the Right Honourable LADY ELIZABETH WHITBREAD.
2. THREE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
3. TWO SPANISH BOLEROS; or, National and Patriotic AIRS.
4. An elegant and new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, August* 1, 1808.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THIS WORK

Who have not hitherto received the SUPPLEMENTAL *Number to the last Volume (No. XXXIII.), published last month, in consequence of which their set is incomplete, are respectfully informed that they may receive it in the best state, and perfection of the Plates, by giving orders to their respective Booksellers in town or country.*

THE ARTIST.

In the present Number of the ARTIST *we have been disappointed in not being able to introduce the succeeding* PLATE *of Mr.* BARRY'S *suite of Pictures, the series of which was commenced in our Supplemental Number; to remedy this disappointment, the Proprietor engages to give* TWO *in the next succeeding Number of "La Belle Assemblée," from the same series; and to complete the suite in the Magazine for September.*

THE RIGHT HON.ble LADY ELIZABETH WHITBREAD.

Engraven with Permission by A. Cardon from the Original last Painted Picture by Opie for the 34 Number of La Belle Assemblée. Published Augt 1.1806 by John Bell Southampton Street Strand London.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Thirty-Fourth Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ELIZABETH WHITBREAD.

Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, a most beautiful and correct likeness of whom embellishes the present Number of our Magazine, is the daughter of the late Earl Grey, and sister to the present.

Her Ladyship was married in the year 1788, to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. Member for Bedford; by whom she has a family of two sons and two daughters.

It is not our object to accompany the Portraits of the distinguished Personages which we introduce into *La Belle Assemblée* with any copious details of private biography; nor, however strong the solicitations of interest may operate upon us, from the avidity with which anecdotes of private character are received by the public, shall we ever deviate into a practice which has been abused to so many unworthy purposes, which, as policy or revenge has alternately dictated, has been employed to censure and defame, or to eulogise in a tone of adulation which, though not so pernicious perhaps, is infinitely more disgusting.

It is the pride of this Work to keep its pages equally unpolluted by censure and by adulation; to alarm the feelings of no one connected with those whose Portraits we introduce, by menaces of flattery which would prove perhaps more mortifying to their sensibility than a style of investigation of a different kind.

Of Lady Elizabeth Whitbread all we shall presume to say is, that she is a character of tranquil and domestic worth; that she is known as her rank requires she should be known to the public; but that the sphere of her pleasure is the same with that of her duty; in the performance of which she is excelled by none of those who are called to the same elevated situations of life, and that she has ever conducted herself with the greatest kindness to all, with unblemished prudence and unassuming dignity.

ACCOUNT OF LADY LIVINGSTONE.

MR. EDITOR,

Not many months past, I chanced to be travelling through Scotland, literally travelling, as I visited most part of the Highlands on foot. The more humble I appeared, the more information I expected to gain: I was not disappointed. Passing near the town of Kilsythe, I was tempted to visit the parish church, in which are deposited the embalmed remains of the once celebrated Lady Livingstone. Her maiden name was Jean Cochrane; which every one acquainted with Scottish history must know. She was first married to Claverhouse, the notorious persecutor, and on his death to Livingstone, Lord of Kilsythe, by whom she had one child.

Lord Livingstone being obliged to fly his country, she accompanied him to Holland. The barbarous government of those days offered a high reward for him or her—dead or alive. The consequence was, that the joists of the roof of the room in which she was sitting with the child on her knee, were suddenly cut; Lord Livingstone, who was reading a letter at the window, sprang out of it. He was saved; but his wife and child perished. With much difficulty he recovered the bodies, which, having embalmed, he sent and had privately interred in the family vault at Kilsythe, in Scotland. After resting there for upwards of one hundred and twenty years, a student at Kilsythe prevailed upon the sexton to open the vault:—the leaden coffin was explored, and the bodies of both the mother and the child found in so perfect a state of preservation, that they appeared rather sleeping than dead.—Lady Livingstone was full dressed; the ribbons about her had not lost their gloss or stiffness—the colour was in her cheeks that were pitted by the small-pox, and the mark of the needle with which she had sewed was perceptible on the end of her finger. The child was so beautiful, that the present Lord Elphinston who visited the vault, took it up in his arms and kissed it. These particulars I have from a gentleman resident on the spot, and who was present at the time.

About twelve at night, on the twenty-seventh of October last, I repaired to this vault; a stone was removed, and the sexton went down, with a torch. I am not superstitious, but I hesitated before I plunged myself into the "narrow house," of the departed. Mr. Fitzsimmons, a friend who accompanied me, seeing this, set the example, and descended. I then, with some difficulty, pressed myself down, as the passage will scarcely admit a tolerably sized man. The descent was about twenty steps, and the roof of the passage had shrunk so much that it appeared to be falling upon us. At the end of the steps we entered an apartment which permitted us to stand upright; the place was covered with bones, crumbling into dust, which rose up to our mid-leg at every step. The roof of the vault was quite damp, and from it water was continually dropping. In a corner of this horror-breathing place, exposed to the view of every clown who could bribe the sexton with twopence, lay the remains of Jean Cochrane, one of the highest in rank, and the most celebrated beauty in Scotland. I approached with awe; I felt that I was violating the place of the grave, yet curiosity impelled me forward, and I applied to myself the excuse of the sinner,—"Many have done so before me: why should'not I?"

The child was laid in the same coffin, and had much the same appearance as the mother. I pressed my finger on the bodies of each; the flesh yielded to my pressure, and returned to its former situation when I raised my hand, in the same manner as that of a living person. When first opened, the coffin was half filled with a liquid, in colour like brandy, that shed a sweet perfume. Dr. Jeffrey, of Glasgow, took part of it away in order to ascertain what it consisted of. I inquired, but could not learn the result of his endeavours.

Pieces of flesh were cut off from this corpse and carried away by many. I was told, "that for a trifle I might cut a piece of the body likewise."—I stared at the *being* who proposed it, with agony of astonishment; a dead coldness affected my whole body, and, with tottering steps, I hastened to quit the mansion of death polluted by the footsteps of the damned—as those appeared who made such a proposition to me. I felt myself relieved when I breathed the pure air; but my brain was a whirlpool of ideas, turning incessantly round, and yet no one departing from its vortex. A gentleman, high in ecclesiastical dignity, I was told, first exhibited Lady Livingstone as a public show, for a stated price: how far this may be true I will not pretend to determine.—Yours, &c.

AMBULATOR.

THE ARTIST.

No. VII.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

THE LIFE OF DOMENICHINO ZAMPIERI.

[*Concluded from Vol. IV. Page* 249.]

THOSE who, in paintings, look only for strong effect, and for what may be termed the striking and glaring, will be disappointed in a review of the works of Domenichino, of which the chief character is a judicious and tempered fancy, correct drawing, simplicity of colouring, appropriate attitude, and natural expression, in which latter excellence he was not inferior to Raphael himself. If any thing of dryness or labour sometimes appear in his touch, if the light be scattered, and the drapery negligent, it is only in some few of his paintings in oil. His paintings in fresco, of which the number is great, are for the most part exempt from these faults; the touch is bold, free, and light, and the flesh colour of such truth and freshness that it would do honour to a Titian. The authors who were cotemporary with this great painter, have not witheld justice from his fame. Some of the more modern, among whom are De Piles, and Raphael Mengs, writers of undoubted taste in every other respect, have spoken of Domenichino with too much acrimony. It is useless to dwell much upon an opinion in which the judgment of the world does not correspond with theirs.

De Piles, in his *Reflections on the Works of the principal Painters*, expresses himself as follows:—"I know not what to say of the genius of Domenichino; I know not whether there be any thing in his soul which entitles him to the name of a painter; but the solidity of his judgment and his indefatigable labour have supplied the place of genius, and handed down his works to posterity."

Before he pronounced upon this point, De Piles should have told us what he meant by genius. If genius consists, as assuredly it does, in a brilliant and active fancy, a warm and rapid execution, we know not where it can be better found than in the works of Domenichino.

De Piles proceeds:—"He had great choice of attitude, but was not skilful in the disposition of his figures, or in producing a pleasing *ensemble*. His drapery is very bad, badly displayed, and coarse to an extreme; his flesh-colouring is grey, and has nothing of truth in it; but what is this to his *clare-obscure?* His pencil is heavy, and his work hard and dry. But it may truly be said, that the province of painting which Domenichino possesses, was conquered by labour and not by genius. But labour or genius, whenever they produce any thing of excellence, naturally furnish models to succeeding painters."

The opinion of Mengs upon Domenichino is yet more bitterly expressed. "Domenichino," says he, in his *Reflections on the Works of the Ancients*, "seems to have had more of expression and design than any other of the excellencies of the art. All his heads have an expression, but it is difficult to say what this expression implies; whether it be not a certain timid air which he has indiscriminately given to all his figures, which looks more like grimace than the effect of real passion. This air, likewise, appears more adapted to children than to grown persons; for it is not necessary that they should have a sprightly countenance; this may be well enough in children, but otherwise it is too unnatural, and has too much of the character of sameness. His nature is often common; and when he has started a lucky idea, he pursues it too far. In fine, it may be said, in regard to general composition, that Raphael should design the figures and dispose the groups; Poussin should furnish the back grounds and scenery; and Domenichino should be intrusted with chil-

dren only. If the Carracci and Domenichino had followed the plan I have marked out, we should not see in their works so many lines falsely correct, and their touch would have been in a style infinitely less timid and cold."

It is remarkable that Mengs should express himself in this manner; for, of all the painters who have risen to eminence, none have ever been found who reproached the Carracci and Domenichino with a cold and timid style.

Carracci, whose opinion is of great weight, knew better how to appreciate the talents of the most illustrious of his scholars.

The following passage is found in a letter which he wrote to his cousin Louis:—"I do not deny that Guido excels in a certain sweetness and peculiar majesty, in which I think him almost unrivalled; but Albano and Domenichino are not the less worthy of praise. If they do not compose with the same elegance and nobleness, they yet show a different, and, in some respect, a superior kind of excellence."

This extract being communicated by M. Zanuotti, painter and secretary to the academy Clementini, to M. Bottari, he received from him the following answer:—"I perfectly agree in the judgment which Annibal Carracci has pronounced concerning the distinguishing excellencies of Guido and Domenichino. Elegance, beauty, and, in a word, every thing which can render a work noble and captivating, are to be found in the compositions of Guido; but Domenichino possessed all the learning the depth, and solidity of the science."

Paolo Falconeri, in a letter to the Count Laurentio Magalotti, says, in speaking of the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino:—"This picture is esteemed one of the most valuable in Rome; yet I was told by Pietro de Cortoni, that when it was first exhibited it was so underrated by the artists, in order that their own works might not be discredited, that they would not suffer them to appear in the same place; it was at Rome but a short time."

"The pulpit of Saint Andrew della Valle, is one of the finest productions in fresco which the art acknowledges; nevertheless, when it was shown, many of the painters spoke of removing it, and substituting their own works. When Domenichino, on its completion, entered the church, he stopped frequently before these paintings with some of his pupils, and said to them, 'It seems to me that I have done something tolerable here."

These different passages are extracted from the *Collection of Letters of the most celebrated Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*;' published at Rome, 1757.

In the letter which Domenichino wrote from Naples, February 23, 1632, to the Chevalier dell Pozzo, who requested a painting from his hand, this great painter thus expresses his inability to comply with his entreaties:—"On one side I see that I ought to conform to your wishes; on the other side, I have my hands bound with chains of iron, and know not which part to take. The gentlemen who now employ me wish to compel me to confine myself wholly to the works in the chapel of St. Januarius. They have likewise forced me to make this promise with great caution, and I should be exposed to much hazard by a breach of it. My rivals are on the watch to injure me: when they are lulled asleep the time is so short that I am in the greatest anxiety; and in this constant solicitude I scarcely think I shall be able to finish the work for which I have engaged."

As Lanfranc was the great cause of these evils, it may be proper to extract some passages from one of his letters which show the duplicity of his character. This letter was written from Naples, April 19, 1641, to Signor Ferranti Carlo. "You have heard," says he, "of Domenichino's death; he has left his work imperfect, and bequeathed much labour to his successor. His employers were discontented with him from the beginning." (Bellori, in his Life of Domenichino, assures us of the contrary, and pronounces against Lanfranc.) "They are going to examine every thing scrupulously. For my own part, when I shall review that work, and shall form an opinion upon it, I shall injure the author's fame as little as possible. I shall always treat him with kindness; I wish he had done the same towards me; though he merits nothing but that of having his life faithfully related. You know part of his conduct towards me. I did not hate him while living, and I hate him still less now he is dead. I desired his friendship; and his fame shall never want it. I am employed to finish his work."

Among the designs which are preserved at the Central Museum of France, there is one of great importance, as it presents a sketch of one of the pictures intended by Domenichino for the chapel of St Januarius, in place of which, after his death, Lanfranc substituted one of his own. The painting of Domenichino represents the Presence of St. Januarius arresting the Eruption of Vesuvius. We are assured that Domenichino, a faithful observer of nature at all times, studied the eruption of 1531, and sufficiently understood the phænomenon to render it on his canvass with all its accumulation of horrors.

The Museum of France possesses few of the

designs of this great master, although they are numerous. They are for the most part scattered in private collections, where they hold a distinguished rank. They are commonly executed on blue paper, with chalk, sometimes black, at other times white, and not unfrequently with a mere pencil or a pen.

He painted landscapes well; his style, in this class of painting, was formed on that of the Carracci.

On the whole, Domenichino most excelled in painting in fresco; and being chiefly employed in this, his best works ornament the interior of different edifices, and are to be seen at Rome, in the neighbourhood of that city, and at Naples. His best paintings in oil are, nevertheless, in France, and many valuable ones are in the different cabinets of Europe. Lucien Bonaparte, brother to the Emperor of France, and possessor of a rich collection, has lately acquired two capital works of Domenichino; the head of St. Jerome, in oil, painted for his celebrated picture of the Communion; and the head of St. Agnes, for the picture of the martyrdom of that saint, which he painted at Bologna.

Only four scholars of this master attained any celebrity: Antonio Barba Longa, of Messina, who painted at Rome, in the church of the Theatins, and St. Andrew della Valle; Andrew Camassei, who ornamented the pictures of the palace of Palestrini; Francesco Cozza, a Sicilian, and G. Agnolo Canini; these two last have produced many valuable works.

ON PAINTING.

PAINTING is the art of representing to the eyes, by means of figures and colours, every object in nature that is discernible by the sight; and of sometimes expressing, according to the principles of physiognomy, and by the attitudes of the body, the various emotions of the mind. A smooth surface, by means of lines and colours, represents objects in a state of projection; and may represent them in the most pleasant dress, and in a manner most capable of enchanting the senses. Still farther, the objects which delight us by their animation and lively colours, speak to the soul, by giving us the image of what we hold most dear, or by indicating an action which inspires us with a taste for innocent pleasures, with courage, and with elevated sentiments. Such is the definition, and such are the effects of painting.

By an admirable effort of human genius, painting offers to our eyes every thing which is most valuable in the universe. Its empire extends over every age and country. It presents to us the heroic deeds of ancient times as well as the facts in which we are more conversant, and distant objects as well as those which we daily see. In this respect it may be considered as a supplement to nature, which gives us only a view of present objects.

The art of painting is extremely difficult in the execution; and its merit can only be appreciated by those who profess the art.

The painter who invents, composes, and colours conceptions which are only agreeable, and which speak merely to the eye of the spectator, may be reckoned to possess the first merit in the style of embellishment and decoration.

The painter who is distinguished for noble and profound conceptions; who, by means of a perfect delineation, and colours more capable of fixing the attention than dazzling the eye, conveys to the spectators the sentiments with which he himself was inspired; who animates them with his genius, and makes a lasting impression on their minds; this artist is a poet, and worthy to share even in the glories of Homer.

It is in forming this great idea of his art that the painter himself becomes great.

But if he seek only to please or astonish by the illusion of colours, he must rest contented with the secondary merit of flattering the eye with the variety and opposition of tints, or of making an industrious assemblage of a great multiplicity of objects. It is in painting as it is in poetry. The man who clothes trivial or common ideas in verse, exercises the profession of twisting syllables into a certain measure. The poet who clothes in good verse ideas and sentiments, that are merely agreeable, professes an agreeable art. But he who, by the magic of verse, of ideas, of imagery, or of colours, adds sublimity to the sublime objects of nature, is a great poet and a great painter. He deserves the crown which the nations have decreed to Homer, Virgil, Milton, Raphael, and the statuary who modelled the antique Apollo. It is reasonable to place in the same class those who have expressed the same ideas, whether it be in verse or in colours, in brass or in marble. The painter and statuary,

who excel in their professions, deserve all the respect due to genius: they are of the number of those men whom nature, sparing of her best gifts, grants but occasionally to the inhabitants of the earth. If they are sublime, they elevate the human race; if they are agreeable only, they excite those sweet sensations necessary to our happiness.

In laying before our readers a succinct account of this noble art, we shall, first, give the history of painting, including its rise, progress, and decline, in ancient and modern times; an account of the schools, and of the different merits of painters; and a comparison between ancient and modern painting. Secondly, we shall lay down the principles of the art, and the order in which the artist conducts his studies. Thirdly, we shall enumerate the different classes of painting, with observations on each. And, fourthly, we shall treat of œconomical or house-painting.

RISE, PROGRESS, AND DECLINE OF PAINTING IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

It is to be imagined that men must naturally, and very early, have conceived an idea of the first principles of the art of painting; the shadow of each plant and animal, and of every object in nature, must have afforded them the means of conceiving, and pointed out the possibility of imitating, the figures of all bodies. Thus the savage nations, an emblem of what men were in the infancy of society, possess the first rudiments of this art, even before those which are useful and almost necessary to existence; their naked bodies are covered with punctures of various forms, into which they infuse indelible colours. The next demand for this art, is to preserve the memory of warlike exploits. It is more natural to form some representation of an action, than to give an account of it by means of arbitrary characters. Hence the picture-writing of the Mexicans, and the more ingenious hieroglyphics of Egypt.

Painting consisted of simple outlines long before the expression of relievo or the application of colour. It was simply drawing; and the master-pieces of painting in that rude period were not superior to the sports of children. Although occupied about a single point, it was not brought to perfection; for constant experience instructs us that men never excel in the inferior parts of an art till they are capable of carrying the whole to perfection.

After employing for a long time those simple outlines, the next step in the art of painting was to make the imitation more complete by applying colours: this was first accomplished by covering the different parts of the figure with different colours in the same way that we colour maps; and several nations, as the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the different nations of India, have never painted in a better manner. Other nations, more ingenious and more attentive to the arts, observing that the objects of nature have relievo, have invented what is called *claro-obscuro*. The Greeks, the most ingenious, penetrating, and delicate of all, invented this part antecedent to colours; than which there cannot be a greater proof of their exquisite taste, as the glare of colours without judgment excites more admiration in the minds of the vulgar and ignorant, than the camaieu or drawings of one colour executed by the most skilful artist.

These general observations concerning the gradual improvement of this art, will be best illustrated by a more particular attention to the ancient nations in which it flourished.

Plato, who lived four hundred years before the Christian era, informs us that painting had been practised in Egypt for ten thousand years; that some of the productions of that high antiquity were in existence; and that they bore an exact resemblance to those which the Egyptians executed in his time. Without regarding the period of ten thousand years mentioned by Plato, it is reasonable to consider it as an indefinite period, which carries us back to very remote antiquity.

The figures both in the painting and sculpture of Egypt were extremely stiff; the legs were drawn together, and their arms were glued to their sides. It appears that their only model was their mummies, and that their skill in anatomy was derived from embalming them. They were extremely incorrect in every part of the head; they placed the ears much higher than the nose. Besides, they gave the face the form of a circle instead of an oval; the chin was short and rounded; the cheeks excessively so; and they turned upwards the corners of the mouth and eyes. Many of these faults may be ascribed to the formation of the human face in Egypt; but the placing of the ears could only be founded in caprice or ignorance.

The exactness of the Egyptian proportion is much celebrated; but although we grant that they observed the proper length of the different parts of the human body, they were still defective artists, since they did not observe the breadth, and were moreover ignorant altogether of the shape and size of the muscles. Works converted to religious purposes chiefly occupied the Egyptian painters. They had figures for imitation from which they would

not depart, and those figures were monstrous; the bodies of animals with the heads of men; the bodies of men with the heads of animals: or, if the figure was more agreeable to nature in its parts, yet it was so deformed and imaginary, as to have nothing similar to it as a whole in the creation of God.

The monuments of Egyptian painting with which we are best acquainted (says Winkelmann) are the chests of mummies. These works have resisted the injuries of time, and are still submitted to the examination of the curious. The white, made of white lead, is spread over the ground of the piece; the outlines of the figure are traced with black strokes and the colours are four in number; namely, blue, red, yellow, and green, laid on without any mixture or shading. The red and blue prevail most; and those colours seem to have been prepared in the coarsest manner. The light is formed by leaving those parts of the ground where it is necessary covered with the white lead, as it is formed by the white paper in some of our drawings. This description is sufficient to convince us that the whole art of painting in Egypt consisted in colouring; but every person knows, that without tints and the mixture of colours painting can never arrive at great perfection.

In Upper Egypt there seems to have existed a kind of colossal painting, which has never been examined except by travellers who were no great critics in the art. Winkelmann had some reason to express a desire that those remains of antiquity, with regard to the manner of working, the style, and the character, had been accurately explored. Walls of twenty-four feet in height, and pillars of thirty-two feet in circumference, are wholly covered with those colossal figures. According to Norden they are coloured in the same manner with the mummies: the colours are applied to a ground prepared in manner of fresco; and they have retained their freshness for many thousand years. Winkelmann adds, that all the efforts of human skill and industry could make as little impression on them as the injuries of time. His enthusiasm for antiquity has perhaps led him into this extravagant exaggeration.

It appears that the great employment of the Egyptian painters was on earthen vessels, on drinking cups, in ornamenting barges, and in covering with figures the chests of mummies. They painted also on cloth; but painting, as an industrious occupation, supposes a workman, not an artist; the decoration of temples, house-painting, and that of the figures relative to religion, are to be considered only in this point of view. The workmen in Russia who paint our Saviour holding the globe in one hand, and blessing the people with the other, are not members of the imperial academy of fine arts.

Pliny informs us that the Egyptian artists painted also the precious metals; that is to say, they varnished or enamelled them. It is doubtful what this art was, but most probably it consisted in covering gold or silver with a single colour.

The Egyptians are supposed to have continued this coarse style till the reign of the Ptolemies.

The Persians were so far from excelling in the arts, that the paintings of Egypt were highly esteemed among them after they had conquered that country.

The carpets of Persia were of great value in Greece, even in the time of Alexander the Great, and these were adorned with various figures; but this is no proof that they were well executed, any more than a demand for several of the Chinese productions is at present a proof of the taste of that people in the arts. It was the fabrication of the silk, and not the truth of the representation, which made the Greeks admire the carpets of Persia.

The Persians, as well as the Arabians, had some knowledge of mosaic work. This is only valuable when it copies, in a manner that cannot be destroyed, the works of a great master; but if the Persians had no good pictures to copy into mosaic, it was of no consequence to be able to arrange, in a solid manner, pieces of flint one beside another.

There is only one Persian painter whose name has descended to posterity; and he is preserved, not because he was a painter, but because he accommodated the ancient doctrine of the two principles to the Christian religion. Besides, it is doubted whether Manes was a Persian or a Greek, and it is still less known whether he was a painter. He is praised in Asia for drawing straight lines without a ruler.

The modern Persians paint on cloth, and the artists in India are their rivals in this branch of industry; but their paintings are purely capricious. They represent plants and flowers which have no existence in nature; and their only merit consists in the brightness and the strength of their colours.

Besides this, the art in India, as it existed in the most remote antiquity, is confined to monstrous figures connected with their religion, animals not to be found in the world, and idols with a multitude of arms and heads, which have neither exactness in their forms nor proportions.

The paintings of Thibet discover great patience in the artist, and are remarkable for the fineness of their strokes Their painters might dispute with Apelles and Protogenes for extreme tenuity of pencil; but it is in this alone, without any regard to the art, in which their merit consists.

Some of the idols in Thibet are executed in a certain style of relievo; but these productions are not only imperfect, they are also so destitute of beauty as to forbid every hope of excellence in the art. The same thing may be observed with regard to many of the eastern nations; they seem to have that want of style which would for ever condemn them to mediocrity, even if they should happen to arrive at that point.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

[*Concluded from Vol. IV. Page* 266]

THE COUNT D—— TO RISOT.

Paris, 1764.

Dearest Risot, recal the malediction which you pronounced over me; the curse that I should never again be happy. Can then no repentance expiate guilt? Is not four years' infernal torture punishment enough for my crime. Bestow your benediction, dear Risot; till then I cannot give my hand to the dear object to whom I am to be united. Give me your blessing, my noble friend, and pardon me; then Heaven will not be more severe than you. O, Risot! I implore you, recal the curse which you pronounced against me upon my return from Germany.

RISOT TO THE COUNT D——.

Visseux, 1764.

If your heart has removed the curse, dearest Count, my lips willingly recal it, and I pray Heaven also to pardon you. But forget not a moment that the goddess Nemesis accompanies you through life. Felicity is a word that you ought not to pronounce without trembling; you have destroyed the felicity of a virtuous heart, though you received a timely warning. Many virtues, many noble actions are necessary to counterbalance in the eyes of a righteous Providence this solitary deed. Be virtuous; it is not possible for me to add—be happy! Be firm, be contented; this is all that my heart can say to you. Repentance atones for every crime; and your repentance, Count, was genuine and sincere. But should Providence—I write with trembling—remind you of your guilt by repeated and heavy misfortunes, could you say it is too severe? The Almighty bless you! Be virtuous! Farewell!

THE COUNT D—— TO RISOT.

O——, 1794.

Providence is merciful and just, dearest Risot. Now bless me without trembling. I am on the verge of life; and the goddess of Justice and Vengeance shews me the glistening sword without using it. O, you were right! the mercy of Heaven granted me a whole life of felicity, and deferred the misery till its concluding moments. I have suffered an easy, and at the same time a very severe punishment for my guilt. My wife is at Vienna, and has saved the greatest part of her property; she does not know that I am still living.

I fled in the disguise of a beggar through France and Flanders, and arrived safely at the Rhine. Here I first learned that my wife had escaped, and that I was supposed to be dead. Having crossed the Rhine I was taken ill at a small town. I had not thought of my unhappy Henrietta for years. Here, so near the spot where she lived, the old wound opened afresh. "Here," thought I, "here, where you committed the crime, you shall die." I desired the physician not to conceal the truth from me. He shrugged his shoulders. My six months' wanderings in France, the inclemencies of the weather, bad food, care and anxiety, had destroyed my constitution, and entirely dried up the sources of life. I smiled when the physician informed me that I could not recover, took his medicines, called for a coach, and proceeded to O——.

I never could hear the name of O—— without trembling; and now, with death in my bosom, it was a consolation to me to be able to die in the place. Before we entered the

village I ordered the postillion to stop, and alighted. There stood the grove of birches, there was the church steeple, and there the two chimnies of Henrietta's habitation rose above the surrounding cottages. O, Risot! my youth once more revived within me. Ah! I never loved any other woman like Henrietta; this I felt by the redoubled pulsation of my heart, by the life which was diffused with new power through my veins. A dream of my blissful hours hovered over my soul; I trembled, but only with joy, not with anxiety and remorse. Such ought to be the feelings of a dying man. I proceeded slowly through the village; every step carried me back, as by enchantment, thirty-four years, and a torrent of exquisite sensations overpowered my soul. How happy might I have been had I remained virtuous!

The postillion took my things out of the carriage at the door of the little inn. My emotions had been too powerful for the weak remnant of my life; I was obliged immediately to throw myself upon a bed. The landlord had only a small damp apartment which likewise served for a store room. He desired me to continue my journey, but a seasonable present rendered him more civil.

Here I am now, Risot. Ah! I have not the courage to ask whether Henrietta be yet living. This letter I write with a trembling hand. O Risot! here I was so happy, so inexpressibly happy! And now! now! Ah! had I remained here as I wished; had I made her my wife; how many things would now be different from what they are! May I not say that for death in this damp chamber I sacrificed Henrietta, my happiness, and my repose? Sometimes I even think that the dreadful revolution of my country was a judgment sent to punish me for my guilt. Good night! good night!

Risot! the earth totters under me; my senses are confused; my life ebbs with each pulsation, and yet the power of Omnipotence seems to detain it—I am with Henrietta. A thousand times I ask myself whether I am still alive. As yet I am ignorant of every thing. What have I still to hear?

My host informed me that he had provided for me a more commodious apartment in the village. All my thoughts were now directed to one object; I acquiesced, without asking whither he was going to take me. My landlord conducted me slowly towards Henrietta's habitation. When we arrived at the court-yard, the sight of the lime-trees, beneath which I had so frequently sat with the dear girl, awakened me from my profound reverie. "Whither are you leading me, barbarian?" I exclaimed. I was going to turn back. Should I throw myself in the way of vengeance?

A young man took me by the hand and requested me to wait beneath his roof for the restoration of my health. I sat down under the lime-trees to rest myself, and a tempestuous ocean of conflicting emotions overwhelmed my flitting soul. My eyes were stedfastly fixed on the door which was open. I imagined that Henrietta would rush forth and thunder in my ears the word—*deceiver!* Instead of her, however, an elderly woman appeared, and looked at me with much compassion. I was conducted into the house, to the same apartment which I occupied above thirty years ago. Being thought worse than I really was, they put me to bed. I became more composed. The elderly female soon afterwards came to ask after my health, and inquired my name. I told her a false one. After some conversation, during which she became more and more agitated, she asked abruptly:—"Were you acquainted at Paris with a Count D——?" God of Heaven! I now recognized Henrietta's features and her voice. It was she! A thousand daggers pierced my perturbed soul. I covered my pale face with both my hands. She repeated her question, and I answered with a sigh,—"He was my friend."

"Your friend?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. She then went in silence to the window. In this situation I at length took the courage to look at her attentively. I observed, with trembling, that she was pale, and that long affliction had preyed upon her. She turned round, after a long pause, and again approached me, and said stammering:—"Did he never mention to you the name of Henrietta Büchner?" I know not how I mustered the strength to reply:—"The unfortunate man loved her till his latest breath."

"Loved?" she exclaimed.—"Then he is dead?" she added after some pause, and wiped her eyes.—"How did he die?"

"With the name of Henrietta on his lips, and hell in his heart, because he had deceived her."

She walked up and down the room, and then returned to me. "Were you his friend?—*I* too was his friend," said she tenderly; adding in a louder tone: "I am the unfortunate, the deluded Henrietta."

O, Risot! I resolutely exposed my heart to pain, in hopes that it would break; I took Henrietta's hand and pressed it to my bosom. My life was stronger than my pain; my heart did not break, even when her tears fell upon

my face. O, Risot! have I not now expiated my guilt? She left me, but soon returned. Ah! what violence I was obliged to do myself, not to tell her who I was!

She dropped a few words—O, Risot! they rend my soul!—a few obscure words concerning four years' insanity. I—I could go mad at the thought! Four years! only reflect how many thousand hours! Ah! wretch that I am, why did I flee from the guillotine!

CHARLES BUCHNER TO RISOT.

O——, 1794.

Herewith, Sir, I transmit you the last letter of the Count D——. I found your address in one of your letters from London. Your friend was interred here yesterday; you are acquainted with his unfortunate history excepting the catastrophe. Chance conducted him to the house of my mother, to whom he once paid his addresses. She discovered to him who she was. We regarded the extreme anguish and despair which he manifested as the effects of his illness. My mother has been very unhappy. After his departure, in the year 1761, she learned from his uncle that she was deceived, and fell into the blackest melancholy; she was pregnant by the Count. After my birth she lost her senses. At the end of four years she again recovered her reason; but not her cheerfulness. With these circumstances my father, whom we supposed to be merely a friend of the Count, became acquainted by degrees. I observed how deeply these conversations affected both our sick guest and my mother. In vain I endeavoured to draw her from his bed-side; indeed I almost considered it as cruel; for the stranger's assurances that the Count's love to her had ceased only with his life, now restored her, for the first time, to happiness.

The unfortunate man was still ignorant that Henrietta had a son by him, and that I was this son. One day when I entered his room I found my dear mother in tears. I took her gently by the hand, and said:—"It affects you too much, my dearest mother." At these words the stranger suddenly raised himself up in the bed, and, fixing his eyes on me, exclaimed:—"Mother? mother?" with great earnestness; "how is this?" My mother led me to his bed-side, and said:—"This is the son of the Count D——."

"My son! my son!" he cried with astonishment. "Henrietta! unfortunate Henrietta! I am the monster that deceived you!"

You cannot, Sir, conceive the effect of these few words. I stood like a statue. My mother threw herself into his arms, and exclaimed:—"O, beloved Charles!" She turned pale. I caught her in my arms, and carried her to a chair, where she soon came to herself. "O, Charles, beloved Charles!" she again exclaimed, and extended her arms towards him.

My father, before I could prevent him, sprung from the bed, and threw himself at my mother's feet, crying out:—"O merciful God! do you forgive me, Henrietta? do you forgive me, my beloved?" She raised him up, and pressed him to her bosom. He grew paler and paler. "O God," he suddenly exclaimed with a smile, "so happy! so happy!—my son!" he drew me to his breast;—"my Henrietta." He threw his arm round my mother, and leaned his head upon her shoulder. His hand became cold. He expired, smiling, in the arms of his beloved and his son. "Charles!" said my mother affectionately. His arm sunk down. We supposed him to be in a swoon, but he was dead.

I was filled with apprehension on account of my mother; but, thank Heaven, she is composed and even cheerful. This melancholy occurrence diffuses over the remainder of her days a kind of tranquil felicity. "He loved me," says she smiling, when I speak to her. "He called you his son," she adds, while the transports of heaven are impressed on her pallid lips.

The physician conceives that this circumstance has produced a beneficial effect on her health; but I am convinced that she will soon follow her lover. God be thanked that a mild serenity enlivens her last hours.

With this letter you will receive a ring, inscribed with the words,—*For my Risot.* A paper, in my father's hand-writing, declares my mother the heiress of all the valuables he had with him.

My mother intends to have her grave dug by the side of his. I fear that they, who were unfortunately separated upon earth, will soon be again united.

Farewel, Sir, I honour you as the friend of my father, and the protector of my forsaken mother. Farewel.

THE EFFECTS OF SELFISH PRINCIPLES.

ROUELLE D'AGUESSAU, a young nobleman of great fortune, became independent at an early period, by the death of his parents. His education was entrusted to a contemptible wretch, who regarded polished manners, and a knowledge of the world, as the only qualifications requisite for a man of rank and opulence. By this tutor he was introduced early into life; and the vices of every description which he witnessed, the disregard of morality manifested by almost every person of fashion, the flattery incessantly bestowed on the amiable and polished youth, tended to corrupt his heart in a very high degree. The acquaintances which he formed at this period completed his ruin. He soon adopted the system of the Parisian *beau monde*—to live only for himself and his own pleasures: and his cultivated mind endeavoured to defend this principle as the only true system of human existence.

The youthful Rouelle was a philosopher in his way:—"Pleasure," said he, "is my object; moderation will prolong the enjoyment, and prudence will secure it." Moral purity seemed to him a chimerical idea, adapted only to the stupid and the vulgar. The appearance of virtue was every thing in his eyes; and he was actually considered at Paris as one of the most virtuous young men of his time.

On a journey to Poitou, in which province his estates were situated, he was detained at a village, where the sudden inundation of a river had swept away the bridge. As the inn afforded but wretched accommodation, he inquired for a night's lodging at a decent house, belonging to a farmer in the village. The farmer, a respectable old man, received him with the utmost cordiality, and assigned him the best apartment. Rouelle came down stairs at night to sup with the farmer: he was astonished to see the most beautiful girl his eyes had ever beheld, seated by the side of his host. Her conversation at table soon convinced him that she had not received a common education. Her father had lived many years in the world, but being weary of its inquietudes had withdrawn to this spot with the remainder of his fortune, to enjoy tranquillity, and devoted his attention to the education of his daughter.

The sight of the charming girl inflamed Rouelle's desire: he sought a pretext for staying a few days at the house; and such was the hospitality of his venerable host, that he was not long at a loss for one. This interval he employed in attempting to discover Susannah's weak side; but he soon perceived that his usual arts were incapable of gaining the heart of this lovely female: he was obliged to depart without having obtained any further advantage than the moment he first beheld her. She spoke of virtue, and with such earnestness, that he could not refrain from considering this virtue as something more than a mere phantom, but studiously avoided betraying his own principles.

He called again upon his return: his modesty gained the confidence of his host, and his amiable manners procured him Susannah's good will: but the latter opposed his advances with such resolute constancy, that he could not proceed a single step without the utmost caution. All his artifices were not sufficient to subdue her heart. He considered the sex, without exception, as the votaries of vanity and sensual pleasures; but he now met with one who was equally a stranger to vanity and desire. The mere suspicion that it was possible to entertain principles like Rouelle's, excited horror in the mind of the virtuous Susannah. In vain he employed every possible method to inflame her vanity. His utmost exertions were ineffectual; but his passion was only strengthened by the opposition he experienced. He was in a manner fascinated by her; he even felt respect for her virtue. "If I meet with two other such mortals," he exclaimed to himself, "my system will be overturned." It is true he still retained his system, but his sensuality was converted into something of a superior nature—into love. He felt, that with Susannah, in the confidence in her virtue, he might live happily even in the country; and he was surprised by an idea which he had before considered impossible, that of an union with the object of his passion. "Pshah!" said he to himself, at this idea, which the more frequently recurred to his mind, the more his hope of seducing the girl diminished.

Rouelle found that he had gained Susannah's love; and he almost despaired that her love was the medium by which to inflame her imagination. He exerted every effort to obtain his aim; and thus more than once excited Susannah's mistrust. This gave occasion to scenes of a very serious nature, in which Susannah's character, and her abhorrence of

criminal desire, appeared in such a strong light, that he was at a loss what to think of those among whom a female of this stamp resided. His heart began to oppose the system to which his head still adhered: he was irresistibly hurried away by the omnipotent passion of love. He had no other method left of becoming happy, than to offer Susannah his hand. He scarcely knew himself what had happened to him: he even felt a secret antipathy to the idea of destroying Susannah's peace; so that there existed at least one individual whose happiness he respected. With a sensation of composure that was quite new to him, he offered Susannah his hand; and when with tears of rapture, and a throbbing bosom, she sunk into his arms, he felt the reward of virtuous minds—*regard for himself*. He exclaimed as soon as he was alone, "No, by God! virtue is not a chimera!"

Susannah became the wife of Rouelle. At her request he accompanied her to his estate. The felicity resulting from the tranquillity, confidence, and tender affection which he now enjoyed; the virtues of his spouse, her chastity, her benevolence, her humility, shook his system, and raised in his mind powerful objections against it.

At the expiration of a year Rouelle became the father of a son. He pressed the infant, with trembling joy, to his bosom, and exclaimed—"No, by God! by the conviction of my existence! virtue is not a phantom." Susannah presented him with another son; but, on this occasion, his joy was moderate. He had passed a few months at Paris, where a charming opera-dancer had excited his desire, so that he returned with only half a heart to his country seat. He soon set off again for Paris. With an inquietude surpassing what he had ever felt, he sought the acquaintance of the captivating dancer. He was unintentionally guilty of infidelity to his wife, and he again flew to his system, because it alleviated his uneasiness. He ceased to love Susannah, but he felt for her a boundless regard, and this regard became an oppressive burthen, because it interrupted the tranquil enjoyment of his pleasures. "Pho!" thought he, at last, "mankind are all alike, and my wife is not better than the rest: she wished to be called Madame de Rouelle; and hence the part that she acted. Her wish was rank, title, wealth; mine is pleasure." His system returned to its former channel: he remained at Paris, and compelled himself to forget his regard for his wife. She wrote to him; he returned her a cold answer. She repaired to Paris; and he said to her, drily, "I have no objection to your residing here." When she observed his deviations, she employed her utmost endeavours to restore the felicity of the first years of their union—but in vain. That he could not withdraw his respect of her virtues, only rendered him still more cold and indifferent; and, by way of revenge, he even represented his principles as worse than they actually were.

Susannah's bosom was wrung with the acutest anguish when Rouelle frequently gave her to understand how sincerely he repented his marriage with her, and how much she stood in the way of his pleasures. One evening, upon his return home, a letter was delivered to him, from his wife.—"I leave you, Sir," she wrote, "and for ever! Inclosed you will find every necessary document to enable you to procure a legal dissolution of our marriage, by which you have been rendered so unhappy. I have taken my eldest son with me; the youngest I was obliged to leave with you. If the child should recover from his present illness, I intreat of you, by your paternal feelings, to keep him in the ignorance of your principles. There is such a thing as virtue, Sir; and there is an avenger of vice. A sum of money which I have taken with me, and which you will think too small, because it would probably be insufficient to purchase one of what you call pleasures, shall serve to place your son in that situation, in which his grandfather and his unfortunate mother were once so happy. This boy shall never know to what he is entitled by his birth and your fortune. I have learned by experience the dangers of rank and wealth; and of these I am determined to keep him in ignorance. O, Sir! you ridicule virtue, but were you to see me upon my knees by the bed of your youngest son; were you to hear me imploring you not to corrupt the heart of this child, you would at least not ridicule the tender feelings of maternal anxiety.—Farewel!"

Rouelle's eye grew dim at the perusal of this letter: his wish was gratified; but yet he felt inquietude. He loved his son, and still entertained sufficient regard for Susannah to wish that she might never suffer want. He ascribed his uneasiness to the generosity of his mind; but it was nothing more than the remorse of his conscience. He laughed; and it afforded him a degree of satisfaction, when he was informed that his wife had left Paris in the company of a young man who had been an object of her esteem. "This accounts for it," said he. "The hypocrite!" He made inquiries concerning the residence of the supposed seducer of his wife, and found that he had done injustice to Susannah: he then endeavoured

to discover her retreat, but in vain; and, after a year of incessant dissipation, both she and her son were forgotten.

Now that Rouelle was relieved from the galling yoke of matrimony, he laid down a plan for his mode of life, to which he was determined to adhere. His house became the constant abode of all the pleasures of sense. As riches were indispensibly necessary to secure his felicity, he maintained the utmost regularity in his domestic establishment. He did not rush into the destructive vortex of sensual gratification, but enjoyed his pleasures with moderation, and even with a regard to decency. He concealed the plan of his life, as well as the manner of executing it, beneath continual cheerfulness; he was therefore regarded as an exemplary young man, and became the favourite of every company. Not a word, a look, or a significant smile, ever betrayed any of his conquests. He was the most accomplished seducer of every female whose charms inflamed his passions; but they never had any cause to fear lest their reputation should suffer by their compliance. Rouelle enjoyed the triumph of being universally acknowledged a man of a noble and virtuous disposition; though there was not a wish, or desire, which he did not gratify, let it cost what it might. He was affable, liberal, and magnanimous; he supported merit, and appeared to live for others, though he lived only for himself, and his own pleasures. The cunning and artifice which regulated his conduct, furnished employment for his understanding. His good taste prevented him from connecting himself with depraved characters; and his finesse spared him the commission of crimes into which a gross voluptuary would have fallen in his situation. "None can be guilty of crimes," said he, "but a mean, dishonourable scoundrel; and none can act virtuously without a prospect of advantage but a stupid enthusiast. I am neither. I live for my pleasure; a man can wish for nothing more. Meanwhile I promote the felicity of others, but without any intention on my part. Can this be called virtue? By no means: it is only a wise ordination of nature, that man should promote the felicity and welfare of others, at the same time that he is intent upon his own."

In these principles he likewise educated his son from his earliest infancy: he gave him all the accomplishments necessary for social life, formed his understanding, and even taught him temperance, for he had himself frequently found that he could not satisfy all his wishes. "My son," said he, "the gratification of our wishes certainly affords felicity; but the consequences are sometimes so dangerous, that man, confined by nature within certain limits, must likewise learn to refrain, in order to be happy." These principles were readily imbibed: the young Rouelle became the pride of his father, to whom he was affectionately attached.

Twenty years had elapsed since Rouelle's separation from Susannah. He had now attained the age of forty-eight years, and was still a very handsome man: his age had, indeed, rendered him still more agreeable; it had diffused a sober gaiety, a pleasing sedateness, over his whole frame. His life was seldom disturbed by care: rigid temperance had preserved and fortified his health: in short, he experienced uninterrupted happiness, especially in consequence of the universal esteem which he enjoyed.

His son had already committed several youthful indiscretions, but now began to follow his father's way to happiness. The latter lived with him on the footing of an old friend, whose superior experience alone entitled him to respect. He neither required entire confidence of his son, nor did he repose it in him. They conducted themselves towards each other like two friends, whose intimacy has been cemented by a long acquaintance. The son respected the father as a perfect model of prudence, and the father loved his son as a pupil who did honour to his instruction.

The elder Rouelle was one day passing through a street in Paris, when a female, beauteous as Aurora, came out of a small house, and proceeded towards a church. Her blooming complexion, the innocence that beamed from her sparkling eyes, and her graceful figure, caught the attention of the refined epicure. He followed her to the church, and from thence almost to her habitation. He then charged his servant to make inquiry concerning the name and circumstances of the fair stranger, and returned home struck with the charms of her beauty.

The servant, who had for many years been the confidant of his master, brought the most explicit intelligence, to the following effect:—The beautiful young female was the wife of a painter, named Marton: the family did not appear to be in the easiest circumstances, for they lived in a very frugal and simple manner: both the husband and wife were natives of Paris. The servant likewise said something concerning the tender affection of this couple for each other, to which his master replied with the exclamation of—"Blockhead!" The only acquaintance of the young woman was a milliner, who had procured her husband

his first job, and by whom she was employed in working embroidery.

Rouelle soon formed an acquaintance with the milliner; but Madame Marton very seldom went to her house. At length Rouelle saw her again, and his passion was still more powerfully inflamed. The information he received of the milliner, concerning Marton's family, convinced him of the difficulty of his undertaking. Without letting the woman into the secret of his plan, he employed her to recommend the painter to some employment at the house of one of his friends. Here he introduced himself to the acquaintance of the young artist by an assumed name. The job was of some length, for Marton had a saloon to paint. Rouelle visited him every day, and made his art the constant subject of conversation. He procured Marton more employment, and very soon gained the entire confidence of the young artist. His conversations concerning the art and the taste of the Parisians, were so instructive, that Marton rejoiced at having formed such an useful acquaintance, and requested that he would call to see him. Rouelle did so; and was equally astonished at the beauty of the wife and at the sincere affection, the purity and innocence of the young couple. The husband possessed an ardent mind; he loved his art with enthusiasm, his wife with passionate fervor, and virtue with a sublime and inexpressible devotion; the bosom of the innocent wife was filled with grateful affection to her generous sponse.

Rouelle was now seated beside the charming female; she even took pleasure in his company and testified a regard for him: but he was for the first time embarrassed how to proceed towards the gratification of his wish; for he durst not venture, in the most remote degree, to offend against the artist's high sense of virtue. Marton was incapable of conceiving it possible that others should entertain sentiments and ideas different from his own.

That the young couple were perfectly unacquainted with the world and with mankind, Rouelle was well convinced; but the husband's virtue and the wife's affection made ample amends for that deficiency.

Marton one day related to Rouelle how he had obtained his wife. "You must know my dear friend," said he, embracing his wife, with joy and tenderness; "I lost my father early, and was a young man without friends and without money. My mother, an excellent woman,"—here he lifted up his hands in extacy—"O! to her am I indebted for my felicity, for every thing that contributes to my happiness!—She taught me what all mankind should learn: to be honest and independent, to be industrious and content with little. I cultivated my art, as well as music, only as a secondary matter; but now, with my few wants, it renders me independent. This was the intention of my mother. I went to Lyons to improve myself in my profession. There I was only to learn, not to work. A small sum of money with which my mother furnished me, was sufficient to maintain me there a few months. One evening, I walked out of the town, down the side of the river to take a drawing of a fine landscape. I threw myself down and chose for the fore-ground a cluster of trees, beneath whose shade an old man was reposing."—Here Marton's wife seized his hand with tears. He gave her a look of tenderness and proceeded.

"The old man did not appear to observe me. I sketched him as he sat with his hand to his forehead in the most melancholy attitude. When I saw the figure upon my paper, I asked myself, 'But what can be the matter with him?'—'Is it possible?' cried a voice within me; 'can you delineate an unfortunate man, instead of relieving him?' I rose, hastened to him and said: 'Good father, you do not appear to be happy.' He fixed on me his eyes, bedimmed with tears, and shook his head with a sigh. I seized his hand with sympathizing emotion and begged him to acquaint me with the cause of his grief. 'I have a wife and a daughter,' replied he, with a tremulous voice; and in a place like this (pointing to the splendid city,) am without a morsel of bread!'—'Good God!' I exclaimed, and gave him a trifle! He took it with a modest blush, and immediately rose up, to hasten home.

"I offered him my arm because he was tired. 'Cannot you work?' I asked him by the way. A smile of painful emotion for a moment overspread his features. 'I am old,' said he, 'unused to labour, and my poor wife has been sick these twelve months. My daughter indeed works to keep us as long as possible from starving. Ah, dear Sir! (Here he stood still and looked me in the face) To-day indeed; but to-morrow! a month hence!' The tears streamed down his aged cheeks. I put my hand into my pocket and gave him half of what I had. He accepted it with heart-felt gratitude. 'It is so little, father,' said I, with deep compassion; 'but I am poor myself.' He looked at me, and offered to return part of the money, which I refused. At length we arrived at the cottage where he resided. Here he seized my hand and said:—'That I enter this place with joyful sensations and not with the anguish of despair, is your work.' His tears

again flowed more copiously, and he drew my hand to his breast. I tore myself from him, and hastened down the street, because I was sensible that if I staid I should give him all I had. Alas! that I could be so narrow-minded!"—"Narrow-minded?" repeated Rouelle smiling.

"The visage of the old man penetrated deeply into my soul, though I was able to do nothing more for his relief.—Nothing? nothing? thought I all at once; cannot you work for him? or at least spare him some portion of your earnings? I went the same evening to a milliner for whom I had occasionally designed patterns of embroidery, and proposed to paint some fans for her; an idea to which I was led by a fan that I intended as a present for my landlady. She approved of my proposal, and I fell to work the same evening, selecting for my purpose scenes from the most celebrated novels. These fans were a novelty, and there was soon a great demand for them. I considered the money which I received for my labour as the property of the old man. In a few days I went to him, and found him on the straw couch of his sick wife. 'O God!' he exclaimed, 'it is he!' The patient turned her dim eye, with a look of gratitude, towards me. I said, 'No, good father, I am not poor, for I am able to work; forgive me.' With these words I gave him the money which I had earned. He hesitated to accept it, and I refused to take it again. I acquainted the old man with what I had done, and with my further intentions. Permit me, I added, henceforth to consider myself as your son.—And tell me yourself," continued Marton, turning to Rouelle, "should not every young man regard the hoary victim of misfortune as his father?—It cost me some trouble to prevail upon these poor but virtuous people to accept of my assistance; but at length they acceded.

"I was very industrious, and earned sufficient to procure additional comforts for the old man and his sick wife. I had been acquainted with them about a month, when at length, for the first time, I beheld their daughter, now my beloved wife." He pressed her tenderly to his bosom, and she kissed his hand, as if she saw for the first time the benefactor of her parents.

"She was a girl of fifteen, accomplished, and——." His wife interrupted him, blushing:—"But my husband has not mentioned what we did not discover till some time afterwards; in order to relieve us he deprived himself of every pleasure; he left himself in want that we might enjoy abundance."—With tears of gratitude, the tender Louisa fell upon the bosom of her husband.

"There," continued Marton smiling, "I first beheld my Louisa, and the same moment I loved her. Ah, Sir! she was so handsome and so good, that I entertained no doubt that she would meet with a better offer than I could make her; I therefore said nothing. Her mother died, and not long afterwards her father followed. I then took Louisa home, and treated her as my sister. I loved her inexpressibly, but still I was silent; what could I offer her but my heart! My passion, however betrayed itself. Louisa gave me her hand, and I was rendered completely happy. Yes, I possess nothing but the heart of my wife, every thing else belongs to the unfortunate; but her love is accompanied with inestimable felicity."

[*To be continued.*]

LITERARY BOUQUET.

FROM the nuptial sacrifices of old it was a custom to take away the gall, and to cast it on the ground, to signify that between the young couple there should be no bitterness or discontent, but that sweetness and love should fill up the whole space of their lives. We shall find in the two following instances not only the gall taken away, but such conjugal affection, and such proficients in this lesson of love, that they may seem to have improved it to the utmost perfection.

INSTANCE OF TENDERNESS IN A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Meleager challenged to himself the chief honour of slaying the Caledonian boar. This being denied him, he sat in his chamber so angry and discontented, that when the Curetes were assaulting the city where he lived, he would not stir out to lend his fellow-citizens the least assistance. The elders, magistrates, the chiefs of the city, and the priests came to him with the humblest supplications, but he

would not move; they offered a great reward, but he scorned alike both it and them. His father, Æmæus, came to him, and embracing his knees, sought to make him relent, but in vain; his mother came, and after much entreaty was refused; his sisters and his most familiar friends were sent to him, and begged he would not forsake them in their last extremity; but his fierce mind was not to be so wrought upon. In the mean time the enemy had broken into the city, and then came his wife, Cleopatra, trembling:—"O, my dearest love!" said she, "help us, or we are lost; the enemy has already entered." The hero was moved by this voice alone, and was roused at the apprehension of danger to his beloved wife. He armed himself, went forth, and returned not till he had repulsed the enemy, and put the city in its usual safety and security.

INSTANCE OF AFFECTION IN A WIFE TO A HUSBAND.

In the reign of Vespasian there was a rebellion in Gaul, the chief leader of which was Julius Sabinus. The Gauls being reduced, the Captain was sought after to be punished; but he had hid himself in a vault, or cave, which was the monument of his grandfather, and caused a report to be spread of his death, as if he had voluntarily poisoned himself: and the better to persuade men of the truth of it, he caused his house to be set on fire, as if his body had therein been burned. He had a wife, whose name was Epopina; she knew nothing of his safety, but bewailed his death with inconsolable grief; there were only two of his freed men who were privy to it, who pitying their lady (being determined to die, and who had therefore abstained from food for three days together,) declared her purpose to her husband, and besought him to save her who loved him so well. It was granted; and she was told that her Sabinus lived. She went to him in the tomb, where they lived undiscovered for many years, during which time she had several children in that solitary mansion. At last, the place of her abode came to be known; they were taken, and brought to Rome, where Vespasian commanded they should be slain. Epopina then producing her children, said—"Behold, O Cæsar! these children whom I have brought forth and bred in a monument that thou mightest have more suppliants for our lives." But the cruel Vespasian could not be moved with such words as these; they were both led to death, and Epopina joyfully died with her husband, with whom she had been buried for so many years before.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

When the Princess Elizabeth came forth from her confinement in the Tower, she went into the church of Allhallows Steyning, in Mark-lane, the first church she found open, to return thanks for her deliverance from prison. As soon as the pious work was concluded, and the thanksgiving finished, the Princess and her attendants retired to the *King's Head*, in Fenchurch-street, to take some refreshment; and here her Royal Highness was regaled with *pork and pease*. The memory of the visit is still preserved there, and on the 17th of November, her Highness's birth-day, many people meet to eat pork and pease in honour of the visit and the day. It must be observed, however, that as the Princess came from her confinement in the Tower (according to Mr. Nichols, in his Progresses) some day in May, the original day has probably been forgotten, and the birth-day substituted in its stead. A print of the Princess Elizabeth, from a picture by Hans Holbein, hangs in the great room of the tavern, and the dish (which appears to be of a mixed metal) in which the pork and peas were served up, still remains as an ornament on one of the shelves in the kitchen, though much decayed by time and long services.

ANECDOTES OF LORD NELSON.

When very young, and on a visit to his grandmother at Hilborough, he was invited by another boy to go bird's-nesting. As he did not return at the usual dinner hour, the old lady became alarmed, and dispatched messengers different ways to search for him. The little ramblers at length were discovered under a hedge, counting over the spoils of the day, and the young Horatio was brought home. His relation was angry with him for being absent from home without leave, and concluded with saying,—"I wonder *fear* did not drive you home." Horatio innocently replied,—"Madam, I never saw FEAR."

It is known that at the age of fifteen, young Nelson proceeded with Captain Lutwidge, accompanying Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) on a voyage of discovery towards the north pole. In those high northern latitudes the nights are generally clear; during one of them, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, young Nelson was missing; every search that was instantly made after him was in vain, and it was at length imagined he was lost; when lo! as the rays

of the rising sun opened the distant horizon, he was discerned, to the great astonishment of his messmates, at a considerable distance on the ice, armed with a single musket, in anxious pursuit of an immense bear. The lock of the musket being injured, the piece would not go off, and he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and of being at length able to effect his purpose with the butt end. On his return, Captain Lutwidge reprimanded him for leaving the ship without leave; and in a severe tone demanded what motive could possibly have induced him to undertake so rash an action. The young hero replied with great simplicity, "I wished, Sir, to get the skin for my father."

SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN THE RIVER DE LA PLATA.

There have been at different periods of time very remarkable instances of the convulsions of nature, but there are few recorded equal to (and none exceeding) the following.

In the year 1793 the waters of this river were forced, in the month of April, by a most violent current of wind to the distance of ten leagues, so that the neighbouring plains were entirely inundated, and the bed of the river left quite dry. A number of ships which had been sunk in the river for upwards of thirty years, were uncovered, and amongst others an English vessel, which was cast away in the year 1762. Several persons repaired to the bed of the river, on which they could walk almost without wetting their feet, and returned laden with silver and other riches, which had long been buried under water. This phenomenon, which may be long ranked among the grand revolutions of nature, continued three days, at the end of which the wind ceased, and the water returned with great violence to its natural bed.

SPANISH ARMADA.

The custom of eating goose on a Michaelmas day, is said to have originated with Queen Elizabeth; being on a visit to one of her seaports when our fleet had gone out to oppose the Spanish armada, just as she had sat down to dinner, of which a goose formed a part, news was brought her of the total defeat of the enemy. Her majesty at that moment ordered that the dish then before her might be served up on every twenty-ninth day of September, in commemoration of such a glorious event.

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN'S WIG.

When Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going on board a boat in order to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side; when the Admiral taking off his wig stopped the leak with it, and by that means kept the boat from sinking until he reached the ship in which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy Admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

The ladies in Spain gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red; the blackest teeth are esteemed the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as the she-goats, and to render them thus their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aqualine nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their children, and in others press the head between two boards that it may become square. The Indian beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat, and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover—not silks or wreaths of flowers, but the warm entrails of animals newly slain, to dress herself with enviable ornaments. In China small eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows; it is too visible by day, but looks shining by night; they tinge their nails with a rose colour. An ornament for the nose seems to us perfectly unnecessary; the Peruvians, however, think otherwise, and they hang from it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is regulated according to the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations; through the perforation are hung various

materials, such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single, and sometimes a great number of gold rings; this is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses, and the fact is, some have informed us that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird; this bird is composed of copper or of gold, according to the rank of the person; the wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples; the tail long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers; the beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion. The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above; they carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad, with this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very straight, and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

INTRODUCTION OF COACHES INTO ENGLAND.

"In the year 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, first brought the use of coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for indeed a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of one put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil; but at last these doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade."—So far Taylor (the water poet); from other authorities we learn that the first statesman that ever set up his coach was John de Valois Dauphin, who could not travel on horseback on account of his enormous bulk. Hackney coaches were introduced in the year 1693.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

A Paris correspondent gives us the following account of one of the most ingenious stratagems played off at any time by the light fingered gentlemen of that or any other kingdom. The last time that the late Queen of France visited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier whose whole merit consisted in a heavy purse, and an ostentatious display of Eastern magnificence, sat alone in a box opposite to that of her majesty. She affected to make a parade of a costly pair of bracelets which, as the Queen now and then cast her eyes upon her, she fondly supposed attracted the admiration of her sovereign. She was hugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person dressed in the Queen's livery entered the box.—"Madam," said he, "you may have perceived how attentively the Queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which though so precious and costly still receive a greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm that bears them; I am commissioned by her to request you will entrust me with one of them, that her majesty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled jewel." Melted by the flattering compliment, she did not hesitate, and delivered one of the bracelets.

Alas! she soon repented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of her bracelet until the next morning, when an exempt of the police begged to be admitted, and chid her politely for trusting so valuable a trinket in the hands of a person who was a stranger;—"but Madam," added he, "make yourself easy, the rogue is taken up, and here is a letter from the *Lieutenant de Police*, which will explain the whole. The letter was indeed signed *De Crone*, and contained a request that the lady would repair at twelve o'clock to the office, and in the mean time deliver to the exempt *the other bracelet*, that it might be compared with the first, then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the sharper. So much attention from the chief magistrate filled her with gratitude, which she expressed in the liveliest terms, bestowing the greatest praise on the watchfulness of the police, which was in no country so vigilant as in Paris. In fine, after ordering up a dish of chocolate for the exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hand. They parted—but it was for ever; this pretended exempt proving neither more nor less than the *worthy associate of the Queen's bold messenger*.

THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME, AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

[*Concluded from P. 275, Vol. IV.*]

THE Vizir, without replying, continued thus:—The married pair proceeded to the old King's apartment, and announced to him that a sacred duty called them to their parents; that they could not accuse themselves of a guilty indifference, and of having enjoyed a perfect tranquillity at his court, whilst those to whom they owed their existence were enduring the most cruel anxiety on their account. They added, that they had also another duty to fulfil, which was, that of proclaiming to the world the munificence and kindness with which he had received them, and loaded them with gifts. This address filled the heart of the King of China with grief, which his countenance so forcibly depicted, that it gave the Prince and his consort great pain. To lessen his vexation they promised to return the following year; but he only replied by a motion of his head expressive of his incredulity, and began to weep like an infant. It was only between sobs and deep sighs, that they could gather the following words:—"O my friends, O my children! you will then leave me? You whose happiness has for seven years been my constant study, you are going to abandon me—I am going to lose you—and who knows whether you are not seeking your own ruin!"—Razimir and Dilaram vainly renewed their promise of returning and fixing their abode with him; they could not mitigate his affliction. Possessing the science of Mekachefa, he could read their thoughts; perhaps he foresaw that the period of their misfortunes was not yet arrived; and he was so deeply chagrined, that feeling assured that he should never behold his beloved companions again, and that he was going to be separated from them for ever, he conceived a disgust for life, which was now insupportable to him; he broke the charm which made him immortal, and with a loud voice called upon the angel of death, whom he had for so many centuries kept aloof. In an instant thick clouds arose, the sun was darkened, a subterraneous noise was heard, a thousand piercing shrieks echoed through the vaulted roof of the palace, and the good old man's eyes closed for ever. Scarcely had he breathed his last sigh, when the genii carried him away, the palace vanished, and the Prince, with his wife and children, found themselves, in a barren plain, so extensive that the eye could not descry its boundaries. The appearance of this desart filled them with dismay, and they wandered about for a long time without being able to discover any place which might serve them for an asylum. Fatigue, however, obliged them to take some repose, they lay down at the foot of a rock, and soon fell fast asleep. They had not remained here more than an hour, when they were awakened by the noise of men who were quarrelling and threatening each other. What was their consternation when they beheld themselves surrounded by savages, who were in the act of taking possession of them as their lawful prize! The terrified Dilaram had fainted, and Razimir, who hastened to assist her, was dragged away with a violence, which all his efforts vainly resisted. The unhappy children uttered piercing shrieks, to which the savages who held them, far from being affected, paid not the least attention. They now began to fight among themselves with incredible ferocity. Some were dangerously wounded, and others expired. One of them fell at Razimir's feet, pierced with a poisoned arrow. He, who happened at that moment not to be observed, drew the arrow from the wound, and struck several others with it, who, with horrid shrieks, expired; but he was soon overpowered by numbers, and a second time found himself in the hands of his implacable enemies. This event changed the state of things. The quarrel of these barbarians subsided whilst they divided their prisoners, for whom they cast lots. Razimir, dragged away by those to whom he fell, was thrown into a canoe, which happened to be lying on the edge of the great river by which the plain was bounded. Dilaram was taken away by others, and, notwithstanding her cries, separated from her children, whom fear and the aspect of approaching death had thrown into a stupor which rendered them almost lifeless.

"I am not sorry," said the King of Persia, "to see them punished for their ingratitude to the King of China."—"They now, Sire, most heartily repented of not having listened to his counsel, and above all of having been too

hasty in the execution of a project, the consequences of which they ought to have more maturely considered."

Razimir, however, did not remain long in the power of these barbarians; some other canoes which they perceived advancing, and observed to be filled with the most inveterate foes to their nation, spread a general alarm amongst them. They set up a terrific howl, and seeing themselves surrounded, and about to be attacked by a superior force, they resolved to jump into the river, and endeavour to save themselves by swimming from a death which otherwise would have proved inevitable.

Their prisoner remained alone in the canoe, and, alas! only changed one cruel master for another. They soon reached the canoe and fastened it to the rest, and the unhappy Razimir, forced to lie still, ascended the river with them, till they reached a place where they could with safety land.

"I shall not, without shuddering," continued the Vizir, "relate to your sublime majesty all the horrors which this unfortunate Prince witnessed and endured."

Scarcely had they all left their canoes when they were surrounded by a great number of other savages belonging to their tribe. They all now examined their victim, and howling terribly, lighted a large fire. Would you believe it, Sire, the women displayed most cruelty! It seems as if this sex, whom heaven has formed for mildness and sensibility, when wicked, surpass men in cruelty and rage. Implacable in their hatred, and often unjust, their heart is shut to pity; the destruction alone of the object of their detestation can satisfy their fury or revenge.

"Vizir," said the King, "do you know that this digression is not very polite."—"Sire," replied he, "I only speak the language of truth."—"You ought also to know," said the Queen, with much bitterness, "that truth is not always proper to be uttered."—"Never mind, never mind," said the King, "let us hear what they did."

They began, continued the Vizir, by tearing off his clothes, offering him every insult, and made him approach the blazing fire, which they did every thing in their power to render more fierce. During this time the men sung and danced around their victim, whom after having tormented in various ways, they prepared to throw into the middle of the flames, when, by unexpected good fortune, the King of this abominable country chanced to pass, and observing that they were going to sacrifice a victim, imagined that this spectacle might entertain his daughter on the day of her marriage, which was soon to take place. These barbarians received with disappointment the suspension of the horrid execution; and Razimir having resumed his clothes, was confined in a hut, guarded night and day by savages, and received no other food than the raw flesh of animals that were killed in the chace, a kind of paste made of maize, some sea-weeds, and oil from the palm-tree.

For more than a month these barbarians daily entreated their King to put him to death, but he always replied that he had deferred it, and that he should do nothing with precipitation. The long expected day was at length announced, on which the marriage was to take place, and the execution of our unhappy captive. They came to conduct him to the spot appointed for their horrid entertainment; where every thing had been prepared that could render it more dreadful; but scarcely had he proceeded a hundred yards in the midst of these monsters who surrounded him, and their women who overwhelmed him with their insults and injuries, when suddenly a a thousand cries struck the air, and suspended this scene of horror.—It was the enemy who were advancing in great numbers, and spread a general consternation.—The guards immediately abandoned their captive, ran to arm themselves, and the terrified females fled in every direction with the rapidity of lightning.

Razimir remaining alone, freed himself from the bonds by which he was confined, and endeavoured to devise some means of escape. His first care was to fly out of the reach of his murderers, his first duty to return thanks to heaven for his preservation, and to entreat that he might find an asylum where he could conceal himself from those monsters, who were ready to devour him. After having wandered for a considerable time through a barren country, he perceived a chain of rocks, which bordered a rapid river, the extent of which might have vied with the sea. He carefully examined them, and at the foot of one discovered a large cavern, at the entrance of which he remained, undecided, fearing lest it should be inhabited by some wild beast. But encouraged by the hope that this retreat might afford him a hiding-place from his enemies, he entered and lay down to rest. Nature, even in the midst of dangers, never abandons her rights. Razimir, worn out with fatigue, though far from assured of his safety, yielded to her influence, and could not help tasting a few moments repose: sleep almost immediately overpowered his senses.

He soon dreamed that he heard a voice, saying—"Prince, arise, this is no time for sleeping; with courage, perseverance, and a good conscience, we may triumph over the injustice and hatred of the wicked. Follow the course of the river, and when you have reached its source, at a short distance you will discover an old building, covered with the leaves of palm trees; you must knock three times at the door, and it will open of itself, you must enter, and there await the decrees of heaven."

All this had very much the appearance of a dream; yet Razimir thought he could not do better than obey.—"Sire, when we wander by the light of misfortunes, we, with blind confidence, grasp at any chimera which offers the slightest hope."

The Prince accordingly rose, did as he was commanded, and reached the old building: at the third knock the door opened, but no person appeared. Uncertain how he should act, and fearing to penetrate further, he seated himself at the door, to await the ordinances of heaven. In about a quarter of an hour, he beheld an old man standing on the brink of the river performing his ablution. He immediately approached, and asked him whether he was a Mussulman?—"You may see that," replied the old man, "by the duty I have just been fulfilling; but you, young man, who are you?"—"An unfortunate being, who for twelve years has been exposed to the greatest trials."—"To look at you, one would imagine that you were born to a far different fate; the more I examine you the greater is my belief that your noble and interesting figure was formed to govern men, and that your right ought to be a throne."—"You are not deceived," replied Razimir; "a powerful King was the author of my birth; but the most strange and incredible events have long separated me from him, and perhaps for ever."—"Continue, amiable Prince, lay your heart open to me; divest yourself of all suspicion, for I swear by the holy prophet, that my only happiness shall be to serve you." The Prince no longer hesitated to confide in him. The unfortunate are ever ready to relate their tale of woe to those who seem inclined to console them. He began by telling him that he was the son of the King of Carizime.——"O, mighty Allah!" exclaimed the old man, "the horoscope is then accomplished, which nearly cost me my life!—What, Prince, is it you, then, who were carried away in a boat into which your imprudence had led you?"——"Myself; but you astonish me: how came you acquainted with this event, from which I have derived all my misfortunes?"—"I ought not to be unacquainted with it," replied the old man. "I was born in the dominions of the King, your father, and in me you behold one of the astrologers who were assembled at your birth, to draw your horoscope, and whom he compelled to speak, and afterwards wished to punish for having declared truths which they sought to conceal. The King of Carizime was so much affected at your disappearance, and his health was so much impaired by grief, that death soon terminated his sufferings. His subjects very severely felt his loss, and still regret him sincerely. The Queen, overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of her husband and son, and too much afflicted to devote her attention to the affairs of her kingdom, left them to the care of her prime minister, and retired to an hermitage, which she had caused to be erected near the spot where you were so mysteriously taken from her, doubtless by magic. Her tearful eyes were incessantly turned towards the ocean, in the hope of seeing you return; but after six months of anxious watching and expectation, her health became impaired, and her eyes closed in death whilst imploring heaven for your safety. I shall not relate to you all the horrid scenes which this loss produced. The prime minister wished to take possession of the throne, but his government was become odious to the people: several parties were formed against him, his authority was despised, and they even went so far as to attack him in his own palace. The nobles took up arms, the people revolted, and from that period the kingdom of Carizime has been a prey to the most terrible civil dissention. For my part, I escaped in the midst of these troubles; I have traversed many countries, incessantly reproaching myself for the cruel truths which my art had taught me respecting your destiny, and the misfortunes which they had caused the authors of your being. Weary with wandering over the earth, I sought an asylum in this solitary spot, where my days glide away in peace and tranquillity; and death, which I am awaiting, has nothing to terrify me. This island is governed by a Queen endowed with every virtue; her subjects are the happiest people in existence. Her wisdom is their guide, her goodness enchants, and her justice enlightens them; they adore her, and never cease to sing her praises.

"I have not forgotten our observations, and they inform me that the moment is arrived when a happier fate awaits you. You are now approaching your sixth lustre; your horoscope is accomplished. To-morrow, Prince, I will conduct you to the grand vizir, who is in every

respect deserving of the confidence of his royal mistress; he will present you to the Queen, and you cannot fail of meeting with a favourable reception. It is even possible that she may take so lively an interest in your misfortunes, as to procure you the means of returning to your states. It is certain that on seeing you return, your subjects would fly to meet you, hail you as their legitimate monarch, and place you on the throne which is your undoubted right." The Prince willingly acquiesced in the old man's advice, and the next day they repaired to visit the vizir.

The latter was no sooner informed of the Prince's title, than shewing the greatest marks of surprise, he exclaimed, "O Allah! it is to thee alone that it belongs to perform such miracles! Come Prince of Carizime," continued he, "let us seek the Queen, and you will soon know that my astonishment was not without great cause." On saying this, he led the way to the palace, and when they had reached the entrance of the Queen's apartment, begged the Prince to wait for a moment whilst he announced him to her majesty, that he might be insured a favourable reception.

In a short time the door opened, and the vizir conducted Razimir to the foot of the throne——"O heavens!" exclaimed the Queen, on recognizing the Prince, and opening her arms to receive him—"What joy, what happiness—is it really you, Razimir, whom I behold?"—"What do I hear?"—in his turn, exclaimed the Prince—"what voice is that—Dilaram! my beloved Dilaram! have I again found you! O Mahomet! it is to thee I owe this felicity.—Ah!" continued he, "whatever afflictions I have experienced, thy kindness greatly surpasses thy wrath, since thou hast restored her to my arms!"

They embraced with an ardour that may be better conceived than described. Razimir now enquired for his children, "you shall soon see them," replied the Queen; "they are gone at my request to offer consolation and relief to the inhabitants of a village which has been struck by lightning. It is by such acts as these, that I strive to form their hearts to benevolence. While awaiting their return, I will satisfy your curiosity, by informing you how I have ascended this throne, which I am ready to quit to follow you, if my people do not consent that you should share it with me."

As soon as the savages who separated us, had got me and my children in their possession, they confined them on one side, and me on the other of a rock, the entrance of which they guarded, disputing amongst themselves, on the division of their victims. They were soon attacked by men of another nation, who destroyed the greater part of them, and put the remainder to flight. The conquerors took us with them towards a canoe, which they had fastened to the beach, and we soon joined a ship which had been left at some distance. These new masters, whom Heaven had sent us, treated us with mildness, and our fears began to subside, when a dreadful tempest arose, which, notwithstanding all the efforts of our sailors, dashed our ship with such violence against the rocks on this coast, that she went to pieces, and left us with inevitable death in view. For my part, without intreating Heaven to spare my unhappy life, I embraced my children, expecting to die with them. We were just on the point of being swallowed up when several inhabitants of this island, having at a distance witnessed our misfortune, came to our assistance, dragged us half dead out of the water, and perceiving that we still breathed, carried us to their habitations, and by their unwearied attentions recalled us to life.

The king of the island being informed of our misfortunes, wished to see us. He was a man of about forty, beloved by his subjects, but not more than he deserved. I concealed nothing from him; I related my history, and informed him of my name and birth; he appeared much affected by the succession of misfortunes I had experienced, and after having listened to me with equal interest and attention, he said to me:—"My daughter, we must support the afflictions which Heaven sends us with fortitude; it is by such trials as these that it proves our virtue. Remain with me; I will take care of you and your children." He did not content himself with loading me with honours and gifts; he often consulted me on affairs of state; he wished me to become one of his council, and my advice was always followed by the praise which he bestowed on my penetration, and the mildness of the measures I proposed. I had lived for some time in this manner, when one day the King sent for me, and said to me:—"Princess, it is time for you to be made acquainted with a design which I have formed. I am desirous that you should succeed me to the throne; but I can only insure it you by giving you my hand, and receiving yours. My people, who are charmed with your virtue, will applaud my choice, and will be thankful to me for securing to you the advantage of reigning over them." "I hesitated for some time," my beloved Razimir; "but almost despairing of ever seeing you again, the interest of my sons overcame my scruples. My marriage was celebrated, to the

great joy of the people, who were not less satisfied, when, on the death of my husband, which soon followed our union, his will ordered them to recognize me as their lawful sovereign. Since that period I have reigned over them, and my constant study has been to make them happy."

Scarcely had Dilaram concluded her recital, when the young Princes were announced.—"Approach," cried she, "and embrace your father; and return thanks to that Being who has preserved him to you." They fell at the feet of the Prince of Carizime, and were for a considerable time locked in his warm embraces.

The vizir received orders to assemble the people, and the nobles of the kingdom, to relate to them the story of the Prince of Carizime, and to exhort them to recognize him as their sovereign; instantly ten thousand joyful acclamations resounded from all parts, and Razimir was proclaimed King. This worthy couple, whom fate had so long persecuted, reigned for many years in this island. The Prince of Carizime, during the second year of his authority, levied a powerful army, built ships to transport his troops to the states of his father, appeased the troubles by which it was convulsed, drove away the usurper, and became possessor of that fine kingdom; joined it with the islands which belonged to the Princess of Georgia, and this alliance of their people still increased their felicity.

"Sire," added the vizir, "you have seen by this history, that the children of kings, like others, are subject to the misfortunes incident to humanity; but your majesty must also have remarked, that the Prince of Carizime's horoscope was fulfilled; that if his execution among the savages had not been deferred, he would not have reached the moment which was to terminate his calamities. Prince Nourgehan is in a similar situation; take pity on him, then, Sire, and let your wisdom dissuade you from executing the decree which you have pronounced against him, till the period shall have arrived which can alone give you any certainty respecting the existence of the crime laid to his charge.

THE APPARITION.

MR. EDITOR,

How often when I have been in company, and the conversation has turned on the impossibility of supernatural appearances, have I heard old and intelligent people observe:—"To be sure such things are not to be accounted for, but facts prove that they are very possible." This assertion was commonly followed by a long string of circumstances proving the existence of ghosts, which had occurred either to themselves or their friends. Some of these facts are certainly very striking, it is therefore with pleasure that I increase the number with the following literally true narrative of an adventure which befel myself while at college.

I had already been a year and a half at the university, and had lived during that time in the third story of the house then rented by Professor ——. The room belonging to the maid-servant who attended me, and Rose, the Professor's pretty nursery-maid, was on the second floor. One night in the month of December, I came home about eleven o'clock, and in passing went into the servants' apartment to light a candle. Here I began to joke with them on their carelessness in leaving their door open so late, and threatened, laughing, to pay them a moon-light visit before long. "Yes," replied the nursery-maid, "you tried to do it last night, but why did you not come in? you were afraid, I suppose, because it was so dark; but we unlocked the door again directly as soon as you were gone." I assured the girl that she was mistaken, and that I had never made any such attempt. Rose's companion confirmed the girl's story, and I persisted in my assertion, which was strictly consistent with truth.

The girls were as much at a loss what to think of the matter as myself, till at length my maid took it into her head that the nocturnal visitor of the preceding night could be no other than the ghost of old Dr. S——, the former possessor of the house, by whom, she assured me, it was yet haunted. On this she described him as a tall thin man, in a scarlet plush coat, with a huge wig, spindle shanks, and long, withered, fleshless hands. At this idea and account I laughed heartily, took my candle, and retired to my apartment, where I drank a few glasses of light wine, and read for a short time before I went to bed. I know not how long I might have slept when the above-mentioned Dr. S—— appeared in the identical dress which the maid had described; and without ceremony, or uttering a single word, seized me with his skeleton hand below the

right breast. I attempted to defend myself and this awakened me. The Doctor had vanished, but still I felt his ice-cold hand below my breast. I kept striking at it, threw off the bed-clothes, talked aloud to convince myself that I was not dreaming, and struck with increased violence at the hand which held me fast, but in vain; I found it impossible to disengage myself.—"It cannot be a dream," cried I, springing out of bed. I ran to the window, and tried to throw it up, but as it would not immediately open, I dashed it in pieces with such force that the noise brought a shoemaker, who lived on the opposite side of the street, and was still at work, to his window. "Well done!" cried he, "some tipsy student or other is pelting away at the Professor's windows."—I could not forbear laughing aloud at the man's conjecture. During all this time I was struggling with the death-cold hand, and striving in vain to release myself from its grasp. I looked out of the window to be convinced that I was in the full possession of my faculties, and still feeling the strange hand maintain its hold, I began to consider how I should procure a light and discover the truth of the matter. At length it occurred to me to use my right hand, for hitherto I had fought only with my left; and behold the icy-hand quitted its place! for it was no other than my own. It had probably lain uncovered, and had grasped my side in consequence of the cramp, or some other affection of that kind. Next day I found visible traces of this nocturnal apparition in five black marks under my breast. Had I possessed more delicate nerves, a little more faith in ghosts, and a timid character, I might easily, after jumping out of bed and convincing myself that I was awake, have fainted away, and next day have shewn my five black marks as proof positive that the kind-hearted Dr. S——, who took pleasure all his life in doing good, had appeared to me in the character of a persecuting spirit.

Unimportant as this story may be in many respects, still I think that it may furnish a key to the explanation of many accounts of apparitions, for which reason I have transmitted it to you to make what use of it you please.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Vol. IV. Page* 210.]

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Spots upon the Skin.

THE skin is subject to various kinds of spots, which proceed from different causes; they might therefore be divided into distinct classes, but this classification, which would doubtless be extremely useful, we shall leave to professional men, and treat in this place only of those species which are the most common.

Some persons have spots, or marks, which they bring with them into the world, or which come during the first years of their lives; these spots are not removed without great difficulty by the means employed for that purpose; nay, some, especially if they are of large size, resist every remedy that may be used. It must, however, be observed, that these marks are not always drawbacks upon beauty. Some are so well placed that women are extremely proud of them, and give them the pompous appellation of beauty-spots. They sometimes give a certain archness to the countenance, and expression to the looks, and serve as foils to set off the fairness of the skin. In women of dark complexions they are particularly becoming; such spots are real patches which they have received from the hand of nature. On the other hand, these marks, if too numerous, are a real imperfection; they distort and impart a coarseness to the features, and totally destroy the harmony of the face. In this case all the means which art affords us should be used for their removal; but care must at the same time be taken to avoid those too violent caustics, which when indiscreetly employed, might leave behind upon the skin marks that would disfigure it for ever. Among the caustics, therefore, the mildest ought to be selected; for this purpose the distilled water of the great blind nettle is recommended; if this should prove ineffectual, recourse may be had to more powerful caustics. Make use, for instance, of oil of tartar mixed with a

little water to weaken it. There have been cases, though they are indeed rare, in which amputation has been resorted to; but this remedy, in my opinion, is much more to be dreaded in this instance than the disease.

The sun produces red spots which are known by the name of freckles; these have no apparent elevation, but by the touch it may be perceived that they give a slight degree of roughness to the epidermis. These spots come upon the skin in those parts which are habitually exposed to the air.

To prevent freckles, or being sun-burnt, it is necessary to avoid walking abroad uncovered; a veil alone, or a straw-hat, is sufficient for most women; there are, however, others whose more delicate skin requires a more powerful preservative. The following is recommended by an intelligent physician :—

Take one pound of bullock's gall, one dram of rock alum, half an ounce of sugar-candy, two drams of borax, and one dram of camphor; mix them together, stir the whole for a quarter of an hour, and then let it stand. Repeat this three or four times a day for a fortnight, that is to say, till the gall appears as clear as water; then strain it through blotting-paper, and put it away for use. Apply it when obliged to go abroad into the sun-shine, or into the country, taking care to wash your face at night with common water.

Those who have not taken the precautions mentioned above, must resort to the means which art has discovered for removing these spots.

The following process is recommended as one of the most efficacious for clearing a sun-burnt complexion, and imparting the most beautiful tint to the skin :—at night on going to bed, crush some strawberries upon the face, leave them there all night and they will become dry; next morning wash with chervil water, and the skin will appear fresh, fair, and brilliant.

Another process.—Take a bunch of green grapes; dip it in water, and then sprinkle it with alum and salt; wrap it in paper, and bake it under hot ashes. Express the juice, and wash the face with it. This liquor removes freckles and sun-burning.

Another.—Take half a pint of milk, squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, add a spoonful of brandy and boil the whole. Skim it well, after which take it off the fire and put it aside for use. It would not be amiss to add also a small quantity of loaf-sugar and rock alum.

Wash for removing freckles.—Take equal parts of roots of wild cucumber and narcissus, dry them in the shade, reduce them to a very fine powder, and put it into some good brandy. Wash the face with it till you begin to feel an itching, on which wash with cold water; repeat this every day till the freckles are removed, which they cannot fail to be in a short time, because this liquid is somewhat caustic.

The Princess Livia Colonna, adds the author from whom we borrow this process, made use of this remedy with very great success; she learned the secret from a Neapolitan gentleman who had travelled in Turkey.

Some persons, in order to remove the effects of sun-burning, use asses, or even women's milk, alkalies, or lixivial salts, ointment composed of butter of cacao, spermaceti and balm of Mecca, yolk of eggs beaten up in oil of lilies, &c.

Wash for removing black spots on the skin.—Take one pound of bullock's gall, and mix with it half an ounce of powdered alum; beat the whole up together; a considerable ebullition with effervescence will take place, and the liquor will become turbid like thick mud, of a yellowish green; but a deposit is gradually formed at the bottom of the vessel, the liquid clarifies in the sun, and turns to a red approaching to gridelin. Let it stand five or six days, and separate the scum which floats at the top, and the thick sediment at the bottom; put this clear liquor into a phial, cork it well, and expose it to the sun for three or four months. Another sediment will be formed at the bottom of the vessel, and a lump of grease, very white and hard, of the size of a walnut, will by degrees accumulate on the surface of the liquor; which will change from a red colour to a lemon-yellow, and will smell like boiled lobster.

This liquor is an excellent remedy for black spots on the skin. To apply it take a dram and a half of this liquid, and the same quantity of oil of tartar; add one ounce of river water; mix the whole together, and keep it in a well corked phial. Only a small quantity of this mixture ought to be made at a time, because it will not keep long. To apply it, dip a finger in the liquid and wet the spots with it; let it dry, apply more, and repeat this seven or eight times a day, till the place, when dry, begins to appear red. A very slight smarting, or rather tickling, will then be felt, and for a day or two the skin will look somewhat mealy. This farinaceous substance falls off and the spots disappear.

A third kind of spots are those which come upon pregnant women; by some they are denominated *ephelides*, a name which is also given to the spots of which we have just treated, and with which they ought not however to be

confounded. This similarity in name might lead some to treat both in the same manner, especially as they exhibit nearly the same appearance; like the others they are brown, and sometimes reddish spots, which affect the face and forehead; but the means recommended in the former instance are not adapted to the present case. Freckles owe their existence in a great measure to external causes; the spots of which we are now treating, are, on the contrary, the effect of internal causes, and particularly of certain indispositions to which females are subject. In certain cases these spots sometimes disappear of themselves about the fourth month; sometimes they come and go several times during the period of indisposition, without disappearing entirely till after the crisis. At others they are more obstinate.

We would recommend those females, who are desirous of removing these spots, to anoint their faces with honey in which have been mixed laurel seeds skinned and pulverized, or to wash the part affected with an emulsion of endive seed.

Unmarried females, who experience an irregularity, or nervous affection and constraint, are likewise subject to the same spots; they may get rid of them by rubbing them with a cloth soaked in juice of bugloss-root cut and squeezed; but it must be observed, that it is absolutely necessary the cause which first produced them should have first ceased to exist, otherwise every external remedy would be totally useless.

A fourth kind of spots are those of old age, and these are incontestably the most disagreeable of all. Perhaps our readers may be surprized that we should mention them. "At that age,"—some of them exclaim. At that age, we reply, people are very often as proud of their persons as in their youth. Are not aged people indefatigable in their search after the means of disguising the cruel ravages of unsparing time? They will not be angry, we hope, to find something for them; besides, the young will at the same time be made acquainted with the means of silencing those indiscreet witnesses of the rapid progress of years. The spots of which I am speaking are formed with age, and more particularly in those females who have not made a regular use of the cosmetics which preserve the delicacy, the suppleness, and the flexibility of the skin. They first attack the nose, forming on either side a kind of plate which looks like boiled leather. They sometimes extend to the cheeks and forehead; the skin then acquires a very considerable thickness. This thick crust it is necessary to destroy, and that is no trifling affair; it cannot be effected without employing successively two different processes. The part must first be moistened and softened sufficiently with emollients, and afterwards caustics, of the kind we have indicated above for marks, must be applied. If these caustics should prove too weak, then make use of water distilled from bullock's gall, in which a small quantity of salt has been dissolved. But we repeat that the skin must previously be thoroughly softened; and if the caustics fail to produce all the effect that is expected of them, the reason is because the first direction has not been exactly complied with, and it is necessary to begin again with the emollients.

These spots, we observed, attack particularly such women as have not been in the habit of using cosmetics. This is the hideous stamp which the deity of the toilette impresses upon all those who have not frequented his altars; it is thus that he punishes them sooner or later for their neglect of his worship, and that he demonstrates to the whole fair sex the utility of cosmetics.

Ye who yet shine in all the splendor of spring, if you would then prevent these bitter fruits of the winter of age, this kind of cutaneous inlaid work, this not very pleasing metamorphosis of a soft and delicate skin into a thick tawny leather, make use of virgin milk, of the strawberry-wash, such a wonderful embellisher of the skin, of the mucilaginous applications which preserve its suppleness; in a word, of the other compositions recommended in this work to polish the skin, to make it soft, delicate, and brilliant.

[*To be continued.*]

INTERESTING PARTICULARS CONCERNING SPAIN,

AND THE

CHARACTER OF ITS INHABITANTS.

THE important political events which are at this moment drawing upon Spain the attention of the world, will, we presume, render the following particulars relative to that country and its inhabitants acceptable to the majority of our readers:—

This interesting country is situated between the 36th and 44th degrees of north latitude, and between 3° of east and 9° of west longitude from London. The greatest length from west to east is about 600 miles, and the breadth from north to south upwards of 500; thus forming, if we include Portugal, almost a compact square, surrounded on all sides by the sea, except where the Pyrennean chain forms a grand natural barrier against France. Spain contains about 148,000 square miles, and eleven millions of inhabitants.

Bourgoing has observed that the divisions of Spain received in maps and books of geography are little known in practice. The three provinces of Biscay, Navarre as a kingdom, and the Asturias as a principality, form states apart, which neither admit custom-houses nor intendants, nor scarcely any appearance of fiscal government. In this respect all the rest of the monarchy is divided into twenty-two provinces for the crown of Castile, and four for that of Arragon. These provinces are of very unequal extent, those of Castile being the kingdom of Gallicia, the provinces of Burgos, Leon, Zamora, Salamanca, Estremadura, Palencia, Valladolid, Segovia, Avila, Toro, Toledo, Mancha, Murcia, Guadalaxara, Cuença, Soria, Madrid and Andalusia, which comprises four provinces decorated with the title of kingdoms, which they bore under the Moors, namely, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada. The four provinces of the crown of Arragon are, the kingdom of Arragon, the kingdom of Valentia, the principality of Catalonia, and the kingdom of Majorca.

The climate of Spain has been deservedly praised as equal, if not superior to that of any country in Europe; but in the southern provinces, the heat is insalubrious, and malignant fevers sometimes sweep off great numbers. The chains of mountains which intersect the country at different intervals, contribute, however, to temper the climate, and supply cooling breezes. In the south the sea breeze agreeably diversifies the heat of summer, and in the northern provinces the severity of the winter is allayed by the proximity of the ocean, which generally supplies gales that are rather humid than frosty.

The face of the country, though it exhibits a great number of unproductive tracts, is in general delightful, abounding in fragrant pasturage, vineyards and groves of orange-trees, and the hills and wastes themselves being clothed with wild thyme, rosemary, and lavender. Its principal productions are,—wool, so highly esteemed for the excellence of its quality, silk, oil, wine, and fruits. The sugar-cane thrives in this country, and it might supply all Europe with saffron; sumach, an useful article in the preparation of morocco-leather, abounds in the mountains of Granada; the mastic, the palm, the cedar, the cork-tree, and even cotton and pepper grow in many parts; the superb American aloe, which is in England one of the most magnificent ornaments of our gardens, grows here without cultivation, and forms whole hedges. The rivers and streams of Spain are numerous, and the chains of mountains give a grand variety to the prospect of the country.

The revenues of the crown amount to five millions and a half sterling. Those derived from America, in addition, are immense; but it is calculated that not above one million sterling enters the coffers of the king. The finances are badly regulated, and the public debt prodigious.

In 1794, the military establishment of Spain consisted of 114,000 men; but at present it is thought not to exceed 80,000, a great proportion of whom have been with politic precaution drawn by Buonaparte out of the country. Of late years Spain has paid great attention to her navy, which has however been crippled in the recent warfare with Britain; the ships of the line can now scarcely be computed at more than fifty.

The Spanish monarchy, previous to the recent revolution, was in every sense absolute. The power of the aristocracy has of late years been greatly abridged, chiefly by the influence of the royal favourite, the Prince of the Peace. In pursuance of the same system, the Cortes, or supreme councils, which possessed an

authority greater than the parliament of England, have been for some time abolished.

The privy council, which prepares business and arranges papers for the Junta, or council of state, is composed of a number of nobles and grandees, nominated by the king. The Junta itself, a sort of cabinet council, consists of the first secretary of state, and three or four other ministers, who directed every thing according to the will of the king, or latterly of the favourite.

The only religion tolerated in Spain is the Roman Catholic. In ecclesiastical matters the king is supreme; he nominates all archbishops and bishops, and even to most of the smaller benefices. He taxes the revenues of the clergy, and no papal bull can be published without his approbation.

There is no doubt but climate has an influence over the various characteristic dispositions of nations; but, to deduce from this alone the origin of serious and melancholy constitutions, is an error demonstrated by facts, which every individual is at liberty to verify. The climate of England is damp and foggy; this is the cause of that spleen and taciturnity which prevail in the English nation, according to the opinion of the French; but the climate of Spain and Turkey being light, the sky serene, and the sun always resplendent, ought to incline the people of those countries to mirth; nevertheless the Turks and the Spaniards are silent, dull, and thoughtful. The climate of Sweden and of Petersburgh is cold, foggy, and damp, yet the Swedes and Russians are as lively as the French.

It is well ascertained that high degrees of civilization far from facilitating the expansion and display of great characters, tend only to restrain them within the bounds of established custom. The passions are masked by forms, and by those deceitful manners which are qualified with the denomination of of politeness and *bon ton*; the inhabitants of the country, or mountains particularly, whose manners are harsh and rusticated, have more openness and sincerity of disposition. In cities, the great springs of the soul lose their elasticity, and at length have neither play nor strength.

But to return to the Spaniards. What nation in the known world has a more ardent imagination, a more acute and penetrating wit? What people are more fiery, more enthusiastic, and more constant in their undertakings? No obstacle can discourage them; if any offer, they behold them coolly, and surmount them by dint of patience. The fortress of San Fernando, commonly called Figueras, was overlopked by three mountains, two of which were within gun-shot, and the third within reach of bombs. Had Figueras belonged to the French, or any other nation, they doubtless would have decided that it was best to fortify these three mountains, and thus prevent the approach of an enemy to the fortress. The Spaniards thought it more simple to lower the mountains; two are already reduced below the fire of the place, and they are at work in levelling down the third. The government thought proper to dig a port at Tarragona, a city in Catalonia. Tarragona is situated in the centre of a bay that forms a semi-circle; steep rocks line the shore all along, and they decided to drive the sea further off; a mine was sprung in consequence of that decision, and a rock being thereby detached and thrown forward, they formed a jetty about six thousand yards in length, under which shelter their men of war have already passed the winter in safety. It is intended to gain about four thousand yards more, and by the constant labour of seven hundred galley-slaves, a work will be completed which alone would establish the glory of the age. But Tarragona is in Spain, and the Spaniard who constantly aims at what is useful, labours without ostentation, and cares but little for that vapour called vanity. He does not publish wonders, as other nations have done before they were undertaken; their utility alone distinguishes them after they are completed. It is reckoned that three feet a day are conquered from the sea by the exertions of these seven hundred galley-slaves.

It is deserving of remark in the Spanish character, that a nation which carries passion to a degree of frenzy, is, in its intercourse with the sex, most open-hearted and sincere. The Spaniard possesses a brave and manly spirit; he speaks to his prince with respect, but likewise with a freedom that belongs to the proper dignity of man; a dignity which he is fully conscious of, and which foreigners confound with pride.

The Spaniard is proud; but his pride does not incline him to insolence and arrogance; he does not express much, but he is sincere in what he does express; he makes no shew of politeness, but his benevolence proceeds from the heart; he is compassionate and kind, and displays no ostentation in his mode of doing good.

The Spaniards are thought to be grave; but gravity is the mark of nations and persons who think, and preserve their own dignity; and gravity does not exclude gaiety; whoever has seen them dance the *fandango* and *valse*,

must have inferred that they are not always grave. To talk is the result of imperious necessity among the French, it is an error of vanity and good manners; to be silent is reckoned a sign of pride and stupidity. The success of a man in society is calculated according to the quantity of words which he utters; the ideas he follows too closely are heavy; a matter deeply investigated becomes a tiresome subject of conversation. In a quarter of an hour a Frenchman, a Parisian particularly, must, if he wishes to acquire the reputation of a clever fellow, review all the news of the day, from politics down to fashions, explain the system of cabinets, foretel their consequences, criticise the new productions, give the best account of an engagement if in time of war, but above all he must not fail to mention Mademoiselle Rolandeau's song, and the tragic merits of Mademoiselle Georges or Duchesnois; thus qualified he may be deemed an accomplished and a charming man! The flegmatic Spaniard calculates and speaks deliberately; he follows without vivacity the plan he has formed, but he follows it steadily; therefore finishes what the Frenchman but begins. The Spaniard does not always perform great things, but he never undertakes useless ones. Silent by disposition, concentrating his ideas, he acquires the greater neatness of thought and propriety of expression. It requires *four* French sentences to convey an idea which the Spaniard will express in *one*. It might be asserted that a Spaniard has thought more during one year than a Frenchman during his whole life.

It has been pretty generally said that the Spaniards are lazy; but on what is this assertion founded? On the little activity observed among the Castilians. Go into Galicia, and there you will learn that 60,000 Galicians yearly quit their province and spread as far as Andalusia. They set out in May, and return in September, some bringing back from four to five pounds sterling. Thirty thousand likewise go yearly into Portugal, to labour in the harvest and vintage; they also bring back the earnings of their labour. Their country is enriched with their industrious periodical emigrations. Visit Biscay, Navarre, Arragon, Catalonia, Valentia, Andalusia, and in general the mountainous provinces in Spain, with all those contiguous to the sea, and then charge their active and industrious inhabitants with idleness and indolence if you can. The native of Castile is indolent, his national character is *otium cum dignitate*; but Castile is but one among many; it ought not to be taken for the whole when you wish to be a fair and impartial judge. The aboriginal Spaniard is active, and apt to labour and industry. I confess that the Spaniard who descends from the Visigoths has not that ardour and aptitude which distinguishes the native Spaniard. The Castilian is lazy, it is true, but his indolence and laziness proceed rather from his partiality to ancient customs; a ridiculous partiality, indeed, since it proves prejudicial to the good of society. From an immemorial lapse of time, the most arduous labours, those of agriculture are, in Castile, allotted to that sex which nature has destined to alleviate the moral and physical pains of man; you see the women in the fields ploughing and sowing the ground, while the men, wrapped up in their cloaks, are basking in the sun in public places (*lo mando el sol*); and this is their only occupation.

To encourage women in the practice of these agricultural labours, the ancient Castilians instituted a distribution of prizes, which took place yearly, with which those who had distinguished themselves by exertions were crowned. They thus, out of pride, recompensed that diligence which encouraged their indolence and sloth. This festival is abolished, but the Castilians are still lazy.

The celebrated author of the *Cartas Marucas*, Colonel Don Joseph de Cadahalso, in a critique on his own countrymen, says, "There are a great many of them who rise late, take their chocolate very hot, and drink cold water afterwards; dress, go to market, purchase a couple of chickens; hear mass, return to the market-place; walk about for a short time, enquire the chit-chat news, return home, dine very slowly, take their afternoon nap (*siesta*), rise again, walk in the fields, return home, take refreshments, go into company, play, return at night, say their prayers, sup, and go to bed."

But what country has not its loungers, such as those who at Paris frequent the Thuilleries, the Champs Elysées, the Palais Royal; in London New Bond-street, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, &c. &c. whose chief morning occupation is a consultation with the boot-maker, or taylor, and whose evening employment is, at Paris, the play-house, Frescati, and La Roulette; in London, the tavern, the theatres, houses of ill fame, or gaming clubs. Of those three modes of idling time away, the Spanish is the least pernicious; but who would think of judging the English or the French from these particular instances? There are in every country persons who consume their days in futile occupations, and kill time in every way they possibly can.

The Spaniard is said to be ignorant. It has been pretty well ascertained that Spain has produced her list of literati and learned persons in various branches. As to the lower classes you very seldom meet with an individual of the lowest extraction but who knows how to read or write; and we doubt much whether among persons selected throughout all Spain, an instance of such ignorance could be found as that exhibited by a deputy to the French Legislative Assembly; who, in one of his enthusiastic fits on the means of prosperity France possessed independent of her colonies, exclaimed with an emphasis, "Have we not the *Orleans sugar?*" Had this exquisite legislator spoken in Spain, he might have said, with more reason, "Have we not the *Malaga sugar?*" Three-fourths, perhaps, of the persons who read this account are ignorant that on the continent of Europe, on the southern coast of Andalusia, in short, at Velez Malaga, the sugar canes prosper, and yield as good and as fine sugar as those of Jamaica or of St. Domingo.

We have said that the Spaniard's characteristic features were as strongly marked as those of Englishmen; we mentioned, for example, the attachment which he has preserved for all his ancient customs and usages; a period fatal to humanity gave us an incontestible proof of the truth of this. At the time when the cause of God was joined with that of kings, the enthusiasm among the Spaniards to support the views of their sovereign became general; forty thousand monks offered to take arms and march to the frontiers, but the court would not accept their offer. A Catalonian curate placed himself at the head of his parishioners, and discharged his duty during the war with much distinction. Several grandees solicited leave to raise corps at their own expence. The Dukes of Medina Celi, and Infantado were the only noblemen who obtained that favour.

Ought we not to mention as a characteristic proof of the national spirit, that organization of the smugglers of the Sierra Morena, who served in the army of Navarre during the whole war? Ubeda, their chief, on learning that war was declared against France in 1793, wrote to Don Ventura Caro, general of the army of Navarre, whose life he had saved in a journey which Don Ventura had undertaken while he was colonel of the Sagunta dragoons. On returning from the camp at Gibraltar to Madrid, Don Ventura was stopt in the Sierra Morena by a band of smugglers, at the head of which was Ubeda. The cool intrepidity he evinced on this critical occasion pleased the chief of the banditti so well, that he gave him a pass to preserve him from further molestation on the road. In fact, Don Ventura reached Madrid in perfect safety, and utterly forgot Ubeda and his band. On receipt of the smugglers' offers of service he mentioned them to the court; and after the king's answer he accepted their services, and sent them passports. Ubeda arrived at the head of three hundred smugglers, one hundred of whom were on horseback. They behaved with great bravery during the war.

That a grandee of Spain, a man enjoying all the prerogatives of his exalted birth and fortune, should seek by some sacrifices to preserve the rank he owes to the form of his government, is nothing extraordinary, there may be even some selfish considerations in his zeal; but for smugglers and highway robbers, who are stimulated by the allurements of plunder, to whom the law had appointed a gibbet as a reward for their courage, to abandon voluntarily their licentious courses, that become safer in the time of war, there being none or fewer troops to oppose them, and go to fight the common enemy without hope, not only of reward, but even of what constitutes the first object of their association—pillage, there seems in such a step a stamp of national spirit that cannot escape the eye of the observer.

DON ALVARO.

A SPANISH TALE.

Two years having been occupied in my travels, during which time I had traversed Switzerland, Germany, and France, I resolved to return to Spain, my native country. I had fixed the day for my departure, when I received letters which informed me of the death of an uncle who resided at Milan; and as he had made me his heir, it was necessary that I should repair to that place. This event changed my resolutions, and I directed my course towards Italy. Not far from the end of my journey, thinking to lessen the fatigue, I determined to proceed some miles by water, and ordered the muleteer, who had hitherto conducted me, to await my arrival at a small village to which I directed him, and promised to join him in a few days.

Men of his class are neither punctual nor

delicate, and but seldom faithful to their promises. On arriving at the appointed spot I neither found him nor his mules nor the coach which he had promised to keep in readiness. I would have supplied his place, but the village did not afford any vehicle in which I could continue my journey. I had then no alternative but to proceed on foot along the plains of Lombardy. I walked for a whole day, night came on; I was excessively fatigued and still at some miles distance from the spot where I expected to find an asylum, when I perceived a well dressed man following the same path as myself; his thoughtful air and melancholy countenance, gave him the appearance of deep meditation. I could not refrain from approaching nearer to examine his features; he seemed about twenty-eight or thirty; his form was elegant, and his face, though very pale and shaded by the deepest gloom, possessed an expression which warmly interested me, and which once must have been very handsome. On beholding me he stopped, and after having gazed on me for some minutes, he said:—"Signior, are you not a Spaniard?" "You are right in your conjecture," replied I; "deceived by a man who was to have kept horses and a carriage in waiting for me ten leagues from hence, and the place leaving me no hope of procuring any other conveyance, I was under the necessity of proceeding on foot to the next village."—"You are still at some distance from it," said he, "and appear much fatigued." "I am indeed; and if it is as far as you say, I fear my strength will fail me." After having looked at me for some moments in silence, he said:—"I can offer you a shelter for to-night, if nothing particular obliges you to proceed; I possess a house a few steps from hence, and shall be happy to entertain you." I was not insensible to his kindness; I thanked him, without however knowing whether to accept or reject this unexpected offer. The deep melancholy in which this man was involved inclined me to refuse his invitation, but extreme fatigue and hunger overcame all my scruples, and I accepted it.

When we had proceeded about a hundred paces, we arrived at the door of a garden, which appeared extensive, though not in good order; at the end of it I perceived an old decayed tower, to which I at first imagined he was going to conduct me; but we left this path to enter a dark alley; here we continued walking on for some time without exchanging a word; at last we came in sight of a handsome house; a pointer now ran joyfully leaping and barking before us to welcome his master. This noise announced our arrival to the servants, several of whom were waiting in the hall. "This Cavalier," said their master, "whom I have met, sups with me, and will pass the night here; go and prepare accordingly." They all withdrew in silence, and we entered a saloon. Lights were brought, my host presented me a seat, and threw himself on a sofa by my side.

The silence which reigned throughout the mansion, and the taciturnity of its owner, filled me with astonishment, and I must acknowledge that I had some difficulty in divesting myself of a secret apprehension. I already half repented the facility with which I had allowed myself to be conducted to an unknown spot, where all seemed melancholy, dark, and mysterious, when in about half an hour another door opened, and shewed us that supper was served in the adjacent apartment; for the man who opened it, as silent as his master, had not announced it.

Although every thing that occurred increased my astonishment, I followed my host, and we seated ourselves at table; I was very hungry, and suspended my reflections in order to satisfy the cravings of my appetite, but in total silence, and my companion, who observed it as strictly as myself, scarcely touched any thing.

Our repast ended, we returned to the saloon; the door was again closed, and having each of us resumed our former seats, my companion at length broke silence, and in a stifled voice, and a tone truly sepulchral, said:—"How happy, how very happy are those who are born in obscurity, who are unknown to the rest of mankind, and who pass their lives without any one caring who they are, or what becomes of them! they follow their destiny, without suffering reflection to arrest their steps. The mechanic and the husbandman pass their days without any of their moments being embittered by *ennui*, sorrow, or remorse; and it might be said that they only live because they have been accustomed to do so. But O, how cruelly are those tormented who by their birth, their fortune, or their situation, are exposed to the eyes of a censorious and, too often, unjust world! They have as many judges of their conduct and actions as there are people more or less inclined to envy, and who take pleasure in injuring and tormenting them. And, alas! how are they judged? They are deceived by appearances, their passions lead them on, and the miserable beings whom they condemn vainly seek to repulse the bitter censures with which they are overwhelmed."

The longer I listened to him the less I could devise to what his discourse tended; but it ba

nished my fears, and I only beheld in him a man whose mind seemed greatly oppressed with grief.—"Yourself," added he, fixing his penetrating eyes on my face, "look upon me in the same light as they; you think me a strange, unaccountable being, but I am only unfortunate."—"Do not accuse me," replied I, "of forming so hasty and frivolous an opinion, or of the same injustice of which you accuse the rest of mankind. Without seeking to penetrate into the various motives by which my fellow-creatures are actuated, I listen to them, and like to conform to their ideas and share their feelings, when I discover goodness and sincerity. Are they happy, I rejoice at their satisfaction; are they serious, absent, or even dull, I endeavour to find the means of alleviating their grief."—"Then pity me," replied he; but never may you share the woes which overwhelm me, and do not hope to be able to soften them; they are too dreadful, and will only terminate with my long and miserable existence, when my sufferings shall have sunk me into the tomb. Such is the nature of my misfortunes that I am compelled to hide them from all those who surround me. Persuaded that they are deceived in the conjectures to which my manner of living gives occasion, it is of the greatest importance that I should leave them in their error, and this very error, which on the one hand is so useful to me, covers me with shame. I am a prey to the most cruel despair, no one can guess the cause, and I am forced to conceal it from the whole world. But you are a stranger, I am unknown to you, we shall perhaps never meet again; it is these various circumstances which have determined me to break a silence which keeps me on the rack, and to yield to the desire I have of unburthening my sorrows to a sensible and compassionate being, who will lend a soothing ear to my woes. You have promised to pity me; on this I build my hopes. The sensibility awakened by a tale of grief, is a salutary balsam, which does not effect a cure, but which affords a momentary alleviation, and softens the wounds of a lacerated heart."

After a few moments' silence, and sighing deeply whilst he wiped his eyes which were filled with tears, he thus continued:—"True felicity does not consist in riches; if it did I should not fail to be happy. I aspired but to one blessing, that of loving and being beloved; ambition never occupied my thoughts; from my youth I had been fond of a country life; the tumult and noise of great cities when I became acquainted with them, tended to increase my love of solitude. Though I am a Spaniard, as you have no doubt perceived, this domain, which had long been possessed by my family, was bequeathed to me by a near relation; and having lost my parents, I left my country at nineteen, and took possession of this place, with which I was so much pleased that I resolved, if possible, here to end my days. I spent several years without any other projects than those of improving my estate, visiting my neighbours, assisting my dependants, and consoling them under any misfortune. Although I was a great admirer of beauty, and it had the same attractions for me as for youth in general, yet several years insensibly passed without my having the smallest desire of choosing a partner for life. Perhaps my vivid imagination too highly rated the gift of my heart and the loss of my liberty. But, alas! we cannot escape the will of fate; he who thinks himself the farthest from the dreaded abyss is often gradually proceding towards it.

"Passing one day through the suburbs of Crema, my eyes chanced to fall on a young girl who was seated near an open window, busily employed with her needle. A genteel appearance, a modest though melancholy air, accompanied by a lovely face, made on me one of those lively impressions which are indefinable, and which can never be effaced. Filled with the desire of being better acquainted with her, I learned from the most rigid and indefatigable enquiries, that this lovely girl was not married; that her family, though poor, were very respectable; that her father after having signalized himself in the wars, had brought home no other recompence for his long services than the reputation of a brave officer, and a debilitated constitution, the natural result of the wounds he had received. They also added, that her mother, whom she adored, and whose memory was venerated throughout the canton, had after a long and painful illness, about a year before paid the debt of nature. In short, they concluded by assuring me that the father of this amiable girl derived his chief support from the labour of her hands. They were not content with representing her gentleness and good nature, they praised her wisdom and virtue, to which they paid the greatest homage. These encomiums charmed me, yet I must confess that they struck me less forcibly than her beauty. Combining all that I had heard of the poverty of her situation, with the detestable and guilty hope of triumphing over virtue which might become weary of indigence, and might yield to my splendid offers, I instantly set about the fulfilment of my guilty wishes, and

was incessantly employed with the means of seducing her.

"I carefully sought, and soon obtained the means of being introduced to her father; I manifested the desire I had of being better acquainted with him. He received me with a sort of gratitude, thinking himself honoured by the pleasure I appeared to take in his conversation. I availed myself of the campaigns which he had made, the engagements which he had been in, and the feats of valour which were attributed to him; and the worthy old man was quite elated with my praise, and gave me a long account of all his military achievements. This beginning, which succeeded beyond my most sanguine wishes, gave me the means of often seeing his daughter. I flattered her much more on the score of her beauty than the tender solicitude which she displayed towards her father, for the comforts which her filial piety sought to procure him, and the care which she took to alleviate the sufferings caused by his infirmities. I seemed to take a lively interest in her situation, which appeared far from easy. On learning the injustice of the government towards her father, who had so gloriously served his country, I expressed a wish of repairing the ingratitude of the one, and of alleviating the labours of the other. It is by flattering people's pride that the road is easily found to the heart. She assured me that she was very grateful for my kindness. These few words emboldened me to ask for more. I made her understand that it depended entirely upon her to spend her days in happiness, and to procure for her father all the comforts which his age required; that to obtain all this, she had only to agree to the means offered by one who greatly pitied her situation, and whose happiness would consist in rendering it more fortunate. I spread before her imagination all the charms of elegant ease, which are generally so much prized by the female sex, which tempt, so often seduce, and effect a triumph over them. To all my promises I added some valuable presents; I left no sophistical argument untried; but she, calm in the midst of all my splendid offers, listened to me without displaying the smallest emotion, but with a mild firmness rejected my suit; and which, far from having dazzled her, as I expected, she viewed in no other light than that of an insult offered to her delicacy, and which had severely wounded her feelings. I, however, had the temerity to renew my arguments; but all the reward I obtained was, that whenever I entered her father's dwelling, she immediately found some excuse for withdrawing, and did not again appear until I had left it. I now felt the injustice of my conduct, and as a punishment formed the project of never beholding her again —But this was a task I could not fulfil. Her image followed me incessantly; I sighed, I existed for her alone. Astonished at finding such virtuous sentiments united with so much beauty, and now convinced that neither the one nor the other can be too much honoured, and, in short, that the passion of love, when joined with these, ought to equalize all ranks, and excuse all the follies which prejudice and false pride attach to it, I resolved to offer her my hand.

"The next day I opened my heart to her father: I told him the affection with which his daughter had inspired me, and the desire I had of becoming his son-in-law. The worthy man could scarcely contain his astonishment and joy. 'What, seriously,' he exclaimed, 'you think of my Eliza; you wish to make her your wife?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I ask her of you, with the fervour of a man who renders still more homage to her virtues than her charms; and so earnest am I in my entreaties, that your acceptance or refusal will decide the happiness or misery of my life.'—'My refusal,' said he, 'that you surely do not fear.' —'What!' hastily rejoined I, 'can there be any other obstacle?'—'A very great one, Signior; the difference of our fortunes. You are rich, and I have only a very slender pension, which is not even sufficient to afford me the common necessaries of life, and which dies with me. From this you will perceive that my Eliza has nothing to offer you.'— 'She has all that my most sanguine wishes could aspire to,' replied I, 'she is the daughter of a respectable man, and a brave officer, who is covered with laurels; she possesses every virtue; these endowments far surpass all riches.' The old man's eyes were filled with tears; he took my hand, and affectionately pressing it, led me in silence to his daughter. The modest dignity with which she received my proposals, only encreased my love. Her answer was, that she depended on her father; but that should he agree to my offers, she could not yield to them, if she must be separated from him. This obstacle was soon overcome; I assured her that her father should accompany her, and that we would live together in this mansion, where all my felicity would consist in their society.

"We were shortly married; and for three years lived in a state of the most uninterrupted happiness. Our first grief was the loss of her worthy father, who about that time departed this life. I mourned his loss with the

same sincerity as if he had been my own parent; and this I certainly owed him, for his many virtues, and for the felicity I enjoyed by the gift of his lovely daughter.

"In the vicinity of my domain, there dwelt a man of rather mean extraction, who possessed some talents under which he contrived to conceal many vices. He was a tolerable musician and painter, and also occupied himself successfully with agriculture. I had rendered him some important services, and he passed the greatest part of his time at my house; his attachment, which I fancied sincere, and his seeming kind attentions, rendered him very dear to me. A lovely wife, and a sincere friend, united the tenderest affections; these I thought I possessed, and was completely happy.

"We often took the diversion of hunting, but my friend Cornelio left me almost always before the termination of the chase; sometimes he complained of fatigue, and at others a sudden indisposition recalled him to the house. An honest heart is unacquainted with suspicion: I adored my wife, I esteemed her; how could it have entered my mind to watch her actions? I should have considered even the shadow of a doubt an irreparable injury to her. Besides, what had I to fear from Cornelio? He possessed no attractions, his manners had nothing agreeable in them; he was rough, and often silent; I also thought I had remarked, that my wife appeared civil to him merely on my account. Notwithstanding, the frequency of his leaving me during the chace, and the various pretences he made use of to excuse himself from accompanying me in my visits to my neighbours, could not fail to excite astonishment; and I once took an opportunity of telling him, that politeness required him not to leave me so often. To this he made no reply.

"The people of this country are very superstitious, and ever ready to find out something supernatural in the most trifling events. A report was spread abroad, and reached my ears, that whenever I hunted, at night a ghost appeared in my house. In reality, I had several times heard my dogs bark, and remarked that my servants seemed unusually terrified and disturbed. One night I resolved to get up and endeavour to discover this mystery. I sought for the ghost, but in vain. My wife was not exempt from the general terror. When I was called from my chamber by the noise of my dogs, she carefully bolted the door, and did not open it again till she heard my voice.

"This alarm continued for several months; and though I said nothing, it seriously occupied my thoughts. I remarked, that when Cornelio left me, when we were hunting, the same night the ghost did not appear, and all passed in perfect tranquillity. This discovery was calculated to excite suspicion, or at least a wish to unravel this mystery. Accordingly one night I ordered the most resolute of my servants to conceal himself where he could not be observed, and to watch carefully the proceedings of the supposed ghost. I had gone to bed, but remained listening, when suddenly I heard a most dreadful noise; I hastily rose and ran to the place where I had stationed my servant in ambuscade. 'Make no noise, Signior,' said he, 'all is discovered; the ghost is no other person than your favourite, Signior Cornelio, who while you are searching all over the courts and gardens, goes to keep my mistress company in your absence. To tell you how he gets into her chamber is more than I can do; but I can answer for the truth of my report, and it is not to-night that I have discovered these proceedings.' A thunder-bolt would have struck me less than these words. I remained for a few moments stupified with horror; but suddenly recovering myself, and yielding to the fury which possessed me, I rushed upon the miserable servant, and plunged my poignard into his heart, saying, 'you, at least, shall not live to repeat this to others. Take the reward of your long silence.' The unhappy man fell dead at my feet, and I dragged his body into a little shed which was near at hand. All my actions were guided by a sort of frenzy, and yet my appearance was calm. I returned to my chamber with apparent coolness, and called to my wife; she questioned me longer than usual, to be assured that it was myself, she said, before she would admit me; at length she opened the door, and seeing me look pale and wild, exclaimed, 'Good God, my dear! why do you appear so agitated? What is the matter?'—'Nothing, nothing!' replied I. O what torments at that moment assailed my heart! I had, however, the strength to dissemble; I restrained my rage; I concentrated it only to employ myself with revenge; I went to bed. My wife did not seem satisfied, she again questioned me, and showed such a lively interest in my supposed indisposition, and with such an appearance of sincerity, that I was for a moment staggered in the belief of my misery. You may judge what sort of a night I passed, and what were my sufferings. I arose at the break of day, and called Cornelio and my huntsman to go to the chace. We remained out the whole day; towards the

evening Cornelio appeared more fatigued than ordinary, and told me, he was so weak that he feared he should faint. 'Return to the castle,' said I, 'and tell my wife that she need not wait for me, as I shall not sleep at home.' Night came on, I got rid of my followers, and by a circuitous path returned to my house. As in this country we are in no fear of thieves, I easily entered without alarming any of the family. I instantly repaired to Cornelio's chamber, but he was not there. I now struck a light, and entered a saloon which adjoined to a corridor above my wife's apartment. Each step I took my heart palpitated violently with terror and grief. I passed along that part of the castle which looked towards the garden, and remarked a ladder placed against the wall, and leading to a small window of my wife's room, which was covered within by a picture of Titian's, which I had lately purchased, and for which I had not yet found another place. This discovery was a death-blow to me, for how could I any longer doubt their guilt? My knees bent under me, and I was near fainting, so much had rage and despair taken possession of my faculties. Having, however, somewhat recovered, I threw down the ladder, flew to my wife's apartment, and called, or rather screamed. She instantly opened the door, Cornelio was there, and, terrified at my appearance, ran to the window, but missing the ladder, in his haste, fell to the earth, and broke several of his ribs. I heard his fall, shut my wife in her chamber, and ran to him. 'Wretch,' cried I, 'monster of wickedness and ingratitude.'—I could not conclude, but gave him numerous blows with my poniard. Still more inflamed by the vengeance I had taken, I returned up stairs, and raised my arm to strike my adulterous wife, but the steel fell from my hand; and since then, whenever I have attempted to punish her, I have never had the resolution to pierce the heart of one whom I had so tenderly loved.

"Ashamed of my weakness, but still under the influence of passion, I resolved to shut her up in a kind of tomb, with her lover and the servant I had killed.

"This revenge is doubtless dreadful, yet it has not satisfied my broken heart; her death alone would do that. But I have never been able to perpetrate the act. I daily take her food to support her miserable existence; for twelve days she has not beheld the light, nor heard me pronounce one word, and I am an hundred times more wretched than herself. O, why cannot I abandon her to herself, forget her, and fly to the dreary desert! But what will be said of me and my family by the public, that cruel tyrant who always judges without listening? You, Signior, the only person to whom I have opened my heart, add to the kindness you have shewn in listening to my woes, that of following me; come and behold the melancholy and fatal object with whom it is impossible for me to live, and shall I confess it, whom it is impossible for me not to love!"

My companion ceased speaking. I was strongly affected by his story, and in silence rose and followed him. We crossed the garden, and directed our steps towards the tower, which I had observed on my arrival; we entered, and he opened the door of a kind of dungeon, the fatal depository of his victims. I was now seized with horror at the sight of a spectacle to which it is impossible that words can do justice. On one side appeared a corpse covered with wounds, besmeared with blood, and already emitting the most insupportable exhalations; on the other side lay another corpse, placed under the eyes of one of the loveliest women that nature ever formed, and whose mild and dignified grief seemed to embellish her, whilst it attested her innocence or repentance. And as if this spectacle was not sufficiently affecting, the dog I formerly mentioned had followed us, and recognising his unfortunate mistress, leaped towards her, and licking her hands, howled aloud with joy. I burst into tears; and Don Alvaro could not restrain his. I availed myself of this moment, and said: "Hitherto, Signior, I have listened to you in silence, I have sympathized in your griefs, O, now have the patience to hear me. You have acknowledged to me, that the love which you felt for your wife even at first sight can never be effaced. Well, Signior, we will not discuss this deplorable adventure; whether your suspicions be just or ill founded, is it not true that no one was acquainted with your unhappy secret but those two miserable wretches, who cannot now reveal it? You appear to attach much importance to public opinion; but the credit which it gives or takes away does not consist in what we know ourselves, but in what others say of us; or else there would be few men who would dare to appear in society. The death of these wretches assures you of an eternal silence, all is buried with them. O, Signior! raise your eyes, look at your wife; she still breathes, perhaps she is innocent, and I dare believe that she is so, since I have had no certain proofs to the contrary. The vain attempts which you have made to deprive her of life, do they not appear to you as a kind of voucher,

and speak loudly in her favour? Ah, Signior, be at the same time just and generous, and listen to your wife."

Before Don Alvaro, who was lost in thought, could reply, his wife said in a feeble voice, which penetrated my heart, "No, no, whoever you are, do not intercede for me, your trouble would be lost; I hold life in detestation; great God what cause should I have to regret it? One alone would render it dear to me, and that was his affection; I have lost it. O, then in pity, let me die. However, as so strange an adventure may leave a deep impression on your remembrance, and as the fate which I experience might induce you to accuse my husband of cruelty, or make you believe me criminal, which I have not deserved, before I close my eyes on the world, this double motive compels me to relate to you the truth.

"These two men whom you here behold, have merited the death which they have received; the one for having related things which he could not have seen; the other not for the harm he did, but for that which he intended, in betraying, by the most atrocious ingratitude, my husband, his benefactor and mine. Sometimes this wretch would approach me in my lord's absence; but with a look I awed him, and he always behaved with a reserve which gave me no reason to complain, and which re-assured me. It is true, that on the night of the dreadful catastrophe, which has eternally ruined my happiness, I beheld him walk from behind a picture, without knowing how he could have found an entrance into my chamber. I was much terrified and surprised, and was just going to call for help, when I heard my husband's voice at the door. As he has conducted you hither, Signior, I presume you are informed of the rest. Let him put a period to a life which is now odious to me, but let him be the judge, if, during the four years that we have been united, my conduct has ever before created the smallest suspicion on his part; let him say if I had another wish than that of being beloved by him, and whether my most ardent desire was not to contribute to his felicity; but I will not justify myself; false appearances have deceived him; I ask for death, and shall regard it as a blessing. Happy if the severity of my punishment can wipe away the faults of which I am accused! Still happier if the woes I experience can restore that peace to my husband, whom I yet love, notwithstanding the injustice of his suspicions, and which, if he had known me better, he ought never to have lost."

The unhappy Don Alvaro wept bitterly. "Well, Signior," said I, "will you not put an end to this torturing scene?" At these words, quicker than lightning, he rushed towards his wife, and cut asunder the bonds which confined her. At this sudden and unexpected movement she fell, and fainted in his arms; his emotion, and the weak state of his health, almost placed him in the same situation; yet he exerted himself in order to assist her: when she came to herself, he covered her face with kisses, fell at her feet, manifested every mark of repentance, cursed his impetuosity, imputed it to his affection, implored her to forget his cruelty, and to pardon him. Medical assistance, but more particularly peace and happiness, soon restored this lovely and interesting woman, and gave the wife health, the husband joy, the domestics their speech, and the garden its wonted beauty.

M. I. O.

ACCOUNT OF PETER BALES.

Peter Bales, one of our earliest and most eminent writing masters, finished a performance which contained the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name, motto, day of the month, year of our Lord, and reign of the Queen (Elizabeth), to whom he afterwards presented it at Hampton-Court, all within the circle of a silver penny, and enchased in a ring with borders of gold, covered with a crystal, so accurately wrought as to be plainly legible, to the great admiration of her majesty, her ministers, and several ambassadors at court. In 1590, Bales kept a school at the upper end of the Old Bailey, and the same year published his "Writing Schoolmaster." In 1595, he had a trial of skill in writing, with a Mr. Daniel Johnson, for a golden pen, of twenty pounds value, and won it. Upon this victory, his contemporary and rival in penmanship, John Davies, made a satirical ill-natured epigram, intimating that *penury* continually compelled Bales to remove himself and his *golden pen*, to elude the pursuit of his creditors.

The particulars of the contest for the pen, supposed to be written by Bales himself, are in the British Museum, dated Jan. 1, 1596.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

THEORY OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

PHILOSOPHERS are now agreed that the cause of thunder is the same with that which produces the ordinary phenomena of electricity. So great indeed is their resemblance, that thunder and lightning cannot be regarded as any other than a grander species of electricity naturally produced without the feeble efforts of art. This fluid is, probably, at all times diffused through the whole atmosphere, either in a greater or smaller degree, and is occasionally rendered perceptible to our senses by a certain concurrence of natural circumstances.

The cloud which produces thunder and lightning may be considered as a great electrified body. In order to explain how it has acquired its electric virtue, it is necessary to premise that this power is excited in two ways, by friction and by communication. Bodies electrified by friction communicate their virtue to other bodies which are susceptible of it, provided they are insulated and at a suitable distance. As air is a self-electric body, there is reason to presume that, especially in stormy weather, when the clouds and the wind are frequently observed to take contrary courses, one portion of the atmosphere, rushing by another, may cause the air to be electrified by the friction of its own particles, or by rubbing against terrestrial objects which it meets in its passage, or perhaps against the clouds themselves. It is not improbable also, that the inflammable matters which rise from the earth and accumulate in the cloudy regions contribute to increase the effect, not only of themselves, but perhaps still more by the electric matter which they carry along with them. A circumstance favourable to this inference is, that thunder-storms are more frequent and violent at such times and places in which we have reason to conclude that these exhalations are most abundant in the atmosphere; as, for instance, in warm seasons and climates, and situations where the earth is impregnated with substances capable of furnishing a large quantity of these exhalations, and in particular in the vicinity of volcanoes.

A cloud in a thunder-storm may be regarded as a great conductor, actually insulated and electrified, and it may be supposed to have the same effect upon the non-electrics which it meets with in its course, as the common conductors have upon such as are presented to them. If, then, a cloud of this description meets with one which is either not electrified or less so than itself, the electric matter flies off from all parts towards this cloud. Hence proceed flashes of lightning and the formidable report of thunder.

Thunder-storms, says Beccaria, generally happen when there is little or no wind, and their first appearance is marked by one dense cloud or more, increasing very fast in size, and rising into the higher regions of the air; the lower surface black and nearly level, but the upper finely arched and well defined. Many of these clouds seem frequently piled one upon another, all arched in the same manner; but they keep continually uniting, swelling, and extending their arches.

At the time of the rising of this cloud, the atmosphere is generally full of a great number of separate clouds, motionless and of odd and whimsical shapes. All these, upon the appearance of the thunder-cloud, draw towards it, and become more uniform in their shapes as they approach, till coming very near the thunder-cloud, their limbs mutually stretch towards one another: they immediately coalesce, and together make one uniform mass. But sometimes the thunder-cloud will swell and increase very fast without the conjunction of any of these adscititious clouds, the vapours of the atmosphere forming themselves into clouds wherever it passes. Some of the adscititious clouds appear like white fringes at the skirts of the thunder-cloud, but these keep continually growing darker and darker, as they approach or unite with it.

When the thunder-cloud has increased to a great size, its lower surface is often ragged, particular parts being detached towards the earth, but still connected with the rest. Sometimes the lower surface swells into various large protuberances, bending uniformly towards the earth. When the eye is under the thunder-cloud, after it has grown larger and well formed, it is seen to sink lower and to darken prodigiously, at the same time that a number of adscititious clouds, the origin of which can never be perceived, are seen in a rapid motion driving about in every uncertain

direction under it. While these clouds are agitated with the most rapid motions, the rain generally falls in the greatest plenty, and if the agitation is exceedingly great, it commonly hails.

While the thunder-cloud is swelling, and extending its branches over a large tract of country, the lightning is seen to dart from one part of it to another, and often to illuminate its whole mass. When the cloud has acquired a sufficient extent, the lightning strikes between the cloud and the earth, in two opposite places, the path of the lightning lying through the whole body of the cloud and branches. The longer this lightning continues the more rare the cloud grows, and the less dark is its appearance, till at length it breaks in different places and displays a clear sky.

A wind always blows from the place whence a thunder cloud proceeds, and the wind is more or less violent in proportion to the sudden appearance of the thunder cloud, the rapidity of its expansion and the velocity with which the adscititious clouds join it. By the sudden condensation of such a prodigious quantity of vapor, the air must be displaced and agitated on all sides.

The most astonishing discovery ever made in that branch of science to which the consideration of this subject belongs, was that by which the celebrated Franklin demonstrated the perfect similarity, or rather identity of lightning and electricity. To this discovery he was led by comparing the effects of lightning with those of electricity, and by reflecting, that if two gun-barrels electrified will strike at two inches, and make a loud report, what must be the effect of ten thousand acres of electrified cloud. Not satisfied, however, with speculation, he constructed a kite with a pointed wire fixed upon it, which, during a thunder-storm, he contrived to send up into an electrical cloud. The wire attracted the lightning from the cloud; it descended through the kite along the hempen string, and was received by a key tied at the end; that part of the string which he held in his hand being of silk, that the electric virtue might stop when it came to the key. At this key he charged phials, and from the fire thus obtained, he kindled spirits and performed all the common electrical experiments. After the discovery Dr. Franklin constructed an insulated rod to draw the lightning from the atmosphere into his house, in order to enable him to make experiments upon it. He also connected with it two bells, which gave him notice, by ringing, when his rod was electrified. This was the origin of the metallic conductors now in general use.

To the discovery of the American philosopher we are indebted for an invention which it suggested, for securing buildings from this formidable enemy, by means of elevated metal conductors, by which the electricity is discharged from a cloud passing over them.

Earl Stanhope, whose indefatigable mind is incessantly engaged in researches tending to the general benefit of mankind, has communicated to the public, in a treatise on this subject, some essentials to be observed in the erection of conductors for buildings. He advises that the upper end of the rod, for fifteen or twenty inches, should be of copper, and not of iron; as the latter, when exposed to the weather, will rust, and rust is not a conductor of electricity; and that the iron part of the rod should be painted, but not the upper extremity, because paint is likewise no conductor. He farther advises that the upper extremity of a conducting rod should not only be accurately pointed and finely tapered, but that is should be extremely prominent, about ten or fifteen feet above all the parts of the building which are the nearest to it. We may add, that a conductor should always be carried into the earth some feet beyond the foundation of the building, and, if possible, terminate in water.

The safest situation during a thunder-storm is the cellar, for when a person is below the surface of the earth, the lightning must strike it, and its force in all probability be expended before it can reach him. Dr. Franklin advises persons apprehensive of lightning to sit in the middle of a room, but not under a metal lustre, or any other conductor, and to place their feet up on another chair. He adds, that it will be still safer to lay two or three beds or matrasses in the middle of the room, and folding them double, to place the chairs upon them. A hammock suspended by silk cords, would be an improvement upon this apparatus. Persons in the fields should keep in the open parts and by all means avoid the too common practice of taking shelter under trees, by which many fatal accidents are from time to time occasioned.

The distance of a thunder-storm, and consequently the danger, is not difficult to be estimated. As light travels at the rate of 72,420 leagues in a second, its effects may be regarded as instantaneous within any moderate distance. Sound, on the contrary, is transmitted only at the rate of 1,142 feet in the same time. By observing therefore the time which intervenes between the flash and the thunder which follows it, a very accurate calculation may be made of its distance, and no better means can be recommended for removing unnecessary apprehensions.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BLIND BARD OF MELES;

Addressed to the Rev. W. Hamilton Drummond, of Mount Collyer, near Belfast.

Oh for a noble strain like thine,
Amid Bohemia's hills to sound;
Or down the deep majestic Rhine,
To wake the nations slumbering round.

Or from old Jura's cloudy cone,
On wings of thunder borne along,
To shake the tyrant on his throne,
And paralyze the bloody throng.

Alas! o'er Europe's mournful plains,
His Syren tribe has sped before;
Her torpid genius lies in chains,
A victim to the wizard's lore.

And Fate's relentless doom they taught
To render all resistance vain;
Then Pleasure's rosy bands they brought,
To sooth the woes of mental pain.

And hark! around Britannia's coast,
Their soft enchantments load the gale,
To lead the soldier from his post,
In fatal chains to Circe's vale.

Thus o'er the Cyclad isles of old,
From eastern climes the demon flew,
And waved aloft his wings of gold
That shed Pollution's dulcet dew.

The son of Hades and of Night
From Persia's climes dismissed the foe,
To put all manly thoughts to flight,
And lay the pride of virtue low.

He thought to quench the mental beam,
And many a conquer'd soul despoil'd;
And yet by Meles' haunted stream,
A sightless bard his purpose foil'd.

And oh! by Meles' haunted shore,
Methinks that sightless bard I see;
When pleasure to Circean lore,
Attun'd her Lydian minstrelsy.

How, startled by his clanging lyre,
Her votaries left the melting dance,
And Freedom's unextinguished fire,
From every eye was seen to glance.

"As Priam's artful son," he cried,
"Allured the Spartan Queen away;
"So eastern guile by demons plied,
"Would make your manly worth a prey.

"And, when beneath your viewless foe,
"Your hardihood is lulled asleep,
"A tyrant's hand shall strike the blow,
"And print the dire example deep.

"You will forget the lesson soon,
"But other shores the lay will hear;
"Athens will hail the glorious boon,
"And grasp the Marathonian spear.

"Thermopylæ's immortal name
"Wafted along the tide of time,
"Shall wake again the godlike flame
"In many a distant age and clime.

"On Erin's shores the battle's roar
"Is heard beyond the rolling wave;
"The minstrel band intrepid stand,
"And point to glory or the grave!

"Thermopylæ's immortal name
"The northern echoes shall renew,
"When with his mountain sons of fame,
"Freedom assails the hostile crew.

"Hark on the Caledonian targe
"The sound of combat rings afar,
"The Grampian spears begin the charge,
"And stem the thundering tide of war.

"For other times and other climes
"Shall see the glorious day return;
"The thundering God shall ride the flood
"On fiery wheels in triumph borne."

Thus Poesy can touch the chord,
That wakes the soul's responsive glow;
And Courage hears the magic word,
That nerves his hand to strike the blow.

Perhaps even Bronte's awful shade,
Well pleased may listen to my strain;
And wave the visionary blade,
And call to glorious deeds again.

Oh for a manly strain like thine,
Amid Bohemia's hills to sound;
Or down the deep majestic Rhine,
To wake the nations slumb'ring round.

Or from old Jura's cloudy cone,
On wings of thunder borne along,
To shake the tyrant on his throne,
And paralyze the bloody throng.

S. F.

ALINE's COMPLAINT.

TRANSLATED BY R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

(From Madame Genlis's Siege of Rochelle.)

By river-bank, or hillock-rise,
Fair Aline wanders long;
And ever and anon she sighs,
And sings her plaintive song:—
"And what's the name of wife to me?
Or what a mother's joy?
No husband's cheering smile I see,
No father clasps my boy.

"Ere well that I could call him mine,
Our nuptial knot scarce tied,
He left me lonely here to pine,
A sad, forsaken bride.
Why did he vow a lasting love,
Yet give his heart to gold;
Far, far in search of wealth to rove,
O'er fearful billows roll'd?

"O happy day that made thee mine,
Uniting love so true!
O mournful day that made me thine,
To bid a long adieu!
While yet the sprightly dance and lay,
We hear upon the plain,
The seaman's signal bids away—
My husband ploughs the main.

"What dazzling scheme or magic shore
Could tempt thee thus to roam,
Preferring dangers, dross, and ore,
To happiness at home?
What envious hope's alluring lie,
Impell'd thee hence to run?
To thee unknown a mother I,
And born unseen thy son.

"This lovely boy renews my pangs,
And seems to share them too:
While round me thus he crying hangs,
He calls my love, on you.
Can India's wealth my tears repay,
Or ease one anxious fear?
O! then return! chace gloom away,
And seek your treasures here."

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER VISIT TO AN EMINENT PORTRAIT PAINTER. WRITTEN IN 1795.

Porter, by skill, thy form may give,
And bid each lovely feature live,
When thou canst charm no more,
Oh, could his pencil but impart
As well Love's conflicts in my heart,
And tell how I adore;
Its secret thoughts could he disclose,
Shew how with love of thee it glows,
Nor wishes to be free:
That heart sincere no more you'd spurn,
But think its love deserv'd return;
Deserv'd, dear girl, e'en thee.

TO THE SAME.

Yes, I at last am free,
Free from all cares of life but thee!
I still support thy chain;
To thee my thoughts are yet confin'd,
My constant heart, my soul, my mind,
Thy slaves will e'er remain.

In absence thou'rt my only theme,
Each night I clasp thee in my dream,
In joyous extacy;
Thy soft bewitching look—thy smile,
Those graces which all hearts beguile,
Still bind me fast to thee.

How often do I sigh to press
Those lips which once with tenderness,
Could melt while press'd by mine;
Ah, may'st thou yet with fondness burn,
And crown my love with the return,
The sweet return of thine.

London, July, 1808.

WOMAN.

Ledyard, who had travelled on foot over almost the whole habitable globe, observed:—"To a woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

Place the White Man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white;
There while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal.
Her's is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of Hope reflow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

"What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,"—she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet misery marks him of our kind,
We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him Man, and ask our aid.

"Perhaps on some far distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
Than ours of jet thus burnish'd bright:
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call;
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion Woman shows:
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows,
Can her warm flow of Pity freeze:
"From some sad land the stranger comes,
Where joys, like ours, are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

"'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The Powers above our Lapland bless,
With good no other people know;
T' enlarge the joys that we possess
By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering men may trace their kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In Woman they compassion find:
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determin'd justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis her's to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear:
To Woman's gentle kind we owe,
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Welcome, thou little dimpled stranger,
O! welcome to my fond embrace;
Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,
How did I dread yet wish thee here!
While hope and fear, in turns prevailing,
Serv'd but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,
So late the anxious seat of care,
When first thy voice of supplication
Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear.

What words could speak the bright emotion
That sparkled in thy father's eye,
When to his fond paternal bosom
He proudly press'd his darling boy!

Oh! that thou may'st, sweet babe, inherit
Each virtue to his heart most dear;
His manly grace, his matchless merit,
Is still thy doating mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,
To watch thee is my tender toil;
I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,
I fondly hail thy cherub smile.

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sorrow,
Still brightly beam thy heavenly eye,
And may the dawn of every morrow
Shed blessings on my darling boy.

ELINOR, THE CONVICT.

The anchor weigh'd, the swelling sails were spread,
And England's parting shores fled fast from view,
Then, Elinor, the Convict, rais'd her head,
And breath'd her soul into a last adieu:—

Ye white cliffs of Albion, that fade on the skies,
How fair do ye seem to the outcast's dim eyes,
The miscreant, banish'd for ever!
The sands too, beneath you, look goldenly bright,
And precious seems each little grain to her sight,
Whose steps shall revisit them never!

Ah! dear native country, though destin'd to part,
Still long your pure scenes of delight in my heart,
Yea! long will poor Elinor cherish;
Your remembrance shall make her day's bondage more light,
In dreams shall restore her to freedom by night,
And only with life itself perish.

Yes! lov'd land of freedom! the poor toiling slave,
Though sunder'd afar by the measureless wave,

Shall feel with your children connected!
And boast of her birth, as in days of fair fame,
Ere yet, for her guilt, wretched Elinor's name
From the lists of the good was rejected.

The land sinks apace, and the day-light decays,
Ah! how blest will be they whom yon setting sun's rays
Shall smile on in England to-morrow!
But, alas! for the Convict! light will not restore
To her longing eyes her belov'd native shore,
She from fancy her England must borrow.

Now faster and faster the flying coasts fade,
Each instant fresh objects dissolve into shade,
Gaze! gaze! O ye eyes that are banished.
The town, with its buildings, the ships in the bay,
The steeple, the light-house,—all, all melt away—
And now the last headland has vanish'd!

Strain, strain, balls of sight, your faint faculties strain,
And something of England still strive to retain!
No—tears gush and drown the endeavour!
Nay, throb not so wildly, thou poor breaking heart—
Home! kindred and friends! soul and body now part,
Farewel native country for ever!

H. F.

POOR BARLEY CORN.

When the chill north-east blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale,
When pyes and daws, and doobes and crows,
Do sit and curse the frost and snows,
Then give me ale.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
And forms the march o' the Swedish drum,
Disputes the prince's laws and rights,
What 's gone and past tells mortal wights,
And what 's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart upleaps,
And equals it to tyrant's thrones;
That wipes the eye, that ever weeps,
And lulls in soft and easy sleeps
The tired bones.

Ale, that securely climbs the tops
Of cedars tall and lofty towers,
When giddy grapes and creeping hops
Are holden up with poles and props
For lack of powers.

When the Septentrian seas are froze
By Boreas's biting gale,
To keep unpinch'd the Russian's nose,
And save unrot the Vandal's toes,
O! give me ale.

Grandchild to Ceres, Barley's daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale,
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,
Hah! give me ale.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JULY.

HAYMARKET.

On Thursday, June 30, was produced at this theatre a farce, entitled "*Plot and Counterplot*; or, *The Portrait of Cervantes.*" It is a translation from the French; or, in other words, an adaptation to the English stage, by Mr. Charles Kemble.

The humour of the piece consists in the counteracting intrigues of two rival lovers, who are scheming, by the assistance of their servants, to procure the daughter of a rich painter.

For this purpose, each of the young gentlemen introduces his respective servant into the house of the painter, in the character of the corpse of Cervantes, a portrait of whom the painter had offered a premium to obtain.

It is from the collision of the two pretended carcases, that the humour is derived, and the plot and counterplot put in motion. The *denouement* may easily be surmised. The deserving lover gains his mistress, and the immoral intriguer is put to flight.

This is in truth a most excellent farce. Curiosity is perpetually on the stretch, and attention is fixed to the very last scene. The incidents are numerous, and succeed each other with great rapidity; and the whole is sustained with a very lively and pertinent dialogue.

This farce has been received with great applause, and not with more than it deserves.

Morning Walking Dresses

Engraven for La Belle Assemblée N.° 34 Published by J. Bell Strand August 1.1808

London Evening Dress.

Engraven for La Belle Assemblée N.º 34. Augst. 1.1808.

FASHIONS

For AUGUST, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No 1.

A round robe, of white or jonquille muslin, made a walking length; with spencer waist, and deep falling lappels, trimmed with lace, and edged at the wrist to correspond. A bonnet of celestial blue crape, with jockey, or antique front, edged and ornamented with the shell, or honey-comb trimming, formed of the same material. Gloves and shoes of pale-blue, or lemon-coloured kid. Necklace and bracelets of the composition pebble; and earrings of silver filligree, of the hoop form. Hair in full irregular curls. Quilted parasol of shaded silk, lined with white satin.

No. 2.

A round dress of pea-green, or lilac muslin, over a white cambric slip; a short cottage sleeve, plain back, and handkerchief front, fastened in a small tufted bow and ends at the centre of the bosom. Provincial bonnet of fine split straw, or moss straw, with band and full bow of folded sarsnet the colour of the dress, terminating in a pendent end on the left side, and finished with a correspondent tassel. A Sardinian mantle of French net, muslin, or spotted leno; the corners terminated in a full knot and end. A double high frill round the throat, edged with scolloped lace, tied in front with a ribband to suit the robe. Pale York tan gloves; shoes of pea-green and black kid; Chinese parasol of white sarsnet.

No. 3.—Evening Dress.

A round robe of India muslin, Paris net, or leno, worn over a white sarsnet, or cambric slip; tamboured in a snail stripe, either in white or colours. The dress formed on the most simple construction; a plain back, and wrap front, sitting close to the form; a plain frock sleeve, edged with the antique scollop; a short train, finished round the bottom in a similar style. Hair brought tight from the roots behind, and twisted in a cable knot on one side, the ends formed in falling ringlets on the other; with full irregular curls. A full red and white rose, or ranunculus, placed on the crown of the head, rather towards one side. Emerald necklace linked with dead gold. Earrings and bracelets to correspond. French kid gloves above the elbow. Pea-green slippers of fancy kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE *SEVERAL FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.*

The extreme warmth of the weather since our last communication, has compelled our fair fashionables to discard every article, which either in substance or formation, conveys an idea of weight and heat; and we consequently see crape, clear muslin, leno, pignet gauze, and net of various shades and hues, take place of sarsnet, shawl muslin, and Chinese silk. As our families of rank are fast migrating either to their country seats, or some fashionable watering-place; and as the metropolis at this season offers little of novel elegance, save an occasional display at Vauxhall, we shall follow the varying Goddess to all her favourite haunts; and contemplate her fair votaries as they ramble on the sea-shore, saunter on the lawns, or lounge at the libraries; as they grace the *dejeuné*, animate the social party, or illume the theatre and ball-room. From sources such as these we shall not fail to collect information and remarks which may direct the attention of our numerous correspondents in their choice of those articles of adornment which shall be at once appropriate to the season, and afford an advantageous display of their personal charms.

The yellow and pink pelisse of shawl-muslin, and imperial cambric, is now become so very

general, that though an enlivening and attractive habit, we cannot any longer rank it amidst a fashionable selection. They are now worn by every description of females; and the tired eye turns from their oppressive glare to rest on the cool and refreshing shade of pea-green, primrose, celestial blue, silver grey, and pale lilac. In pelisses, scarfs, robes, and mantles, these colours are very distinguishable; and they are composed of the most light and transparent textures. There is little novelty in their construction, and they are generally formed and disposed in so varied and fanciful a style as to preclude the possibility of any regular or decided delineation. *The Spanish Mantle*, and *Patriotic Bonnet*, are lately become a favourite appendage to the outdoor costume, and are at once both interesting and elegant. The former article differs little from the Spanish cloak so long in fashionable request, except that it is shorter than they are usually worn; has square ends, finished with tassels; and a deep cape formed in sharp points, or scollops. It is composed of clear muslin, or crape, and bordered with chenille. The bonnet is constructed with a round crown, somewhat like the jockey cap; but has a deep front, which is turned up so as to appear like a Spanish hat; and ornamented with the *Union border* in chenille. At the *dejeuné*, or in public parties, they are decorated with the ostrich, or willow feather; but on less particular occasions are worn plain, or with a simple rose or cockade in front. The Patuski bonnet, and Sardinian mantle are also worthy of adoption, from their graceful construction, and adaption to the form; and the compact and ingenious composition of the *honey-comb tippet*, must render it a favourite summer ornament, and well worthy of a place in a select wardrobe. We recommend them, however, rather to be formed of coloured crape, or muslin, than white. The straw hat and bonnet is now entirely confined to the walking and morning dress. In carriages, and on the evening Parade, the hair with flowers, jewellery, small French caps and veils, small half handkerchiefs of figured net, edged with scolloped lace, placed towards one side of the head, the point fastened nearly in the front, with a brooch of silver, pearl, diamonds, &c.; the ends brought under the chin, exposing the hair on one side, in full curls, is by far the most fashionable style of decoration for the head. The Persian braid, or cable twist, with the ends curled full on the crown of the head, or on one side, fastened with a gold filligree vine-leaf, with an animated butterfly in the centre, is often adopted by those females, the luxuriance and beauty of whose tresses induce them wisely to reject a redundancy of ornament.

The style of gowns and robes offer little novelty since our last communication except that the *long waist* is becoming universal. It extends behind to the commencement of the fall in the back; taking in its regular circumference a portion of the small of the waist. This we consider a most natural and becoming termination; from which (as our fair fashionables are too apt to run into extremes) we take occasion to advise them neither to *advance* nor *recede*.

The high gown and long sleeve, with the lozenge, or crescent front, most properly constitutes the morning habit; net shirts with lace beading, formed in this style, are well adapted for evening dress, where either the decline of youth, or other causes, prevent the display of the throat and neck. In full dress, however, we scarcely see any covering for the bosom and shoulders, but such as is attached to the robe, or supplied by a tucker or border of lace.

No lady of fashion now appears in public without a ridicule—which contains her handkerchief, fan, card-money, and essence-bottle. They are at this season usually composed of rich figured sarsnet, plain satin or silver tissue, with correspondent strings and tassels—their colours appropriated to the robes with which they are worn. The stomacher antique, and laced cottage front; the simple wrap front bordered to suit the dress; with short sash, tied either behind or in front, are conspicuous amidst the gored and round bosoms, which are still very general.

Silver filligree ornaments have not had so great a claim to fashionable distinction, as from their novelty we might have expected. In this instance our females have evinced their judgemnt and taste. As we have before advanced, so we continue to proclaim them a most flat and insipid ornament, and only calculated from their neatness to soften the somewhat oppressive glow of the coloured robe. Crosses of diamonds, pearls, and every species of jewellery, though scarcely ever out of fashion, are now more than usually distinguishable. The Egyptian amulet is at this time formed in a large lozenge square, set in a rim of plain burnished gold. Coloured patent pearl of various shades is considered exceedingly elegant as a minor article in this line. Necklaces and bracelets of the new composition, amulet pebble, is a trinket comprising much novelty and taste; twisted necklaces and bracelets are on the decline.

In the article of gloves we have observed the

pea-green and pale olive, of French kid, to unite with those recommended in our last. Shoes of painted kid, checked at the toes, jean wrought in a leaf, together with plain colours, are now worn even by the pedestrian fair. In full dress we scarcely see any thing but white satin, French silk, and kid, variously trimmed. The most fashionable colours for the season will be found at the commencement of these remarks.

We have only to add, that the short sleeve begins to renew its advances in full dress, although the long sleeve of the most transparent texture, retains the majority.

Trains of any remarkable length are now seldom seen; but some few females have lately appeared in parties, with their robes resting about a quarter of a yard on the ground. This we hope is approaching to that graceful and distinguishing style which should mark the several degrees of personal attire.

PRETEURS À LA PETITE-SEMAINE.

These *préteurs à la petite-semaine* are usurers of a particular class, who are to be found hardly any where else but in Paris. These men are so conscious of the baseness of the trade they carry on, that they never appear before their customers but in disguise. The poor women who sell vegetables, fruit, or fish, about the streets, or even in some markets, are often in want of a six livre piece to purchase peas, currants, pears, and cherries.—This crown the *préteurs à la petite-semaine* supplies them with, but on that day se'nnight they are to return seven livres and four sous (six shillings). So that the interest of that crown at the year's end amounts to the enormous sum of 3l. 12s.

Which of the two appear the most surprising, the abominable distress of these retailers who are so destitute of prudence as not to be able to command a crown, or the constant and shameful success of so shocking an usury? These usurers lett their money at the highest price it will fetch. On the other side, the poorer people are distressed the more they are in want of ready cash to commence business; for no one will trust the indigent. We must shudder indeed if we reflect on the uninterrupted struggle between distress and opulence.

Notwithstanding the principals have their weekly brokers, or agents, they are desirous of seeing two or three times a year a meeting of their debtors who make them so rich, and of being able to ascertain at once the dispositions of their minds, and the degree of confidence they may repose in their agents. The same man who generally appears richly dressed, with a gold-headed cane in his hand, a diamond ring on his finger, seldom goes out but in an elegant carriage, and though he frequents all the places of public amusement, and visits the first circles, will, upon a certain day, put on a thread-bare coat, an old wig, old shoes, stockings that have been mended in different places, let grow his beard, and paint his hair and eye-brows. He then proceeds, thus attired, to some distant part of the town, where he has hired a small room, which exhibits only a sorry bed, three broken chairs, a mutilated table and crucifix. There are introduced three or four score poissardes, whom he addresses in the following words:—

"You see, my good friends, that I am not richer than yourselves; you see the whole of my furniture; that is the bed I sleep in when I come to town; I give you money, though on trust, and rely merely upon your principles of honesty and religion; for you know that I receive no bond, no security, so that, as you well know, I have no claim upon you, according to the laws of the country; but is it not right, however, that when I so generously trust you, I should have some security? Come, be security for one another, and swear upon this crucifix, the image of our divine Saviour, that you will never wrong me, but return most faithfully what I am going to lend you."

In answer to this harangue, all the women lift up their hands, and swear to murder any one who would refuse punctually to discharge her debt. The crafty sycophant then takes down all their names, and gives them a crown each, saying: "I don't get as much by you as you do by me, far from it."

The poor people withdraw, and the hypocrite settles with his emissaries. The next day he crosses the market-places and the streets in his carriage, but is not to be known again on account of his superb dress. When in company, this very same individual will occasionally discourse on benevolence and humanity! No one around him has an idea of his mean practices, and he bears a good name!

THE USURER's PRAYER.

In one of the sermons of Robert Corson, the legate of the holy see, who preached up the crusade in France during the reign of Philip Augustus, we find the following curious passage:—

Will you hear the usurer's *pater-noster?* Then listen.

The usurer rises before any other person in the house; he examines whether any of his locks have been broken in the night, he double bolts the doors, wakes his wife and daughter, and dresses himself.—"I am going to the church," says he, as he puts on his clothes; "if a customer should come in while I am away, run one of you immediately to fetch me, and I will return directly."

He sets off, and begins by the way the following prayer:—

"*Our father*—O Lord God, look graciously upon me, and bless my coming in and my going out, that I may be the richest of all those in this world who lend upon pledge. *Which art in heaven*—I am confoundedly vexed that I was not at home when the peasant's wife came to borrow a sum of money. I should have done better if I had not gone to mass that day. I am always out of luck's way; and if I but set a foot in the church I lose an opportunity of shearing my sheep. It is exactly as if it was contrived for the purpose. It is enough to make one wish the priests and their masses at the devil. *Hallowed be thy name*—Then I have an idle baggage of a daughter at home, who will ruin me. I could swear that she and her mother are both in a plot to rob me, and that they live sumptuously and enjoy themselves as soon as my back is turned; I have a great mind to run home and surprize them. *Thy kingdom come*—Ah! I recollect that the Chevalier who owed me fifty livres, has only paid one half of his debt. I was a cursed fool to take his word of honour; a good pledge is a thousand times better than all words of honour. *Thy will be done*—I have, to be sure, made a vow to go twice a week to mass, that the blessing of heaven may rest upon me and my little business, but I have not considered that the church is at too great a distance for a person of my age, God reward me for my trouble!"

The usurer now enters the church, and kneels down in a place exposed to the view of all. He beats his breast, heaves deep sighs, and thus continues:—

"*Give us this day our daily bread*—I should like to know where my daughter got all the money that I caught her with the other day. Perhaps she clandestinely lends money upon pledge, and says nothing to me about it. She will throw it all away on the clumsy fellow whom I lately found with her, and who was so confused when he saw me, though my daughter protested that he was come to borrow of me. *And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors*—The d—d Jews have sworn to rob us of our customers and to ruin us; they take a lower interest than we. O gracious God, consider that they crucified thee, and plunge them into the lowest abyss of hell! Yesterday when madame Hersant brought me the pieces of gold, I forgot to weigh them; now they are mixed among the others, and I must rummage over the whole bag. So much the worse for her i'faith; if I find any light ones I will carry them to her, and resolutely maintain that they are hers. There is nothing to be got by my neighbours, for they are envious of me because they think me rich; I wish they would die, for then I might have others. *Lead us not into temptation*—When shall I be able to feast my eyes on a beautiful heap of gold and silver? Ah! gracious God, I promise thee not to touch it, to renounce every indulgence, to starve rather than——; but did I lock my door properly? One, two, three; yes, here are the three keys! *But deliver us from evil*—Who is this Robert Corson, that runs about preaching from town to town? Is he really such a fool as to imagine that I would go a begging out of love to my neighbour? *For ever and ever Amen*—Our parson will begin to preach and to talk all the money out of our pockets. Your servant, Sir, you sha'n't get mine at least."

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