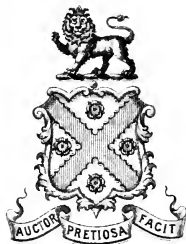


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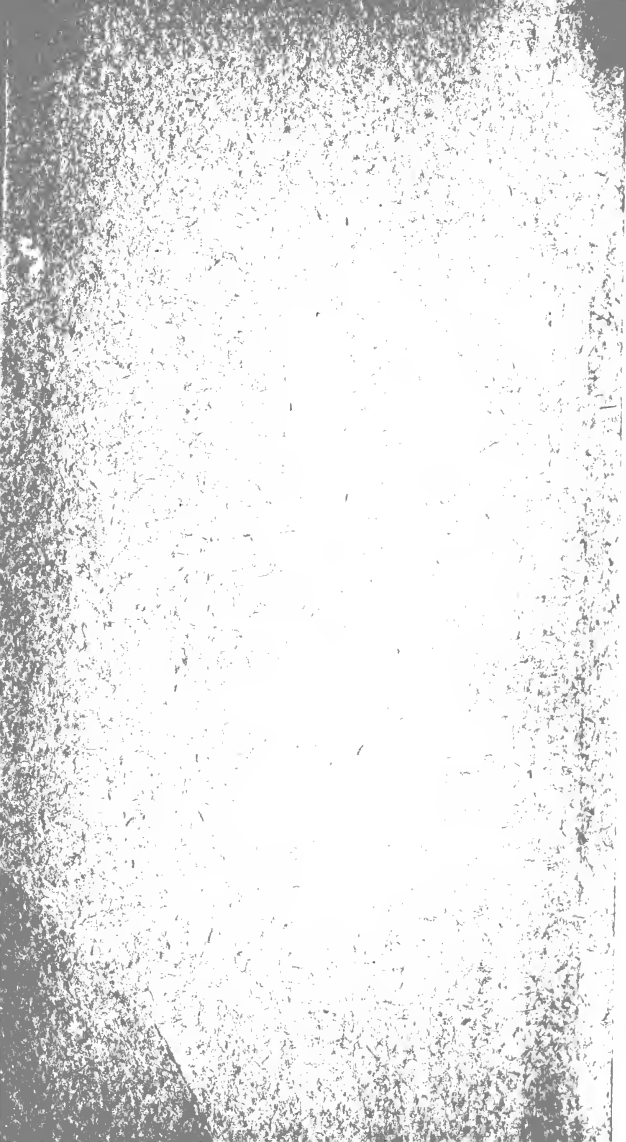
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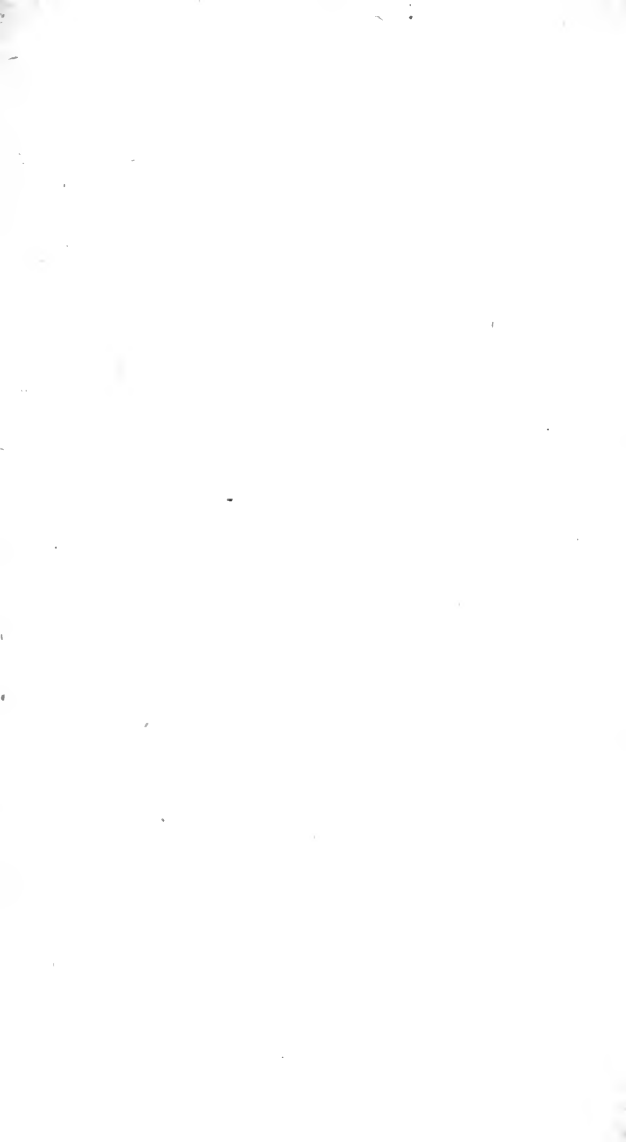
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ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

THE PASSION OF LOVE:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

HISTORICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES,

BRIEF MEMOIRS,

AND CURIOUS TRADITIONS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ATTACHMENT BETWEEN THE
SEXES IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

LONDON :

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PREFACE.

THE object of this compilation is to illustrate, by authentic facts, anecdotes, and biographical sketches, collected from respectable authors of every class, the strength and effects of that passion, in its various shapes and disguises, which may be deemed universal, under the general name of LOVE. It would be easy to expatiate on the extensive field supplied by the wild and wayward operations of this great instinctive agent; to be eloquent on the extraordinary revolutions which it has produced in families, and even empires; and to allude with prefatory animation to the scenes—tragic, comic, and ludicrous—which it ever has been, is, and doubtless ever will be, getting up amidst the devious and capacious mazes of society. Dispensing with all unnecessary flourish of this nature, it will suffice to observe, that the purposed task could be accomplished in several ways, and that some out of the several might be sufficiently mischievous. On this account it is necessary to premise that, while no inflated solemnity of

manner or affectation of severity will be assumed which is uncongenial with the spirit of the subject, the work will evince every requisite attention to the most generally approved standard of morals and decorum. One of the chief inducements to the undertaking, indeed, on the part of the individual to whom the conduct of it will be chiefly intrusted, consists in what it is hoped will be found no idle conviction—that a light philosophic vein of remark may be made to point the narrative in such a manner as will sufficiently ensure the double object of instruction and amusement. Something of the sort will at least be attempted; and with this brief explanation, in order to prevent improper expectation on the one side, and malignant anticipation on the other, the work will be left, without further observation, to the indulgence of the reader and its own merits.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
PASSION OF LOVE.

ABBASSA.

ABBASSA was the sister of Aaron, or Haroun, al Raschid, or the Just; fifth caliph of the house of Abbas, and one of the most able and potent of the princes who attained that elevated dignity. She was young, beautiful, and highly gifted; but all the favours of nature and advantages of birth served only to render her fate the more lamentable. The condition of a princess of Europe is usually of a nature to excite compassion; the slave of prejudice, of etiquette, and of political expediency, she is debarred from following the dictates of her heart; and, stifling the sentiments of nature, must wait until chance or convenience throw her into the arms of a man of whose person and character she is ignorant, but who is nevertheless to decide the happiness or misery of her future life. Still, as compared

with the mahometan princess, she is in a state of comparative freedom. The latter, shut up in a royal haram, sees herself under the hateful superintendence of an odious and disgusting species of guardianship, and a slave to wishes and anxieties which imagination and solitude only tend to strengthen. She cannot even freely utter a sigh, and rarely finds a confidant, amidst attendant slaves, with whom she can sympathise. Her only hope is, that the sultan to whom she belongs by blood, may give her in marriage to one of the most agreeable of his favourites.

Such was the situation of Abbassa, when the caliph, willing to reward the services of his accomplished vizier, Giaffer, and to enjoy his conversation in the company of his sister, to whom he was deeply attached, agreed to unite them in marriage, as the only decorous manner, according to eastern notions, of obtaining the pleasure of their joint society. The favour was, however, granted only on a singular condition, which the caliph thus haughtily expressed to his vizier:—
“ Were not Abbassa my sister, marriage should unite us ; but, since the loveliest and the most amiable of the oriental women cannot be the wife of Haroun, no other has a right to possess her ; nor can I suffer the blood of Abbas to be contaminated by any foreign mixture. The nephews of your brothers must not be mine. I give you the hand of my sister, it is true, as a recompense for your services, that I may have the pleasure of beholding in my presence at the same time two persons whom I sincerely love ; but I require your sacred promise that you will be to Abbassa only as I am—a friend and a brother. On this condition, and this only, I

consent to the union. Death to yourself and to your race will be the penalty of the violation of your oath."

According to some historians, Giaffer had not seen the princess when this strange honour was conferred upon him, and therefore expressed but little reluctance to comply with the unreasonable condition on which it was granted. Introduced to each other under circumstances so extraordinary, however, love sprang up involuntarily in their hearts, and—ever fruitful in expedients—enabled the enamoured pair to baffle the vigilance of their guards. The oath was violated; and a son, the fruit of their disobedience, was privately conveyed from the seraglio to Mecca. Unhappily, their precautions proved vain: the caliph discovered the secret, and, first disgracing his favourite, condemned him to death with all his race. Forty persons of the family of the Barmecides suffered death on this occasion. The slave charged with the fate of Giaffer was anxious to save him. "I will go," said he, "to the caliph, and announce thy death; should he ask me no questions, I will return and procure thy escape; but if he require to see thy head, thou must submit to thy fate." The head was demanded, and the despot obeyed.

Of the fate of Abbassa, there are various accounts: some writers affirm that she died with grief; while others assert that she was driven with ignominy from the palace, and exposed to indigence and severe distress. Several years afterwards, according to the latter authorities, she addressed a charitable lady, who presented her with five hundred pieces of silver,

in the following speech, so illustrative of the reverses, the endurance of which, under eastern despotism, is not uncommon:—"I once," said Abbassa, "possessed four hundred slaves; and I have now no other property than two sheep skins, for upper and under garments. I attribute my misfortunes to want of gratitude to God for former blessings: I am penitent and content."

In the divan intitled Juba mention is made of Abbassa, and of her genius for poetry; and in a book written by Ben Abon Harjelah, a specimen of her composition in six Arabic lines is given, which are said to have been addressed to her husband. If authentic, they prove, as in the original transgression, that woman spoke and man yielded. They may be translated as follows:—

"I had resolved to keep my love concealed in my heart,
 "But it involuntarily escapes and declares itself.

"If you yield not at this declaration, my modesty will be lost with my secret.

"If you reject it, my life will be the forfeit of your refusal.

"Whatever may happen, I shall not die unrevenged,

"For my death will sufficiently announce my assassin."

The family of Giaffer, called the Barmecides after his grandfather Barmec, was descended from the ancient kings of Persia, and had rendered signal services to the caliphs. The generous character of the various members of it, and their extensive benevolence and charity, had rendered them the darlings of the people. Haroun, offended by the open lamentations which his rigorous treatment of them elicited, forbade the name of his vizier to be pronounced

on pain of death. An aged man, however, not only braved the edict, but dared to recite even at the palace gates some verses in praise of the ill-fated minister. With the capricious magnanimity of despotism, seconded possibly by involuntary remorse, Haroun not only pardoned but rewarded him.

These events, which took place towards the close of the eighth century, have been made the subject of a French tragedy by La Harpe; as also of a romance, in the same language, entitled 'Abbassai,' which has been translated into English.

ABDERAMNE.

ABDERAMNE, the third saracenic caliph of the name who reigned in Spain, was the most magnificent prince of the tenth century. Historians give almost incredible accounts of his luxury and grandeur, notwithstanding his continual wars with the christians, in which he experienced both victory and defeat, but always showed himself of a lofty spirit, and worthy of the throne which he occupied.

This mahometan sovereign finds a place here in consequence of his devoted attachment to one of his concubines named Zehra (flower, or ornament of the world), in honour of whom he built a town, two miles from Cordova, which he called by her name. This town was situated at the foot of a range of lofty mountains, whence descended many beautiful rills of water, which were made to meander through the streets, dif-

fusing coolness and salubrity, and forming ever-bubbling fountains in the public squares. All the houses built on the same model were encompassed with gardens and groves of orange trees, and the statue of the beautiful Zehra, in spite of mahometan prejudices, appeared over the principal gate.

The palace which he built for the same favourite supplied a still stronger proof of his amorous devotion. Allied with the Greek emperors, he borrowed the most able of their architects, and also received from Constantinople, as a present, forty columns of granite, the finest that could be procured; independently of which, this palace exhibited twelve hundred more of the finest marble of Spain and Italy. The walls of the principal saloon were covered with ornaments of gold, and numerous animals of the same metal spouted water into an alabaster basin, over which was suspended the famous pearl which had been presented to the caliph by the emperor Leo. Historians add, that the ceiling of the pavilion, in which the favourite passed the night with her lover, was plaited with gold and fine steel, intermingled with precious stones, and that in the midst of the lights formed by a hundred crystal lustres, a species of quick-silver fountain, in the form of a sheaf of wheat, played with fantastic brilliancy in the centre of a marble bowl. The cost of this palace, according to the same authorities, amounted to seven millions five hundred thousand dinars of gold (about three millions sterling); an immense sum in those days.

But neither love, power, nor magnificence

saved Abderamne from the common lot of mortality:—

For from the birth of man, the sov'reign Maker said
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robe, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment.

This monarch, who occupied the throne for fifty years, and who appeared surrounded by everything which can add to human felicity, left among his papers the following testimony, written with his own hand:—

“I have been caliph for fifty years; riches, honours, and pleasures, I have enjoyed, and exhausted them all; the kings, my rivals, esteem, fear, and honour me; all which men desire heaven has showered down upon me. During this long course of apparent felicity, I have calculated the number of days in which I have been undisturbedly happy; they amount to fourteen. Mortals, appreciate the value of this world and of life!”

At the time when this mahometan Solomon reigned, the Moors and Saracens of Spain were more learned and refined than the inhabitants of the greater part of Christendom. They were at all events more gallant in their amours, and even submitted to much artificial restraint in order to render them more piquant. Notwithstanding this study of, and attention to, the refinements of voluptuousness, they were the first, and possibly the only people, who, in lieu of being softened and enervated by their attachment to women, have been thereby rendered more active and courageous. It was—as it ought to be—in the country of Don Quixote,

that men first performed brilliant actions in honour of their mistresses, and these men were the Moors. They gave prizes for skill in warlike and active exercises, of which games the women were spectators, and judges of the prize. The latter also on these occasions studied every means of setting off their persons; their long hair, fantastically folded and twisted, was decorated with rows of coral and amber, and large necklaces fell in semicircles on their bosoms. The favours of these beauties were never to be obtained but under a long servitude, and when bestowed, were received by the transported lover like a gift from a superior being. In short, at this time the Spanish Moors were at once amorous to excess and brave to desperation, and are now regarded on all sides as the founders and models of the chivalry, which is passed away, and of the gallantry, its successor, which still remains.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

THE celebrated Peter Abelard, the victim of love, which has recompensed his misfortunes with immortality, was a native of Palais, near Nantes in Brittany, where he was born in the year 1079. He was the son of Berenger, a military man of noble descent; and to the advantages of birth joined those of a handsome manly person, and of a vigorous and active mind. Early dedicated to literature and the scholastic philosophy of the period in which he lived, it is not the province of a work of this nature to dwell on the steps by which he early attained the character of the

most profound metaphysician and acute and accomplished disputant of his day. The persecution which he thereby drew on himself from St Bernard and others, was by no means unproductive of disquietude; but these misfortunes were trivial in comparison with those which followed in the train of that passion against which neither wit nor power will avail.

Abelard was past the flower of youth, but yet in the prime of life, when he became a visitor at the house of Fulbert, one of the canons of the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Fulbert, highly flattered by the attention of so celebrated an individual, failed to perceive that the magnet which drew him there was his niece Heloise, a young lady about eighteen years of age, of great personal beauty, and highly celebrated for her literary accomplishments. The young Heloise, by her talents, her learning, and her sensibility, had attracted the attention of the lecturer; and this predilection, increasing in every interview, gradually grew into a fervent and exclusive attachment. Vain of the talents of his niece, and solicitous for her mental improvement, Fulbert favoured an intercourse at once so dangerous and full of charms, without duly adverting to the probable consequences. Anxious to cultivate the promising genius of his niece, his parsimony rendered him reluctant to expend the sums necessary for the purpose; and Abelard availed himself of this foible, which he was not slow to observe. After having gained by his respectful attentions the confidence of the canon, he took an opportunity to complain of his unsettled life, and to propose himself as a boarder upon advantageous terms in the house of Fulbert. The

latter eagerly fell into the snare—intent upon the instruction of Heloise, which might be thus insured, without trouble or expense, from a preceptor of such distinguished talents and learning.

The preliminary arrangements having been made, Abelard with secret joy and exultation took possession of an apartment under the same roof with his mistress. After some days had elapsed, he affected with apparent carelessness to observe the genius and capacity of Heloise, and artfully led the canon to solicit, as a favour, that instruction in her studies which he anxiously wished to offer. When formally requested to become her preceptor, he pleaded his numerous avocations, and advanced some frivolous objections to the sex of the pupil proposed to him—female indisposition to application, and similar difficulties, all of which gave way to the eloquence of his host in defence of the docility and capacity of Heloise; and he was at length induced to promise his aid, provided the young lady should discover any predilection for the severer studies thus assigned her. Never was the stratagem of a lover more successful.

Abelard, in some rather luxuriant Latin, expatiates on the character of the tuition which almost immediately ensued. Literature, although a mere adjunct in their intercourse, only served to increase their mutual regard. “It was the more easy,” writes Abelard, “to make the young Heloise love me, as she had an ardent love for letters,—a love very rare among females; and which has rendered her celebrated throughout Europe.” Again, as to the application of his own literary powers,—“Love now occupied my whole heart: if I still composed verses, they

treated no more of philosophy, but breathed only the accents of the passion which overwhelmed me. Many of my little pieces are still sung throughout our towns, especially by those whose hearts are in the situation in which I then found my own."

Love even facilitated the acquirements with which it seemed to interfere. Heloise listened to the tutor as to a being of a higher order, while she passionately loved the man. Emulation stimulated by love conquered every difficulty, and her improvement was rapid and brilliant. She yielded without reserve to an enchantment which had, through her understanding, fascinated her senses and subdued her heart. At Corbeil the canon possessed a villa, to which place the lovers frequently repaired, under pretence of pursuing their studies with less interruption, but in reality to abandon themselves more completely to their mutual tenderness. Months passed away unheeded; the philosopher forgot his lectures and his scholars; and his public duties were either altogether neglected, or performed with visible inattention. At length the cause began to be sought for, and once looked after, was soon found. The numerous love-songs of Abelard were not chanted in vain; the passionate indiscretion of the lovers quickly betrayed the rest of the secret; and the frailty of the sage, and the sensibility of the disciple, became a subject of public animadversion. The eyes of Fulbert alone were sealed up; but at length the rumours reached his ears, which he treated as idle gossip, until officiously persuaded to seek an evidence too glaring for distrust. The seeming moderation-with which he acquired this conviction, a temperance so

contrary to his usual humour, only served to increase the well-founded alarm of the lovers. Abelard was of course at once dismissed the house; and they resolved patiently to endure a temporary separation until the resentment of the canon was abated.

Absence and opposition produced on strong passion its usual effects; the affection of the lovers became more fervent and tender, and an epistolary correspondence was adopted to soften the pains of absence. Betrayed by a servant, this intercourse was prevented; and their situation became insupportable, until, by the assistance of a music master, Abelard contrived to obtain another interview with his mistress. It was during this stolen opportunity, Heloise disclosed to him that certain consequences of their intimacy would render a longer abode in the house of her uncle impossible. The passion of Heloise was of that kind in which self seems altogether absorbed in the being of another; the offspring would be that of Abelard, and she communicated the circumstance with transports of joy. The lover contemplated the difficulty with less intoxication; and after debating on the measures it would be expedient to pursue, it was determined that Heloise should seek an asylum in the house of a sister of Abelard's, in Brittany. As no time was to be lost, her immediate departure from the house of her uncle was resolved upon; and, disguised in the habit of a nun, she escaped the same night, safely reached the assigned asylum, and was soon after delivered of a son, to whom the parents gave the fanciful name of Astrolabus.

The affliction of Fulbert, who tenderly loved

his niece, was extreme; and, giving himself up to profound melancholy, he sought relief in nothing but ideas of revenge. In this humour he received a visit from Abelard, who waited upon him with a hope of appeasing his indignation. The lover pleaded in mitigation of his culpability with all the eloquence in his power, and concluded by stating his wish to make the only atonement he could offer.—“Are you willing,” interrupted the canon with impatient sternness, “to marry my niece?” “Most gladly,” replied Abelard, “if such is your wish, and the consent of Heloise can be obtained.” “Is it possible,” retorted Fulbert, “that you can doubt of either?” The lover then conditioned that the nuptials should be kept secret for a time, in consequence of his situation in the church; to which the canon was slowly brought to agree, upon condition, however, that the ceremony should take place immediately on the recovery of Heloise.

The rage of Fulbert thus allayed, Abelard repaired to Brittany, to visit and comfort his mistress, who, to his great surprise, when he related the promise of marriage which he had made to her uncle, ardently and vehemently opposed a union which might be presumed to complete her happiness. With surprising energy and eloquence she appealed, in the first instance, to his literary ambition and promising prospects in the church, all of which would be sacrificed by marriage. She tenderly assured him that it was for *himself* she loved him; that *his* interest, *his* glory, *his* fame, were infinitely nearer and more important to her peace than her own reputation. Was it for *her*, who gloried in the vir-

tues and talents of the man to whom she had freely resigned herself, to rob the church of a member whose eminence and ability rendered him its principal ornament, or the world of a genius on which it had such great and extensive claims? In confining to domestic cares a genius formed for the public welfare, the advancement of science would be impeded, and the cause of human learning suffer. What an abrupt and humiliating period would be put to a career commenced with so much splendour and success!

“Do you picture to yourself happiness,” continued this animated and extraordinary woman, “in uniting your fate to mine in bands which death only can dissever?—You deceive yourself; bondage is never sweet; even fetters of gold will gall. In a union which love has established, and which merit and confidence preserve, glory, honour, and pleasure, are alone to be found. Such a union owes to its freedom its existence. Do human laws or the customs to the world form bands more strong than affection in which souls intermingle? If you see me daily, you will see me too often; favours which cost you no care, and which you will consider as your due, will instantly lose their value. You perceive not this at present, but I shall *feel* it when too late. After what I have urged, I disdain to dwell on the ridicule of the world, who will with contempt observe you barter, for a wife, utility, fame, fortune, and quiet. For myself, the title of a mistress is a thousand times more endearing than that of a wife; a name which imposes on us, and owes its dignity only to cus-

tom. To be the mistress of the man I love, I would contemn the throne of the Cæsars. All the honour, the wealth, the respect, the enjoyment, which a splendid alliance could offer, would fail in tempting me to sacrifice your happiness and glory."

All these refinements of passion, although possibly strongly felt by Abelard, could not shake the resolution of the lover and the man. He felt both his affection and his honour engaged to fulfil his promise to the canon; and, while the disinterestedness of Heloise melted his heart, he continued to urge the propriety and necessity of the marriage. Overcome at length by his solicitation, she yielded a reluctant consent. "Heaven ordain," she exclaimed, "that this fatal marriage prove not the destruction of both the one and the other; and that the anxiety which will follow it may not be greater than the love by which it has been preceded!"

The agreement between Abelard and Fulbert was, in the first instance, observed with punctuality. The former continued to give public lectures, which obtained the usual portion of approbation; and, from time to time, stole secretly to the arms of his wife, who continued to reside with her uncle. This state of pain and constraint, which had however its charms for lovers of the temperament of Abelard and Heloise, did not last long. Fulbert, whether in public reparation of the honour of his niece, or in order to annoy Abelard, whom he now detested, publicly divulged the marriage, which brought all his connexions to pay their compliments to Heloise, who continued to protest that there was no truth in it. This conduct so irritated Ful-

bert, that he treated her even with violence; which induced Abelard to remove her from his house to the abbey of Argenteuil, where she had been brought up during her childhood. Here, with the exception of the veil, she assumed the habit; a step which effectually silenced the report of the marriage, while, in consequence of the influence of Heloise in the convent, it did not altogether preclude the visits of Abelard; and in the meantime the attachment on both sides was strengthened in proportion to the obstacles which opposed it.

Fulbert was no sooner acquainted with the retreat of his niece, and the place to which she had been consigned, than, believing that it indicated an attempt to supersede the marriage, he yielded himself up to an excess of rage, and dreamed only of vengeance. His friends and relations shared in his resentment; and five of them, after gaining over one of his domestics, were introduced by night into the apartment of Abelard, whom they deprived of the power of all farther sexual communication. Roused by his cries, the neighbours happily arrived in time to save his life, by procuring the immediate surgical assistance which his case demanded.

This atrocity did not go unpunished; the primary author of it was outlawed, and deprived of his benefices, his property being confiscated to the church. Two only of the other criminals were taken, the one of whom was the treacherous servant; both these miscreants endured the evil which they had inflicted, and moreover were deprived of their eyes. This act of justice, however, proved but a feeble consolation to the unhappy Abelard. In vain he received, on the

part of the public, testimonies of the highest esteem; in vain his friends, sharing his grief, did all in their power to assuage it. It must be confessed, indeed, that the arguments of some of them were not very judiciously chosen. Fulk, prior of Deuil, for instance, in enumerating the advantages attendant on his misfortune, congratulates him that he will no longer be annoyed by the attention of women, no longer prove the terror of husbands, and that he might henceforward regard the finest females in the world without danger.

Abelard, filled with grief and shame, determined in his despair to quit the scene of his misfortune and of the triumph of his enemies, and to bury himself in the seclusion of a monastic life. In vain Heloise opposed this resolution, and deprecated the idea of their separation; her remonstrances failed to move his unalterable resolution. This might be defensible; but his anxiety for his wife to follow his example proved his love much more than his generosity. The following is part of a letter which Abelard addressed to Heloise on this affecting subject:—

“When your uncle,” writes the afflicted husband, “made me an example for rash lovers, I was apprehensive that you might seek a more effective mate. Love believed what it feared; and in order to be assured, I pressed you to take the vows. I would rather lose you altogether than share you with another; and I delayed making my own profession until you had made yours, in order to be at liberty, if you had refused, to follow you everywhere; to add to your happiness, should you still live with me, and to prove your executioner, should you prove un-

faithful. This love is interested, I confess : but what love is not so? I have experienced, for some time past, that love can exist without enjoyment ; but it is not in the power of the heart to love for a long time without being beloved ; and I feel, to the shame of my passion, that my chains will be strengthened by yours."

The tender Heloise, at the age of twenty-two, consented to make the required sacrifice ; and, in the bloom of youth and the spring of life, abjured the world, its allurements, and its pleasures. In the convent of Argenteuil, at the foot of the altar, with unshaken firmness and constancy, she bound herself by irrevocable vows, and completed the sacrifice of love. On this affecting occasion she betrayed no symptom of reluctance ; every passion, every sorrow, every regret, was absorbed in the anguish of a compulsory separation from the husband of her choice. Yet she was not insensible of the want of generosity which exacted it, as appears from the following pathetic passage in a subsequent letter to him:—

"When you obliged me," she writes, "to devote myself to God, you promised to do the same thing yourself, which you have not yet done. If my youth and my sex made you *fear* to leave me at large in the world, my life, my fidelity, my heart, which you ought to understand, should have reassured you. Your mistrust, I avow, sensibly affected me, and I blushed for you. 'What,' exclaimed I, 'Abelard believe that I may be inconstant, and at this time require a God and vows to answer for me!' You had only to give me laws, without shutting me up. Do you imagine yourself a better teacher of vice

than of virtue?—But all which comes from you has charms for me. Nothing would appear difficult to me to execute by your order, and under your eyes; and I love you at this moment even more than ever. This ought to assure you of the purity of my love. If I had loved pleasure, when you were so cruelly treated, I was only twenty years of age, and might have both given and received it, could I have experienced any other pleasure than that of loving you. I renounce with joy the world, riches, honours, all except yourself, my dear Abelard!”

Thus Heloise took the veil; not as a christian in the ardour of penitence, but as a lover abandoned to despair. At the very moment she received it, she recited some verses which Lucan puts into the mouth of Cornelia, as applicable to her own situation:—

O maxime conjux!

O thalamis indigne meis! hoc juris habebat
In tantum fortuna caput? cur impia nupsi,
Si miserum factura fui? nunc accipe pœnas,
Sed quas sponte tuam. LUCAN, l. viii.

Ah, my once greatest lord! Ah! cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in fortune's pow'r?
Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
Why did I wed thee only to undo?
But see to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods, by one kind blow.

ROWE.

The romantic ardour of this devoted woman's affection, not only supported her through this sacrifice, but seems never to have forsaken her to the latest moment of her life.

Abelard, having witnessed the profession of Heloise, himself took the vows in the monastery of St Denis, determined to forget, and in hopes

of being forgotten, by the world. His admirers and pupils however, unwilling to lose the benefit of his instructions, sent deputies to intreat him to return to his school; which invitation, after some deliberation, he accepted, and soon found himself surrounded by a numerous train of scholars. His popularity excited so much jealousy on the part of rival teachers, that they contrived to involve him in ecclesiastical censures for his work 'On the Unity of God,' implying the existence of a gradation in the trinity, approaching to what is now called arianism. After a very partial investigation, in which his enemies prevailed, his book was condemned to be burnt by his own hand, and he was ordered to read a recantation, and to be imprisoned in the convent of St Medard. His confinement was short; but he was soon involved in another prosecution for being so unpatriotic as to deny that St Denys of France was Dionysius the Areopagite. For this dire offence, he was accused to the king as a calumniator and an enemy to his country; and, apprehensive of danger to his person, he fled to the convent of St Argent in Champagne, the prior of which was his friend. Here he remained until the clamour had in some degree subsided, when he obtained leave to retire to some solitary retreat, on condition that he should never again become member of a convent.

The spot which Abelard selected for his retirement was a vale near Nogent, in the valley of Champagne. Here, in 1122, he erected a small oratory, which he dedicated to the Trinity, and consecrated to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter or Paraclete. Such was his fame, that he was quickly followed, and a rustic college gradually

arose round his retreat. Jealousy was in consequence again excited to his discomfort; and he was about to seek another asylum, when the duke of Brittany, moved by his misfortunes, appointed him to the abbey of St Gildas, in the diocese of Vaunes, the monks of which elected him their superior. But even here his adverse fortune pursued him; being anxious to restrain the excessive profligacy of the fraternity, his monks soon regarded him with extreme aversion, and he even conceived his life in danger from poison, which he asserted that in one instance they mingled with the sacramental bread. Such indeed was his situation, that he himself compared it to that of the favourite of the tyrant of Syracuse, over whose head a sword was suspended by a single thread, to give him a lively conception of the dangers of the royalty which he had regarded as the summit of human felicity.*

While thus a prey to anxiety and disquiet, he had the additional mortification to learn that the situation of Heloise was as embarrassing and melancholy as his own. This celebrated female, shutting up in her own heart the passion which consumed it, had behaved in so exemplary a manner in her retreat, that the nuns had elected her their superior. This circumstance did not prevent the community from being charged with irregularity; when Suger, abbot of St Denys, on the pretence of an ancient claim, obtained a grant for annexing the convent of Argenteuil to the

* Bayle justly observes, that if Abelard restrained his monks unusually on the score of chastity, they would resent it more in him than in any other man; first, as having been an offender as long as he was able, and secondly as being no longer able to offend.

monastery of St Denys. As no censure has been thrown on Heloise for the imputed improprieties of her nuns, and as it does not appear that her name was included in the general scandal of the society, if the charge against the convent was anything more than a pretext in order to sanction powerful injustice, it is probable that, like her lover, she ineffectually endeavoured to restrain a licence in which she took no part. In the opinion of most authors, however, these charges of disorder originated in little beyond the avaricious anxiety of the monks to gain possession of Argenteuil.

Driven from her asylum, Heloise in her distress had recourse to Abelard for assistance and counsel, and obtained from him, with permission of the bishop of Troyes, an assignment of the Paraclete, where she formed an establishment for the eight nuns who still followed their superior. The gift was in the year 1131 confirmed by pope Innocent II; and in her new retreat, Heloise, by her discipline and exemplary conduct, created general admiration and respect. Donations were also showered upon the house; and, according to Abelard, the abbess in one year received more gifts than he should have expected during the whole of his life. She was also treated by the bishop of Troyes with great pastoral kindness; and the convent obtained so much reputation, and struck so deep a root, that the abbesses who succeeded Heloise were usually of the first families of France, as may be seen by a list of them inserted by Duchesne in his notes on the works of Abelard.

Abelard, after the establishment of Heloise at the Paraclete, made frequent journies from Britanny

to Champagne, in order to soothe her sorrow, and assist in the settlement of her house. Calumny, however, soon stepped in to embitter this occasional intercourse; and whether in these meetings, so dear and affecting, they found the wounds in their hearts open anew, or that they judged it necessary to make an additional sacrifice to the opinion of the world and the sanctity of their engagements, they resolved upon a final separation; and after giving his wife spiritual directions for her conduct and the government of the convent, Abelard returned to Brittany.

It was a long time after this, but during the residence of Abelard at St Gildas, that the interesting correspondence passed between him and Heloise, which is still extant, and that Abelard wrote the memoirs of his life, reaching to 1134. The correspondence originated in the affecting circumstance of a letter, addressed by Abelard to a friend, falling accidentally into the hands of Heloise. The well-remembered characters excited her curiosity and renewed her tenderness; and, yielding to her desire to know the contents of the epistle, she experienced in the perusal that a passion like hers could only be extinguished with existence. Unable to sustain the burthen of uncommunicated thought, she determined once more to pour her whole soul into the bosom of the man whose fatal attachment had blasted the prospects of her youth, and consigned her maturer years to a living death. Nothing can be more touching and passionate than many passages in the letters of Heloise, which appeal irresistibly to the soul.

“The wounds of my heart,” she writes to her husband, “which time ought to have closed,

bled afresh on beholding the story of our sufferings traced by your hand. I have blotted the narrative with my tears, which would not be restrained. Why did I hide from you the secret of my calling? Neither piety nor zeal led me to the altar: cruel vengeance and unhappy love have placed me here. Your affection, your approbation, was the recompense to which I looked. Among those devoted to God, I worship only you: amidst the heroic victims of the cross, I am the slave of passion. The head of a religious community, my soul is devoted only to Abelard. In the temple of chastity, I am covered with the ashes of the fire which consumes me. The obligation to which my vocation calls me is combatted incessantly by the stronger and more habitual feelings of the heart. I have renounced the world, I have renounced life, but I cannot renounce Abelard!"

"Whatever efforts I make, whichever way I turn me," writes the passionate Heloise in another letter, "one dear idea pursues me, and eternally presents to my eyes and my imagination everything which I ought to forget. During the silence of night, when my spirits ought to be tranquil, in the midst of sleep which suspends the most deep-seated inquietude, I know not how to escape the illusions which spring from my heart. I believe myself to be still with my dear Abelard; I see him, I hear him, I speak to him: charmed with one another, we again abandon the study of philosophy, in order to entertain ourselves more agreeably with love. Sometimes I also imagine myself a spectator of the cruel outrage of your enemies; I oppose myself to their fury, I fill the apartment with cries of terror,

and waking find myself bathed with tears."
"Abelard, do *you* sometimes behold Heloise in your dreams? In what manner does she appear to you? Do you address her in language as tender as that which you employed when Fulbert intrusted her to your care? Are you joyous or sorrowful when you awake? Pardon, Abelard,—pardon passion, which loses all recollection. I ought no longer to expect from you the same ardour by which you were once animated. I ought no longer to expect from you a mutual correspondence in wishes. I begin to perceive, Abelard, that I take too much pleasure in writing to you, and that I ought to burn a letter which informs you that I always entertain for you the most unhappy passion in the world; although I designed, when I commenced writing, to persuade you to the contrary," &c.

Although the letters of Abelard are far inferior to those of Heloise in the eloquence of nature, of tenderness, and of despair, they shew that he found it equally impossible to prevent her image reigning predominant over his soul.

"Deceive not yourself," he says to Heloise in one of his letters; "I adore you with more ardour than ever. I must open my heart to you. I have, since my retirement, concealed my passion from the world out of vanity, and from you out of tenderness. I wished to cure you by my affected indifference, and to spare you the cruel mortification of a love without hope. No longer able to live with you, I have sought to efface your image from my soul. I have sought, both in philosophy and in religion, for arms to combat that fatal passion which our misfortunes have only served to render the more ungovernable.

I am engaged by my vows to forget you, but I have forgotten only my vows. Solitude, to which I fled as an asylum against you, only disengages me from the rest of the world in order to leave your image in more complete possession of my heart and my mind; and I am convinced that it is useless to endeavour to cease to love you. It would be well if I discovered only to you my disorder and my weakness. My reason discovers to me all the extent of my duties; and always occupied either by love or remorse, I never have a tranquil moment. I would fly from you, but your idea and my passion pursue me everywhere. I have nothing to hope from love, and cannot devote myself to virtue."

"Believe not, Heloise," says the unhappy lover in another letter, "that I enjoy tranquillity. I must for the last time open my soul to you: I cannot disengage myself from you, and combat in vain against sentiments which are but too tender. In spite of all my efforts, I feel a portion of sympathy which renders me sensible to all your chagrin, and a partaker in all your cares. Your letters, I confess, have much moved me; and I have not been able to read characters with indifference, which have been traced by a hand so dear. I sigh, I even shed tears; and the greatest efforts scarcely enable me to conceal my weakness from my disciples. Yes, unfortunate Heloise, such is the state of the unhappy Abelard! The world, which is always deceived in its judgments, believes that I enjoy peace, and, as if I had loved you with sensual passion only, has imagined that I have now forgotten you. How gross is the error!"

At length, convinced of the necessity of termi-

nating a correspondence which only tended to deepen past impressions, and add fuel to the fatal flame that burnt inextinguishably in the bosoms of both, Abelard resolved to tear from their hearts this last consolation; and it concluded accordingly. Fated to enjoy no rest, in 1140 a process of heresy was again preferred against him before the archbishop of Sens. The accusation, consisting of propositions drawn from the writings of Abelard, was delivered to the assembly by St Bernard. Against the unfair proceedings of his adversaries the writer appealed in vain to the pope, to whom St Bernard described him, in the controversial language of the times, as an "infernal dragon," a "persecutor of the faith," and a "precursor of Antichrist." Abelard—whose only fault seems to have consisted in a weak attempt to explain the Trinity, and other religious mysteries, syllogistically—on this representation of the *holy* Bernard, was at once condemned by Innocent II, who, without hearing anything in his defence, sentenced him to perpetual silence. With his usual tenacity, however, he resolved to set out to Rome, to remonstrate against his sentence; but taking Clugni in his way, he was induced by his friend Peter, the abbot, to abide there while the latter tried to reconcile him to the pope and St Bernard. In this kind office the abbot succeeded, but not until Abelard had made a declaration of faith, in which he yielded to a torrent that he found unable to oppose. Permitted to remain at Clugni, he lived there for two years comparatively private. The monks of the convent, indeed, importuned him to recommence his lectures, with which request he occasionally complied, and ob-

tained undiminished applause. His health and spirits were however too much enfeebled to support these exertions; and symptoms of debility and disease increasing, an ineffectual attempt was made by his friends to revive the expiring flame by removing him to the purer air of the priory of St Marcellus, near Chalons. Here, on the 21st of April 1142, in the sixty-third year of his age, he terminated his misfortunes and his life. In conformity to his desire, his remains were sent to the chapel of the Paraclete, and delivered to Heloise for interment. In the manner of the times, a form of absolution was sent with the corpse by the abbot of Clugni, with an epitaph to be engraven on the tomb of Abelard, in which his learning and knowledge were spoken of in the highest terms of panegyric.

Those only who have loved as tenderly, as truly, and as constantly as Heloise, can imagine the excess of her emotion on hearing of the death of Abelard. She had lived only for him, had thought only of him, and in spite of his absence and his nullity, he was still as he ever had been, her only consolation. In losing him she therefore lost all, and was alone in the universe. This heroine, on so many accounts, at the time of the death of Abelard, was only in her forty-first year, and still possessed much of the beauty and of the personal attractions of her youth, which however soon yielded to the grief produced by that melancholy event. The remainder of her life, twenty years, was employed in a rigid attention to her religious duties, her own hours of private devotion being regularly spent over the tomb of her husband. Heloise, like Abelard, died at the age of sixty-

three, on the 17th May 1163. If, as it is said, she requested to be re-united to him in the grave, her request was not granted; yet the tombs of the lovers as founder and foundress of Paraclete, are placed near each other in the chapel of the convent. In 1779 the bones of this celebrated pair were taken out of the vault by the then abbess, Marie de la Rochefoucault, and placed in a leaden coffin, separated in two divisions, that they might not be confounded. They were thus conveyed in procession and deposited beneath the altar, where a monument of black marble, with a Latin inscription, was erected to their memory. When the convents were abolished throughout France in 1792, the inhabitants of Nogent sur Seine transported the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the vaults of their own church; from thence, in the year 1800, they were brought by the government to Paris, and placed in the museum of French monuments, in a neat sepulchral chapel built by Lenain out of the ruins of the Paraclete. Lastly, in 1817, the museum being destroyed, they were finally removed to the burying ground of Pere la Chaise in Paris, where the sepulchral chapel has been re-erected, and is now to be seen.

It must not be concealed, that in the tablet of moral merit these celebrated lovers will take a much lower place than in that of love. The seduction of Heloise was no juvenile indiscretion on the part of Abelard (who was then nearly forty years of age) but, agreeably to his own confession, a scheme deliberately planned and resolutely executed; in short, an unresisting sacrifice of principle to passion, and of honour and generosity to the most selfish form of love.

Neither, in the whole course of his conduct, with the exception of the gift of Paraclete, was it clear from the tinge of selfishness which originated this ill-fated amour. His mistrust, and anxiety that his wife should precede him in taking the veil,—everything exhibits his inferiority in magnanimity and disinterestedness. The primary indiscretion of Heloise, on the contrary, was palliated by youthful ardour and inexperience; and extreme sensibility, romantic attachment, noble generosity, all unite to sanctify the frailties of a being at once so elevated and attractive. Her genius and acquirements also tend to exalt our ideas of this extraordinary woman,* certainly one of the most interesting, self-devoted victims to love, on ancient or modern record.

ABELERES.

ABELERES is the name which the negroes of the gold coast and of the kingdom of Juida give

* The fame of her learning spread throughout Europe. Her knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages is commended by Abelard. She is also spoken of by the abbot of Clugny, not merely as exceeding her own sex in learning and talents, but the majority of scholars. In the records of the house of Paraclete her name is recorded as “mother and first abbess of the convent, famed for her religion and learning.” In commemoration of her skill in the languages, it became an annual custom in the Paraclete on the day of Pentecost to perform divine service in Greek. Her own epistles form a still more unequivocal testimony of the vivacity of her genius, and the fervour and sensibility of her soul. So far do they surpass those of Abelard, that, looking at the now obsolete nature of the studies of the latter, most people will agree with a celebrated French author, “that the works of the scholar have for many years past given value to those of the master.”

to their public courtesans. They are chiefly prisoners taken in warlike excursions, which are frequently made for the express purpose. What is singular, if lost again by the chance of war, the young men express the utmost resentment against their magistrates or rulers, if they do not take immediate steps to recover this portion of public property, and even go so far as to threaten that their own wives shall be made to supply the place of the absent. "It has happened more than once," says Bosman, "that when I have had occasion to arrest five or six magistrates, it has created little sensation, but, at a particular time, having taken away two Abeleres, all the town was in a state of alarm, and fathers and husbands joined their most earnest entreaties for their restoration to those of the young men."

Most of the women of distinction in Juida, when they are on their death-beds, order the purchase of two or three handsome female slaves, to be Abeleres in such or such a canton, which liberality passes for a pious action that will be recompensed in the other world, like the founding of a monastery.

ABELONIANS.

THESE were a curious sect of heretics, which arose in Champagne, and had been some time extinct in the days of St Augustin. Their principles in regard to the union of the sexes were peculiarly strange: each man was to be in possession of his particular woman;—they thought it improper, and would not allow that any one should remain single, but all corporeal union was

prohibited. The wife was to be to the husband the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the fruit of which he was not, under severe penalties, to taste. These people were for regulating their matrimonial intercourse after the presumed model of that of Adam and Eve in paradise; or, rather, they professed to follow the example of Abel, from whom their name, who they pretended was married, but had died without knowledge of his wife. When a man and woman entered this society, they adopted two children, a boy and a girl, who succeeded to their goods, and who married each other in the like manner when grown up. They easily found poor people in the neighbourhood to supply them with children. This account is given by St Augustin, and as he is almost the only author who mentions them, it must be inferred that they were very little known. It is thought that this sect commenced under the emperor Arcadius, as it certainly terminated under Theodosius the younger, when all who composed it, being reduced to a single village, reunited themselves to the catholic church. A correspondent fate has of late years befallen a similar unnatural institution in the United States. Nature may be diverted in given cases, but cannot be wholly extinguished.

ABRAHAM AND SARAH.

It is unnecessary to supply our readers with the amatory and conjugal history of Abraham and Sarah, so singular, in relation to their adventures with the two kings, Pharoah and Abimelech, and to the concubinage and expulsion

of Hagar. This allusion, therefore, is only made for the purpose of introducing the extraordinary eulogiums bestowed on Abraham and Sarah, for the manner in which they passed themselves for brother and sister to the princes aforesaid. "Say what you will," writes Bayle, "Abraham left the honour and chastity of Sarah to the paternal care of providence, but neglected no *human* means for the preservation of his own life. Not to acknowledge therein the infirmity of corrupt nature, is to be wilfully blind."

St Chrysostom and St Ambrose, on the contrary, find subject for panegyric in the conduct, on these occasions, of both husband and wife. In adverting to the virtues of Abraham, the former observed to his auditors, that nothing vexes a husband more than to see his wife suspected of having been in the power of another; and yet this just person (Abraham) here made use of all his efforts to cause the act of adultery to be accomplished. It might be expected after this, that the preacher would proceed to censure the patriarch;—quite the contrary; he praises his courage and his prudence: his courage, which enabled him to conquer the emotion of jealousy, and the prudence which suggested so able an expedient to preserve his life. "Behold," exclaimed St Chrysostom, "with what prudence that just person imagined a happy manner of frustrating the ambuscades and evil intentions of the Egyptians!" He afterwards excuses him for having consented to his wife's adultery, because death in those days had not been stripped of its terrors. After praising her husband, he expatiates on the docility of Sarah, who gladly accepted the proposition, and did all

in her power to act her share of the comedy well. "Who," he exclaims, addressing himself to the good wives of Antioch, "can sufficiently admire Sarah for being willing, at her great age, and after such continency, to expose herself to prostitution, and give up her person to barbarians, to save her husband's life?" St Ambrose gave no less praise to the chastity of Sarah, and St Augustin was near upon verging into a similar strain. It may be doubted whether this theme of panegyric would exactly hit the taste of a devout congregation at this time, and, indeed, Origen was so scandalized at it, that he does away the matter of fact, and spiritualizes it into types and allegories. Origen was, however, a heretic, and these times are not our times.

ABOU JOSEPH.

How far the casuistry attributed to this famous mahometan doctor may really be founded on the following singular narrative of an Arabian writer may be doubtful. At all events, it exhibits in a curious point of view certain peculiarities in the marriage laws of the votaries of the Koran.

Abou Joseph was the *cadi-al-codhat*, or judge of judges, in Bagdat; a dignity answering to that of chancellor in Great Britain or France. He lived in the time of the celebrated caliph Haroun al Raschid, who, having become amorous of one of the slaves and concubines of his brother Ibrahim, and wishing to purchase her from him, he offered the latter thirty thousand dinars of gold for the lady. Unfortunately, however, Ibrahim had solemnly sworn to her

that he would neither sell nor give her away; but, tenderly as he loved her, he knew that both his life and property depended upon the caliph, and consulted Abou Joseph to know how he should act in circumstances so delicate. "To avoid perjury," said Abou Joseph, "give one half of your slave and sell the other." Charmed with an expedient worthy of Escobar, Ibrahim immediately sent the slave to his brother, with the necessary explanation, and was so delighted with the subtlety which had extricated him from so dangerous a dilemma, that he gave his counsellor ten thousand dinars.

Haroun, although possessed of the lady, had still an obstacle to overcome; for, according to mahometan law, the concubine of one brother could not pass into the arms of another, unless she had been in the meantime married and repudiated by some one else. The advice of Abou Joseph was again sought for, who recommended the caliph to marry his new favourite to one of his slaves, who could divorce her without assuming the privileges of a husband. This was accordingly done: but the slave, falling in love with his wife, refused the ten thousand dinars offered him to put her away, and the doctor was again called upon to discover some means of reconciling the conscience of the caliph with his love. Never at a loss, he counselled the latter that, as the rebel slave still belonged to him, to present him as a gift to his own wife, which would disannul the marriage: as, according to the mahometan law, no woman could be the wife of her own slave. Thus, by the casuistry of this judge of judges, the beautiful slave at length reached the arms of the caliph, who recompensed

the ingenuity of his counsellor with ten thousand dinars for each expedient; which, added to an equal sum on the part of the grateful lady out of the first fruit of the caliph's munificence, and to the fee of prince Ibrahim, produced him fifty thousand for this single affair.

It was Abou Joseph who, having one day avowed his ignorance in regard to some question put to him, and being reproached with receiving a high salary for what in this instance he could not perform, replied,—“ I receive remuneration in proportion to what I know; if I received it in proportion to what I do not know, the riches of the caliph would not be sufficient for the purpose.”

ABYDOS.

It was love which rendered the Turks masters of the castle of Abydos, named at present, in conjunction with that of Sestos, the Dardanelles. Under the sultan Orcan, the Turks besieged Abydos, when it happened that the daughter of the governor imagined that she had seen in a dream the figure of the man who was destined to be her husband. The cherished image of this predestined mortal she recognised in the person of one of the besieging army, and willing to submit to fate, she dropped from the walls a billet, in which she promised to give him up both the castle and her own person. The young soldier immediately took the note to his general, who, willing to ascertain the sincerity of the proposal, drew off his army, and gave orders to the lover to approach the walls towards mid-

night with a chosen body of men, who were to act as the note directed. Faithful to her promise, the romantic damsel introduced them into the castle, when they overpowered the garrison, and made her father a prisoner. The Turks behaved with more honour than perhaps the action merited, for the fair traitress was espoused by the lover, for whom heaven had so evidently designed her. Abydos is in Asia, Sestos in Europe; it was between these two places that the lover Leander lost his life while swimming across the Hellespont to his mistress Hero.

ADAM.

THE history of love and its consequences commences with that of mankind; and the father of all men, in the whole of his conduct, shadowed out the fate of his descendants. He yielded to passion, and all his posterity pays the forfeit. Placed in a delicious garden, he may taste of the fruit of every tree but one; but he is a man, with a young and beautiful wife, and young and beautiful wives almost invariably possess influence. Beguiled by the principle of evil under the form of a serpent—at least so say the commentators, for the Bible speaks only of the serpent—Eve eats of the forbidden tree, and soon induces Adam to follow her example. Nothing can be more pitiful and meagre than the excuse made by Adam, in the book of Genesis; but poets and French eloquence fill up the hiatus in the most interesting manner imaginable.

According to Milton, Adam, seeing that his wife has brought destruction on herself, is determined to share her fate, be it what it may :

However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo the doom : if death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of nature draw me to my own ;
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;
 Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,
 One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.

PARADISE LOST.

The French mode of representing this affair is as follows : “ Adam resisted without difficulty the first solicitations of Eve, and without doubt would have come off conqueror ; but the caresses, the blandishments, and the importunities of a beloved wife, who grieves, despairs, and reproaches him with indifference, are not to be resisted. Adam allows himself to be vanquished, and eats the fatal fruit, and thereby forfeited, both for himself and his posterity, the glorious privileges with which he had been endowed on the condition of one single and slight restraint.”

The only advantage obtained by Adam and Eve by partaking of the fruit of the tree of knowledge was, the miserable one of finding out that they were naked,—a remarkably happy type of the ultimate result of all knowledge, which usually terminates in a discovery of the extent of our ignorance. In this, as in all similar instances, commentators have been very ingenious in respect to the mental state of Adam before and after they found themselves naked. “ They had hitherto,” says our French authority, “ no knowledge, either speculative or experi-

mental, of the reasons why modesty demanded that they should be covered. The fruit of which they had partaken, however, opened their eyes, and excited in them emotions which inspired them with new notions of modesty and decorum." We need not be more particular, for the imaginations of commentators are occasionally more luxuriant than decorous, not to mention their extreme particularity. One notion however we must reject, for the honour both of the father and mother of mankind, we mean what is recorded in a very ancient book, which relates that Eve, exasperated by the obduracy of Adam, tore a stout branch from a tree, and by the aid thereof, very rapidly superinduced a notion of the necessity of implicit obedience.

Nothing can exceed the extravagant inventions of the Jewish rabbins on the subject of Adam and Eve, none of which display a single ray either of fine imagination or general good taste. Some of them assure us that Adam lived thirty years separate from his lawful wife in illicit connexion with a woman named Lilith, whom he formed out of clay, and by whose assistance he engendered a very impious race. Eve, on her side, abandoned herself to the caresses of apostate angels, a mode of revenge which is by no means unusual with her descendants. At length, after a slight separation of two hundred years, Adam receives a visit from the angel Gabriel, who, on the rational ground that neither could with much modesty reproach the other, produced a reconciliation. We may remark by the way, that the angel Gabriel has generally been charged with agreeable commissions.

ADDISON.

“DAUGHTER,” exclaims the Turkish sultan, when he marries one, as is sometimes the case, to a favourite courtier, “I give thee this man for thy slave.” This is not the exact form of words employed on giving or taking husbands in Christendom; but there is reason to believe that they are virtually understood by the female, even in marriages which are marked by little or no disparity of rank. However this may be, the celebrated Addison found it to be very decidedly the case, under circumstances in which the lady regarded the union on her part as a great condescension. That eminent person is not the only tutor to a son who has found his way to the good graces of the mother. We have heard of a *most* reverend prelate (now no more) who reached the primacy principally in consequence of his disinterestedness in declining the honourable overtures of a dowager-duchess, which self-denial or want of ambition so obliged a powerful family, that under their auspices he finally reached the highest preferment of the church. In regard to the countess-dowager of Warwick, Addison, who was tutor to the young earl her son, cultivated his good fortune; and on his increasing consequence in life, they were in the year 1716 married. The courtship on this occasion was long, being conducted on the side of Addison with the diffidence of one conscious of inferior rank; and he was finally accepted in a manner accordant with the spirit in which he offered himself. This should not have been the case with a man of singular merit and genius, however inferior in other

advantages ; but by his advancement the following year to the post of secretary of state, he was placed, even in a worldly sense, on a footing of equality which should have maintained more dignity on the one side, and respect on the other. Yet the legends of the day assert that he was treated with extreme hauteur by his lady bride, who seemed to regard him more as her gentleman usher than husband. The evil of absurd and causeless jealousy was added to his other annoyances from this dame of quality, who, as the story goes, when he visited a tavern opposite to their abode, made him take his station at a window within her sight, in order that she might be certain he was there. These anecdotes, marking the frequent wayward experience of great men in domestic life, are not without their utility. Woman, like death, often levels all distinction ; and there is no rank, however high or low, no intellect, however exalted or humble, which has not submitted to an influence derivable from sources and instincts against which genius is powerless and reason opposes itself in vain.

ADRIAN.

THE emperor Adrian was one of those many successful adventurers in life who owe their good fortune to female influence, if not to love. His father, Ælis Adrianus Afen, of Italica in Spain, was, to be sure, cousin-german to the childless Trajan ; but it is recorded by all writers treating on the reign of that warlike emperor, that he was by no means partial to his kinsman, who owed his advancement and high offices to the favour and

good graces of the empress Plotina. He gained the friendship of this princess so completely, and was protected by her so constantly, that, although a lady of great gravity and modesty, she was accused of being actuated by a criminal passion. Dion Cassius even proceeds so far as to positively assert it. The same author, on the authority of Apronian, his father, who was governor of Cilicia, even states that the adoption of Adrian by her dying husband, on his return from the east, was a managed business on the part of the empress. It is pretended that Plotina concealed the death of her husband for some days, and made some one imitate the languishing voice of a person at the last extremity declaring Adrian his successor; and at the same time, in concert with Tatian, the act of adoption was forged, which secured him the empire. "How difficult," says Bayle in allusion to this account, "to confute a probable slander. It is to the honour of Adrian that, to whatever motive he owed the good offices of Plotina, he ever treated her with the greatest attention while living, and honoured her memory with the divine rights of Paganism when dead."

It was by the direct advice and influence of Plotina that Adrian married Julia Sabina, the grand niece of Trajan; which union connected him still more strongly in the estimation of the Romans with the succession which afterwards took place. The character of this lady was very indifferent; and but for the general opinion that he owed the empire to his marriage, he would have put her away. Her infidelity was by no means unknown to him; and in particular, while in Britain, a letter fell into his hands, written by

his empress to a favoured lover then in the British army, in which she reproaches him with having forgotten her, and being captivated by the charms of some "conceited beauty." It amusingly enough happened, that the young man soon after requested leave of the emperor to return to Rome on pressing business.—"Certainly," replied Adrian; "lose no time, for the empress, my wife, impatiently expects you." The Roman, perceiving that the intrigue was discovered, fled the next night to Ireland. "He need not have been in so much fear," says Brantome, with genuine Gallic keeping; "as the emperor himself often said, who was eternally hearing of the unrestrained amours of his wife."

In the sequel Sabina paid for her imprudence very dearly: Adrian not only treated her with great contempt himself, but allowed others to do the same; and, if some accounts be true, she ultimately died by poison.

AGAMEMNON.

THE story of this early Grecian monarch being less intermixed with purely fabulous and incredible circumstances than that of the other heroes engaged in the Trojan war, it may not be discordant with the plan of this work to advert to adventures connected with the amatory passion, some of which have furnished subjects of deep interest to the tragic muse. Agamemnon was the son or grandson of Atreus, whom he succeeded in the realms of Argos and Mycenæ, and on account of the comparative extent and power of his dominions, was chosen generalissimo

of the confederate army against Troy, destined to revenge the abduction of the beautiful Helen; which expedition, according to the chronology of Usher, commenced one thousand one hundred and eighty-four years before Christ. It is unnecessary to dwell on the manner in which Agamemnon deprived Achilles of his lovely captive Briseïs, as the grand plot of the Iliad is founded upon its consequences. When in consequence of the great services performed by Achilles, Agamemnon finally restored Briseïs, he swore by the great Jupiter, by the sun, and the infernal furies, that he had never laid hand upon her, either as a lover or otherwise; an oath to which Achilles paid very little attention, and which in truth the amorous character of Agamemnon rendered extremely doubtful. However favourably the "king of men" might carry on his amatory affairs while commander of the great army, in which capacity he also obtained for a concubine the beautiful but ill-fated Cassandra, the prophetic daughter of Priam,—a very fatal doom was preparing for him in his own house. He had espoused Clytemnestra, the daughter of Tyndarus and Leda, and sister of Helen; which princess during his absence had yielded to the gallantries of Egisthus, and on that account, dreading the return of her husband, conspired with her lover for his destruction. According to tradition, she had experienced an inveterate hatred towards Agamemnon ever since the sacrifice of their daughter Iphigenia to the goddess Diana at Aulis, in order to obtain a favourable wind. His return with Cassandra, and a couple of children, the offspring of his amour with that princess, doubtless added force

to the motives of Clytemnestra for the commission of the heinous crime which her own unpardonable conduct had rendered expedient. Be this as it may, Agamemnon was on his return assassinated by Egisthus: while rising from the bath, a garment, the sleeves of which had been sewed up, was presented to the ill-fated warrior; and while his arms were thus hampered he was miserably butchered, as his ghost afterwards described it, "like an ox at the manger," the savage Clytemnestra exulting in the deed. The fate of the high-minded Electra, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and the sanguinary revenge of her brother Orestes, gave a lofty and poetical finish to the history of the house of Agamemnon, which has been admirably handled by Æschylus and Sophocles in the genuine spirit of Pagan fatalism, the mainspring of Grecian tragedy.

AGNES SOREL.

AGNES SOREL, or SORELLE, who, according to a contemporary historian, was the "fairest among the most fair," was born in 1407, at Fromenteaux, a village of Touraine. She was the daughter of John Sorel, lord of St Geran and Condun; and having become famous for her beauty, Charles VII of France sought an opportunity to judge for himself, and was immediately desperately enamoured. He nevertheless did not see her again until nearly two years afterwards, when she appeared at court in the suite of Isabella, wife of René of Anjou, titular king of Naples and Sicily, who came to implore the

succour of the king to release her husband from the hands of the duke of Burgundy. From the service of Isabella she passed into that of Mary the queen of Charles, whose original flame was thereby renewed with additional ardour; and Agnes, as is usually the case when kings are wooers, did not long remain insensible to the devoirs of a monarch, who offered to her ambition, her vanity, and her senses, allurements which united usually prove resistless. Her weakness ended with this compliance; for all accounts agree that she exerted her influence with great discretion, and was sincerely anxious for the real glory of her royal lover, and the delivery of France from intestine divisions and foreign foes. To great personal graces Agnes united an elevated mind, superior talents, and a gay amenity of manner, in the highest degree attractive. "Her complexion," says a grave historian of the period, "displayed the blended tints of the lily and the rose. The vivacity of her bright eye was tempered by an air of the most seducing gentleness; her mouth seemed formed by the graces. Her stature was also fine, her deportment easy and spontaneous; and her conversation united the charms of wit and gaiety to solid sense and refined discrimination."

These attractions, in connexion with the moderation and good sense with which she exercised her influence, secured her such general esteem, that even the queen took no open umbrage at an attachment which became serviceable both to the king and the kingdom. She would never for an instant allow the king's fondness for her company to interfere with the obligations of his rank, and the activity rendered

necessary by the unhappy ascendancy obtained in France by the English. Anxious to see her while the latter were besieging Orleans; "Forget me," she nobly wrote to him, "until you have vanquished your enemies." On another occasion an astrologer was instructed by Charles to say to her, that either the stars were liars, or she would become the mistress of a great king. Agnes, who detected the artifice, exclaimed with a smile, "If that be the case, sire, I request of your majesty to permit me to visit England, in order that I may fulfil my destiny; as there is no reason to believe that the prediction regards your majesty, who scarcely retains a third part of your kingdom." Charles, who understood raillery, the historian adds, "took this retort very pleasantly, and, as the utterer of it intended, was piqued into extraordinary exertions." Brantome relates the same circumstance, but adds that the king was moved by the severity of the observation even to tears. All accounts however agree in the patriotic endeavours of Agnes to rouse the too voluptuous and indolent Charles into a due sense of the duties of his situation, and to stimulate him to those energetic efforts which at length proved successful: for which reason both poets and historians ask leave from strict morality to praise her disinterestedness, magnanimity, and courage. "It is thus," writes Fontenelle, "that France is obliged to love; our national gallantry to the sex ought therefore to be considered only as gratitude." Charles VII at least owed his final success to woman; for while Agnes employed her power to make him worthy of a recovered throne, Joan of Arc successfully fought his battles.

The French historians, Gagnier and Varillas, assert that the unamiable and unnatural dauphin, afterwards the politic but hateful Louis XI, was an enemy to Agnes; and they add, that he was even banished for an insult which he offered to her. According to others, however, he was sent away for causing the assassination of a gentleman who had offended him. Agnes, it is added, after the unhappy dispute with the dauphin, who was jealous of her influence with his father, and even dared to strike her, retired to the castle of Loches in Touraine, and did not appear at court for five years. Her power over Charles was not however diminished by this voluntary exile; and he created her countess of Penthievre and lady of Beauté sur Marne. At length the queen herself requested her to return to Paris, whence she proceeded to Jumieges, where Charles was engaged in the conquest and reduction of Normandy, in order to give him intelligence of a conspiracy against his person. This journey proved fatal to Agnes; for, being seized with a dysentery, she expired in the abbey of Jumieges, on the 9th of February 1449, in the fortieth year of her age. By several writers of the time her death was attributed to poison, on a suspicion founded more on the character of the dauphin than on any direct evidence. She was tenderly and passionately lamented by Charles, who erected a tomb of black marble to her in the collegiate church of Loches, on which reposed her effigies in white marble, while angels appear supporting her pillow, and two lambs reposing at her feet.

The tomb of Agnes was strewed with poetical blossoms by the poets of France, and even

Louis XI showed no disrespect to her memory. On his ascending the throne, the canons of Loches, with a servile desire of courting favour, notwithstanding her liberality to their church, proposed to him to destroy her mausoleum. Louis sarcastically replied, that he had no objection, provided they would restore the gifts with which she had endowed them. He concluded with reproaching them with their ingratitude, and not only ordered them to fulfil her injunctions, but added six thousand livres himself to the donation which she had originally made.

Nothing can better prove the general conviction of the French nation of the favourable influence of Agnes over the spirit of her lover, than the fact that Francis I, who lived not more than half a century after her, honoured her memory with the following quatrain, which everybody in these days will regard as mere *truism*; the compliment was higher when it was paid :—

Gentille Agnes ! plus d'honneur tu mérite,
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dans un cloître ouvrir
Clause nonain, ou bien devote hermite.

Thus Latinized :

Lilia dum servas, plus, Agnes pulchra, mereris
Quam castus frater, quamve pudica soror.

France by thy charms again made free,
The praise, fair Agnes, due to thee
Exceeds what cloistered nun can claim,
Or hermit pure, of saintly fame.

The poet Alain Chartier says—what will not poets say?—that the loves of Agnes Sorel and Charles VII were purely platonic; a somewhat forcible proof to the contrary is afforded by the

fact that she had three daughters by that prince, all of whom were married to men of quality. The melancholy fate of Charlotte, the eldest, who inherited her mother's beauty, and was united to Jaques de Breze, count de Maulevrier, we shall have to record in another part of this collection. These girls, whom the king publicly owned, were stiled *filles de France*; and with Jane, the youngest, who married the count de Sancerre, Louis XI gave a portion of forty thousand crowns.

It is unpleasant to record that, during the French revolution, Pacholle, one of the Vandals of the day, a deputy of the Lower Seine, passing through Loches, mutilated the effigies of Agnes Sorel, and destroyed her funeral monument; which, if it assisted to keep alive a recollection of the weakness of this charming woman, also called to mind her numerous graces, her disinterested magnanimity, and the services which she rendered to her lover and her country.

AGNES (EMPRESS).

WE simply notice this princess, who was the wife of the emperor Henry II, in order to record an instance of her pious curiosity. Agnes, says Le Mothe le Vayer, employed a bishop to put to the celebrated casuist, Peter Damianus, the following pleasant question: "Utrum liceret homini suter ipsum debite naturalis egerium, aliquid ruminare psalmorum?" To generalize the same in English: "Whether it was lawful to ruminate devotionally in the marriage-bed?" We learn from Baronius that it was decided in the

affirmative, upon the authority of Paul, in his first epistle to Timothy, which says that God may be prayed to everywhere. Very punctilious, her imperial majesty Agnes, on the accurate boundaries of clashing duties !

AGNIUS.

THE northern chronicles relate the death of Agnius, an early king or chieftain of the Sinones, in terms which exceedingly remind us of the assassination of Holofernes by Judith. Finding the Finns in a state of anarchy and disorder among themselves, Agnius, like more enlightened warriors and politicians, thought it a fit opportunity to acquire the dominion of their country, and by the means of a strong and ably conducted expedition completely succeeded.

In order to prevent a revolt, the conqueror required hostages, and among others, Schialvia, only daughter of Frothen, one of the most powerful chieftains of the province, a female of exquisite beauty. Her charms immediately secured the heart of Agnius; and as marriage ceremonies among these people were short and simple, he no sooner arrived at the port of Stockholm, than he caused a tent to be erected under a tree, in order to solemnize his marriage with Schialvia. In the usual style of northern festivity, the king made a sumptuous feast on the occasion, at which he and all his nobles indulged until completely intoxicated. Left alone with his bride in this state, the indignant Schialvia, who had been torn from her country against her will, contrived to hang him to the branches of the tree under

which the tent was erected, and then made her escape with a view of getting back to Finland, which she safely reached, favoured by many hours' unpursued flight, in consequence of the courtiers having imitated the excess of their leader, and being otherwise unwilling hastily to interrupt his nuptial felicity. Agnius was buried where he met with his singular death, anno 192, being part of the site of the present town of Stockholm.

ALBERT OF BAVARIA.

It is often found that beautiful, quick-witted women, of humble origin and defective education, inspire men of rank, and even men of genius, with the most strong and ardent passion. This may partly arise from their more attentive observation of the humour and inclination of their captives in the first instance, and possibly also from the sort of freedom acquired by the less degree of delicacy and artificial constraint to which they are subjected by habit and the refinements of polished society. Education effects less for woman, merely as woman, than for man: in her pure sexual capacity, the prompt and native suggestion of a mind of strong natural power will effect far more than the bashful *minauderies* and affectations of more cultivated coquetry, or even than the blushing modesty in many respects so beautiful. It more quickly perceives its advantages, and more directly marches to its object; and there is a strong disposition, especially in men of a certain class, to be spared the necessity of cere-

monious gallantry and intellectual refinement in their amatory intercourse. Dispensing with these, all the rest that is essentially feminine is before them; and they are more pleased by the absence of restraint than annoyed by that of artificial decorum. In regard to female artifice and design, they gain nothing; for in cunning and close observation women of this class, and indeed all uneducated people of good natural parts, rather exceed the rest of the world. Thus, if able duly to disguise their selfishness for a season, these lowly handmaidens often acquire the most extraordinary ascendancy, and are much disposed too to display it in its extreme, when conscious that their influence is no longer resistible. Numerous instances may be selected from history, in illustration of the foregoing truths; and among others is that of the individual whose name heads the present article.

Albert III was the son of Ernest, duke of Bavaria and of Munich. This prince, in early manhood, with all the vivacity of youth, indulged an ardent passion for Anne Bernaverne, the daughter of a barber of Augsburg. Duke Ernest, informed of this humble attachment, married his son to Elizabeth of Wirtemberg, hoping that a young and amiable wife would break off the improper connexion. He was mistaken; Albert was only the more infatuated by his mistress, and disregarded all the innocent caresses and attempts of Elizabeth to acquire a place in his heart; a neglect which so afflicted that princess, that she gave way to a melancholy which affected her health, and ultimately terminated her existence in the flower of her days.

Careless of the loss of a consort whom he

had never loved, and whose declining health formed a silent but most sensible reproach, the prince gave way to his passion for his gay and beautiful mistress with more importunity than ever. At length, he was so infatuated as to determine to marry her; and among her intimates the ambitious woman at once assumed the title of duchess of Bavaria; and the manner in which she promised, under the pledge of secrecy, gifts and favours to those who would advance the marriage, was the means of preventing it. Some of her confidants betrayed the design of his son to duke Ernest, who, finding all his remonstrances unattended to, repaired secretly to the neighbourhood of Straubing, where Anna then resided; and, getting her into his power, he had her thrown into the Danube. The fury of Albert was extreme, and he even threatened the life of his father, but was gradually induced to agree to a reconciliation, and afterwards married Anne of Brunswick. This prince died in 1460.

The summary proceeding of duke Ernest was truly German, and reminds us of the pleasant deportment of the father of Frederick the Great in respect to the mistress of that celebrated prince. Ali Pacha also settled similar embarrassments in the same way. The wife of one of his sons complaining that her husband was attracted by some beautiful women in Joanina, Ali had them put in sacks, and thrown without ceremony into the sea. Good wits jump.

ALBOIN.

THE caprices and excesses of barbarians seldom form subjects of pleasant contemplation; but an attention to them is now and then amusing, in consequence of an occasional exhibition of the striking and picturesque, and sometimes as being illustrative of the operation of similar strong passions in different forms and stages of society. The fate of Alboin, the most eminent of the barbarous kings of the Lombards, will find a place here for both these reasons. This warlike barbarian was the son of Audoin, who reigned in Pannonia. While serving under his father, he slew in battle a son of Turisund, king of the Gepidæ. It was then the custom that a chieftain's son should not be permitted to sit down to table with his father, until he had been solemnly invested with arms by a foreign sovereign. In search of this honour, Alboin ventured to visit the court of Turisund himself, accompanied by forty companions; and there, notwithstanding the feelings of a father towards the slayer of his son, he was honourably treated, and received the military decoration which he requested in the bloody arms of the very youth whom he had slain.

On his succession to his father's crown, he asked in marriage Rosamond, the beautiful daughter of Cunimund, another son of Turisund; and meeting with a refusal, he endeavoured, at first unsuccessfully, to obtain her by force of arms. In a subsequent campaign, aided by the Avars, he utterly overthrew the kingdom of the Gepidæ, and slew Cunimund with his own hand, whose

skull he caused to be fashioned into a drinking cup. This catastrophe happened in the year 566; and Rosamond being thereby thrown into the possession of Alboin, he made her his wife.

It is not in the spirit of this undertaking to detail the conquest of Italy by this leader, which immediately followed, nor his occupation, without a single battle, of all the fertile part of Italy from Trent as far as the gates of Rome and Ravenna. Pavia alone resisted, and endured a three years' siege; and when at length taken, the barbarous conqueror was prevented from fulfilling a vow which he had made to massacre the whole of the inhabitants, by the superstitious omen of a fall from his horse. In this city he fixed his seat and empire, and it remained for some ages the capital of the Lombard kingdom.

Alboin did not long enjoy his splendid acquisition, and it remained for love and vengeance to effect his overthrow. At a feast which he gave to his companions in the palace of Verona, he was induced by intoxication and native brutality, to send to his queen Rosamond the cup, formed out of her father's skull, filled with wine. How frequently have insults led to consummations of revenge, which injuries alone might never have excited! Such was the result in the present instance; Rosamond placed the cup to her lips with a bitter smile, and in the recesses of her heart the fate of Alboin was determined upon. She had previously engaged in a criminal correspondence with Helmichild, the king's armour-bearer; and she profited by the ascendancy she had acquired over this officer to induce him to join in her scheme of vengeance.

The latter however feared to attack so formidable a warrior without further aid, and recommended her to induce Peredeus, the favourite of Alboin, to join in the intended assassination. The means taken by Rosamond to induce his acquiescence were highly characteristic of the woman. Her first overtures having been coolly received, and aware that Peredeus was intimately connected with a lady in her suite, she substituted herself for this female in a nocturnal assignation, and then informing the mistaken lover who she was, "Choose," she exclaimed, "whether thou wilt kill or be killed. If thou allowest Alboin to escape *my* vengeance, thou shalt not escape *his*." Of these alternatives, Peredeus decided in favour of the first; and accordingly, when Alboin heavy with wine had retired to repose, his queen called in the conspirators. On the first alarm he flew to his sword, but Rosamond had fastened it in the scabbard; he however defended himself some time with a stool, but was at length dispatched by the assassins. This event happened in the year 573. Alboin left a daughter by Rosamond, but his vacant throne was filled by election.

The fate of Rosamond and her paramour was in strict keeping with the events already related. Having essayed in vain to induce the Lombards to place the crown of Lombardy on the head of her lover, she fled with him, Peredeus, and all the treasures of the king, to Ravenna, where she married Helmichild. Ravenna was at that time governed by an officer called an exarch, appointed by the emperor Justin, whose name was Larginus. This commander, smitten with the beauty of Rosamond, and probably quite as

much by her ill-gotten riches, sought her good graces, and promising her marriage in the event of widowhood, gradually persuaded her to get quit of a husband whom she had only taken in the way of convenience. Inconstancy, and the desire of sharing in the power of her new lover, soon induced a woman to comply, who it has been seen was not very scrupulous in the indulgence of her passions. She accordingly took the opportunity when her new husband came out of the bath, to present him with a refreshing cup, usual on such occasions, in which she had mingled a mortal poison. The effect was so sudden, that Helmichild, aware of the character of his wife, was satisfied of the truth before the cup was empty. Drawing his sword, he made her instantly drink the remainder; and in a short time both the one and the other were no more.

The treasures of Rosamond, with her daughter by Alboin, were then sent by the exarch Longinus to Constantinople: and thus ends this extraordinary but well-authenticated story of love, revenge, and assassination.

ALCIBIADES.

THIS gifted Athenian may possibly be regarded as the most accomplished rake of all antiquity. It might seem, says an historian, that nature, in forming Alcibiades, was willing to find out the extent of her capability, and to exhibit in one individual a person who was to be surpassed neither in virtues nor vices. A philosopher, a voluptuary, a warrior, and a gallant at Athens

sober at Sparta; magnificent at the court of Tissaphernes; wise in the school of Socrates; and a hero at the head of an army. It is not, however, to the general character or life of this great man, that we are called upon to allude here, but to those special qualities and accomplishments which rendered him so acceptable to the other sex. Favoured by a person which was equally attractive in childhood, in youth, and in manly maturity, he joined thereto an address the most captivating, a spirit the most commanding, and that ability to step backwards and forwards from pleasure to business, and from business to pleasure, which operates infinitely more upon the heart, understanding, and imagination of women, than a total devotion to themselves. Helen was not perfectly satisfied with the handsome Paris for this very reason; and the truth has been fully proved by modern instances innumerable.

Thus favoured in person and mind, the success of Alcibiades in affairs of love is not surprising. An adventure with his wife is even characteristic of the sort of men who are gifted to make their way with women. His consort Hipparata, the daughter of Hipponicus, was a lady of distinguished virtue. Devotedly attached to her husband, she was unable to endure his numerous gallantries with other females, and quitting his house, retired to that of her brother Callias. It was necessary, however, on the part of an Athenian wife who quitted her husband, to lodge a letter of divorce in the hands of the archon; and likewise to present it in person. In compliance with this law, Hipparata appeared before that magistrate, where Alcibiades found her; and boldly clasping her round the waist, he

bore her off amidst the assembled spectators, and carried her home, without an individual being hardy enough to oppose him. This lady died young.

When his irreligious frolics with the statues of Mercury had banished him the republic—an exploit not much unlike that of a *Roué* of modern times—he repaired to Sparta, where, with all the suppleness of his character, he at once assumed the temperate and frugal life of the people among whom he was a guest. His talent for gallantry was however rapidly displayed in the seduction of Timea, the wife of Agis, king of Sparta. This intrigue produced some striking political consequences; for the birth of a boy, of which this queen was soon after delivered, was rendered doubtful by the suspicions entertained of his mother's conduct. It is even asserted that Alcibiades was ungenerous enough openly to declare that he had paid court to Timea, only to give a future king to Sparta. However this may be, the celebrated Agesilaus found means to set aside the youth, who was called Leotychides, on this account, and to mount the throne in his place. Part of the testimony which he produced to sanction this supercession, went to prove that Timea called her infant Alcibiades among her confidential women. If true, that both the inamoratos were thus imprudent, neither of them had much right to complain of the future disagreeable consequences.

Alcibiades, who completely filled up the character of a libertine on a grand scale, was seldom unprovided with an establishment of courtezans. He was attended by one of these at the time of his base assassination by the soldiers of the

satrap Pharnabazus; and this was Timandra, the mother of the far-famed Corinthian courtesan Lais. She behaved in a manner that might have done honour to a higher character: she performed his funeral obsequies as magnificently as her circumstances would allow, and had him buried in the town of Melissa; where long afterwards the emperor Adrian caused a marble statue to be erected to his memory, and ordered a bull to be annually sacrificed at his tomb. His death happened in his fortieth year, B. C. 403.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

LOVE was altogether subordinate to glory in the estimation of Alexander the Great, who evinced during his youth so much coldness towards the sex, that his mother Olympias was uneasy at it, as unseasonable and unnatural. His future history proves that there was no absolute necessity for the maternal fears of the good queen; but whatever the eastern license which he afterwards assumed in regard to wives and concubines, there is no evidence to conclude that he was in any very decided degree devoted to women. His complaisance to Thais, the mistress of Ptolemy Lagus, which led to the brutal burning of Persepolis, was rather a Bacchanalian frolic than a tribute to love. The first female who impressed him with an admiration which led to any consequences, according to Plutarch, was Barsina, the widow of Memnon, and daughter of Artabaces, of the blood royal

of Persia. The charms of his beautiful wife Roxana, the daughter of the Sogdian prince Oxyartes, whom he formally espoused, also made a strong impression upon him; but his marriages with Statira, the daughter of Darius, and with Parysatis, the daughter of Octius, seem to have been political alliances with the royal family of Persia, in order to conciliate his new subjects, being accompanied with similar marriages between all his principal officers and Persian ladies of high rank. An affair of a different nature indeed is mentioned with an Indian queen Cleophis, whom he conquered, and restored to her throne, after an amour in which she became pregnant of a son, who reigned after her. His resignation of Campaspe to Apelles, and one or two similar instances of a generous conquest over his amatory inclinations, rather favour than oppose the notion of the secondary influence of the passion of love in the bosom of Alexander. He was, in fact, too great a votary both to Mars and Bacchus, to be a very decided one to Venus and Cupid.

It was the indiscretion of love which betrayed to Alexander the conspiracy against him, headed by Philotas, the son of Parmenio. Strongly attached to a young female captive, the imprudent lover would frequently expatiate before her on the obligations of Alexander to Parmenio and himself, by whose aid he contended that the *boy* chiefly reigned. These foolish bravadoes with significant hints of further intentions, being told by the faithless mistress to others, at length reached Alexander himself. He examined the woman personally, who at once without remorse

betrayed her lover ; and he was executed ; neither did Parmenio, notwithstanding all his great services, escape.

Alexander left sons by both his Asiatic wives ; but being infants, they were little thought of by the Greek leaders, who divided his dominions among themselves.

ALFIERI.

THE autobiography of the celebrated Victor Alfieri contains some remarkable details in illustration of the operations of the tender passion upon a man of warm temperament and original genius. Alfieri, in many respects the Byron of Italy, was born at Asti in Piedmont, in 1747. He was the only son of a Piedmontese nobleman, of ancient lineage and respectable fortune, and was left to the guardianship of a widowed mother at an early age. Although, unlike the surviving parent of lord Byron, that of Alfieri soon married again, her second union seems to have produced little effect in regard to the education of her son, who, although placed in the usual course of classical and other acquirements, was with little interruption allowed to form his own character and habits. The general career of this energetic and eccentric genius, in the pursuit of novelty and pleasure, until he finally terminated in the poet and tragic dramatist, it is not the province of this work to detail. It is sufficient to observe, that he was as wayward and impulsive as Childe Harold himself ; as great a lover of the world's admiration, while

affecting to despise it; and though an avowed votary of freedom, aristocratic in temper and habits to an extreme degree. A still more early independence of control assisted the resemblance; and although in various particulars the parallel will fail, sufficient will exist to prove that these two noble poets may be classed under the same *family* of human character, in regard to their leading pre-dispositions; which original bias was in a very similar way developed by kindred circumstances of birth, education, and fortune.

Whoever has perused the interesting little poem of lord Byron called 'The Dream,' and is otherwise aware of his early attachment to Miss C—, will be amused with the following sketch, by Alfieri, of the dawn of similar feelings at about the same age of eighteen:—

“ Having gone to spend a month in the country with her brothers, who were my particular friends and associates in my riding excursions, I for the first time felt, in the most unequivocal manner, the influence of the tender passion. I became smitten with their sister-in-law, the wife of their elder brother, a young, vivacious, and enchanting brunette. In consequence of this attachment, I fell into a profound melancholy; became restless whether in her presence or when absent from her, and so embarrassed as to prevent me uttering a single syllable, if I casually met her at a little distance from her brother-in-law, who seldom quitted her. After our return from the country, I spent whole days in the public walks, and in going from one street to another, that I might have the pleasure of beholding her. What superadded to my suffer-

ing, was the impossibility of speaking of her, or of even hearing her name pronounced. In fine, I became a victim to all the feelings which Petrarch has so inimitably depicted in some of his pieces—feelings which few can comprehend, and fewer still ever experience. This first attachment, which never produced any serious consequences, is not even now wholly extinguished in my mind. During my unceasing travels for a succession of years it has uniformly continued, without any act of volition or even perception on my part, to haunt my imagination and pursue my steps. It seemed like a voice crying from the inmost recesses of my heart—If thou provest thyself worthy, thou mayest render thyself acceptable in the sight of that female; and should circumstances change, thou mayest yet embody what has hitherto been only a shadow.”

Alfieri soon after departs on his travels, and visits England and Holland. At the Hague he again falls in love with a married lady, a predicament which, such is the force of continental and especially Italian habits, never extorts a remark of any kind. Let him however again speak for himself, if only duly to exhibit the species of lover, and how intimately in some constitutions the development of mind and genius is almost exclusively connected with the more instinctive-physical impulses:—

“During my stay at the Hague, I fell into the snares which love had so often spread in vain to entrap me. It was a young, married, beautiful, and highly-accomplished female, who inspired me with this attachment. I became so violently enamoured, that I determined not to

quit the Hague, being fully persuaded that it would be utterly impossible to enjoy life without her society. While thus assailed with the shafts of love, my heart was not insensible to the soothing influence of friendship.

“The name of my new friend was Joseph d’Acunha, the Portuguese envoy at the Hague. In him were united, to much originality of character, a well-informed mind and general elevation of sentiment. A mutual taciturnity, and sympathy of character, insensibly operated to unite us in the bonds of friendship, which union was still further cemented by reciprocal candour and frankness. I incessantly spoke of my mistress to my friend, and of my friend to my mistress. I drank deep draughts from the fountain of pleasure, to which I had hitherto been a stranger, but of which my heart felt a confused want. The excellent advice given me by my worthy friend will never be erased from my memory. He it was who first made me blush at my indolent and absurd mode of life, at my dislike to reading, and at my utter want of acquaintance with the works of our best authors in prose and verse, as well as with the productions of our most celebrated philosophers. He mentioned, in particular, the immortal Machiavel, whom I knew only by name. Biassed by the prejudices of education, we too readily give credit to the calumnies propagated by his detractors, who have frequently neither read nor comprehended him. What seemed to me then very extraordinary was, that a desire for study never took possession of my mind, nor did my ideas begin to unfold themselves, till I became occupied with the passion of love. This passion at once deprived me of

the means of applying myself, and stimulated me to proceed. Never did I find myself in a more suitable state for the composition of any literary work, than when I was actuated with the desire of presenting my productions to her who inspired me with this omnipotent passion."

The husband of this lady purchases a baronial domain in Switzerland, where she is obliged to join him. Alfieri thus describes his conduct on this occasion:—

"I should never obtain credit, were I to recount all the follies which I committed on this occasion. While, however, I implored death to come to my aid, I said not a word to any one. I feigned sickness, in order to induce my friend to leave me to myself; and called in a surgeon, who took away some blood from my arm. No sooner had he quitted my chamber, than I pretended to fall asleep, and, closing my bed-curtains, mused for a few minutes on what I should do. I then loosened the bandage of my arm, that I might die by loss of blood; but my faithful and intelligent Elias had seen my frenzy, and been instructed to watch my conduct narrowly. With this view, pretending to believe that I had called him, he approached my bedside, and suddenly opened the curtains. Equally surprised and abashed, and perhaps at the same time even repenting of my folly, or at least not fully determined in my resolution, I told him that the bandage round my arm had become loose. Feigning to believe me, he replaced it, but never again left me to myself. As soon as my friend was informed by him of my situation, he had me immediately conveyed to his house, where I remained for several days, during which he never

left me alone. I became dull and pensive; but whether from shame or diffidence, I concealed my inward grief. The influence of time, however; the sage counsels of my friend; the various amusements in which he compelled me to participate; a ray of hope that I should again behold the mistress of my heart on her return to Holland; but above all, the volatility of temper natural to nineteen,—tended greatly to assuage my sorrow; and I formed the resolution of returning to Italy.’

The next attachment of our impetuous innamorato was to a lady of quality in England, to which country he paid a second visit in 1770. His amour with this Messalina of rank was detected by the husband, in consequence of the information of a domestic. The latter, on this disclosure, called on Alfieri; they proceeded to the Green Park, and fought with swords, in which rencontre the gallant was slightly wounded. With his usual headlong fervor, he rather rejoiced at the discovery than otherwise, because a divorce would give his mistress to him entirely. The sequel of this story is so characteristic on the part of Alfieri and the English husband, and farcical in other respects, that a further extract or two will be welcome:—

“ Although it appeared to me that the divorce would terminate our misfortunes; though the father of the lady, whom I had known for two years, called to congratulate his daughter on having now made a choice, he was pleased to say, that would be worthy of her; notwithstanding all these favourable appearances, I conceived that I could discern on the beautiful face of my mistress a cloud which presaged a new calamity.

She wept without ceasing, and protested every moment that she loved me beyond expression. She assured me that the publicity of this affair, and the dishonour with which she was loaded, would be amply compensated by the happiness of living always with me; but she added, that she was certain I would never espouse her. The obstinacy with which she persevered in repeating these words almost drove me to distraction; and this harassing perplexity destroyed all the pleasure I felt in seeing her every hour of the day without restraint. The process, which was already commenced, also added to my disquiet, as it gave publicity to the whole affair,—a consideration necessarily repugnant to the feelings of every one not wholly destitute of shame.

“Hence it may be readily conjectured what anxiety I suffered during the interval between Wednesday and Friday. On the morning of the last-mentioned day, I again implored my mistress to unfold the cause of her sorrow and sadness, and to explain what to me appeared enigmatical in her discourse. After a long preamble, occasionally interrupted by sobs and tears, she at length said, that she was unworthy of me, and that circumstances rendered our union impossible. Previous to her attachment to me she had loved——

“Who? I exclaimed with the most impetuous vehemence.

“The groom who was in her husband’s service!—Such was the substance of her stammering answer. My brain was on fire. ‘Why tell me, cruel woman! It would have been better to assassinate me.’ On recovering her speech, she by degrees made the shameful avowal of her dis-

graceful amours, the details of which filled my soul with horror.

“ My worthy precursor was at this very moment in her husband’s service. It was he who had watched the conduct of his mistress, and informed his master of our intercourse. Nay farther, when acquainted that the latter had been engaged with me in a duel, he sought an audience, and made a full confession of his amours, which had been carried on for three years. He concluded by earnestly entreating his master to consider the loss of such a woman as rather a blessing than a curse. These circumstances I learned afterwards; she herself only related to me the simple fact, blending it with details in order to palliate her own conduct. Language is altogether inadequate to express the emotions of grief and rage with which I was agitated. The feelings of my lacerated heart were vented by turns in groans and lamentations; but I still felt that I loved her to distraction. Even now, after a lapse of twenty years, when I reflect on what I then suffered, my blood boils in my veins.

“ I at length quitted her, after saying that she was perfectly correct in supposing that I would never espouse her; that if chance had after our union unveiled to me such infamous conduct, I would have killed her with my own hand; and that I should have destroyed myself at the same time, if I had loved with equal ardour as I did at that moment. I added, that she was less to me an object of contempt, from having had the candour and energy of mind to acknowledge her guilt; that I would ever be her friend, and never abandon her; that if she chose, I would remove with her to some remote corner of Europe or

America, and there spend my days with her, on condition, however, that she never assumed the title of my wife."

Our poor lover, however, no sooner gets home, than he encounters a daily paper, in which he reads a long account of the confession of the favoured groom to his master, and every kind of particular made public in such a manner as to convince him that the *candour* and *energy* displayed in the confession of his mistress was confined to the fact of avowing in the evening what had been published in the newspaper of the morning. Alfieri is quite himself on this occasion :—

" I flew the next morning to her house, and after loading her with the most abusive and contemptuous epithets, intermingled with expressions of ardent love, tenderness, and sorrow, I departed, vowing that I would never see her more, though in less than an hour I again returned and spent the whole day with her. I went back on the following and every succeeding day, till she resolved to quit London, and return to a convent in France. I accompanied her on a tour through several counties of England, to protract the moment of our separation ; but at length, seizing a moment when shame and irritation triumphed over love, I left her at Rochester, whence she proceeded to France by way of Dover, while I returned to London."

On his return to town, Alfieri found the process of divorce still pending, the husband having chosen to bring him forward in preference to the groom. To this husband he however does great justice :—

" I cannot sufficiently extol his conduct: he

neither wished to kill me when I was in his power, nor yet sought to extort from me the damages usually allowed by the law in such cases, which would have greatly embarrassed my circumstances. This intrepid and generous man acted throughout the whole affair in a manner I very little merited. As the fact was too evident to admit of a doubt, a divorce was obtained without my being under the necessity of appearing in court, and without any measures being taken to impede my departure from England."

At three-and-twenty Alfieri found himself in his native country, and master of an ample fortune, for Piedmont. His friends wished him, in the fashion of other young men of his rank, to seek the graces and favour of a courtier, and in particular to solicit some diplomatic employment. He replied, that he would not represent the Great Mogul, still less the petty king of Sardinia; and that in a country governed like his own an individual could only live on his fortune, if he possessed one, or otherwise embrace some laudable occupation, by which he could secure to himself a happy independence. In the same spirit he gave up his commission in the army, and in a few years after made over his fief to his sister, because it implied the necessity of asking leave every time he quitted the country, and otherwise subjected him to feudal submissions and observances. He had still, however, another conquest to achieve over the tempestuous and unruly passion of love; and his third crisis, in result, is even more interesting than all the former, as it led to his first attempt at tragedy. The occasional use of his own language will best describe the facts:—

“ This third accession of love, although short, was truly extravagant. This new object of my attachment was a female of distinguished birth, but of doubtful reputation, even in the world of gallantry; and she was older than I by nine or ten years. I first became acquainted with her at my entrance into life, during the period I remained in the academy; and I now lodged exactly opposite to her house. The advances which she made to me, my idleness, and the state of my feelings, which perhaps resembled those of which Petrarch said with so much truth,—

“ *So di che poco canupe si allaccia
Un’ animal gentil, quand’ella é sola
E non é chi per lei defesa faccia.*

“ In short, Apollo appeared inclined to lead me into the road of wisdom by the extraordinary route of love; and though I at first neither esteemed nor loved her, I at length became attached even to madness. Friends, amusements, even my favourite horses, were neglected. From eight in the morning until midnight, I remained continually by her side, discontented with my conduct, yet unable to leave her. In this wretched and vacillating state did I live, or more properly speaking vegetate, from the middle of 1773 until February 1775, without reflecting on the consequences of this adventure, the termination of which proved at once so distressing and so fortunate.”

The constant agitation of mind produced by a course of life in which conscience and unbridled passion waged an incessant war, at length produced a violent disease, but not the dissolution of this discreditable amour. He had no sooner

recovered himself, than his mistress had her fit of sickness in return. His account of this affair is curious, as describing the accidental commencement of his first tragedy of Cleopatra.

“ As it was necessary that my mistress should be kept in profound quiet, I had a chair placed near the bed, that I might be able to watch over her. In it I remained the whole day, never uttering a syllable, lest I might subject her to the necessity of speaking. During one of these *sittings*, when oppressed with languor, a few sheets of paper fell accidentally into my hands, in which I began to scribble at random and without any determinate plan the scene of a piece which I knew not whether to consider as belonging to tragedy or comedy. It was written in the form of a dialogue between a man whom I named Photion, a woman, and a Cleopatra, who enters some time after the other interlocutors. When I now reflect on this attempt, it appears to me so much the more extraordinary, as for five or six years I had not only never written a line of Italian, but not even opened a book of any kind, except rarely, and at long intervals. Thus, I cannot say how or why, I was impelled to write these scenes in Italian and in *verse*. When I began to sketch this piece, I had no other reason to prefer the name of Cleopatra to that of Berenice, of Zenobia, or of any other heroic queen, except that it was from being in the constant habit of viewing the superb tapestries in the antichamber of my mistress, in which was presented the history of Mark Antony and the fascinating Egyptian. On the recovery of my mistress, forgetful of the ridiculous scenes which I had written, I placed them under the cushion of

her couch, where they remained a whole year without any one suspecting it."

At length, in a fit of complete self-disgust, our singular lover takes the advantage of a quarrel with his mistress to determine upon flight. She learns his intention, and, as customary on similar occasions, returns him his letters and portrait. He could, however, get no farther than to Novara, in his way to Milan, where his resolution gave way; and sending on his carriage, he sneaked back to Turin, which he approached at night, to prevent being the joke of his acquaintance. From a wretched inn in the suburbs he wrote a penitential letter to his mistress, craving her indulgence, and beseeching an audience. His petition being granted, he entered the city by night, to use his own strong language, "like a vagabond," and obtained an "ignominious pardon." It was then agreed between them, that he should really proceed to Milan, and, after an absence of five or six weeks, return to Turin on the plea of ill-health; and he accordingly departs in a state of mind "equally calculated to excite pity and contempt." Having speeded through two or three Italian cities, he returned to Turin in eighteen days, from a journey which was originally intended to last a year; and once more stole into the city at night, to avoid the jests of his companions.

The self-contempt produced by this amorous imbecility at length began to effect proportionate consequences in a mind possessed of the native vigour of that of Alfieri. He once more resolved to struggle with his passion; and convinced by experience of the uselessness of travelling, he resolutely determined to effect his emancipation.

without removing from Turin. We again borrow from himself:—

“Imagining, from the obstinacy and peculiarity of my character, that I should succeed most certainly by the adoption of such measures as would compel me to make the greatest efforts, I determined never to leave the house, which, as I have already said, was exactly opposite to that of my mistress; to gaze at her windows; to see her go in and out every day; and to listen to the sound of her voice; although firmly resolved that no advances on her part, either direct or indirect, should ever again tempt me to a renewal of intercourse.”

To fortify himself in this resolution, he cut off his hair, as none but clowns and sailors could appear at that time in short hair; and what is still more curious, caused himself to be tied with cords to a chair, in order to prevent him from leaving the house to visit his mistress; his servant being strictly commanded never to release him until the paroxysm of his daily amatory conflicts had subsided. The cords were concealed under a large mantle in which he was enveloped, leaving one hand only at liberty; and he remained in this situation for whole hours, and was seen by many who called on him, without any one suspecting that he was tied to the chair.

He thus passed more than two months in a state almost bordering on frenzy, but at length was led to think of literature as a relief, and attempted the composition of some verses. The ‘Cleopatra’ of cardinal Delfino also fell into his hands, and reminded him of the papers which he had fortunately withdrawn from the cushion

of his mistress's sofa a few days before he left her. Astonished at the resemblance between the state of his own heart and Antony's, he resolved to retouch his scenes, and have them performed by the actors who visited Turin in the spring. Pursuing this fortunate idea with his characteristic impetuosity, after several months of poetical consultations, and a laborious reference to grammars and dictionaries, he produced the tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' which was represented at Turin in June 1775. "If," writes Alfieri, "I have since been deemed worthy to rank among our celebrated tragic or comic authors, this first step must be regarded as the most important of my life."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that in a very respectable sense Alfieri is so regarded; and when it is recollected that he composed 'Cleopatra,' and one or two more of his tragedies, in French prose, and translated them into Italian poetry with great labour, the force of his latent genius will be deemed remarkable. "I sketched them in this meagre and unpleasing language," he remarks, "not that I knew it, or even pretended to know it, but because during my five years' travels it was the only language that I heard spoken, and I explained myself better in it than in any other. By my ignorance of language, I bore a striking resemblance to one of those noted couriers of Italy, who, when sick in bed, dreams that he runs, and wants only his limbs to surpass his rivals."

On concluding his account of his amour at Turin, and its consequences, Alfieri announces the termination of the epoch of his *youth*. He was of the age of twenty-seven when he thus

formally entered into the service of the muses ; and it will readily be conceived that a total release from the sex was not to be expected at that season of life. He was, in fact, fated to experience another and a final attachment of a more mental and consistent nature, the commencement of which he thus soberly describes :—

“ During the preceding summer (1776) which I passed at Florence, I had frequently seen a beautiful, amiable, and very distinguished foreigner. It was impossible not to meet and remark this lady, and still more impossible not to seek to please, when once in her company. The first impression which she made on me was infinitely agreeable. Large black eyes full of fire and gentleness, joined to a fair complexion and flaxen hair, gave to her beauty a brilliancy very difficult to withstand. Of the age of twenty-five, possessing a taste for letters and the fine arts, an amiable character, an immense fortune, and placed in domestic circumstances of a very painful nature, how was it possible to escape where so many reasons existed for loving?”

The possibility, in sober English estimation, might have consisted in the fact that this lady was married, being no other than the consort of Charles Edward, the last unfortunate Pretender. She was a princess of the house of Stolberg, and her husband was at this time some years more than twice her age, brutal in his deportment, a slave to habitual intoxication, and in every respect a degraded and worthless character. How far these circumstances may account for the attachment which rapidly grew up between her and Alfieri, or to what extent that attachment reached in the life-time of Charles Edward,

the cautious narrative of the lover renders doubtful; but it appears, that after being formally introduced to her and the prince at Sienna, he was constantly and devotedly attached to her person and interests. Treated in such a manner by her husband, as to be under the necessity of quitting him to preserve health and life, Alfieri exerted all his influence with the government of Tuscany to sanction her retreat to a convent, first in Tuscany, and afterwards in Rome. Here she remained under the surveillance of cardinal York, which of course precluded all but very transient access to Alfieri, who however contrived to live at Rome, and to use all sorts of expedients to be of service to her, though not without committing a few extravagant actions as heretofore. At length the priests who surrounded the husband's brother, remonstrated against the occasional visits of Alfieri, who thus explains himself:—

“ I intend not here to become the apologist of the mode of life led by married women in general at Rome, and in all the rest of Italy. I will only say, that the conduct of my fair friend was in this respect rather within than beyond the usual manners of the country. I will also add, that the vices and cruelty of her husband were not invented to answer a purpose, but were evident to the whole world. Justice at the same time compels me to confess that the husband, the brother-in-law, and the priests, had reason to disapprove of my frequent visits, though our intimacy never exceeded the strictest limits of honour.”

The difficulties in the way of intercourse do not however seem to have lasted long, as the

memoirs of Alfieri mention repeated journies of "*Mia Donna*" to different places in Italy, France, and Germany; and although some circumspection was necessary to avoid scandal, Alfieri seems to have enjoyed tolerably free access. At length, in 1788, the unhappy Charles Edward departed this life, when his widow became in a private manner the wife of count Alfieri. Being in France at the time of the revolution, they lost a considerable property by that event, and finally settled at Florence, where Alfieri, then become a celebrated literary character, died in October 1803, at the age of fifty-four; the victim of intense attention to study, which he pursued, as he did everything else, with an ardour altogether regardless of any consequences but those which immediately stimulated him to action. The countess of Albany survived him twenty-one years; her death taking place in January 1824, at the age of seventy-two.

A perusal of the autobiographical memoirs of count Victor Alfieri will show that his literary was quite as eccentric as his amatory history, which, as already observed, has been briefly epitomised, in order to exhibit the extraordinary operation of passion on a mind of great force and originality, under the influence of a temperament of uncommon ardency. Exhibiting alternately the strength and weakness of the will in a manner the most singular and extraordinary, the confessions of count Alfieri could not escape a place in a collection, the purpose of which is to record the eccentricities of conduct and of character to which the most wayward of all passions gives rise.

AMURATH.

THE Turkish sultan, Amurath I, fierce and merciless as he was in war, mingled his ferocity with that sensibility to the power of beauty, and that gallantry of enterprise in order to acquire the possession of it, which have so frequently distinguished the followers of Mahomet, and proved that chivalry is not so much an affair of creed as might be imagined.

At the time when this haughty Ottoman was leading the Turkish horde in its gradual subjugation of the Empire of the East, nothing was heard of but the superior beauty of the two daughters of the despot of Servia. The Grecian emperor Andronicus had espoused the elder of these beauties; and a portrait of the younger having fallen into the hands of the sultan Amurath, he sent an ambassador to the despot her father, to demand her in marriage. The latter had the courage to refuse on the score of difference of religion, and also because the sultan had already offspring by another wife, which precluded a second from arriving at the first honours in Turkish estimation.

Love, and indignation at this refusal, incited Amurath to immediate revenge. He approached Servia with a powerful army, and was met by another headed by the despot, who fought with great courage; but being nevertheless routed and taken prisoner, his cruel enemy in the first transports of his anger ordered him to be decapitated. His ferocious vengeance thus gratified, he was about to proceed in his conquest, when the successor of the fallen despot, unable to resist

him, was obliged to appease the executioner of the father with the person of the daughter, and to offer him the hand of his sister, the innocent cause of the calamities of her country. This proposal at once disarmed the haughty Amurath, who arrested the march of his army, and receiving the princess, with great joy married her the same day in his camp. So much for Turkish ferocity, gallantry, and love of beauty.

ANDREW II.

IN the crusade which was resolved upon by the fourth council of Lateran, in 1215, Andrew the second, king of Hungary, was one of the first who repaired to the Holy Land, to give succour to the Christians of that country. When he departed from his kingdom, he intrusted the government of it to the palatine of Hungary, named Bancbanus, enjoining him above all things to dispense impartial justice without any regard to the rank or wealth of the parties.

The wife of Bancbanus, a very beautiful woman, strove, by assiduous attention to the queen, to console her during the king's absence. The queen's brother, the count of Moravia, arriving at this time at the Hungarian court, was received with all possible honours, and each one was eager to entertain him with feats and diversions. In the midst of these entertainments the prince, who was still a young man, fell desperately in love with the regent's wife. It was not long before he declared his passion to her, and employed every means which the most violent love

could suggest to move the lady's heart. All however was unavailing; and the wife of Bancbanus, wearied by the prince's importunities, discontinued her appearance at court for some time, on pretence of sickness.

This obstinate resistance did but the more inflame the prince's desires. A gloomy melancholy took possession of his mind; and to find some solace for his grief, he was obliged to communicate it to the queen his sister. She, taking too lively an interest in her brother's chagrin, instead of endeavouring to remove it by wise and prudent counsel, had the weakness to lend herself to the furtherance of his criminal intentions. To ensure their accomplishment, the count of Moravia became more guarded, more respectful, and less importunate, in his behaviour to the object of his passion; and the virtuous wife, becoming consequently less apprehensive, took fewer precautions. Having one day attended the queen to a part of the palace distant from her own apartment, her royal mistress left her there in the power of the count; and he obtained by force what he had solicited in vain.

The wife of the regent, though her breast was burning with resentment, kept the secret of this infamous treatment for a little time. But at length, when her husband approached her, she burst into tears, and said to him, "Come not near me, my lord; approach not a wife who is now unworthy of the chaste embraces of her husband. An audacious wretch has violated the sanctity of your bed, and the queen his sister has not scrupled to give me up to his unlawful desires. I should already have punished myself for their crime, had not religion forbidden me to

attempt my own life; but this command of the law does not restrain an injured husband; I am sufficiently criminal, since I am dishonoured; I ask death at your hands as a favour, that I may not survive my dishonour."

Bancbanus, after saying all he could to console his unfortunate wife, meditated revenge. He would have made the count of Moravia his first victim; but the prince, who had sufficiently evinced his cowardice by this act of brutal violence to a woman, had privately quitted the kingdom. The regent then went to the palace; and on pretence of reading to the queen some letter which he had just received, he persuaded her to retire to her closet. When they were left alone, he first reproached her warmly with her crime, and then stabbed her to the heart. He himself apprised the court of this occurrence, and of his reasons for so acting. He then went to king Andrew at Constantinople, and thus addressed him: "Sire, when I received your last orders on your departure from Hungary, you particularly enjoined me that, without any regard to rank or condition, I should render to all your subjects impartial justice. I have rendered it to myself; I have killed the queen your wife, who had been so base as to prostitute mine; and far from seeking safety in a cowardly flight, I come and place my head at your disposal. Deal with me as you please; but remember, that by my life or death will your people judge of your equity, and of my guilt or innocence."

The transaction and the dauntlessness of Bancbanus were alike unparalleled. "If things have really happened as you state," answered the king, "return to Hungary; continue to ad-

minister justice to my subjects with the same severity and impartiality with which you have rendered it to yourself. I shall not remain long in the Holy Land; and when I am returned, I will examine upon the spot whether this act of yours merits praise or punishment."

Accordingly, the monarch remained but a short time in Palestine, which was very unfortunate for the Christians whom he had come to succour; but the action of Bancbanus had made a deep impression upon his mind. When he was returned to his kingdom, he himself investigated the several circumstances of this extraordinary affair, and he was equitable enough to absolve the slayer of the queen.

Andrew II was surnamed Hierosolymitanus, on account of his expeditions to the Holy Land. He was son of Bela III, king of Hungary, and succeeded his nephew. He was succeeded by Bela IV, his son by his first wife Gertrude, daughter of Berthold, duke of Moravia—the same who was put to death by Bancbanus. King Andrew died in 1235

ANGELS.

As it is no part of the design of this work to enter into an examination of the different opinions concerning the creation and the nature of angels, we shall here confine ourselves to showing that, according to ancient tradition, some of them came to perdition through the love which they conceived for women.

Some fathers of the church have thought that the angels, who in the scriptures are also called *the sons of God*, had an impure intercourse with women, from which sprang the impious and insolent race of the giants. "When men," says the Holy Scripture, "had begun to multiply on the face of the earth, and had begotten daughters, *the sons of God*, seeing that the daughters of men were fair, took themselves wives from among them, of whomsoever they chose.'

Others, who by *the sons of God* understand the apostate angels, say that, seeing the daughters of Cain were beautiful, they attached themselves to some of them, and married them.

Be that as it may, Lactantius supposes that the angels who became guilty of this crime, had been sent by God to take care of mankind; and that they being endowed with free-will, God had enjoined them not to degrade the dignity of their nature by polluting themselves with the vices that infected the earth; but that the Devil contrived to corrupt them through the medium of women. Lactantius adds, that being excluded from heaven on account of the impurity which they had thus contracted, they fell back to the earth, and became ministers of the Devil; but that those whom they begat being neither angels nor men, but of an intermediate nature, were shut out of hell as their fathers had been out of heaven. Thus there were two sorts of demons, the one celestial, the other terrestrial; the latter being impure spirits, authors of all the crimes that were committed, and having the Devil for their prince. Hence, according to all appear-

ances, came the stories of the *incubi* or demons, who were said to have intercourse with women.

We find in the fragments of the ancient and fabulous book of Enoch, that when the number of men had become greatly multiplied, they had daughters of such exquisite beauty, that the *Egregores*, or guardian angels, fell in love with them, and proposed to one another that they should go and espouse them. Whereupon Samiasa, their prince, having answered that he feared they would not do as he said, and would afterwards lay the whole blame upon him, they pledged themselves by oath to carry into effect the resolution which they had just taken. The number of these angels was two hundred. They descended, in the time of Jared, from the top of mount Hemon, which took its name from the oath which they had sworn there. They took wives from among the women, and had intercourse with them until the deluge. These wives gave birth to three different and successive generations. The first was that of the *giants*: the giants had sons called *Nephitim*; and these again had sons called *Eliud*—all three, the *giants*, the *Nephitim*, and the *Eliud*, practised magic. Afterwards the giants began to be anthropophagi, which caused the number of men to decrease every day: the latter complained to God of this cruelty, and implored him to have pity on them. The four archangels, hearing this complaint, looked down to earth; and seeing there a deal of bloodshed, and a multitude of disorders, they reported the same to the Almighty, who ordered them to bind the chiefs of these transgressors and throw them into the abyss, there to be kept until the day of judg-

ment; which was accordingly done. Uriel in particular was sent to Noah, the son of Lamech, to inform him that all mankind were to be destroyed by a deluge, and to instruct him in what manner he should escape the general doom. Raphael was ordered to take Azael, to bind him hand and foot, and to lay him, in a remote spot in the desert of Dudael, upon sharp stones; which punishment was to be succeeded by a more rigorous one at the day of judgment. Gabriel's commission was to destroy the giants, the sons of the Egregores, by exciting them to make war upon and exterminate one another; and Michael was commanded to bind Samiasa, with the rest of his companions, and carry them to the ends of the earth, where they were to remain for seventy generations, that is, until the day of judgment; when they were to be cast into a lake of fire. The giants, being formed of a mixture of flesh and pure spirit, were condemned to become evil spirits, living without food, doing mischief to mankind, and appearing to them as spectres; and were to share in the general resurrection. So that, since the time of the defeat of the giants, the Nephitim, and the mighty men of the earth, these spirits have continued, and will continue, to do evil until the last day. God moreover decreed that the top of mount Hemon, where the angels had taken their criminal oath, should be covered with snow until the day of judgment, and threatened mankind with a general destruction; adding, that the term of their lives should thenceforward be no more than a hundred and twenty years.

It was also the love of women that occasioned the fall of the children of Seth, who until then

had imitated the piety and the virtues of their father. This misfortune happened during the life of Jared, grandson of Canaan. A hundred of the sons of Seth, hearing the sound of music, and the joyful shouts of the Canaanites, descended the holy mount to go to them. The sons of Seth were so charmed with the beauty of the women, that they could not refrain from an impure intercourse with them. Thus did the charms of the daughters of Cain lure these virtuous men to perdition; for when they would have re-ascended their mountain, the stones of it are said to have become like fire, and prevented their passage.

All these wild and fantastic stories, as enlarged and amplified by the Jewish rabbins and Christian fathers, are evidently founded on certain passages in the sixth chapter of Genesis, second verse:—"The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." And again, in the fourth verse:—"There were giants on the earth in these days; and after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old men of renown." But if fertile imaginations, dwelling on these brief passages, have combined fictions and phantasmagoria which are too often of a dark and disagreeable nature, they have also led to much fanciful invention which is interesting and pleasing. To say nothing of the good and bad demons of Christianity, the Gothic race of fairies, and all the light and versatile shadowings of that class, the genii and peris of the Mahometan world, trace their origin to the same sources;

and with the amatory disposition of these personages, whether of the good or evil class, the records of eastern romance abound. Nor ought we to forget the more ethereal system of the Rosicrucians and all that tribe, including the ingenious theory so pleasantly unfolded by the abbé Villers in his 'Count de Gabalis.' All these sport upon the same idea of an *elective affinity*, as Goëthe would call it, between the angelic or spiritual nature and our own; which, philosophically considered, perhaps only shows how impossible it is for man to conceive existences devoid of human passions, sympathies, and properties. All we can imagine of supernatural beings amounts to little more than additions or subtractions of known qualities. To become viewless, is only to resemble the air. To reach the end of the earth by a wish, is only to give to matter the velocity of mind. — To be able to pervade the deep caverns of the ocean with a glance, or to become auditorially sensible of the music of the spheres,—what is it but to multiply in imagination the intensity of our own organs, but in reality to invent nothing? We love: angelic natures must love also. Nay, we may carry the affair farther; for finding it difficult to conceive that they very decidedly love one another, we give them the same sort of substance to fall in love with as we fall in love with ourselves, namely, beautiful flesh and blood. This reasoning might be extended; but probably, stopping where it does, it has nearly reached the *ne plus ultra*; and moreover, our province is not philosophy.

Having spoken of beautiful fiction connected with the traditionary loves of the angels, we must not forget to particularize the impressive 'Heaven

and Earth' of lord Byron, and the more light and zephyr-like ' Loves of the Angels ' of Mr T. Moore.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

ANNE of Austria, daughter of Philip III, king of Spain, and Margaret of Austria, married Louis XIII, king of France; which marriage was the cause of great unhappiness to the princess as long as the king lived.

The circumstances of the visit which the chancellor made to this princess at her place of retirement in the Val de Grace, are almost unparalleled. The chests and cabinets were searched; and they who were employed on this errand had even the insolence to examine her pockets, and to remove her neck-handkerchief. Her most confidential servants were taken from her; some of them were imprisoned, and others extremely ill-treated. The king did not vouchsafe to speak to her; he would hardly see her; her son, Louis XIV, is said to have owed his birth to the merest chance.

According to the memoirs of the time, these persecutions, and this extraordinary conduct towards a queen whose beauty, grace, and sweetness of disposition merited very different treatment, originated solely in the passion of love. That powerful minister, cardinal de Richelieu, who, under the name of Louis XIII, really governed the kingdom, had had the audacity to cast enamoured glances upon the queen; and his passion met with the contempt which it deserved.

“The queen related to me,” says madame de Motteville, “that on one occasion the cardinal addressed her with too great freedom, indeed quite in an impassioned manner; and that when she was on the point of answering him with anger and contempt, the king entered the apartment, and had thus interrupted her reply; and that since then she had never ventured to recommence her harangue, lest she should appear to be according him too much favour by bearing the circumstance in mind: but she answered him tacitly, by the hatred which she ever after bore him.” It was in order to revenge himself, and at the same time make the princess feel her error in having rejected his homage, that he persecuted her.

That proud and cruel minister did not hesitate to forge accusations, in order to justify this odious persecution. We know that he had Henry de Talleyrand, prince of Chalais, condemned to death for a conspiracy formed against his own person. On that occasion, he gave the public to understand, that this nobleman had compromised the queen in his depositions, charging her with being an accomplice in a plot to declare the king impotent and incapable of reigning, to annul his marriage, and deprive him of the crown, which was to be given to Monsieur, his brother, who was also to marry Anne of Austria.

Voltaire says, when speaking of cardinal de Richelieu, “He was aware that he was hated alike by the public and by the two queens: he had driven one of them (the queen-mother) away, and he wanted to sleep with the other.”

To this passion of the cardinal are also to be attributed the dissensions which at that time

arose between France and England, and which occasioned so much bloodshed. The duke of Buckingham, who governed Great Britain while Richelieu was reigning in France, went over to the latter country, to negotiate the marriage of his master with the sister of Louis XIII. Being as presumptuous as the cardinal, he too ventured to fall in love with the queen, and had the boldness to tell her so in the course of a conversation in which he had contrived to engage her. The *dame d'honneur* at that time in attendance, being weary of the continuance of this conversation, placed herself in the queen's *fauteuil* (as her majesty was that day keeping her bed) merely for the purpose of preventing the duke from approaching it; and finding that he still persisted in the same tone, she said to him sternly, "Monsieur, it is time for you to be silent; this is not fit language to be addressed to a queen of France." This story seems rather romantic, but it is attested by Nani. Madame de Motteville, too, seems to corroborate it; for she says, that when the court accompanied their princess Henriette as far as Amiens, on her way to be married to the king of England, the duke of Buckingham was so fortunate as to obtain a few moments' private conversation with the queen, and that her majesty had occasion to cry out and call for her *écuyer*. In the memoirs by the same author, we find that when Buckingham took leave of the queen, who was then in her carriage, he kissed the border of her robe, and let fall some tears. The same writer tells us, that it was madame de Launay who was by the queen's bedside when the duke, impelled by the violence of his passion, had left the princess Henrietta on the way, and gone back to Boulogne,

on pretence of some new business, but really for the purpose of seeing the queen. From the same source we learn, that the king, having been informed, on his return from this journey, of all that had happened, and of *more than all*, discharged some of the queen's household, including her *écuyer*, her physician, and Laporte, of whom we have some memoirs.

The cardinal, being even still earlier informed of it, conceived in consequence the most violent jealousy, of which he soon made his rival feel the effects. A short time after this adventure, the English duke, having got himself appointed on a new embassy to France, for the purpose of seeing the queen, was forbidden to enter the kingdom.

“Buckingham,” says an historian, “was very desirous of being sent again as ambassador to France in 1626: but the French court was so dissatisfied with his behaviour when on his former embassy, that he was given to understand, through the medium of M. de Bassompierre, then ambassador to England, that for reasons with which he himself was well acquainted (*on account of the foolish passion which he had dared to avow to the young queen*) his presence would not be agreeable to his Most Christian Majesty; and therefore that he had better spare himself the trouble and expense, since he would reap from it nothing but disgust.” Hence the succours granted by the English to the people of Rochelle.

An Italian author expresses himself on this subject in the following terms:—“Richelieu and Buckingham had entered the lists against each other, for reasons which were kept the more

secret, as they arose from the rash presumption of both: and the people of each country shortly had to pay out of their own purses for the foolish quarrel of these two rivals."

The historian Hume does not hesitate to attribute the rupture between England and France to the rivalry of the two ministers. The cardinal's jealousy was the more violent, as he knew that the duke had been seen and favourably regarded by the object of their passion; for this historian tells us, that the duke's apparent merits made some impression upon the queen, and that she at least felt for him that purer attachment which covers so many dangers under a pleasing and innocent appearance. Be that as it may, the duke, having sworn that he would see the queen in spite of all the power of France, stirred up a war, the results of which were not very glorious to him. Having been beaten at the isle of Rhé, and having lost a part of his troops, he was obliged to return to England in disgrace, and hated even more than he was before. This unsuccessful measure still further exasperated the parliament, with which Charles I was already embroiled: they beheld, indeed, with the most lively indignation their country made the victim of the frivolous gallantries and puerile caprices of a favourite.

Another author tells us, that while cardinal Richelieu was besieging Rochelle, the inhabitants of that place sent to ask fresh succours from England; and that the duke of Buckingham, impelled at once by love, by jealousy, and above all by the desire of repairing his former defeat, immediately armed a considerable fleet, which might have turned the fortunes of the cardinal in that siege. He adds, that at this critical moment

the queen was compelled to write to the duke, begging him to suspend his armament, and that the capture of Rochelle was owing to this letter.

This was the celebrated George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, who had succeeded the earl of Somerset in the favour of king James I. He was the first gentleman created duke in England, without having any claim of kindred or affinity to its kings. The duke of Buckingham was assassinated in 1628, in the reign of Charles I, by a man named Felton, at the time when the insolent favourite was violently threatened, and even impeached, by the Parliament.

Such was the man who conceived *une belle passion* for Anne of Austria; and who, if indeed it be true that he made any impression upon her heart, did but thereby add to the mortifications which she experienced. And on the other hand, it should seem that this princess was destined to inspire love only that she might occasion unhappiness.

The marquis de Jersé, who united with a graceful person the attractions of a cultivated mind, and was, besides, a favourite of the great Condé, gave himself up to a foolish passion for the queen, who was then a widow; and was so infatuated as to think that the princess was not wholly indifferent to it. He had the assurance to speak and write to her; and at last, having lost all prudence, he carried his extravagance so far as to conceal himself in the queen's bedchamber. The princess was indignant, and forbade him ever again to appear before her,—a punishment too mild for such audacity. Nevertheless, the prince of Condé, proud, imperative, and unbending, openly took his favourite's part; and

is even said to have demanded, in the most imperious manner, that the queen should see Jersé, and restore him to her good graces. This action contributed, with many others, to hasten the prince's imprisonment.

We find the same fact related elsewhere, with this difference, that it is not said that M. de Jersé hid himself in the bedchamber, nor that the queen forbade him her presence:—"There happened a very pleasant adventure at court: M. de Jersé fell in love with the queen. He was sent away, and turned into ridicule, on account of a letter which he had written and given to madame de Beauvais, the queen's principal *femme-de-chambre*."

M. de Jersé having ventured to come into the queen's presence after the disgrace of madame de Beauvais, she said to him with a contemptuous air, "Really, monsieur de Jersé, you are very ridiculous. I am told that you play the lover. A pretty gallant indeed! I pity you very much; you should be sent to a lunatic retreat. But after all, we should not be astonished at your madness; it is a family failing with you." This was in allusion to marshal de Lavardin, who had formerly fallen desperately in love with Mary de Medicis, and had consequently been laughed at by her and Henry IV. Madame de Motteville says that it was cardinal Mazarin who forced the queen to make this *éclat*.

According to the memoirs of that day, Anne of Austria was not always so severe. The pasquinades which were circulated during the war of the Fronde, accuse this princess of having been too intimate with cardinal Mazarin, who, as is well known, succeeded to all the power of cardinal de Richelieu, but whose rule was less harsh

and more politic. He was, however, the cause or the pretext of all the dissensions which agitated the nation during the minority of Louis XIV. As the queen constantly protected him, and supported him against all his enemies, this gave rise to the suspicions of a connection of the kind already alluded to. It would assuredly be very unjust to put implicit faith in libels which perhaps malice alone originated; but without seeking to investigate the nature of the queen's constant attachment to the minister, there is no doubt whatever that it was very strong.

The duke de Mayenne had been sent to Spain to ask the hand of this princess. When he took leave of her, he asked her commands for the king. "Assure him," said the infanta, "that I am quite impatient to see him." "Ah, madam," said her *gouvernante*, the countess de Alalmira, "what will the king of France think, when the duke informs him that you are so eager to be married?" "Have you not taught me," returned the infanta sharply, "that I must always speak the truth?"

Anne of Austria was in person tall and majestic; her countenance was dignified, without being haughty. Her face, though not decidedly handsome, was very pleasing; her skin was extremely fair; and her hands and arms were considered remarkably beautiful. She died in 1666, aged sixty-four.

ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

MARMONTEL informs us what it was that occasioned him to write the tale upon which was afterwards founded the pleasant comic opera of 'Annette et Lubin.' His words are as follows:—

“ Being one evening at Besons, where M. de St Florentin had a country house, while I was at supper with him, my Tales happened to be talked of. ‘ There has happened in this village,’ said he, ‘ an adventure out of which you could perhaps make something interesting. He then related to me, in a few words, that a young peasant and a young woman, his cousin-german, having had an amour, the young woman had proved pregnant; that as neither the curate nor the diocesan would permit them to marry, they had had recourse to him, and that he had been obliged to procure them a dispensation from Rome.’ I agreed with him, that the subject was not an unpromising one. At night, when I found myself alone, it took possession of my whole thoughts; so that, in the course of an hour, all the scenes and the characters, such as I have represented them, had formed themselves in my imagination, and appeared as it were before my eyes. At that time, the style of this kind of writing cost me no labour: when once I had the story clearly in my head, the language in which it was expressed flowed as from a fountain. On the occasion of which I am speaking, instead of sleeping, I was thinking all night upon the subject of the tale. I saw Lubin and Annette, and heard them speaking as distinctly as if this fiction had been a fresh recollection of something

I had seen during the day. When I rose at day break, I had only to transfer rapidly to paper what I had been meditating; and my tale was thus produced in the state in which it is printed.

“ After dinner, before going out to walk, I was asked, as was often the case when I was in the country, whether I had anything to read: and great was the surprise of all the company, and the joy of M. de St Florentin in particular, to find that in so short a time I had finished the picture of which he had given me the sketch. He would fain have sent for the real Annette and Lubin, but I begged to be excused from seeing the living originals. However, when the tale had been turned into a comic opera, the Lubin and Annette of Besons were invited to go and see themselves upon the stage. They attended the representation in a box, which was kept for them, and were loudly applauded.” A. D. 1757.

Morality has its latitude and longitude: this might do for the parallel and meridian of France; it would shock in England, and that without the slightest recollection of the lining of our own upper boxes, our theatrical saloons, or our foundling hospital.

ANTIOCHUS.

HANNIBAL, the celebrated Carthaginian general, after his defeat in Africa by Scipio Africanus, took refuge at the court of Antiochus the Great, king of Syria. There, being still animated by the most inveterate hatred against the Romans, he had prevailed upon the king to invade Italy, when that monarch received an embassy from the

Etolians, who also sent to implore assistance against the Romans. The latter, under the command of Flaminius, and on pretence of pacifying Greece, had entered that country, and were already beginning to exercise in it the dominion which was the object of all their efforts.

Then, forgetting his designs against Italy, Antiochus yielded to the solicitations of the Etolians, and entered Greece with an army and some elephants. He found the nation extremely divided; some siding with the Romans, and others relying on the aid of the king of Syria. Chalcis having surrendered to him, he fixed his residence there; but this residence proved almost as fatal to him as that of Capua had been to Hannibal. His soldiers, enervated by pleasure, lost their valour and their fortitude; and Antiochus himself slumbered in the arms of amorous enjoyment.

He was living in the house of one of the principal persons of the town, named Cleoptolemus, who had a young and very handsome daughter. The king, although he was fifty years old, fell in love with her. He thought at first that his rank, and the power which he possessed in Chalcis, would procure his passion an easy gratification, and that it would only be necessary to make his desires known; but the young Greek, named Eubia, was as prudent as she was handsome, and resisted all the offers of Antiochus. As it was his interest to be on good terms with the inhabitants of Chalcis, he did not venture to employ force; but, carried away by his passion, he asked Eubia in marriage. The father reluctantly consented, and the nuptials were celebrated with regal magnificence. Enjoyment did but increase

the king's intoxication; so that he forgot Rome and Greece and Syria. "His loves became the subject of general conversation," says the historian; "his allies loudly complained of him; his soldiers, being kept inactive, began to mutiny; and the Etolians themselves could not refrain from testifying their dissatisfaction; but Antiochus, insensible to everything but his passion, passed the rest of the winter in feasting and diversion. This taste for pleasure communicated itself to the officers, and even to the soldiers; military discipline was neglected, and the whole army was given up to idleness and debauchery."

Meanwhile the Romans were not inactive. Apprised of the enemy's conduct, they reduced the whole of Thessaly. Their rapid progress at length forced Antiochus to tear himself from the arms of his wife, whom he loved to adoration. Having assembled his army, which was joined by some of the Etolians, he took possession of the straits of Thermopylæ, in order to prevent the Romans from penetrating into Achaia. But they succeeded in dislodging him; he was wounded, and forced to fly. He escaped with difficulty to Elatea, and thence to Chalcis, with the feeble remains of his army. Fearing he should be besieged there by the Roman army, which was approaching, he embarked with his young wife for Asia, and landed at Ephesus. Thus did love occasion this monarch to lose his army and his glory; and also render the condition of the Greeks who had implored his assistance yet more miserable than it had been before; for we now know how to estimate the value of that liberty which Flaminius proclaimed throughout Greece with so much ostentation

Antiochus, who was surnamed the Great, was son of Seleucus Ceraunus. After being repeatedly vanquished by the Romans, and at length forced to submit to them, he died in the year 187, B. C., and was succeeded by his son Seleucus Philopater.

ANTIOCHUS I.

SELEUCUS Nicanor, or Nicator,* was one of the generals of Alexander the Great. After that prince's death, and after experiencing various fortune, Seleucus succeeded in founding the kingdom of Syria, one of the greatest and most powerful which arose out of the wreck of Alexander's empire.

This monarch had by his first wife a son named Antiochus Soter, of whom he was extremely fond. His mother's name was Apamea; she was daughter of the Persian Artabazes; and in her honour it was that Seleucus built a town in Syria, to which he gave her name. The young Antiochus, being dutiful and virtuous, was worthy of his father's affection. The court resounded with the praises of the father and the son; but this pleasing concord was put to a severe trial.

The king had taken to his second wife Stratonice, daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes, whose uncommon beauty made but too deep an impression on the heart of the young Antiochus. As his reverence and affection for his father would not permit him to declare his passion, and as his reason was insufficient to stifle it, he fell ill;

* A surname signifying conqueror.

and his condition was the more alarming, as the cause of his malady, which he himself carefully concealed, could not be discovered. Consuming by a slow fever, and absorbed in a frightful melancholy, he seemed rather to desire death than to fear it.

The celebrated physician Erasistratus, having examined more attentively the symptoms of this singular malady, discovered that the prince's pulse was extremely agitated whenever Stratonice was near him; that he had all the symptoms so well described by Sappho which indicate a violent passion—trembling accents, burning flushes, swimming eyes, cold perspirations, great inequality and sensible disorder in the pulse; the spirits languishing, respiration weak, general tremor, and death-like paleness. From these appearances the physician divined the cause of his sickness; and he at length prevailed upon Antiochus to confess it. The young prince acknowledged that he adored Stratonice, protesting at the same time that he had made every effort to overcome his passion; that he had called to mind a thousand times what he ought to consider in such circumstances—the reverence due to a father and a king by whom he was tenderly loved, the disgracefulness of a passion contrary to all the rules of morality and of decency, the folly of a design which he never ought to wish to accomplish, &c.; but that his overpowered reason being deaf to these suggestions, he had resolved to put a period to his torments and his life by refusing to take food.

A considerable part of the task was doubtless accomplished in discovering the nature of the disease; but still it was difficult to apply the

remedy. One day, however, when Seleucus was imparting to Erasistratus his uneasiness on his son's account,—“You have reason to be uneasy,” said the physician; “there is no remedy for your son's disease, for he is in love with a woman whom he cannot possess.” “Who is she?” asked Seleucus. “She is my wife,” said Erasistratus. “What then!” returned the king with warmth, “is not your attachment to me strong enough to make you save my son by sacrificing your wife?” “But,” answered Erasistratus, “judge of others by yourself. Suppose that Antiochus loved the queen, would you give her up to him?” “Ah!” said the king, “happy indeed should I be, if my son's recovery depended only upon that!” “Well, then, your son's life is in your own hands; he adores Stratonice, and dares not avow it.”

Seleucus did not hesitate—“He convoked a general assembly of the people, in which he declared that it was his pleasure to crown his son Antiochus king of the upper Asiatic provinces, and Stratonice as queen, and to marry them together; that he was confident that his son, being accustomed to obey him in all things, would not oppose this marriage; and that in case his wife Stratonice should make any scruple to consent to it, as being a thing authorized neither by law nor custom, he begged his friends to expostulate with her thereupon, and to make her sensible that it was her duty to consider as just and proper whatever was agreeable to the king and useful to the kingdom.” The historian adds, that he had no great difficulty in obtaining the queen's consent, as she could very well prefer a young husband to an old one. Seleu-

cus, indeed, was then seventy years of age. He was assassinated shortly afterwards; and this son, Antiochus Soter, succeeded him. He too died in a few years, and was succeeded by Antiochus Theos, his son by Stratonice. Year B. C. 282.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

OF all men, Mark Antony stands in historical record as he who suffered the largest penalty for the headlong indulgence of an irresistible passion. On the general events of his well-known life it would be impertinent to dwell, in a collection in which his peculiar experience as a lover and a gallant can only properly form a part. He was son to Marcus Antonius Creten-sis, and grandson of the famous orator of his own name, and was related to the Cæsarian family by his mother Julia, who was a member of it. His birth took place B. C. 86, and at an early age he was distinguished for his profligacy and dissipation, by which he became very deeply in debt; and in other respects he equally exhibited the libertine of quality, whose vices were set off by considerable talent and some few virtues. He is described as possessing a dignified person, with a lofty and commanding mien; a high forehead, a thick beard, an aquiline nose, and an appearance so altogether masculine, that he was often compared to the statues and portraits of Hercules. His humour was jovial and lively; and he displayed so much amenity and address in his intercourse with the opposite sex,

that he was particularly distinguished by their favour. His marriage with Antonia, the daughter of Caius Antonius, put little restraint upon his amorous inclinations; but his own indulgence did not prevent him from divorcing his wife for an imputed intrigue with Dolabella. He subsequently married Fulvia, the termagant widow of Clodius, who made him feel the full weight of her imperious humour. The bloody proscriptions of the Triumvirate attest the profligacy and cruelty of this unprincipled pair; the husband enjoyed the base satisfaction of fixing the head and right hand of Cicero upon the rostra which had so often witnessed the triumphs of his eloquence; previous to which the wife, in derision, had amused herself by passing needles through his once eloquent tongue. Human nature possibly never more basely degraded itself.

Previous to this despicable consummation of personal and political revenge, Antony had shown his utter contempt of public decency by traversing Apulia in a chariot drawn by lions, habited as Hercules, and attended by a courtesan named Cytheris in the character of Omphale. He was equally regardless of appearances in the whole of his conduct; so much so, that his debaucheries and open profligacy for a time disgusted even his patron Cæsar, whose favour he regained only by the most shameless adulation and subserviency. Thus generally disposed, the licence which he assumed when he became one of the joint masters of the world, may be readily imagined. After the battle of Philippi, Antony, who remained in Asia, engaged in an amour with the Cappadocian princess Glaphyra, in favour of whose son he set aside a

competitor for the throne with much superior pretensions. He soon after proceeded to Cilicia, where, among other princes and princesses cited to appear and answer for the assistance which they had afforded to Brutus and Cassius, was the famous Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, who owed her crown to the love of Julius Cæsar. Little did he who called her before him imagine the misfortunes this fatal interview would draw after it.

Cleopatra, one of the most celebrated women of antiquity, was the eldest daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, king of Egypt, who on his death, B. C. 51, bequeathed his crown to her, in conjunction with her brother Ptolemy, then a boy of about fourteen, directing them, according to the custom of that family, to be joined in marriage. The ministers of the latter, however, not only deprived Cleopatra of her royalty, but expelled her the kingdom; on which she retired to Syria, and sought to raise an army to recover her right. This was during the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, which ended in the murder of the latter, who had taken refuge in Egypt, by the agents of Ptolemy. Soon after this catastrophe the victor arrived in Egypt, and as representative of the Roman people took cognizance of the dispute between Cleopatra and her brother. It was on that occasion that this fascinating woman first essayed the power of her charms; at a private interview with Cæsar, which was protracted throughout the night, she so impressed him with the justice of her cause, that he made a decree in her favour. The Alexandrine war followed, which equally injured the fame and endangered the life of this great leader,

but which however terminated with the defeat of the Egyptians and the death of Ptolemy, who was drowned in the Nile. Cæsar then caused Cleopatra to marry another brother, also called Ptolemy, quite a boy, who could give nothing beyond a name to the joint sovereignty; and on his own part almost forgot ambition for love. The fruit of this intercourse was a son called Cæsarion, after the birth of whom Cæsar at length tore himself from Cleopatra, and followed up his lofty fate to its tragical termination.

After the departure of Cæsar, Cleopatra reigned without molestation; and when her brother had reached the age of fourteen, she had him taken off by poison, and thenceforward occupied the throne alone. When she touched the heart of Cæsar, she was in the bloom of youth and beauty; and it was not long after that she proved equally attractive to the eldest son of the great Pompey. At the time she was cited before Antony, without having lost any portion of her beauty, she had become mature in the art of pleasing; and her wit and grace in conversation completed the victory which was commenced by her personal charms. Eternally gay and amusing, she enchanted all whom she wished to please. "Her company," says an ancient author, "possessed a charm which was irresistible; and her beauty and fine mien being set off by all the graces and charms of conversation, she proved equally attractive to the heart and to the understanding. Such was the sweetness and harmony of her voice, it was delightful to hear her speak. Her tongue was like an instrument of many strings, all of which she could handle with

facility, and draw from them at pleasure every variety of captivating sound and expression."

Such was the female whom Antony, in a luckless hour, called before him. Confident in her charms and address, Cleopatra prepared for the interview in a manner adapted to the taste of the luxurious warrior she sought to captivate, and to the state of a young, beauteous, and voluptuous eastern queen. Laden with money and magnificent presents of all kinds, she sailed with her fleet to the mouth of the Cydnus; and her voyage along that river has furnished to poets and historians a theme for the most florid description. That of Shakspeare is so closely copied from the original sketch of Plutarch, it may be given at once as poetry and matter of fact:—

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt in the waves; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the time of flutes kept stroke.

————— For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue.

————— On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.

————— At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tassels
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market place, did sit alone.

The consequence of this studied and voluptuous preparation was such as she expected.

Antony immediately became her captive; and the impression which she made by her elegance and splendour, she secured and improved by her mental fascination. She could converse in several languages and on all topics, grave and gay, and assume any humour to suit the purposes of the moment. Perceiving that Antony had contracted a coarse and jovial taste from his military habits, she frolicked in his presence like a sportive hoyden, gamed, hunted, and, to secure her conquest, became a perfect Proteus. She never lost sight of him either night or day, and exercised the infinite resources of her wit and genius to invent new pleasures and retain him in her chains. In order to effect this ambitious object, she scrupled not to sacrifice all the decorum of sex and rank, to adapt herself to his vitiated inclinations. A similarity of disposition rendered these efforts the less difficult; for, like Antony, she was herself luxurious, profuse, and unscrupulous in regard to the removal of all impediments to her purposes or advancement. She consequently abused her influence over the enamoured triumvir to the worst of purposes; and the unprincipled warrior was so cruel as to send assassins to Miletus, at her request, to murder her younger sister Arsinoe in the very temple in which she sought refuge. Having accompanied Cleopatra, almost as a part of her train, to Alexandria, he seems to have abandoned the cares of empire altogether, and, immersed in a perpetual round of dissipation, to have become apparently forgetful of what was passing in the rest of the world.

While thus ingloriously employed, the Parthians made a rapid progress in Syria; and great

troubles were preparing for Antony in Italy, owing to the intrigues and turbulence of his forgotten wife Fulvia. The latter, according to the scandal of the day, had sought to make an impression upon the heart of Octavius; but, adapted neither by age nor personal attractions to succeed in such an endeavour, her advances were not only rejected, but Octavius himself has the credit of sending out some very offensive lampoons upon the subject, which stung this haughty and unruly woman most intensely. This outrage, added to former injuries, induced her to excite Lucius, the brother of Antony, to draw the sword against Octavius; although other writers are of opinion that she was principally moved to this rash step by a conviction that the quarrel must force Antony from the toils of Cleopatra. Octavius soon put down the attempt of Lucius; and Fulvia was obliged to retire to Athens, whence she resorted to Sicyon to meet her husband, who was at length induced by these disturbances to repair to Italy. Her reception by Antony, who was much exasperated by her conduct, was such that, operating in addition to the various other mortifications she had recently received, she declined in health, and died soon after the meeting.

The death of Fulvia hastened the reconciliation of Antony and Octavius, which was further cemented by the marriage of the sister of the latter, the young and virtuous Octavia, the widow of Marcellus, with the lover of Cleopatra. For the period of two years Antony seemed to have forgotten Cleopatra: and if beauty, virtue, and intellect, could have ensured his adherence to the paths of interest and duty, Octavia must have secured his fidelity. A new interview with

Cleopatra in Syria, however, at once precipitated him again into the labyrinth of passion from which he had apparently escaped; and he not only offended decorum by the licentious life which he led with her, but injured the empire by his profuse gifts to her of kingdoms and of provinces, and by the gross injustice which he committed at her suggestion. He put to death Antigonus, king of Judea, on this account, like a common criminal; and obtained possession of the person of Artavasdes, king of Armenia, by gross treachery, after a disgraceful campaign against the Parthians, in which he was forced to an ignominious retreat. Lastly, to crown all, and completely disgust the Romans, the amiable Octavia, who had set out from Rome with supplies of men and necessaries for his service, was not permitted to resort to him from Athens, after she had made the most tender and earnest application to him without effect. Steeped to the lips in amatory intoxication as was the infatuated Antony, he reproached himself for such treatment of a young and lovely wife, and even for a moment determined to repair to her. The skill and coquetry of Cleopatra however prevailed; and according to the most authentic testimony, her subtle management of the wayward heart of Antony was never exceeded under similar circumstances. She seemed to be the lovelorn victim of her passion for him; and by abstaining from food, acquired the appearance of sinking under the ravages of grief. She always appeared languishing and dejected, and he frequently surprised her in tears, which she hastily suppressed and affected to conceal, when he appeared to notice them. In the meantime, her flatterers reproached him as

an unfeeling and insensible man, that would doom to death a great queen, who lived only for him, in complaisance to a wife to whom he was united only by reasons of state and interest. The charms and blandishments of Cleopatra finally prevailed against all the claims of reason and duty; and on his return to Alexandria from a successful expedition in Armenia, he declared before the assembled people, that he took the queen of Egypt for his wife, swore that he would never have any other, and at the same time made a distribution of provinces and kingdoms to his children by Cleopatra, including her son by Julius Cæsar. Never was a sacrifice to passion greater or more complete.

After a rejection so glaring, Octavia, who could no longer remain at Athens, departed for Rome. The equally-insulted Octavius immediately ordered his sister to quit the house of her husband; but still hoping that Antony would recover from his infatuation, she implored her brother not to war with him on her account, and behaved in all respects with so much gentleness and moderation, that she involuntarily made the man who treated her with indignity more unpopular than ever. Cleopatra, on the other side, fearing that while even the form of a legal tie remained, her influence was in danger, exerted all her witchery to render the breach irreconcilable; which she at length effected by inducing the doting Antony to send a formal bill of divorce to Octavia, with orders to quit his house at Rome. This last piece of folly animated every Roman heart against him, irritated as the people in general were at his having alienated so many provinces in favour of a foreign princess; not to

mention his disgraceful defeat by the Parthians, which they attributed to the same fatal infatuation. To render him completely odious, Octavius obtained possession of the will of Antony, which he had placed in the temple of Vesta, and had the contents of it publicly read to the people. By this testament Antony declared Cæsarion, the son of the dictator by Cleopatra, the sole heir of his father; bequeathed to the queen of Egypt all his own territories; ordered that, wherever he died, his body should be sent to her for interment; and made other dispositions so entirely at war with reason, that Octavius was fully countenanced in the terms of his declaration of war against Cleopatra, and deprivation of Antony, whom he describes as a victim to sorcery and amorous philtres. It was not upon his colleague, he declared, that he turned the Roman arms; but upon the eunuch Mardian, upon Pothinus, and upon Iras and Charmian, the favourite women of Cleopatra, through whose agency the eastern provinces were entirely governed. There was little exaggeration in this declaration; and the manner in which Antony acted in respect to hostilities, the event of which was to give a single master to the universe, was a striking proof it.

Each party mustered his forces by land and by sea, and the Ambracian gulf became the theatre of this mighty contest. Followed by a numerous army, and the greater part of the kings of the east, it was for Antony to fight by land; but because Cleopatra wished to be spectatress of the combat, against the advice of all his best friends and officers, he determined to engage by sea; a decision which stimulated several of them to go over to Cæsar. It has been thought by

many, that this perfidious syren meant from the first to betray the man who had sacrificed so much for her: a presumption by no means improbable, looking to the interested coquetry of her nature, and the hopes she might entertain of charming the victor in his turn. Whatever her intention, her conduct was equally fatal; for the combat had scarcely commenced when, seized either with real or affected fright, she fled with the whole of her fleet, composed of sixty vessels; and the infatuated Antony—"whose heart was to her rudder tied by the string"—although the defection of the Egyptian fleet was by no means decisive, immediately steered after her in a small vessel, to the eternal disgrace of his warlike character, and thereby left the world to be contended for by men of firmer minds. His brave soldiers fought in their ships a long time without their general; but at length his fleet was entirely mastered. His gallant land-army also held out for many days, unable to credit the desertion of their leader; but at length, abandoned by all their principal officers, they surrendered to Octavius, and were incorporated in his legions.

The overwhelmed and broken-hearted Antony, full of shame, and indignant at the author of his ruin, although he had so ignominiously attended her flight, for some time refused to see her; yet again seen, a reconciliation immediately followed, and he pursued his course to Lybia, where he had left a considerable body of troops; but on his arrival he found that they had deserted to Octavius. This disappointment so much affected him, that he was with difficulty prevented from stabbing himself; and, returning to Egypt, he lived for some time in gloomy solitude, until by

her arts Cleopatra drew him to her palace, where they resumed their former voluptuous life, with a recklessness on his side which amounted to something like a voluntary abandonment to all the consequences of the change of destiny his fatal passion had produced. The conduct of Cleopatra was more ambiguous; and she seems from this time to have been perpetually wavering between remaining affection for Antony and her own interest. The ill-timed festivity of this Circe and her victim was at length interrupted by the approach of Octavius; when Cleopatra joined Antony in a public attempt to treat with the victor, but at the same time privately instructed her messengers, if need be, to negotiate for her separately. Hoping to secure the kingdom of Egypt for herself and children, she promised to put it into the hands of Octavius. The latter, like a cool politician, sought to profit by her advances, and employed one of his freedmen, named Thyreus, a man of great penetration and address, to negotiate with her; by whom he was treated with so much distinction, and so many secret conferences followed, that the suspicions of Antony were excited, and he ordered Thyreus to be scourged with rods and sent back to his master. In order to dissipate the doubts of her lover, the subtle Cleopatra affected to caress him more than ever; and having just celebrated her own birth-day with little pomp, in conformity with the present state of her fortunes, she solemnized that of Antony with greater magnificence than even in his prosperity, and omitted no art or allurements to convince him that he was as dear to her as heretofore.

In the meantime Octavius, who would in

reality listen to no proposal, approached Alexandria with his fleet and his troops; on which event some sparks of Antony's former fire revived; and sallying forth at the head of his cavalry, he defeated those of his adversary. This was the last effort of his expiring fortune, for he was immediately after abandoned a second time by the fleet of Cleopatra, and also by his own cavalry, who went over to Cæsar. He again, with reason, believed himself betrayed by the arts of the woman for whom he had lost the government of half the world, and rushed towards her palace in order to take a summary vengeance. She eluded this danger by flight, and took refuge in a strong and high tower, which she had erected near the temple of Isis, and whither she conveyed a quantity of aromatic spices, woods, and combustibles, under the pretext of an intention to consume herself and her riches in a funeral pile, should the enemy gain possession of Alexandria. By the construction of this retreat, she sought at once to lull the suspicions of Antony, and to maintain some respect from Octavius, who ardently sought the possession of her person and riches to decorate his triumph. With that consummate art which she displayed in every encounter with the fitful and temporary rage of Antony, when she had safely gained this asylum, the latter was informed, in the midst of his passion and his despair, that his mistress was no more. The love of Antony was now engrafted in his existence; and he no sooner heard the news, than he exclaimed, "Cleopatra, I complain not that I am deprived of thee, for I shall presently rejoin thee; but what I grieve at is, that a woman should exceed a Roman leader in courage

and magnanimity." Resolved upon death, he then called upon his faithful freedman Eros to perform his promise of killing him when he should require it. Like many profusely generous men of an unscrupulous humour, Antony was much beloved by his dependents; and an affecting instance of attachment to him was displayed on this occasion. Eros, pretending to comply, desired him to turn away his face; and then stabbing himself, he fell dead at his master's feet. Animated by this example of affectionate heroism, Antony immediately threw himself upon his own sword; but the wound was not immediately mortal, and he was then informed that Cleopatra still survived. Moved by the ruling passion "strong in death," he ordered himself to be carried to the foot of the tower, into which he was drawn up by Cleopatra and her women, all other entrance having been closed up. A most tender scene ensued, in which it would be to libel human nature to suppose that this "serpent of old Nile" was not partly sincere; and Antony had the sad consolation of dying in the arms of a woman for whom he had not only lost the world, but for whom he would apparently have lost another, could another have been given him.

The extent of the perfidy of Cleopatra it is difficult to ascertain; but it is evident that she formed no immutable resolution of dying with her lover, and reserved a voluntary death as the last expedient for avoiding the disgrace of being led in triumph. When Proculeius, an officer of Octavius, found means to surprise her in the tower, she attempted to stab herself, but he prevented the stroke. This consummate coquette

then exerted all her skill to captivate Octavius but either the decay of her charms, or the coldness of his temper, rendered this design abortive. She however gained the more inflammable heart of Cornelius Dolabella, the intimate friend of Octavius, who gave her information of the secret preparation making for her embarkation for Rome. Conscious of having been the dread and abhorrence of the Roman people, who detested her as the cause of the civil war, she resolved no longer to delay her premeditated purpose. The bite of a small serpent called an asp, which she contrived to have conveyed to her with some fruit, was the fatal application selected. The poison of this reptile was said to induce a kind of lethargy without pain; and the guards who were sent to secure her person, found her lying dead on a golden couch, dressed in her royal robes, with one of her women dead at her feet, and the other just expiring. The victor, though disappointed, buried her with great pomp in the same tomb with Antony, her children by whom were conducted to Italy, to add lustre to the triumph of the conqueror. Antony was in his fifty-sixth year at the time of this catastrophe, and Cleopatra in her thirtieth.

The amours of Antony and Cleopatra are more interesting for their consequences than for the sympathies which they excite in respect to either of the parties. The former, with some splendid qualities, had neither strength of understanding nor vigour of mind to rank him among great men. He was, moreover, cruel and meanly revengeful; and his occasional great generosity seemed too much connected with the impulsive

good fellowship of a bacchanalian. His intemperance and love of pleasure were unbounded; and it was by her skill in arranging and sharing in his revelry, that Cleopatra owed the commencement of her fatal ascendancy. In other respects the passion of Antony more resembles a species of dotage than of exalted regard; and looking at his course of life, we may suspect that it was at once both the cause and the effect of the remarkable decay of mental and personal energies by which it was attended. His mature age gives more weight to this suspicion; and in another line of life we should have contemplated nothing more in his history than the self-abandonment of an elderly debauchee to the wiles of a practised wanton of more than common powers of fascination. Many a large estate has experienced the fate of Antony's moiety of the world, many an amiable wife endured the mortifications of an Octavia; but it must be at the same time confessed, that an enlargement of sphere supplies a multiplication of motives; and Antony will probably ever stand foremost in the list of those who have sacrificed, on the largest scale, to resistless passion and amatory influence.

With respect to Cleopatra; stripped of the trappings and robes of situation and station, she was nothing more than a beautiful and accomplished coquette. Her powers of pleasing seem to have been precisely of the simulative kind which forms the essence of the character that, in a certain modified sense, is to be "all things to all men." At the same time, the highest estimate must be formed of her mastery in her profession, as her fascinations produced imprudencies even on the part of the great and gifted Julius Cæsar,

which had nearly led to his destruction; and, with the exception of Octavius, no one whom she sought to allure seemed enabled to resist her. Even her perfidy appears to have been only of the same feminine complexion, which values not the lover so much as influence and courtship, and when these can be increased either by a change or diversity of attention, the perfidy, so called, follows of course. Thus, while Antony could bestow and flatter personal vanity and feminine ambition more than any one else, he was regarded accordingly; and it is obvious that Octavius might have succeeded him in the good graces of Cleopatra, had he been so minded. This also is an affair of every-day life, as the records of passion and gallantry sufficiently prove; nor is the infatuation of Antony, after his conviction of the faithlessness of Cleopatra very uncommon; for many an entangled fly has buzzed amidst the cobwebs of refined coquetry with similar consciousness and equal impotence of resolve.

To conclude: it may be repeated that the loves of Antony and Cleopatra acquire distinction and singularity rather from the loftiness of the scene of action than the character of the performers. Antony stands forward as the most devoted of lovers, not because he lost all—many are continually doing that—but because he had the most to lose. On the other hand, Cleopatras eternally exist, but they cannot always be queens regnant, or render fools of Roman emperors. In the affairs of sexual attachment, however, as in everything else, accidents are various, while essences are immutable; and as it has been said that, born in a village, Cæsar would

have been only the best wrestler on the green, so, in other circumstances, Antony might have been simply a libertine lord, who sacrificed everything to marry his mistress; and Cleopatra the experienced Lais who induced him to do so.

APELLES.

APELLES, one of the most illustrious painters of antiquity, was a native of the island of Cos. He flourished in the time of Alexander the Great, who sent for him to his court, and was so well pleased with his performances, it is said, that he ordered that Apelles alone should paint his picture. A love-adventure happened to this painter, the result of which proved how much Alexander was attached to him.

It is related by Pliny and others, that amongst the monarch's concubines was one named Campaspe. Alexander having ordered Apelles to paint her in a state of nudity, because her whole shape was so perfectly beautiful, the sight made a powerful impression upon him; and being more occupied in gratifying his eyes than in finishing his work, the pencil repeatedly dropped from his hand, and he remained in motionless extacy. Alexander, who had been present at several of the sittings, perceiving the artist's embarrassment, wished to know the cause of it, and was informed that love had taken possession of the painter's soul, and prevented him from proceeding in his work. The king, though he was very fond of Campaspe, had the generosity to present her to Apelles; and she is said to

have served as the model for his masterpiece, which was Venus rising from the sea, or Andromene.

Apelles was in other respects a successful gallant, and looking to the complexion of some of the tales told of him, he was no unpractised libertine. He is said to have been the original seducer of the celebrated Corinthian courtesan Laïs.

APOLLONIDES.

APOLLONIDES, a physician of the island of Cos, the birth-place of Apelles and of Hippocrates, travelled for a long time in the pursuit of knowledge. He cured Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, of a very serious disease. He was afterwards taken prisoner by the Persians, from whom he concealed for a long time his name and his profession: at last, however, he was recognised, and was commanded to repair to Persepolis, to attend king Darius, who was suffering great pain from the dislocation of one of his feet. Apollonides succeeded in this operation, and attended with like success the king's wife Atossa, who had a cancer in her breast. For these two cures he received valuable presents; and was honoured with the favour of Darius, who admitted him to his table.

He would have been the happiest of men, if in the midst of that brilliant and voluptuous court he could have restrained his amorous inclinations, or at least if his desires had not aspired so high as the king's sister Amytis, who

was then a widow, of uncommon beauty, and in the flower of youth. His agreeable conversation and his knowledge of cosmetics procured him an easy access to her; he had, however, the prudence to dissemble the sentiments with which she inspired him. But Amytis happened to fall into a languishing sickness; and the passion of Apollonides acquired additional strength from the consequent frequency of his visits. Notwithstanding all the pains which he took, and all the resources of his art, this amiable princess was fading away like a rose torn from its stem, and was grieved and terrified at the approach of death.

One day when she was alone with Apollonides, she was deploring the fate which condemned her to perish in the prime of life, surrounded by so many pleasures, by so many delights. "Ah!" exclaimed she, in the overflowing of her grief, "My dear Apollonides, I conjure you to use every endeavour—employ all your skill—save me—save me!" Apollonides was so much affected, that he replied only with a deep sigh. "Ah!" continued she, "I see how it is—I am lost—you despair of my recovery—is there then no remedy?" "Perhaps," answered he, "there is one, the efficaciousness of which I know; but how shall I venture to propose it to you?" Amytis, whose hopes were revived by these words, insisted upon knowing this remedy. Apollonides cast down his eyes, and remained silent; but the princess redoubling her importunities, and at last commanding him, he declared (either because he thought so, or, which is more probable, because his passion impelled him) that this last and only resource

which might restore her to health, was the enjoyment of love and marriage. On hearing this the young princess blushed; and in the expression of her countenance, modesty, doubt and hope, were seen striving against each other. "I know," continued Apollonides, "that the prejudices of decency and virtue appear to condemn the use of such a specific: but your life is so precious, so dear to all Persia, that I do not hesitate to advise it. In short, Apollonides supported his prescription by such convincing language, cast such tender and expressive glances upon the princess, and life is so dear, that this daughter and sister of kings finally yielded to the counsels and the desires of her physician.

But Amytis, like a victim crowned with flowers at the moment of its immolation, only declined the faster, until her mournful and hopeless situation became obvious to all who approached her.

When the tears, the consternation, and the silence of those who surrounded the princess, had made her sensible of her extreme danger, despair took possession of her soul, and she could not reconcile herself to her fate. She attributed her death to the treachery of Apollonides, the secret of which, in her anguish, she imparted to her mother, though she soon after repented of having done so, and asked pardon for the offender. It was promised her; but the promise was not fulfilled; for Darius was too much irritated at his crime. Apollonides was condemned to be entombed alive in a cave. B. C. 420.

This, we believe, is not the only instance of this species of delinquency; though perhaps it has not often been so signally punished.

ARABELLA (THE LADY).

ARABELLA STUART, usually called the lady Arabella, one of the most unhappy and innocent victims on record of reigning jealousy and state policy, was the only child of Charles Stuart, earl of Lennox, younger brother to Henry, lord Darnley, husband to Mary queen of Scots. She was, therefore, cousin-german to James I, to whom, previously to his having children, she stood next in blood for the crown of England, being great grand-daughter to Henry VII, by the second marriage of his daughter Margaret, queen of Scotland, with the earl of Lennox. James had himself a priority in the same descent on both marriages, by his mother on the first, and by his father on the second. The earl of Lennox died young; and, as if to add to the mournful peculiarity of her lot, his daughter received an excellent education. Her proximity to the throne was the source of all her misfortunes. Elizabeth, who never lost sight of the claims which might arise out of hereditary pretensions, for some time before her decease held the lady Arabella under restraint, and refused the request of the king of Scots to give her in marriage to the duke of Lennox, his kinsman; an offer, by the way, made with a view to remove her from England, and a party unfavourable to the Scottish succession. The pope had likewise formed the design of raising her to the throne by uniting her with the duke of Savoy, which project is said to have been listened to by Henry IV of France, to prevent the union of England and Scotland. Whatever jealousies these rumours or intentions might have excited

before the accession, they might probably have subsided afterwards, but for the ill-concerted conspiracy of some English noblemen, who, indignant at the Scottish ascendancy, plotted to set aside James in favour of Arabella. The detection of this conspiracy, of which the latter was altogether innocent, aided by a clandestine sacrifice to an imprudent but honourable passion, ultimately proved her destruction.

It was soon after this event discovered, not only that a mutual passion existed between the lady Arabella and Mr William Seymour, second son to the earl of Hertford, but that they had for some time past been secretly married. This union, which was of a nature rather to weaken than advance any royal pretensions on the part of Arabella, produced, on the contrary, exceeding jealousy; and, against all law and reason, the young husband and wife were arrested and sent to the Tower of London. After a year's imprisonment, although under the care of different keepers, they not only managed to keep up a correspondence, but to make their escape at the same time. When acquainted with the circumstance, the court was seized with alarm, and a proclamation was issued for their apprehension. Arabella had escaped in man's apparel from a house near Highgate, whence she was to have been sent the next day to Durham. Having arrived at Blackwall about six in the evening, a boat was prepared to receive her, and another filled with baggage for herself and husband. They rowed first to Woolwich, then proceeded to Gravesend, and at the dawn of day reached Lee, where they perceived at anchor, a mile beyond them, a French barge which waited

their coming. Here the lady Arabella was desirous of staying for her husband; but, through the importunity of her companions she was induced to go on, by which unfortunate step Mr Seymour missed the vessel. A pinnace was in the meantime dispatched by government; and the barge, lingering in expectation of Seymour, was overtaken, and after receiving thirteen shots from the pinnace, was obliged to strike.

The unfortunate Arabella, who in the midst of her distress rejoiced at the escape of her husband, was immediately remanded to the Tower. The sequel of her story is peculiarly mournful. Rigidly and closely confined, the victim at the same time of both love and despair, her reason finally gave way; and this innocent and much injured woman, after a confinement of a few years, fell a martyr to the ignoble fears of a king and kinsman, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. She expired, not without suspicion of poison, on the 27th of September, 1615.

While the fate of Mary queen of Scots has excited universal sympathy, that of her more innocent and equally ill-fated kinswoman has been but little regarded, although far more inexcusably sacrificed by James, to precisely the same state maxims to which his mother fell a victim. Reason and reflection however will deem a far higher tribute of regret due to the persecuted Arabella, than to the indefensible Mary Stuart; whose coffins, it may incidentally be remarked, are placed one upon the other in the vaults of Westminster Abbey. The lady Arabella possessed talents of a superior order, as is proved by her manuscript productions in the possession of the marquis of Hertford, and by

others which have been printed in the 'Harleian Miscellany.' From a picture of her, taken when thirteen years of age, it appears that she was then in person very pleasing, possessing a fair complexion, full grey eyes, and long flaxen hair flowing to her waist. Her husband was subsequently recalled, and adhering to the Stuarts through all their fortunes, was restored by Charles II to the title of his great grand-father, the protector, and made duke of Somerset.

ARDRES.

At the time when France was agitated by intestine troubles, and by the war against Spain, the Rambure regiment of infantry, consisting of about fourteen hundred men, was placed in garrison in the town of Ardres. They soon became objects of fear and hatred to the inhabitants, on account of the excesses of all kinds which they committed: and the officers, who should have repressed these disorders, encouraged them by their example. In vain did the marquis de Rouville, governor of the place, complain to the minister; his complaints were not listened to. Being at a loss how to act in order to remedy the evil, he one morning assembled the officers of the regiment, and gave them to understand, that if in future they did not use their endeavours to restrain their soldiers, he should feel himself under the necessity of taking, without waiting for the orders of the court, the most prompt and decisive measures for bringing them to their duty.

This threat, which the governor had it in his power to carry into effect, by calling in the trained militias from the neighbourhood, induced the officers of the regiment to promise compliance; but they internally resolved to revenge themselves of a governor who was bold enough to endeavour to repress the licence to which they were accustomed. Being unsusceptible of the feelings of honour by which they ought to have been guided, and strangers to love of country, they did not scruple to take the flagitious resolution of giving up the town to the Spanish garrison at St Omer. One of them was sent over to the enemy to concert the necessary measures for putting him in possession of Ardres. The day was fixed, and it seemed as if nothing could oppose the success of this infamous treachery, when love intervened to prevent its accomplishment, and procure the punishment of the guilty.

One Pierre Rose, an inhabitant of Ardres, who kept the inn at the sign of the Dauphin in that town, had a young and pretty daughter, named Francaise. A young officer of the regiment of Rambure, who had nothing in common with the other officers but his serving under the same colours, was violently in love with this young woman, whose prudence was equal to her beauty. Having at last determined to marry her without the knowledge of his comrades, he waited only for the removal of the regiment to carry his purpose into effect: he took his meals with them at the father's house, without allowing them to form any suspicion of his understanding with Francaise to her family. Four days before that fixed upon for delivering up the town, as he

foresaw that those to whom he was about to be so nearly allied would be no more spared than the rest, he called Rose aside; and on pretence of the fine weather, and the occasion which there was, after a long illness which Francaise had suffered, for her to take the air, he advised him to go with her the next morning, and spend a few days at the village of Rodelinghem, three quarters of a league from the town, where Rose had a small property.

Rose, being astonished at a proposal which the uneasy and embarrassed air of his future son-in-law made appear additionally mysterious, urged him, in concert with his daughter, to declare the reasons for this advice, which surprised them the more, as the captain very well knew that Rose's duties as an innkeeper would not permit him to absent himself, especially at that moment. This objection so disconcerted the officer, that Francaise used all her influence to persuade him to explain himself more clearly.

The tears of one whom we love seldom fail to move us; and Francaise was so tenderly beloved, that her lover, though certain of the fate which he must expect if he should be suspected of having revealed this important secret, declared to his mistress and to her father, that on the following Sunday, during the mass at the parish church, which was usually attended by the military staff, the municipal body, and the judicial authorities of the town, and by most of the principal inhabitants, the Rambure regiment was to take possession of the three principal doors of the church, to enter it with fixed bayonets, and kill all that were there; then to disperse themselves over the town, which they

were to plunder and set fire to, before opening the gates to the Spanish troops in ambuscade in the wood of Montoise, who were ready to appear at the first signal of the conspirators.

Frightful as the relation of such a story must have been, Rose had self-command enough not to appear extraordinarily agitated by it. He re-proved his daughter for her too violent alarm, made her sensible of the extreme importance of keeping the secret which had just been confided to them, and represented to her that the slightest indiscretion on her part might endanger the life of her lover. He concluded with begging of the officer to employ all his influence with his comrades to procure the exemption of his house from the intended general pillage; and then, on pretence of going to prepare all things for the journey to Rodelinghem, he prayed the lover to remain with Francaise, to calm her apprehensions concerning the result of this affair.

The brave and honest Rose, whose resolution had been taken the moment that the secret was imparted to him, hastened to the governor's house; and after requesting a private audience, informed him of what had just come to his knowledge. This terrible news required the adoption of the promptest measures, as the interval was so short. After taking all the precautions that the circumstances would admit of, the marquis de Rouville invited the superior officers of the Rambure regiment to dinner: when the dessert was served up, and the ladies, according to ancient custom, had withdrawn, the commanding officer of the citadel ordered the conspirators to surrender their swords. On their refusal, a number of soldiers, concealed in

the neighbouring apartments, rushed in all at once, surrounded the traitors, slew them, and threw their bodies into the public square. From thence they went to join the towns-people, who had been furnished with arms, and proceeded to kill or arrest the remainder of the officers and the soldiers of the regiment, who had put themselves in such a posture of defence as the tumult and surprise had permitted.

Poor Francaise's lover was found covered with wounds in the passage of his mistress's house, stretched upon the bodies of three of his comrades, against whom he had defended its entrance. This lovely girl, after witnessing the exploits and death of her lover, survived his loss only a few days. As for the brave Rose, whose zeal, intelligence, and fidelity, appeared to deserve the most signal recompense, he could never obtain any from cardinal Mazarin, who then governed France, except some of those promises which he was accustomed to make in great emergencies, but which he scarcely ever performed. A. D. 1655.

ARNAUD.

ARNAUD DE MAVELL, born at Perigord in the twelfth century, being disgusted with the profession of a notary, devoted himself entirely to poetry, and became a troubadour. He had an agreeable person, and, as the historian says, the talent *de bien trouver, de bien chanter, et de lire des romans*; that is to say, he composed with facility, had a fine voice, and told a story

with ease and grace; which qualifications were quite sufficient to enable him to appear with advantage in the different courts of the kingdom. The first at which he presented himself was that of Adelaide, daughter of Raymond V, count of Toulouse, and wife of Roger II, surnamed Taillefer, viscount of Beziers.

The flattering manner in which Arnaud was received by the countess of Beziers, awoke his warmest and most tender feelings; which feelings he himself expressed in all his poems with but one exception.

“ I did not foresee,” says he, “ when I came hither, that I should have to pay so dear for the pleasure of approaching the presence of so much grace and beauty. I now feel how true is the saying, that he who would warm himself is liable to be burned. I love, yet dare not declare it. I am condemned to fly from her whom I adore, lest my looks should betray my secret: she would never pardon their indiscreet temerity. Yet I have at least the satisfaction of contemplating her in my heart, which represents her image to me like a mirror. Everything reminds me of her—everything brings her before my eyes: the freshness of the air, the enamel of the fields, the bloom of the flowers, each bringing to remembrance some one of her charms, invites me to sing of her. Thanks to the exaggerations of the troubadours, I am at liberty to praise her. I may say with impunity that she is the most beautiful lady in the world. If they had not applied this epithet, I should not have dared to apply it so truly to her whom I love.”

Arnaud did in effect sing of the countess under figurative names, and was careful not

to affix his own to the pieces which he addressed to her; but Adelaide recognised both the author and herself, in spite of all his fictions. Far from appearing insensible to praises so ingeniously turned, she rewarded him with presents, and permitted him to make her the heroine of his verses. Thus did the ladies of that age, while they intrusted the championship of their beauty to a knight, who maintained its excellence sword-in-hand, commission a poet to celebrate it by his pen. This double usage gave birth at once to the romances of chivalry, and to songs of gallantry.

Arnaud at first felt only the delightful honour of this commission, without foreseeing its danger. He enjoyed the privilege of being constantly near the countess; and some obliging words, with which she paid his poetry, inspired him with the most violent passion. "My reason," says he, "opposes my inclination; it tells me that it little befits me to aspire to such a conquest: I should leave to kings the honour of sighing for her. But then, does not love make all conditions equal? Has not Ovid declared it so?—He who loves is worthy of pleasing. . . . My heart," says he in another place, "is worth as much as that of a count, a duke, or a king; the loftiness of its desires is proof enough of its nobility: to entertain views worthy of a sovereign, is to be equal to one."

Some gracious looks of the countess increased Arnaud's confidence. He should have considered that they were but a tribute paid to custom, and to the desire of being the heroine of a poet; but he presumed that since Adelaide had not rejected the protestations of his attach-

ment, she might at length become disposed to requite it. He thenceforward grew bolder, and gave free scope to his imagination. He wrote two songs, containing the most lively expression of his desires, which however go no further than to obtain a kiss from the beautiful Adelaide.

In that age the love of poetry, and the talent of the poet, in some measure superseded the distinctions of rank; so that the countess was not afraid to listen to the wishes of the enamoured troubadour. Nor, had the count of Beziers happened to be acquainted with the circumstance, would it have occasioned any surprise. Margaret of Scotland, wife to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI, passing through a room where Alain Chartier was asleep, kissed him on the mouth; and the courtiers were only astonished at this action on account of the poet's ugliness.

This fatal kiss which Arnaud received at first increased his happiness, because it increased his love. "Adelaide's whole form," says he, "was engraven in my soul from the moment that I felt the approach of her lips; since then I have passed all my days in conversing with her, and all my nights in beholding her."

But soon his inflamed imagination overstepped all bounds. In vain did Adelaide, who, though she had no objection to grant him the favours authorised by custom, was very far from allowing him any criminal ones, arm herself with the most imposing severity; Arnaud could not repress the emotions of his impassioned breast. He composed another song, in which he exclaims in a transport of passion and grief,—“I float in a sea of desire; it is become my element, as water is that of the fish: but I shall ever desire

in vain, since I desire alone; for she whom I love is deaf to my prayers. Lions may be tamed, but nothing can soften her rigour; nevertheless, I endure without complaining a fate which bows me to the earth. Can I indeed believe myself wretched? I love, and I desire—Oh, love! if I speak thus of thy pains, what shall I say of thy pleasures?”

Meanwhile, Alphonso IV, then reigning in Castile, fell in love with the countess of Beziers. That powerful sovereign was jealous of a simple troubadour; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that the favourites of the Languedocian houses might aspire to please the greatest princesses. Alphonso required that Arnaud should desist from seeing and writing verses to Adelaide, and requested of the countess that she would forbid him to remain at her court. The unfortunate lover accordingly received an order from the countess to depart, and to desist from celebrating her in his poetry. He retired to the residence of William VIII, seigneur of Montpellier, and there he poured forth his grief in another piece of poetry:—

“ Let it not be said that the soul is moved only through the eyes. Mine no longer behold her whom I love, yet does my soul cling to the treasure which I have lost. They have driven me from her presence; but my heart shall remain for ever attached to her by ties which nothing can break. . . . Oh! happy spot which she inhabits,” he elsewhere adds; “ when shall I be permitted to revisit you? Am I doomed never even to see any one who dwells near you? A peasant who should come from her castle would in my eyes be a person of importance.

Oh! that I were banished to a desert, might I but meet her there; the wilderness would be to me a paradise!"

From this gentle and tender sorrow, which does not break out into reproaches, Arnaud soon passed to despair; and uttered bitter complaints, now against his enemies, and then against her, who, after causing his wretchedness, had abandoned him to the rigour of his fate. "I have no longer any tie," says he, "to anything upon earth—I have no longer a friend; nor have I now anything to love."

This reflection gradually led him to moralize; and he terminated his poetical career with a piece of about four hundred lines, wherein he sets forth the maxims which he lays down as the rule of conduct. He is believed to have died at Montpellier, before the countess of Beziers, who appears not to have survived the year 1201.

It may be suspected, notwithstanding the occasional protection and encouragement of these poetical lovers of the middle ages, that in reality the ladies regarded them as appendages of a kindred nature to their dwarfs or lap-dogs. What renders this more probable was the general absence of jealousy in the knightly husband. Now and then, no doubt, nature would break through the fantastic platonism of this order of adoration, and passion supersede the suggestions of rank and decorum; but in general the tuneful gallantry of the troubadour borrowed more from the head than the heart, and was received by the selected idol with gratified but passionless vanity.

ARNOUD (SOPHIA).

A BRIEF account of this celebrated French actress, opera dancer, and singer, not less distinguished for her wit and gallantry than for her professional talents, is not unamusing, and will at least shew what was once, and probably still is, called love in Paris. She was born in that capital in 1740, and made her *début* on the stage of the Italian opera at the age of seventeen. She became the first actress of that theatre, and the object of general admiration among its male visitors. But the count de Lauraguais, well known for his wit, his literary abilities, his whimsical projects, and even for his absurdities, appears to have been the person with whom she first formed a serious attachment. This passion, which seemed to originate in something more than mere vanity, was demonstrated on the part of the enamoured count by the most extravagant generosity; which however did not counterbalance, in the estimation of his mistress, that most tormenting and terrible of all failings in a lover, an irritable and immeasurable jealousy of disposition. The lady, teased, distracted, and rendered miserable by the reproaches, suspicions, and even injuries, which were the perpetual result of his jealous temper, resolved to part with so troublesome an admirer, notwithstanding he was so amiable and so generous.

She took advantage of the absence of M. de Lauraguais, during a journey he made to Geneva, to break off her connexion with him. She sent to his lady the countess all the jewels and trinkets which he had presented to her, and also a

coach with two children which she had had by him;—a mode of proceeding exceedingly unusual among women of her class, who make no scruple to desert their lovers, but take care to retain the proofs of their liberality. To secure herself from the anger of the count, mademoiselle Arnoud kept herself concealed, and even put herself under the protection of the minister of police, M. de St Florentin.

It is scarcely possible to describe the state of madness into which this rupture threw M. de Lauraguais. All Paris was overwhelmed with his lamentations. At length the violence of his passion subsided, and was succeeded by the calm of reason. An interview took place between him and his mistress, in which he declared that he should never forget how dear she had been to him; and as a proof of his regard, he sent her a deed of settlement for an annuity of two thousand crowns. On the refusal of mademoiselle Arnoud to accept it, the countess de Lauraguais interfered. She solicited the actress not to refuse a donation in which she joined with her husband; and she added that mademoiselle need not be uneasy about her infants, for that she would herself take care of them. So singular an offer could scarcely fail to take effect, and the present was accepted.

The office of lover to so attractive an actress could not long remain vacant. Mademoiselle Arnoud met with several admirers desirous to succeed M. de Lauraguais, and at length accepted M. Bertin, of the Academy of Belles Lettres, author of the 'Island of Fools,' and treasurer of escheats. He spared no expense to deserve her affection; but prodigal as he was, the excess of his generosity could not triumph over a passion which had

never been extinguished. Love still reigned in the heart of the lady; the defects of her first admirer disappeared, and she forgot his crimes. Love at length reunited two lovers, who, more attached to each other than ever, presented to the public an event which became the talk of all Paris. The unfortunate Bertin, ashamed of his tenderness, and piqued at the fickle conduct of his perfidious mistress, was in the most cruel despair.

Some time after, M. de Lauraguais was arrested and put in confinement, on account of something he had written which displeased the court. His wife and family in vain solicited his pardon. The tender Arnoud, having played at Versailles the part of Cephise in the opera of 'Dardanus,' and perceiving the lively impression she had made, threw herself at the feet of the duke de Choiseul, to demand of him the liberation of her Dardanus. If she did not obtain on the spot what she requested, she contributed not a little to his restoration to liberty, a circumstance which served to strengthen his passion.

Two years after, mademoiselle Robbe, a beautiful woman and accomplished dancer, made her *début* at the opera. M. de Lauraguais was smitten with her charms, and he made mademoiselle Arnoud acquainted with the impression she had made. This confidential communication was received with the same degree of philosophy with which it was imparted. The lady undertook to trace this new passion, and to learn the progress of it from the mouth of her inconstant lover. One day, when she asked him where he had been, he acknowledged he had been paying his devoirs to his new divinity, and complained that he was

distressed to observe that a knight of Malta was constantly near her. "A chevalier of Malta!" cried mademoiselle Arnoud; "you have reason enough, M. le Count, to dread such a man; for it is his employment to drive away infidels."

This happened about 1765; and three years after, M. de Lauraguais was guilty of a more marked infidelity to mademoiselle Arnoud, in consequence of a fresh attachment to mademoiselle Heinel, a celebrated opera-dancer. An unlucky accident empoisoned the pleasures of the inconstant count: mademoiselle Heinel was affected with a disease of the skin, which was readily communicated; in consequence of which it was facetiously remarked, that she had made her lover a Scotch prince.

It appears that, six years after, M. de Lauraguais had not forgotten his tender passion for mademoiselle Arnoud; at least it served him as a pretext for a pleasantry of rather a bold description, played off at the expense of a new admirer of the lady. He procured a consultation of four doctors of the faculty of medicine, and demanded their opinion, whether it was possible for a person to perish of ennui? They decided in the affirmative, and signed the attestation to their decision with the utmost solemnity. The family of Brancas, to which M. de Lauraguais belonged, had numbered among its members many vapourish, melancholy, and hypochondriac persons; and the doctors, taking it for granted that the subject of the enquiry was some relative of the count, decided that the only remedy to cure the malady complained of, was to remove from the patient every object which might cause inertia and stagnation. Provided with this pro-

fessional opinion, formally drawn up, the facetious nobleman went before a commissary of justice, to carry a complaint against the prince d'Henin, deposing that he was continually besetting mademoiselle Arnoud, and that he would infallibly cause that actress to perish with ennui, and thus deprive the public in general, and himself in particular, of one whose preservation was so desirable: he consequently required that the prince should be restrained from visiting her, until she should be perfectly recovered from the ennui with which she was attacked, and which, according to the decision of the faculty, must otherwise prove fatal.

The same prince d'Henin having found with mademoiselle Arnoud the chevalier Gluck, who was amusing her with music, together with other performers, he was displeased at her seeing so much company. He displayed his ill humour by railing at music and at the musician; and so far piqued the self-love of the latter that, bursting with anger, he sat still on his chair, without shewing the least attention to the prince. This nobleman, remarking his want of respect, said, "I thought it was the custom in France, when any one, and especially a man of quality, entered the room, to salute him." Gluck immediately got up, and going to the prince, replied, "The custom in Germany, monsieur, is not to rise and salute persons for whom we have no esteem;" and while the prince was muttering his complaints, the chevalier, turning to mademoiselle Arnoud, said, "Since you are not your own mistress, I will leave you, and not return again."

This occurred in 1774: some years afterwards appeared the following quatrain, the wit of which,

consisting of a play upon words, would be lost in translation:—

Depuis qu'auprès de ta catin
 Tu fais une rôle des plus minces,
 Tu n'es plus le prince d'*Henin*, (des nains,)
 Mais seulement le nain des princes.

The lady so politely designated in these verses was mademoiselle Arnoud. The prince, learning that the writer was M. de Champcenets, captain of the guards to the count d'Artois, complained of his conduct; and he was condemned by the king to be banished for two years, part of which time, however, he was permitted to spend in travelling.

Mademoiselle Arnoud, who retired from the stage in 1778, was distinguished for the number and smartness of her *bon mots*, a collection of which was published at Paris in 1813.

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ARRIA.

THIS noble Roman lady, celebrated at once for her heroic courage and conjugal affection, was the wife of Cæcinus Pætus, a man of consular dignity in the reign of the emperor Claudius. Several anecdotes of her are recorded by Pliny the Younger, which evince the elevated tenderness of her nature. Her husband and son were attacked at the same time by a dangerous illness, to which the latter, a youth of the greatest promise, fell a sacrifice. Arria concealed his death from his sick father, and answered his enquiries with apparent pleasure, while her heart was torn with grief. Pætus,

having joined in a conspiracy with Furius Camillus Scribonianus, commanding in Dalmatia, in a rebellion against the emperor Claudius, was taken prisoner and carried to Rome for trial. Thither Arria, who had petitioned in vain to accompany him, followed in a fisherman's bark, which she hired to pursue the vessel in which he was conveyed. On their arrival at Rome, she employed every means in her power to procure the pardon of her husband, who, according to some historians, was condemned to die, but allowed to choose the manner of his death. Failing in her endeavours, she resolved not to survive him. Perceiving the hesitation of Pætus, and convinced of his hopeless situation, she tenderly embraced him, and at the same moment seizing his poniard, plunged it into her own bosom, from which she drew it covered with blood, and presented it to her husband with these words, so celebrated by the admiration of all antiquity: "*Non dolet, Pæte,*"—"Pætus, it is not painful." Martial has made this scene the subject of the following noted epigram:—

Casto suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis,
 Si qua fides vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit;
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

When from her breast fair Arria drew the sword,
 And held it reeking to her much-lov'd lord,
 Pætus, she cried, no pain oppresses me;
 My wound is nothing, but I feel for thee.

There is doubtless something ingenious in the turn here given, but it is at the same time obvious, that it detracts from the noble simplicity of the real address, which, on Roman principles for pathos and magnanimity is scarcely to be exceeded.

ARTEMISIA.

THIS celebrated queen of Caria was both the sister and wife of Mausolus; for in those days—

Such mixture was not held a stain.

Mausolus, having reigned twenty-five years, died without issue, towards the end of the 106th Olympiad; on which occasion his widow, a woman of great qualities, but still more distinguished for her conjugal affection, caused a very magnificent tomb to be erected to his memory, which was popularly reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. Hence the appellation of 'mausoleum' has been since given to all sumptuous structures of the same kind. Pliny has left a particular description of this stately monument, the architect of which was named Scopas. Not satisfied with this public testimony of respect and affection, it is recorded that Artemisia daily mingled the ashes of her husband with water, and swallowed them, that she might become his living tomb. She also proposed prizes of great value to such as should excel in making the panegyric of Mausolus; on which occasion Isocrates entered the lists with his pupil Theopompus, who obtained the victory. A tragedy, entitled Mausolus, was also composed by Theodectes of Phaselides.

Artemisia is said to have pined herself into a consumption, which terminated her existence within two years from the death of her husband. It is however affirmed by some writers, that she did not allow unavailing sorrow to prevent her from governing with energy, and that she ob-

tained more than one victory over the enemies of Caria. It is indeed related by Vitruvius, that she not only defeated an attempt of the Rhodians to dethrone her, but personally headed an expedition against that island, which completely succeeded. Bayle cannot think that a woman who evinced so much energy and activity could fall a victim to tenderness and sorrow; but it is with equal justice observed by a writer of the softer sex, that great passions seldom break out in weak or ignoble minds, and that the benevolent affections, exalted to a certain height, acquire a strong tincture of heroism. The grief of the widow of Mausolus is described to be of an ardent and enthusiastic nature,—a sentiment which keeps the mind in a state of restless inquietude, and, however fatal in the sequel, by no means precludes the temporary exercise of the most active energies and the most animated exertions.

ARTOIS, THE COUNT D'

(NOW CHARLES X.)

AN adventure of this prince in the earlier part of his life shews that he was then what is usually called a man of gallantry; and that circumstance, notwithstanding his high rank, led to what is similarly termed an affair of honour. The duke of Bourbon, son of the prince of Condé, had married mademoiselle d'Orleans, sister of the duke of Orleans who was so unhappily distinguished during the French revolution. Among the ladies in the train of that princess was a young and beautiful woman named madame de Canillac.

The young duke de Bourbon was smitten with her charms, and having triumphed over her virtue, he took no pains to conceal the intrigue; which coming to the knowledge of his wife, she treated her rival so harshly as to induce her to leave her service.

This transaction being talked of, the count d'Artois became anxious to behold the beauty who had caused so much jealousy. Having seen her, he became attached to her, and easily replaced her former admirer, who indeed was by that time tired of his mistress. The count being one evening with madame de Canillac at a masked ball at the opera, she pointed out to him the duchess de Bourbon; and he, heated with wine, assured her that he would immediately avenge the injuries of which she complained. The duchess was attended by a gentleman who was the brother-in-law of madame de Canillac. The count, pretending to mistake the lady whom he conducted for a female of light character, joined them, and addressed to her very insulting proposals. The duchess, highly displeased that any one should take such a liberty with her, determined to know who was her persecutor, and hastily lifted the lower part of the count's mask. He was enraged at her temerity; and forgetting the respect due to a woman of character, he laid hold of her mask, and tore it in two. She had recognised his royal highness, and prudently determined to take no more notice of the affair. Unfortunately the count, instead of imitating her moderation, boasted of his conduct; and the whole house of Condé, making it a common cause, went to the king to complain, and demand satisfaction for the insult. His majesty replied,

that his brother was a fool to behave in such a manner, but he offered no other reparation. The duchess of Bourbon from that time went no more into public. The prince her husband, going to de Maurepas, the prime minister, delivered to him a memoir addressed to the king, saying that if his majesty did not think proper to give him satisfaction, he should consider the refusal as a permission for him to take it himself.

The king, being alarmed at the menaces and conduct of the duke of Bourbon, ordered the chevalier de Crussol, one of the captains of the guard of the count d'Artois, not to lose sight of that prince. The latter indeed had become conscious of the impropriety of his conduct, and consented to make a proper reparation to the duchess de Bourbon, by declaring that he had no intention to insult her; and that he did not, when he committed the outrage, know who she was. This apology was made at Versailles, in the presence of all the royal family and the princes of the blood; and it was rendered the more humiliating, as it was made before the duchess de Polignac, the favourite of the queen, to whom the count d'Artois had vaunted of the insult, because he knew that the queen disliked the duchess de Bourbon. This apology, however, was not satisfactory to the duke, who, in an interview with the prince at Versailles, shewed by his behaviour that he had not pardoned the affront. The count d'Artois had recourse to the advice of his council, and suffered himself to be guided by the spirited remark of the chevalier de Crussol, who, on announcing to him the order which he had received from the king, added, "But if I had the honour to be the count

d'Artois, the chevalier de Crussol should not be my captain of guards twenty-four hours longer."

In consequence of this, the prince gave the duke de Bourbon to understand, by letter or by means of a third person, that on such a day, in the morning, he should be in the Bois de Boulogne. The duke went there by eight o'clock, but the count did not arrive till ten. They retired from the public walk, and having taken off their coats, commenced the combat, of which many persons were the witnesses. It lasted ten minutes; and such was the equality of skill and address in the combatants, that not a drop of blood was spilt. The chevalier de Crussol then interposed, and commanded them to desist in the name of the king, doubtless considering that this bloodless rencounter had completely satisfied the imperious demands of honour. The parties then saluted each other; and in the afternoon the count d'Artois went to see the duchess de Bourbon.

During the combat the gates of the Bois de Boulogne were closed; but the place was full of people. The news soon spread throughout Paris. The duchess de Bourbon, who had received no visitors since the insult, and who had ordered her porter to take down the names of those who called, now issued from her retreat, and went to the theatre, where she was received with such loud and reiterated applauses that she burst into tears. This expression of popular feeling towards her was attributed to the report that she had told his majesty that she demanded reparation less as a princess than as a female and a citizen, the most infamous of whom ought to have been treated with more respect, especially under the

protection of a mask. The queen, who arrived at the play a few minutes after, with madame, was but feebly applauded in comparison with the duchess de Bourbon, owing to her majesty having declared that she should not interfere in the dispute. The duke de Bourbon and the prince of Condé, when they made their appearance, occasioned a renewal of applause, accompanied with exclamations of "Bravo! bravissimo!" Monsieur attracted but little notice; and the count d'Artois, who made his appearance the last, was clapped only by a few persons in the pit, who were probably placed there on purpose. The duke de Chartres, the brother of the injured lady, did not attend the spectacle, as he was no favourite with the public, in consequence of his having continued to associate with the count d'Artois, after the insult offered to his sister, as if nothing had happened. The king punished the two combatants for their infraction of his commands, by banishing the count d'Artois to Choisy, and the duke de Bourbon to Chantilly, where they respectively remained only a few days.

The following more circumstantial details of this very important affair in ancient Gallic estimation, is derived from the authority of the chevalier de Crussol:—

"In the morning before leaving Versailles," says that gentleman, "I secretly placed under the cushion of the count d'Artois' carriage his best sword. We went tête-à-tête, and during the ride the count took not the least notice of his engagement; but he was in high spirits and full of pleasantry. When we arrived at the gate of the princes, where we should have mounted on

horseback, I perceived the duke de Bourbon in the midst of a number of persons. As soon as the count d'Artois saw him, he went straight up to him, and said, smiling, 'Monsieur, the public say that we seek for a meeting.' The duke de Bourbon, taking off his hat, replied, 'Monsieur, I am here to receive your commands.' 'In order to execute yours,' returned the count, 'you must permit me to go to my carriage;' and having returned to his coach, he took his sword, and rejoined the duke de Bourbon. They entered together into the wood about twenty paces, both having their swords in their hands. They were about to commence their combat, when the duke de Bourbon said to the count, 'You will not be able to defend yourself, monsieur, as the sun dazzles your eyes.' 'You are right,' replied the count; 'and we can only shun this inconvenience by seeking the shelter of the wall.' Thither the two princes then proceeded, discoursing coolly with each other, I following the count d'Artois, and M. de Vibrage, his captain of the guards, following the duke de Bourbon.

"Arrived at the wall, M. de Vibrage observed that both the combatants had kept on their spurs, which might prove inconvenient. I therefore took off those of the count, and M. de Vibrage performed the same service for the duke de Bourbon. This obstacle being removed, the latter asked permission to disembarass himself from his coat; and his adversary having also thrown off his, they thus, with their breasts unprotected, began the contest. For some time they remained at arm's length, when all at once

I perceived the countenance of the count redden, and I concluded that he began to be irritated. In fact he redoubled his efforts to beat down the guard of his opponent. At this instant the duke de Bourbon stumbled, and I lost sight of the count's sword, which appears to have passed under the duke's arm. I imagined he was wounded, and advanced to stop the combat. 'Stay a moment, gentlemen,' said I; 'and if you do not approve what I am going to propose, you can begin again. In my opinion, what has already taken place is quite sufficient for the occasion of the quarrel; and I appeal to M. de Vibrage for his sentiments in support of my decision.' 'I agree perfectly with M. de Crusol,' replied he. 'Enough has been done to satisfy the most scrupulous delicacy.' 'It is not for me to decide this point,' remarked the count d'Artois; 'it rests with M. le duc de Bourbon to say whether he is satisfied.' 'Monsieur,' returned the duke, lowering his sword, 'I am penetrated with the recollection of your goodness; and I shall never forget the honour you have done me.' The count d'Artois then ran and embraced him, and thus the affair concluded. It is added, that the count d'Artois went immediately to make a visit to madame the duchess de Bourbon, and stayed with her half a quarter of an hour.

This transaction took place in 1778.

ARUNS.

IT was love that introduced into Italy the Gauls, the first who made the Romans feel that they were not invincible, and who would perhaps have annihilated the commonwealth which afterwards became so famous, but for the assistance of a Roman whom it had sent into exile.

One of the principal persons of Clusium, a town in Etruria, named Aruns, had been tutor to a young man of distinction named Lucumon. This young man had been brought up from his infancy in the house of his tutor, and had gradually become attached to the wife of Aruns. It is to be presumed that, as that too often happens, this woman had given her young lover encouragement; at all events, it is certain that they soon had a perfect understanding with each other. Lucumon's passion was too evident not to be discovered. Aruns had suspicions, and he made them known. His wife then, fearing that her infidelity would be discovered and punished, and wishing to free herself from the apprehension, prevailed upon her lover to carry her off. As Aruns, after this, could no longer doubt of his dishonour, he sought revenge for the public injury which he had received; but Lucumon was more powerful than he, and by means of his wealth and influence triumphed over the unfortunate husband.

Aruns, still thirsting for revenge, then went into Gaul, and implored the assistance of the inhabitants. He had no great difficulty in persuading a number of them to follow him; for there had already been emigrations to Italy from

different parts of Gaul, and the beauty of the former country was a very considerable allure-ment. It is said, too, that in order still more powerfully to induce the Gauls to make an invasion, Aruns brought them some delicious Italian wine to drink. This new colony established itself in the country which now forms the duchy of Urbino; and at length, out of gratitude to Aruns, who had brought them into Italy, they went and laid siege to Clusium, where the wife of Aruns and her paramour then were. The besieged, being well aware that they could not hold out long without succour, sent to implore the assistance of Rome. The senate, however, contented itself with sending three ambassadors to the Gauls, to prevail upon them to raise the siege of Clusium. Brennus, their general, answered the message by a haughty refusal. He said that his right resided in his sword, and that everything belonged to the brave; but that, even without having recourse to that primitive law, he had a right to complain of the Clusians, who, though they had more lands than they could cultivate, nevertheless refused to give up those which were of no use to them. "And what other motive," added he, "have *you* for subjugating so many neighbouring nations? You have taken from the Sabines, the Fidenates, the Albans, the Equians, and the Volscians, the better part of their territory. I do not tax you with injustice in so doing; but it is evident that you have regarded it as the clearest of all laws, that the weak must yield to the strong. Cease then to intercede for the Clusians, or permit us to take the part of those whom you have subjugated."

This reply being unanswerable, it should seem that the ambassadors had no alternative but to return to Rome and render an account of their mission. Unaccustomed however to be addressed thus firmly, and being moreover descended from the illustrious Fabii, who had so generously sacrificed themselves for their country, they re-entered Clusium, where they not only assisted the besieged with their advice, but went out with them in different sallies, in which they were recognized by the Gauls. The latter sent to Rome to complain to the senate of the conduct of its ambassadors, who had violated the law of nations; and demanded, in reparation, that the three delinquents should be given up to them. But the Roman people answered by electing the three Fabii to be military tribunes.

The Gauls then marched towards Rome, to take by force the justice which was refused them. Their victory over the Romans commanded by the Fabii, the massacre in the forum, the saving of the capitol by the consecrated geese, and the final delivery of the town by the exiled Camillus, are known to every reader of history; but the historians afford us no information as to what became of the wife of Aruns, whose infidelity was the first cause of this important war.

ASPASIA.

THIS celebrated female was daughter of Axiochus, a native of Miletus, a Greek city of

Asia, and is celebrated more for her beauty and talents than for the severity of her morals. To personal charms and graces of the most fascinating description, she added a mind highly cultivated, a captivating eloquence, an acquaintance with the philosophy and sciences of Greece, a vigour and acuteness, and a versatility of genius, equally admirable and extraordinary. Thus accomplished, Athens appeared to Aspasia as the only place in which her endowments encountered a proper theatre; and therefore to Athens she repaired, accompanied by a train of beautiful girls, with whom she formed a singular and curious establishment, which the muses combined with the graces to render not less attractive than dangerous to the youth of that celebrated city.

The Athenian women, after the manner of the East, in almost all times, were much secluded; all intercourse being usually denied them, except with those of their own sex or their nearest male relations. Thus restricted, they had little opportunity to acquire the polished manners and intellectual graces which are required by a refined and enlightened people, to lend dignity and sentiment to the natural sympathies and affections. This circumstance gave, in Athens, to the degrading profession of a courtesan a character, and even an importance, to which in countries where women are less restrained it has certainly no claim. It may be doubted, indeed, whether it implied anything more than a secondary rank of females, like the concubines of Mahometanism and the Jews, who administer more directly to the sensual desires of the other sex, and are regarded rather as a

peculiar grade in society, than as absolute outcasts. Be this as it may, the house of Aspasia became the resort of wit and talent; professors, philosophers, orators and politicians, the first and most illustrious citizens of Greece, assembled at her home—a fact which still more accords with the view we have taken of her profession in their estimation. Even Socrates, accompanied by his friends and disciples, openly visited the fair Milesian, professed himself a learner, and scrupled not to acknowledge that it was from her precepts and example he acquired all the rhetoric which he possessed.

Pericles, who under popular pretences had usurped the sovereignty of the state, passionately attached himself to Aspasia. While her wit and vivacity delighted his imagination, he hesitated not to confess that he was indebted to her for maxims of policy not less acute than profound. Nor did he blush to recite the orations which she occasionally composed for him; and the ascendancy which he gained over the people seems to have been materially aided by the counsels and eloquence of his accomplished mistress. The Athenians have been called the French of antiquity; and it is scarcely possible not to recognize in this picture a similarity to the influence of accomplished females in Paris over the monarchs, warriors, and statesmen, of France antecedent to the revolution. The ascendancy of Aspasia over Pericles was however still more extraordinary: for he parted from his wife, a woman of family, in order to marry her, in the face of the popular censure attachable to such an alliance, even in Athens. The attractions of Aspasia must have been indeed of a surprising description.

‘What an idea,’ exclaims a well known historian, “ought we not to form of a woman who had Pericles for a lover, and Socrates for a disciple!—whose fine endowments so concealed her moral defects, that the first men of Athens not only frequented her assemblies, but also took their wives, in order to listen to the lessons of one whose personal conduct excited their contempt.”

Aspasia is accused by historians of having, by her influence over her lover, been the occasion of the Samian and Megarian wars; the first out of a pardonable love for her countrymen, who had been defeated by the Samians, on which she induced Pericles to attack the conquerors. The Megarian, in which originated the Peloponnesian war, is also said to have been produced by the bearing away of two of her female train by some Megarians, in revenge for a similar licentious frolic on the part of certain young Athenians against a courtesan of Megara. Aspasia exerted all her credit with Pericles to make this a national affront, and succeeded.—Such is history; and such often the discreditable causes of the greatest events!

It is not to be imagined, that the ascendancy of a woman, however gifted, over a leader of the consequence of Pericles, would escape the wit and satire of a people of the disposition of the Athenians. She was introduced on the stage as Dejanira, Omphale, Juno, &c. and paid, under these and other denominations, the usual tribute of notoriety. The enemies of Pericles, fearful of attacking him personally, availed themselves of a decree made about this period against speculative and sceptical thinkers, who denied the exist-

ence and administration of the gods, to assail him in the persons of his friends and favourites. For the purpose of wounding him where he was most vulnerable, Aspasia was summoned before the tribunal of the judges, on the accusation of atheism and a dissolute life. Pericles, during the process, betrayed extreme solicitude in respect to the fate of his mistress, and employed in her behalf all his influence and his power. To menaces and remonstrances he even added tears. Some ancient authors assert that Aspasia pleaded her own cause, and with so much pathos and eloquence, that Pericles being unable to restrain his tears, the sight of them so operated upon the feelings of the people, that she was forthwith acquitted.

After the death of Pericles, Aspasia attached herself to an Athenian of mean birth, named Lysicles; and such was her influence, that he obtained some of the first offices in the republic. She had a son by Pericles, who bore the same name as his father, and whom the Athenians legitimated when he had lost all his other children. It has been asserted, with great plausibility, that Aspasia was, after all, nothing more than an able and adroit courtesan: her mental and personal attraction must however have been of a very high order, as her celebrity not only extended throughout Greece, but, as will be seen by the next article, inflamed the imaginations of the Asiatics themselves, who began to sigh for that union of mental and personal graces by which she was so highly adorned.

ASPASIA, OR MILTO.

MILTO was the daughter of Hermotimus, a native of Phoecea, whose circumstances were very humble. She was brought up with few other advantages than what nature gave her, and neither possessed nor wished for ornaments to set off a person exquisitely beautiful, and graced with peculiar feminine softness and modesty. The hair of this beauty of antiquity, according to Ælian, was light and curled; she had large eyes, an aquiline nose, small ears, a clear skin, a lovely bloom; her lips were red and beautifully formed, her teeth white as snow, her limbs finely turned, and her voice sweetly melodious. The satrap who governed in these parts under Cyrus, the king of Persia's second son, hearing of her beauty, had her carried off, with other females, for the haram of that prince, whom she completely subdued, and that quite as much by her extreme modesty, and dislike to the state assigned her, as by her personal attractions. The capricious passions of a prince unaccustomed to repulse were captivated by her sorrow and resistance; and her prudence and capacity completed her ascendancy over his mind. She accompanied him wherever he went; he consulted her on his most important affairs; and she united so much talent and sagacity to extreme disinterestedness, that he at once esteemed her as a friend, respected her as a wife, and loved her as a mistress. By the propriety of her conduct, she also acquired the friendship of the haughty, jealous, and vindictive Parysatis, the queen mother. A set of rich jewels, destined by Cyrus for his

mistress, was, by her persuasion, presented by him to his mother. Parysatis, informed of this advice, loaded her with rich presents in return, all which she uniformly delivered to the prince: "They may be useful to you, and are suited to your dignity," exclaimed she; "I require only your heart." It was this combination of intellectual and personal graces which induced Cyrus to give her the name of Aspasia, after the celebrated subject of the preceding article, whose celebrity, as already observed, had pervaded all the Lesser Asia.

Aspasia employed her power on her own account, only to render her father comparatively rich and happy, which required but little; and to testify her gratitude to Venus, whom she deemed her protectress, she consecrated a statue of fine gold to that goddess, before which was placed the representation of a pigeon; the origin of which figure will show that human nature is the same in all ages, and that votive offerings to imaginary celestial patrons and patronesses,—to a Venus or a Madonna, for instance,—originated in similar convictions, and sprang out of similar notions of divine favour from the one part, and of gratitude due from the other. It is related of Aspasia, that being afflicted in her childhood with a glandular tumour in the throat, she was warned in a dream, by a pigeon sent by Venus, to apply to the swelling a preparation of dried rose leaves, which had been previously consecrated to the goddess. Many a Christian legend has recorded circumstances quite as fanciful, but few have combined them with so much elegance. Before these symbols Aspasia daily offered her vows and oblations.

It is not our province to record the history of the rebellion of Cyrus against his brother Artaxerxes, the result of which was his death in battle, or the fate of his auxiliary Greeks, so admirably related by Xenophon in his history of the retreat of the ten thousand. On this catastrophe, Aspasia fell into the hands of the conqueror; and the fame of her beauty and endowments having preceded her, Artaxerxes, a prince of considerable accomplishments and magnanimity himself, was fully prepared to admire her. Her grief and despair at the death of Cyrus did not lessen her attractions; and when time had assuaged her regret, Artaxerxes succeeded his brother in her affections, and she retained her influence over him, as well as her beauty, to a very advanced age. Plutarch makes Darius, the son of Artaxerxes, one of her captives; and states, that being entitled, when nominated his father's successor, to a particular boon, he requested the possession of Aspasia; to defeat which request, Artaxerxes contrived that she should be elected a priestess of Diana. Bayle shows the absurdity of this story, by proving that she must have been at this time seventy-five years of age. It is most likely, indeed, a mere romance, founded on the better authenticated accounts of her eminent beauty and lasting power of pleasing.

Ælian and the other authorities have been very particular in their description of the manner in which Aspasia or Milto received the first courtship of Cyrus; and some of the particulars of their disclosures seem to us to have furnished lord Byron with his outline of the beautiful and high-minded Greek slave, Myrrha, the mistress

of Sardanapalus, in his tragedy of that name. At all events, several of the features are similar; and if the resemblance be merely accidental, it only proves how ably the noble poet has imagined the scenes and sentiments which he undertook to delineate.

ATHENAIS.

THE story of Athenais, a Greek virgin of obscure rank, whose beauty and talents raised her to a throne, is one of those events of history which assume more of the appearance of romance, than many of those imaginary adventures which formally assume the name.

Athenais, the daughter of Leontius, an Athenian sophist, was born about the year 400 of the Christian era, and was educated by her father in the mythology and sciences of the Greeks. Her progress in every branch of learning was singular; and her father had such a high opinion of her talents and endowments, that, aided as they were by youth and extreme beauty, he deemed fortune superfluous, and therefore, on his death, left her only a hundred pieces of gold, dividing his patrimonial estate exclusively between his two sons.

This singular confidence of Leontius was not shared by his accomplished daughter, who, after seeking in vain to soften the avarice of her brothers, sought protection from a couple of aunts, who united in a legal process against their nephews in behalf of their amiable niece. In the progress of the suit, Athenais was conducted

to Constantinople, where Theodosius the Younger then reigned, or rather his abler sister Pulcheria in his name. It is pretended that a commission had at this very time been given to Pulcheria by the emperor, to cause a search to be made throughout the east for a young beauty, whose talents and graces should render her worthy of sharing the imperial throne. If true, the aunts of Athenais could not have sought an interview with Pulcheria at a more critical interval, at whose feet they demanded justice for their niece, on whose beauty, merit, and accomplishments, they descanted with all their eloquence. Impressed by their story, the princess expressed a wish to see the object of their anxiety; when the beauty and address of Athenais confirmed all which had been uttered in her favour. Her slender and graceful form, the harmony of her features, full eyes, fair complexion, and golden hair, her talents and acquirements, the melody of her voice, her soft and interesting manner, and youthful modesty and ingenuousness,—all combined to convince the princess that a fitter consort could not be found for Theodosius. Politicians, who, it must be confessed, marvellously mar the course of smooth narrative, suspect that Pulcheria's anxiety to unite her brother with some beauty of humble origin, who would owe everything to herself, also formed one of the fair Greek's principal attractions. This is not impossible; but it is still to the honour of the princess, that she sought it united with real merit and unquestionable powers of pleasing.

By the orders of Pulcheria, Athenais was admitted into the palace, and placed among the virgins already assembled with a view to the

emperor's choice of a bride. Her aunts were also treated with great favour, and assured of protection and redress for their niece, whose beauty and perfections were eloquently described to the emperor by his sister. Anxious to behold her, she was called to an audience in the apartment of the princess; and Theodosius, concealed by a curtain, witnessed the interview, and beheld, himself unseen, the charms of the fair stranger. His heart immediately obeyed the impulse so successfully given to it, and Athenais was soon after informed of her good fortune, which intelligence she received with a grace and modesty which heightened the lustre of her charms. By the desire of her royal lover, she was immediately instructed in the principles of the Greek church, and became a Christian under the name of Eudocia. The royal nuptials were then solemnized with great magnificence, amidst the acclamations of the capital; and the ensuing year, on presenting the emperor with a daughter, she received the title of Augusta, which completed her honours as an imperial bride.

With a mind highly cultivated in Grecian and Roman literature, the empress, in the bloom of youth and beauty, amidst the luxury of a court, continued to improve herself in literary acquirements, and in the ingenious pursuits which had so materially aided her elevation. It is but a small abatement of this praise to observe that her studies assumed a tincture from the superstitious and degenerate taste of the age in which she lived. Thus, she composed a poetical paraphrase of the first eight books of the Old Testament, as also of the prophecies of Daniel and Zechariah; to which she added a cento of the

verses of Homer, which she applied to the life and miracles of Christ. A legend of St Cyprian, and a panegyric on the Persian victories of Theodosius, are also to be enumerated among her works. "The writings," says the historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' "which were applauded by a servile and superstitious age, have not been disdained by the candour of impartial criticism." "Who," asks Dupin, "would expect to find, among ecclesiastical writers, a woman and an empress, who, amidst the luxury and splendour of a court, devoted herself to theological studies."

For several years the life of Eudocia was tranquil and unclouded. Her daughter grew up, and was married to Valentinian, emperor of the west; after which event, the empress asked permission to discharge her grateful vows by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In her progress through the east, she pronounced, from a throne of gold, an eloquent oration to the senate of Antioch, the walls of which she enlarged, and erected magnificent public baths for the citizens. Her munificence in Palestine exceeded even that of Helena, mother to Constantine the Great; and after distributing a sum estimated at 100,000*l.* of our present money, she returned to Constantinople laden with pious relics, which then, as in latter times, were always discoverable on proper encouragement. To this triumphant pilgrimage, however, is to be attributed the springing up of that ambition in the bosom of Eudocia, which embittered her future days. No longer satisfied with the ascendancy of Pulcheria, she sought to supplant her in the confidence of Theodosius. She not only failed, but was herself

accused of a criminal intrigue with Paulinus, the emperor's favourite, who by his talents and learning had acquired her esteem. It was made an article of accusation, that she had sent a very rare and beautiful apple, presented her by the emperor, to Paulinus, then indisposed; and the fact of the latter being an uncommonly handsome man did not tend to allay suspicion, to which the unfortunate favourite fell an early victim.

Perceiving that the affections of Theodosius were irretrievably alienated, Eudocia requested permission to return to Jerusalem; which request was granted; but she was still followed in her retreat by the jealousy of the emperor and the vengeance of Pulcheria. Two of her most favoured ecclesiastics were put to death by Saturninus, count of the domestics; a severity which she revenged by the assassination of its instrument. The precepts of forbearance enjoined by her acquired religion, paired off, on this occasion, with the spirit of philosophy imbibed in her early years. Neither the one nor the other, indeed, are much favoured by the torrid zone of a court.

The latter years of Eudocia, less tempestuous, were passed in exile and devotion, in building and adorning churches, and in administering to the wants of the poor and necessitous. The death of the emperor, and the misfortunes of her daughter, led a captive from Rome to Carthage, all served to allay these ambitious aspirations, which had disturbed her primitive tranquillity. It has been asserted by some historians, that she was recalled to Constantinople before the death of Theodosius, and restored to his esteem; while others say that she was not recalled to the capital

until after his decease. Both these accounts are doubted, as she certainly died at Jerusalem in her sixty-seventh year, protesting her innocence, most likely with truth, to her latest hour. In her last moments she displayed the calm and collected composure which befitted her primitive character, and died very widely esteemed. It is a pleasant trait in the character of this extraordinary woman, that she not only pardoned her unworthy brothers, but used her influence in their promotion. Observing their confusion on being summoned to the imperial presence, "Had you not," said she, "compelled me to quit my country and visit Constantinople, I should never have had it in my power to bestow on you these marks of sisterly affection."

We scarcely need inform the English reader, that Nat. Lee's tragedy, 'Theodosius, or the Force of Love,' is founded upon the story of Athenais. Its pathos, however, has no sort of historical support, being founded on a presumed prior and impossible attachment on the part of the fair Athenais, from which the choice of Theodosius unwillingly tears her. The marriage of Peter the Great to his first wife Eudoxia, the same name, by the way, with the Christian appellation of Athenais, originated in a selection from an assembly of virgins from all parts of the empire, in close conformity with that which was congregated for the choice of Theodosius the Younger.

ATTILA.

ATTILA, king of the Huns, surnamed the 'scourge of God,' may be reckoned among the greatest of 'conquerors,'—such being the name given to those princes who commit the greatest ravages upon earth. He was nephew to Rona, the leader of the Huns. His uncle dying without children, Attila succeeded him, together with his brother Bleda, whom he contrived to put out of the way, that he might reign alone. He carried his victorious arms into almost every province of Europe. It is said to have been an amour which brought this barbarous monarch into Gaul, and consequently occasioned great ravages there.

Honoria, daughter of Constantius III and Placidia, and sister of Valentinian III, had had the weakness to listen to the addresses and accept the homage of the superintendent of the household, named Eugenius; and having carried her frailty to the last degree of imprudence, it became impossible for her to conceal it. Her mother Placidia had given her the surname of Augusta, perhaps with a view to bind her to perpetual virginity, to prevent her from giving birth to a son who might become a rival of Valentinian; but Honoria did not seem disposed to concur in these political arrangements. Her repugnance gave rise to so many suspicions, that it was thought necessary to keep a strict watch upon her. This restraint was revolting to her natural vivacity; and her passions overcoming her reason, she contrived to gratify them in spite of her keepers.

The emperor, enraged at such an affront offered

to his blood, had the indiscreet lover put to death, and sent his sister to Constantinople, where she was very closely guarded until the death of Theodosius the Younger. "There is nothing so dangerous," says an historian, "as a woman too clearly convicted of frailty; the notoriety of it gives her assurance and contrivance; and when once the mask has been torn from her, she will make herself one of whatever enters her head, in order to cover her infamy." Honoria, knowing how much her brother dreaded Attila, found means to send to the latter, and promised that she would marry him if he released her from captivity. She sent him a ring as a pledge for her fidelity, and intimated that she should bring him as a portion one half of the western empire, which she said belonged to her.

The offer was too brilliant to be refused. Attila sent ambassadors to Valentinian with all speed, to ask Honoria in marriage, together with the portion which he mentioned as belonging to that princess. The refusal which he met with enraged him beyond all bounds. However, he thought fit to wait until the death of Placidia and of Theodosius the Younger, who kept his sister in confinement at Constantinople. In the meantime he made preparations, and then renewed his pretensions. Valentinian is said to have returned him for answer, that Honoria could not be his wife, as she was already married. From this answer it would appear, that after the death of Theodosius, Honoria had returned to Ravenna, and had there been made to take a husband, in order to render the promise which she had made to Attila illusory. Be this as it may that prince, after this second refusal, entered

Gaul with an army of three or four hundred thousand men of different nations ; or, according to other historians, from five to seven hundred thousand. He devastated, plundered, and destroyed, a great number of considerable towns. Paris and Troyes were spared ; the one at the solicitation of St Genevieve, the other at that of St Laup. At length Ætius, the commander of Valentinian's army, having united with the Goths and the Franks, encountered Attila in the Catalaunic fields, supposed to be the plain of Chalons, or the neighbourhood of Méry-sur-Seine, and gained a great victory over the barbarian chief, which compelled him to retreat.

The next year he carried his army into Italy, where also he made dreadful ravages. Rome itself would perhaps not have escaped his fury, but for the intercession of pope Leo. On his departure, however, he threatened that he would return, unless Honoria were sent to him. But in the meantime he saw, fell in love with, and asked in marriage, the daughter of Ildier or Ildico, king of the Bactrians. Her youth and beauty were indeed very attractive ; and Attila, charmed with such an acquisition, was pleased to have the nuptials take place with all the formalities, in order that she might take the highest place among his wives. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary pomp and magnificence. The king partook of the luxuries of the table to excess, and died the same night in consequence of a copious effusion of blood.

It is said, that when Attila had taken the city of Aquileia, he was captivated by the grace and beauty of a lady of that place, named Digna ; and that finding in her virtue an obstacle to the

impetuosity of his desires, he had resolved to obtain by force what she denied to his supplications. Digna, being apprised of his shameful purpose, persuaded Attila to go up with her to a gallery, on pretence of having something of importance to communicate to him. As soon as they were arrived at the place, which overlooked the river, she threw herself into it, saying to the enamoured barbarian, "Follow me, if you wish to possess me."

Attila was dark-complexioned, of short stature, broad-shouldered, large-headed, and flat-nosed, with small eyes,—the perfect Scythian. He died in the year 453.

BABINGTON.

ANTHONY BABINGTON, a young Catholic gentleman of Devonshire, of plentiful fortune and highly educated, who associated with others of his own persuasion to assassinate queen Elizabeth, and deliver Mary queen of Scots, and was executed with the rest of the conspirators in 1586, seems to have been principally induced to that rash enterprise by allowing his imagination to dwell on the personal charms of that princess, and by a romantic hope that Mary, in gratitude, would accept him as a husband.

BAJAZET.

THE conflict of the two barbarians, Bajazet, the first sultan of the Turks, and Timur Bec, or

Tamerlane, is an affair of history, to which we allude only to point out the effect of love upon the fiercest natures. The haughty and tyrannical Bajazet, being captured by his Tartar opponent, was shut up in an iron cage; which unworthy treatment did not abate his courage, or induce him to spare the most insulting invectives against the conqueror. At length, ingenious in malice, Tamerlane commanded a public entertainment, in which the sultana Maria, daughter of Eleazar, king of the Bulgarians, the idolized wife of Bajazet, was obliged to wait upon him in a curtailed robe, like a slave. At this sight Bajazet, who was made a witness of the insult, became frantic with grief and despair, and soon after terminated his miserable existence by dashing out his brains against the bars of his iron cage. Anno 1401.

BALAUN.

THE following brief anecdote, which is related of William de Balaun, or Balazun, a noble troubadour of the twelfth century, pleasantly illustrates the fantasticality of the sentimental amour of that singular stage in the European progress.

The chevalier de Balaun was deeply in love with the lady de Joviac, who repaid his passion with mutual tenderness. The lover had a friend named Barjac, who was equally attached to a lady that was the intimate friend of the dame de Joviac. Now it happened, that this second pair of lovers had a violent quarrel, which lasted for some time, and was then adjusted; and so eloquently did Barjac describe the transports of the

reconciliation, that Balazun determined to have a rupture with his mistress, in order to produce a similar delicious accommodation. Full of his plan, he exhibited many signs of neglect, was sparing of his visits, and at length even forbore to answer letters. The lady de Joviac, overwhelmed with grief, tenderly sought an explanation, which her lover, with pretended anger, rudely declined; and they separated, with affected anger on the one part, and real resentment on the other.

Some days having elapsed without Balaun receiving any intelligence concerning his mistress, he began to be much alarmed lest she should really discard him. He accordingly ran to her abode, to implore an interview and pardon, which were however resolutely declined; and he was forbade to trouble her with any future visits.

In this extremity the discomfited lover applied to Barnard d'Anduse, another knightly troubadour, who, having been informed of his folly, laughed at his absurdity, and promised to be the bearer of some repentant verses to his mistress. "Reason is entirely on your side," said the chevalier d'Anduse to the lady de Joviac; "but that with a great soul is only an inducement to pardon. My friend conjures you to have pity upon an unhappy lover, who will submit to any penalty which you may propose."

"Be it so, then," replied the lady; "let him tear off the nail from his little finger, and send it me with some verses expressive of his repentance; and I will pardon him."

The chevalier in vain sought to alleviate this sentence; the lady de Joviac was resolute, and Balaun was informed of the demand. Happy to

be pardoned on this condition, the gallant troubadour had the required nail immediately extracted by a surgeon, and having composed the necessary verses, he hastened, with his friend as a witness, to present the double tribute to his mistress on his knees. The lady (those were the days!) at this proof of love and obedience, burst into tears, kissed the hand which had suffered, listened to the verses with a transport of love and vanity; and Balaun enjoyed, in the reconciliation which he had thus curiously purchased, even more pleasure than he had promised himself by the experiment.

BARRE (DE LA).

IN the small city of Abbeville, in Picardy, there resided an abbess, a daughter of the much-esteemed counsellor of state, M. Feydeau de Brou. She was an amiable woman, of the strictest morals, of mild and cheerful temper, charitable, and without superstition.

An inhabitant of Abbeville named Belleval, sixty years of age, lived in terms of the greatest intimacy with her, in consequence of his having the management of some of the affairs of the convent. He was *lieutenant* of a sort of petty tribunal called *l'élection*,—if indeed the term tribunal can be applied to a company of citizens appointed for no other purpose than to regulate the assessment of the tax called the *taille*. This man fell in love with the abbess, who at first only repulsed him with her ordinary mildness, but was afterwards under the necessity of testifying in a

more decided manner her disgust at his reiterated importunities. She also thought it her duty to cause him to be deprived of the guardianship of a young woman of large fortune, who had been educated in the convent.

It appears from a private memoir, that Belleval wished to marry this young woman to his only son; and that she, on the contrary, wished to marry an elder brother, a young man who was one of the accused in the affair of which we are about to speak. The abbess favoured the pretensions of this rival. Here then we find love operating on all hands to produce an unfortunate and disgraceful catastrophe. We see that a municipal officer of sixty in love with an abbess, and a young man in love with a girl at school, were the cause of the most dreadful transactions.

The idea of revenge succeeded that of love in the bosom of Belleval. And what a revenge! It resounded throughout Europe; it struck all feeling hearts with astonishment and horror; it placed in the clearest light the barbarity of the then criminal legislature of France, and perhaps contributed to accelerate the revolution, of which, dearly as it was purchased, that country now feels the advantages.

The reader is always aware that we are about to speak of the unfortunate chevalier de la Barre, who fell a victim to the revenge of Belleval, and to the ignorance and blind fanaticism of his judges.

This ill-fated young man, the grandson of a lieutenant-general in the army, was nephew of madame Feydeau de Brou, the abbess of Villancourt. As he was almost without fortune, his aunt took him and brought him up. He formed an intimate acquaintance with a youth of his own

age, named d'Etallonde-de-Morival, son of the *président de l'élection*. They were frequently invited to sup with the abbess. Belleval, having for the reasons which we have mentioned ceased to be admitted to these suppers, testified his resentment in so injudicious a manner as to draw upon him some very keen raillery from the young de la Barre. His self-love, being thus deeply wounded, made him eagerly seek an opportunity of punishing the young man, and removing him out of his way; for it is probable that he had not in the first instance the criminal intention which he soon afterwards manifested, and which proved but too successful.

Some persons who were acquainted with Belleval's intentions, and were desirous of pleasing him, related to him, that the abbess's nephew and his friend d'Etallonde, had kept on their hats while a procession was passing by. A short time after, a crucifix which stood upon the *Pont Neuf* at Abbeville was mutilated; and immediately Belleval, having his object constantly in view, wrote several letters to the bishop of Amiens. He represented to him that there was a conspiracy against religion, that the crucifixes were insulted, that consecrated hosts had been taken in derision and pricked through with knives, and that according to public rumour they had dropped blood. Every one who is acquainted with history, knows that the invention of such calumnies and such miracles has often been resorted to.

Unfortunately the prelate gave to this denunciation an attention which served to inflame the popular imagination. He issued monitory letters, he came and made a solemn procession to the crucifix; and sacrileges became the universal

subject of conversation at Abbeville. It is said that Belleval, after making his own depositions, had the wickedness to instruct and instigate others to depose.

It appears that many witnesses were examined ; some of whom denounced the son of Belleval as an accomplice in the impieties which were imputed to de la Barre and d'Etallonde. This circumstance should have put an end to this bad and vindictive man's prosecution ; but he contrived that his son should abscond, and then followed up his purpose with unabated zeal and animosity.

We find, by the depositions recorded in the memoirs of an advccate, and in those of d'Etallonde, that the latter, conjointly with de la Barre, and with one Moinel, aged only fifteen, was suspected of having spoken disrespectfully of an image of St Nicholas ; of having uttered an impious expression relative to the Virgin Mary ; of having said they were astonished that men should worship a wafer-god ; of having sung two licentious songs, in one of which St Mary Magdalen was called a courtezan ; of having repeated Peron's ode to Priapus ; of having made a genuflexion before the books intitled ' Therèse Philosophe,' ' La Tourière des Carmelites,' and ' Le Portier des Chartreux ;' of having repeated the Cuckold's Litany nearly as it is in Rabelais ; of having, in short, spoken of religion like unbelievers, &c. At the same time it must not be forgotten that these were young men of only fifteen, seventeen, and eighteen years old.

Moinel, being terrified, made a confession, the accuracy of which may be judged of by the following letter, which he wrote a few years after to d'Etallonde :—" I would fain monsieur, have

lost all recollection of the horrible occurrence which some years ago stained Abbeville with blood, and which excited the abhorrence of all Europe. As it regarded myself, all that I can clearly remember is, that I was about fifteen years old, that I was put in irons, that the sieur Sancourt threatened me in the most terrible manner, that I lost all presence of mind, that I fell on my knees, and that I said *yes* whenever the said Sancourt ordered me to say so, without knowing a single word of what was asked me. Those horrors threw me into a state which has affected, and will affect, my health for the remainder of my days."

Yet upon this evidence, the greater part of which rested upon the testimony of one witness only, did the judges of Abbeville condemn d'Etalonde, then only eighteen, to have his tongue cut out, his right hand cut off, and then be burned by a slow fire. But this young man had happily fled; and we find in a memoir, that he went to Prussia, where Frederic the Great gave him a commission in his army. It is said Belleval contrived that he should escape, together with his own son, and young d'Anville, son of the mayor of Abbeville.

As for the chevalier de la Barre, he was condemned to be beheaded before he was cast into the flames; but first of all he was to undergo the torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, to make him declare his accomplices; "as if," says a philosophical writer, "the wild freaks and extravagant expressions of a youth, leading not to the slightest consequence, constituted a crime against the state—a conspiracy!"

This revolting sentence, founded upon no law, and passed by Sancourt, an informer, and Bron-tel, an attorney and pig-merchant, was confirmed by the parliament of Paris, in opposition to the conclusions of the procureur-general (which were adopted by a minority of ten against twenty-five) and in spite of a consultation of ten of the most celebrated advocates of Paris, in which they demonstrated the illegality of the proceedings, and the indulgence which ought to be shown to boys accused of no plot, and of no premeditated offence.

Five executioners were sent from Paris to execute this sentence. De la Barre was put to the torture, and died with tranquil courage, without resentment, without complaining, and without ostentation. This execution filled all Abbeville with such consternation, and the whole nation with such horror, that the parties concerned did not dare to proceed in the trial of the others; and the judges fled into the country, to escape being stoned by the people.

“It is melancholy,” says Voltaire, “to think that love should have produced this frightful catastrophe: in our times it does not usually occasion such horrors.”

“Do you know,” says he in another letter, “that the horrid affair of the chevalier de la Barre was occasioned by the tender passion of love? Do you know that an old wretch of Abbeville, named B——, in love with the abbess of V——, and rejected as he deserved, was the sole mover of those abominable proceedings?”—
A. D. 1766.

BASSOMPIERRE.

MARSHAL DE BASSOMPIERRE was a finished specimen of the French rake of the time of Henry IV; and if his intrigues procured him some agreeable enjoyments, he was also indebted to them for many misfortunes. His amours with Marie de Balsac, sister to Henriette de Balsac, marchioness of Verneuil, are notorious. These ladies were daughters of François de Balsac, seigneur of Entragues, and of Marie Touchet.

Shortly after the birth of M. de Bassompierre's passion for this young lady, he had the misfortune, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket, to drop, without perceiving it, one of his mistress's letters. The marquis de Cœuvres picked it up without saying anything, and gave it to the king. This was soon rumoured at court, and occasioned a multitude of pleasantries. M. de Bassompierre sent to demand the letter from the marquis; and on the latter refusing to give it up, he sent the marquis de Créquy to challenge him, although the king had forbidden him to seek any quarrel about the matter. This duel did not take place, for the king prevented it: he also banished M. de Bassompierre and de Créquy from his presence. This disgrace, which did not last long, was the first disagreeable thing which M. de Bassompierre experienced on account of his mistress. It was followed by a second, which was much more serious, and had nearly been his ruin.

Henry IV had commissioned him to carry two letters, one to the marchioness de Verneuil, the other to the countess de Moret. M. de Bas-

sompierre went first to the marchioness's, because he was sure of finding mademoiselle d'Entragues there. He had the weakness, or rather the imprudence, to say that he was also the bearer of a letter to the countess de Moret. The marchioness, being that lady's rival, wished to see it, and used her sister's influence to procure the gratification of her curiosity. The lover, unable to refuse, gave up the letter. After its perusal, it was necessary to re-seal it. The marchioness declared that nothing was easier than to get a cipher made which should resemble that upon the seal. Unfortunately M. de Bassompierre entrusted this commission to one of his domestics; and, more unfortunately still, this domestic applied to the king's engraver. The servant was immediately seized, but contrived to make his escape. The letter, however, remained in the engraver's hands. M. de Bassompierre, feeling the danger of his situation, hastened to the countess de Moret, and told her what had happened; only saying that he had broken the seal of the letter by mistake, thinking it was a billet from one of his mistresses. The countess believed him, laughed at his mistake, and wrote about it in the same terms to the king, who was highly amused at it; which was all very lucky for M. de Bassompierre.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding these perplexities and untoward circumstances, the affair of the two lovers went on prosperously. Mademoiselle d'Entragues was daughter and sister to women who had not been very cruel in similar circumstances. When she had determined upon imitating their conduct, she came to an agreement with her lover that he should occupy an

apartment adjoining hers, and that he should have a door made in the partition, by which they could communicate. By means of this contrivance, they enjoyed each other's company for a considerable time.

"I returned to Paris," says M. de Bassompierre in his memoirs, "to see my mistress, who was lodging in the Rue de la Coutellerie. To this house I had a private entrance, by which I used to ascend to the third story, which her mother had not hired; and she, by a secret staircase communicating with her wardrobe, used to come to me when her mother was asleep."

A curious accident added to the piquancy of this intrigue. One evening, when M. de Bassompierre had been supping with M. le Grand, on taking leave, he put on a cloak belonging to the latter, upon which was the cross of the order of St Louis; and thus accoutred, he went to his accustomed rendezvous. The duke de Guise, who was also in love with mademoiselle d'Entragues, and was jealous of M. de Bassompierre, set his servants to watch his motions. They saw him go in and out of the house where his mistress was residing; but the cloak deceived them, and made them think it was M. le Grand. The duke de Guise did not fail to go the next morning and communicate his discovery to M. de Bassompierre, who affected to be very angry, exclaiming against the inconstancy of women, but internally enjoying the joke. His mistress, being in due time apprised of this mistake, amused herself very much with talking of it to M. le Grand, who took good care not to undeceive the duke de Guise. Nevertheless, M. de Bassompierre, finding by this occurrence that his

actions were watched, was obliged to be more cautious; yet, in spite of all his precautions, another and a more serious accident occurred to interrupt his pleasures.

Madame d'Entragues, having too much experience not to suspect her daughter's intrigue, resolved to discover it with certainty. Having found in the night that her daughter was absent from her bed, she called her in a loud voice, scolded her when she came, and had the door of communication fastened. This misfortune was not of long duration: the lover, by means of protestations, which in such circumstances cost nothing, made his peace with the mother. But the affair assumed a more serious aspect (*more* serious, at least according to French notions of such matters) when the young lady could no longer doubt that she was pregnant. This disagreeable discovery caused her to be sent from home, and made the public acquainted with the affair. To console the distressed fair one, and dry up her tears, her lover made her a promise of marriage, which served to appease her mother; from whom mademoiselle d'Entragues concealed the fact that she had given counter-letters such as her lover desired.

Meanwhile, M. de Bassompierre having displeased the count de Soissons, the latter sent for madame d'Entragues, told her that M. de Bassompierre was acting dishonourably both to her and her daughter, and that he was resolved she should forbid him to visit her. In order to justify her conduct, that lady shewed him the promise of marriage. The count, thinking that he had now discovered the means of punishing the man whom

he hated, prevailed upon the lady to institute proceedings against her daughter's gallant. He appealed to Sens, from Sens to the parliament of Paris, and was finally sent to Rouen to be judged definitively. The Entragues family, foreseeing that the issue would not be favourable to them, made exceptions against the parliament of Rouen, on the ground that most of the members of it were either friends or relations of M. de Bassompierre; and without apprising him of their intention, they applied to the court of Rome, which appointed three French prelates to give judgment. One of these prelates, gained over, it is said, by money, and generally blamed for his conduct in this affair, without waiting for the opinion of the two others, pronounced a sentence which condemned M. de Bassompierre to perform the promise of marriage. This judgment was reversed by the parliament, and so the affair dropped. It caused M. de Bassompierre considerable vexation, and was a heavy drain upon his purse. It may well be supposed, that from the commencement of these proceedings he had ceased to visit mademoiselle d'Entragues, who had allied herself with all her family against him.

It is in relation to this process at law that M. de Bassompierre, with genuine French *nonchalance*, observes in his memoirs, "I had been pleading for eight years against a great family, which threatened me with certain death, unless I married one of the queen's maids, to whom I had given a child and a promise." This child was Louis de Bassompierre, who was afterwards bishop of Saintes.

Some time after the termination of the suit, as marshal de Bassompierre was passing through the

salle des gardes in the Louvre, he met his former mistress; and when he saluted her, she said to him, "Indeed, monsieur, you ought to entitle me to the honours of *maréchale*." "How, mademoiselle?" returned he; "would you assume a *nom-de-guerre*?" Offended at this answer, she told him he was the greatest fool in the whole court. "So I should have been had I been so foolish as to marry you," was the gallant reply. However, when the prince de Condé had married mademoiselle de Montmorenci, who had been promised to M. de Bassompierre, the marshal, to dissipate the chagrin which siezed upon him, made up matters with mademoiselle d'Entragues, and once more became assiduous in his visits to her. This renewed intimacy occasioned a very pleasant adventure.

One of the *écuyers*, named Camille Simoni, lodging near the residence of madame d'Entragues, killed a young man who had successfully paid his court to his landlady, to whom he was himself very partial. The unfortunate rival was thrust into the street, after receiving several sword wounds, and expired exactly under mademoiselle d'Entragues' windows. A passenger in the street, who happened to be acquainted with M. Bassompierre's intrigue, took the corpse to be his, and went to inform his domestics. As the marshal had gone out that night, and was not yet returned, they had no difficulty in believing what was told them.

They went to the place to which they were directed, carried away the body with great lamentation, and brought it into their master's chamber. Here they discovered their mistake; upon which they took the body to a surgeon,

who placed it in the hands of the police. This adventure, as every particular of it became public, did not at all contribute to re-establish the reputation of mademoiselle d'Entragues.

The enmity of the count de Soissons against M. de Bassompierre, which occasioned his prosecution by his mistress's family, seems to have arisen from the marshal's being beloved by Louise-Marguerite de Lorraine, daughter of Henry I, duke of Guise, called le Balafre. She had married Francis, prince de Conti, brother of the count de Soissons. It is certain that, after the prince of Conti's death, his widow united herself, by a marriage *de conscience*, to the marshal, her lover, and had by him a son, known by the name of la Tour, who is mentioned in the journal of his life.

M. de Bassompierre was arrested on account of this marriage, and put in the Bastille in 1631. Having some reason to expect such an event, he informs us, with great *naiveté*, that he threw into the fire no less than 6,000 love letters received from various ladies. The princess, his wife, who a few days before had been banished to Eu, died of grief two months after. The marshal remained in the Bastille, and was not liberated until the death of cardinal Richelieu in 1643, a period of twelve years, and that without charge or examination. Such is despotism!

M. de Bassompierre was a knight of the royal order, a colonel of the Swiss guards, and a marshal of France. He died in 1646, at an advanced age, and may be regarded as the duc de Richelieu of a preceding age. They both lived to become laughed at, by aiming to support

the character of gallant at a period of life when gallantry is ridiculous.

BAYLE.

ACCORDING to the abbé d'Olivet, the famous critic Peter Bayle was not insensible to the passion of love; and he suffered many vexations on account of it.

While he was teaching philosophy at Sedan, he fell in love with the wife of M. Jurieu, a Protestant minister, and succeeded in making himself agreeable to her. On the suppression of the academy of Sedan, M. Jurieu was obliged to quit the kingdom. Bayle would fain have settled in France, which he had many motives for doing; but the fascinating eyes of madame Jurieu were the controversialists which determined the philosopher to leave his country. At Rotterdam, whither he followed his mistress, so close an intimacy could not long be witnessed without its innocence being suspected. M. Jurieu was at length persuaded, that although he had discovered so many things in the Apocalypse, he had not observed what was passing in his own house. A cavalier in such a case draws his sword; a gentleman of the long robe enters an action; a poet composes a satire. M. Jurieu, being a theologian, denounced Bayle as impious, and procured his expulsion from the professorship of philosophy and history, which had been instituted expressly for him. It would have been more politic, says an historian, to have given him two professorships instead of

one, that he might not have leisure to give lessons to madame Jurieu.

Bayle was born at Carlat, in the county of Foix. He is well known as the author of many works, amongst which is his very voluminous and very curious Dictionary, to which modern philosophers have often had recourse for weapons to defend their various systems. Bayle died at Rotterdam, aged fifty-nine, in the year 1706.

BEAUMANOIR.

JOHN, SIRE DE BEAUMANOIR, had for a considerable time lived with a daughter of one of his farmers. This public and dishonourable connexion gave great umbrage to the young woman's father, who, carrying his revenge to the greatest extremity, assassinated his lord. He was seized, confessed his crime, and added that he had an accomplice, who had been sent him by the sire de Tournemine. There seemed to be additional ground of suspicion against that seigneur; since, a short time after the death of Beaumanoir, he had married his widow. It was thought that, being in love with that lady, he had made use of the farmer's hostility, and had even stimulated it, in order to procure the enjoyment of his mistress, by getting rid of her husband.

Upon these suspicions Robert de Beaumanoir, brother to the deceased, became Tournemine's accuser. The wager of battle was offered and accepted, and a day was fixed for the combat. The suspicions against the accused were increased by the circumstance that the widow of

John de Beaumanoir was called upon to join her brother-in-law in the suit against her new husband. The situation was a delicate one, and she refused. The issue of the combat was in favour of Robert de Beaumanoir: he overcame his adversary, slew him, and had the generosity to solicit the duke of Brittany not to give up the body of the vanquished to the rigour of the law; according to which it would have been hanged or drawn. We are not informed what became of the widow. A. D. 1386.

THOMAS BECKET.

(HIS ORIGIN.)

AMONG the multitude of Englishmen who, yielding to the necessity of obtaining a livelihood, attached themselves to the rich Normans, as domestics or inferior agents, and followed them in their campaigns abroad, carrying the lance and escutcheon not their own, leading with their right hand the war-horse of another, there was, in the time of Henry I, a man of London, whom historians call Gilbert Becket. It appears that his real name was Beck; and that the Normans, amongst whom he lived, joined to it a familiar diminutive, common in their language; in like manner as the Saxons (we are told by some old verses) also lengthening it by a diminutive termination peculiar to their idiom, made it Beckie or Beckin. Gilbert Beckie, or Becket, repaired then to the crusade under the banner of a chief of foreign race, to seek his fortune in the kingdom of Jerusalem, and try

if, by a little good luck, he might not himself become a high and mighty baron in Syria, as the armour-bearers of William the Conqueror's army had become in England. But the Arabs defended themselves more successfully than the Saxons had done. The Englishman Becket was taken prisoner, and made a slave in the household of a Mahometan chief.

Unfortunate and despised as he was, he gained what the Norman chiefs, in all their glory, rarely gained in England—the love of a woman of the country. This woman was no other than the daughter of the chief to whom Gilbert was captive. By her assistance he made his escape, and repassed the sea. But his deliverer, unable to live without him, forsook her father's house to go in search of him. She knew but two words intelligible to the inhabitants of the west—London and Gilbert. By the aid of the former of these she embarked for England in a vessel carrying traders and pilgrims: by that of the latter, running from street to street, repeating “Gilbert, Gilbert!” to the astonished crowd that gathered round her, she found the man whom she loved.

Gilbert Becket, after taking the advice of several bishops on this miraculous incident, had his mistress baptised, changed her Saracen name into Matilda, and married her. The singularity of this marriage made it much talked of; and it became the subject of several popular ballads, two of which, still extant, and which are to be found among ‘Jamieson's Popular Songs,’ contain very affecting details. In the year 1119 Gilbert and Matilda had a son, who was called

Thomas Becket, according to the mode of double names introduced into England by the Normans.

Such (as related by several eminent writers) was the romantic origin of a man destined to run an almost romantic career, and to trouble, in a manner alike violent and unforeseen, the great-grandson of the Norman bastard in the peaceful enjoyment of the power acquired by his ancestors.

BEHN.

MRS APHARA BEHN, who acquired some celebrity during the licentious reign of Charles II, is entitled to be mentioned amongst amatory heroines, though by no means in the most delicate sense of the term.

Her father, through the interest of his relation lord Willoughby, being appointed lieutenant-general of Surinam, embarked with his family for the West Indies, taking with him Aphara, who was then very young. The father died at sea, but his family safely arrived at Surinam, and remained there several years; during which time Aphara became acquainted with the American prince Oronoko, whom she made the subject of a novel, subsequently dramatised by Southern. On her return to England, she married Mr Behn, a merchant of London, of Dutch extraction; but was probably a widow when selected by Charles II as a proper person to acquire intelligence on the continent during the Dutch war. She accordingly took up her residence at Antwerp, where she engaged in gal-

lantries for the good of her country; and it is said that, by means of one of her admirers, she obtained and transmitted advice of the intention of the Dutch to sail up the Thames. This intelligence, although true, being discredited, she gave up politics, and returned to England, where she devoted herself to intrigues and writing for support; and as she had a good person and much conversational talent, she became fashionable among the men of wit and pleasure of the time. She published three volumes of poems, of Rochester, Etherege, Crisp, and others, with some poetry of her own; and wrote seventeen plays, the heartless licentiousness of which was disgraceful both to her sex and to the age which tolerated the performance of them. She was also the author of a couple of volumes of novels, and of the celebrated love-letters between a nobleman and his sister-in-law (lord Gray and lady Henrietta Berkeley.) Pope, in his characters of women, alludes to Mrs Behn under her poetical name of Astrea:—

“ The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts her characters to bed !”

She died in 1689, between forty and fifty years of age, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster abbey.

BELISARIUS.

THE name of Belisarius is known to everybody, especially since it has been made the subject of a romance by a very celebrated author.

They who have studied history, consider this great man in his character as a warrior, famous for the victories which he gained in Africa and Italy; having been so fortunate as to lead captive to Constantinople, Gelimer, king of the Vandals, and Vitiges, king of the Goths. This was in the reign of Justinian. Marmontel's romance represents Belisarius in the light not only of a philosopher, but of a modern philosopher. But it is the weaknesses of this warrior and philosopher that have relation to the object of our work.

Belisarius was born in Dardania, and had married Antonina, whose mother, according to Procopius, had prostituted herself upon the stage. The same historian informs us that Antonina, a worthy daughter of such a mother, led a very irregular life in her youth; and indeed that several children, born before her marriage, were living proofs of her misconduct. "She had no sooner contracted matrimony," adds the historian, "than she violated its sanctity by her adulteries; which, however, she was at great pains to conceal, not from respect for her husband, for she never respected any one, nor from shame at her own infamous conduct,—but from her fear of the empress." As the cause of this fear did not long remain in existence, Antonina then abandoned herself to the gratification of her passions without reserve.

Of these one of the most remarkable was that which she conceived for a youth named Theodosius, whom Belisarius had adopted, and who lived in his house. At first, however, this intercourse was only carried on in secret; but afterwards her servants were witnesses of it, her

passion having then become so violent, that it broke through all restraint.

The object of this Dictionary requires us to show how great an influence this despicable woman had over the mind of her husband, and how much she abused it, to lead him to the commission of errors, and even of crimes.

A female servant, named Macedonia, having ventured to inform Belisarius of his wife's misconduct, and corroborated her testimony by that of two other domestics, Antonina had the address to silence these reports; and Belisarius being weak enough to give up the three faithful domestics to her vengeance, she had them put to death.

An officer of distinction under Belisarius, named Constantine, who was sincerely attached to his general, advised him to punish Antonina for her licentiousness. After reproaching and threatening his wife, Belisarius was so imprudent, in the reconciliation which followed, as to acquaint her with the advice he had received, and the name of the person who had given it; and this woman, who was now hardened in crime, had the assurance to demand the death of Constantine, which Belisarius had not resolution enough to refuse her. This criminal acquiescence, sufficient to dishonour the memory of Belisarius, took place while he was besieged in Rome by an army of Goths under the command of Vitiges. The historian who relates this incident, says that Antonina had vowed the death of Constantine, "because she could not forget that on one occasion, when Belisarius was violently enraged against one of her lovers, whose intrigue he had disco-

vered, Constantine had said to him, 'For my part, I would sooner pardon the adulterer who wronged me, than the wife who dishonoured me.' Belisarius, accustomed to be too easily persuaded by his wife, suffered this brave officer to be put to death."

Antonina had had before her marriage a son named Photius. This young man beheld with indignation the conduct of his mother, and the influence of her favourite Theodosius. Having resolved to put an end to so great a scandal, he succeeded in opening the eyes of Belisarius, while he was engaged in the war against Chosroës. He then seemed to show some little vigour: Antonina was put in confinement by his orders, and Photius had Theodosius closely imprisoned in Cilicia. But this aspect of affairs soon changed: the empress Theodora was the protectress of Antonina, and she had her reasons for countenancing crime and libertinism. She compelled Belisarius to be reconciled to his wife; and the unfortunate Photius became the victim of this shameful reconciliation. He was put into a narrow prison, from which having escaped at the end of three years, he was obliged to turn monk, in order to avoid the persecutions of Theodora and of his cruel mother. To complete the shame of the weak Belisarius, Antonina had her favourite Theodosius restored to her, though he died shortly after. "The empire," says an historian, "lost in the person of Photius a young warrior formed by the lessons of Belisarius, and whose valour gave the highest promise of a brilliant career."

It is known that calumny, whose perfidious

arts are still so successfully employed in the courts of princes, deprived Belisarius of the emperor's favour, and of the fruits of his services. A large part of his property was taken from him; he was reduced to a private station; and was restored to favour only on his promising the empress that he would be the very humble slave of Antonina. To such a degree of humiliation was brought one of the greatest men that the empire had for a long time produced: and this man, who was surely something worse than weak, has been represented to us as a philosopher, and the preceptor of sovereigns!

Thenceforward Belisarius submitted in all things to the will of his wife, of whom he was still passionately fond, although she was now more than sixty years old. Of this blind and disgraceful submission he gave a signal proof in his approbation of the conduct of Antonina towards her daughter. The empress, wishing to marry this young woman to her grandson Anastasius, and fearing that she might die before Belisarius returned from Italy, where he then was, caused Anastasius to cohabit with his intended wife in the meantime, in order to ensure the marriage. This intercourse continued for eight months, and with the public knowledge. The death of Theodora, however, prevented her intention from being fulfilled: it was no longer Antonina's pleasure that her daughter should marry Anastasius, notwithstanding that she was dishonoured; and Belisarius, as usual, weakly complied with her wishes.

It is said that great philosophy is requisite to endure patiently the misconduct of a wife. In that sense, indeed, Belisarius was truly philo-

sophical: but there is nothing at all about that kind of philosophy in Marmontel's romance.

Belisarius died in the year of Christ 565.

BELLEGARDE.

ROGER DE ST LARRY, duke of Bellegarde, grand equerry of France, was acquainted, before Henry IV, with Gabrielle d'Estrés. It was he who inspired that prince with the desire of seeing her; which sight is known to have kindled in him so ardent a passion that, but for the lady's death, the great Henry would perhaps have had the weakness to marry her. M. de Bellegarde soon discovered that the vain desire, too common to lovers, of having his mistress admired, had given him a rival, and a very dangerous one. History informs us of two adventures amongst others, in which the duke incurred the greatest peril on this account.

The king had one morning departed, to attend to an affair of great consequence, which was expected to detain him for some time; and La Belle Gabrielle thought she might avail herself of this absence to entertain the *grand écuyer* at leisure, of whom she is said to have been much fonder than of the king. Scarcely had she begun to taste the pleasure of being alone with her lover, when Henry returned, and the duke had only just time to hide himself in a closet. To complete his misfortune and embarrassment, the king desired to eat some sweetmeats, and in that very closet the sweetmeats were deposited. Arphure, Gabrielle's waiting-woman, was called,

for she carried the key of the closet ; but Arphure was not to be found. The king, growing impatient, struck the door, and threatened to burst it open. The duke, who, it may well be supposed, felt that his situation was becoming very critical, jumped out at the window, which he had the good luck to do without either hurting himself or being observed. The waiting-woman, who had only been waiting for this, immediately appeared, and hastened to unlock the door. The king, in whom all this delay had awakened some suspicions, made a strict search, but found nothing. Then his mistress, being sure of her ground, loaded him with a thousand reproaches. She told him that it appeared his love was beginning to cool, and that he was only seeking a pretext for casting her off; but that she would not give him an opportunity of doing so, for she was absolutely resolved to return to her husband. The king, alarmed at these threats, threw himself at her feet, asked her pardon, and promised never again to be jealous. For a long time after, he did not venture to testify the least suspicion, lest she should put her threat in execution.

This adventure made the duke more circumspect. In order to remove any lingering suspicions in the mind of the king, he declared himself the lover of mademoiselle de Guise, daughter of the duke de Guise, killed at Blois ; but as his passion for La Belle Gabrielle was not therefore the less ardent, he still kept up a secret intercourse with her. On one occasion he wrote her a very gallant letter, which unfortunately fell into the hands of one of the king's household, supposed to have been Beringhen, his principal valet-de-chambre, who showed it to him ; in

consequence of which, Henry ordered him to observe more closely the conduct of his mistress, who was then become duchess de Beaufort, after giving birth to César, duke de Vendôme. One day Beringhen, feeling sure that the *grand écuyer* was with her, hastened to inform his master, who ordered Charles de Choiseul, marquis de Praslin, captain of his body-guards, to go and kill M. de Bellegarde at the duchess's house. That officer, being a friend of M. de Bellegarde, thought it his duty to save his life, without at the same time compromising himself. He was a long time in getting the guards together, to accompany him; and went a roundabout way to the duchess's house, on pretence of going unobserved; so that, when he arrived, the person whom he was sent to find was no longer there. La Belle Gabrielle was so grateful for this piece of service, that she procured for the marquis de Praslin a marshal's staff. In order to justify herself to the king, she had recourse to complaints and reproaches, the means which she had always found so successful. She protested that she had not read the billet which had fallen into his hands, and her credulous lover was easily persuaded of the truth of her statement. She was, however, under the necessity of consenting to the banishment of the duke de Bellegarde, who was ordered to absent himself from the court, and not to return until he was married. The death of La Belle Gabrielle, which happened shortly after, delivered the duke from the perils to which his passion exposed him.

But love soon brought him into fresh misfortunes. He thought fit to offer his homage to mademoiselle d'Entragues, a fresh mistress of

Henry IV, known by the name of the marchioness de Verneuil. This woman, aspiring to become queen, received the *grand écuyer's* advances unfavourably. When she learned that the king's marriage with Marie de Medicis was determined on, she became furious; and she thought that the duke de Bellegarde had contributed to bring it about, in order to revenge himself for the slights he had received from her. She was not a woman to pass over quietly an offence so serious. The prince de Joinville was her lover; and she required of him to put the *grand écuyer* to death. The prince, to please this imperious woman, attacked the duke before the very house where the king was, and wounded him dangerously.

The duke de Bellegarde married the widow of his uncle, marshal de Thermes, whom he had adored during her first husband's life, but whom he treated ill when she had become his own wife. He lived in the reigns of Henry III, Henry IV, and Louis XIII. Having been involved in the sentence passed against all who had adhered to the party of the duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII, he was deprived of his government, and of all the benefits that had been conferred upon him by those kings, was confined to a small house belonging to one of his friends, and was obliged to borrow money in order to subsist.

After the death of Louis XIII, queen Anne of Austria, remembering that the duke de Bellegarde had rendered homage to her beauty, repaired his fortune. She gave him pensions, and caused his property, which had been confiscated, to be restored to him. He was then eighty years old, but his company was still agreeable, even to the young. He died in 1640.

BENYOWSKY.

THE adventures and voyages of the count de Benyowsky made considerable noise towards the close of the last century. His escape from the horrible climate of Kamtschatka, whither he had been exiled by order of the senate of Petersburg, was materially aided by a love affair with the daughter of the Kamtschatkan governor; which is so intimately connected with that eventful period of his adventurous life, that we shall extract the particulars of it from the count's journal, published at London in the year 1789.

He thus begins his narrative:—"I was born of an illustrious family in Hungary, and served the states of the republic of Poland with some distinction; under whose colours I had the misfortune to be made prisoner by the Russians in open war, after receiving seventeen wounds. This unfortunate event subjected me to every hardship which tyranny could inflict. I was conveyed from one prison to another, and at last condemned to the unhappy state of slavery. In consequence of the order of the Russian senate for my banishment, I was loaded with fetters, and conducted to Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia."

From Tobolsk the count was carried to the port of Ochvezk, on the eastern coast of Siberia, at which place he embarked with his fellow-exiles, and arrived, after a rough passage, at Kamtschatka, the north-easternmost point of Asia and of the Russian empire. Here the count and his companions took up their abode with the rest of the exiles in a wretched village appointed for their residence, consisting of a few cabins.

In this situation the count soon formed an intimacy with Mr Crustiew, one of the exiles, who appeared to have considerable influence among them; and the consequence was, that a society of exiles was established for projecting the means of escape. The exiles having proceeded in a body to pay their compliments to the governor, and the latter being informed that the count spoke several languages, he appointed him master of languages to his son and three daughters; in consideration of which he dispensed him from all public work, and ordered the same subsistence to be allowed him as to the soldiers of the garrison.

“On the 7th,”* says the count, “my late rising obliged me to hasten to the governor’s, where I found the younger part of the family assembled in the hall. I gave them the copies, and caused them to spell the words. The youngest of the three daughters, whose name was Aphanasia, who was sixteen years of age, proposed many questions concerning my thoughts in my present situation. Her questions convinced me that her father had given them some information concerning my birth and misfortunes. I therefore gave them an account of my adventures, at which my scholars appeared to be highly affected, and the youngest wept very much. She was a beautiful girl, and her sensibility created much emotion in my mind; but, alas! I was an exile.”†

The governor was so well pleased with the manner in which the count discharged his office

* The 7th of December 1770.

† The count might have added, that he had a wife living in Europe.

as a tutor, that he presented him with a female slave, and a sledge drawn by dogs. A proposal was also made to him by some of the chief gentlemen of the town to establish a public school.

“The more,” says he, “I reflected on the favourable change in my situation, the more my hope increased that I should be able to execute in safety the plan I had formed for my deliverance. For the distressing image of a wife whom I loved, and who in my absence, in all probability, had given birth to an infant, presented itself instantly to my mind, and permitted me to receive no perfect satisfaction. Absorbed in these reflections, I paid little attention to the conversation between my companions and our guests; but the hetman* roused me out of my reverie, by requesting me to come and dine with him, and play a few games at chess.”

The count being a very dexterous chess-player, an association was formed at the chancellor's to play against him, the chancellor, and the hetman; which afterwards turned out very profitable for the three confederates.

“The agreement was ratified by an evening's entertainment, at which fifty persons were present; and the governor himself, with his family, came in. On his arrival, the music was sent for, and dancing began. As for myself, I was a friendly spectator of the whole; and being now upon terms of great familiarity with every one, I requested the chancellor to send a few bottles to my companions. He invited them all, appointing a chamber for their use, where they could see everything that passed without com-

* The commanding officer of the Cossacks.

municating with the assembly contrary to the laws. During the whole entertainment my scholar Aphanasia never quitted me but to join in the dance, which she did very gracefully; her mother came up to us once, and whispered to me, 'I think your scholar will become your friend; have an eye over her: I am a kind mother.' She spoke to me in very good German; and as it was the first time I had conversed with her, I felt some embarrassment; but soon recollecting myself, I assured her of my respect and inviolable attachment. The governor, observing me in conversation with the mother and the daughter, likewise came up to us, and asked the subject of our conversation; but madame de Nilow prevented my answering, by saying that she was inquiring whether I could not teach her daughter music? This mezzotermio delivered me from all apprehension, and a short time afterwards the governor and his lady retired. Miss Nilow returned to me, and informed me that her father had consented to the establishment of a public school, and that consequently she, with her sisters and brothers, should often have the pleasure of visiting her master. It is impossible to describe the amiable and graceful manner of this charming girl. Two hours after midnight, I attended my scholar, with her sisters, to the governor's house, and afterwards returned home.

"The next morning, as soon as the lessons were ended at the governor's house, I was asked a thousand questions concerning my country, its manners, customs, with various other particulars; and when I was preparing to depart, the governor's lady arrived, and after dismissing her

children, made me sit down beside her. She informed me that she was the daughter of a Swedish colonel exiled into Siberia; that her mother had changed her religion, and that she had married Mr Nilow, at that time lieutenant-colonel, a worthy man, but greatly addicted to drinking, the excess of which rendered him brutal and insupportable; that she enjoyed no pleasure excepting that of seeing her family grow up around her, though at the present instant, after having suffered the mortification of seeing her two eldest daughters married to two officers who were addicted to gluttony and drinking to the most disgusting excess, she could not but lament the fate of the youngest, who was intended by her father to be married to a certain Kusma, one of the most disagreeable persons in the universe. She therefore intreated me to endeavour to gain the confidence of the governor, and to use my utmost exertions to change this resolution. My reply to this good mother was, that I would do my best, and that at all times she should find me obedient to her commands. Soon after I took my leave, and returned home, where I found an invitation from the hetman to form a party at chess.

“The next day, when I entered the hall, I was surprised to find Aphanasia absent, and still more to hear that she was ill in bed; but being desirous of taking her lesson, she had asked leave for me to come to her, which her mother had granted. I was accordingly introduced into her chamber, where this amiable girl disclosed the sentiments of her heart with such openness and simplicity, that the Russian language at that moment appeared to me the most musical

in the universe. Our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of madame Nilow. I therefore took my leave.

“On the 20th, madame de Nilow pressed me much to teach her daughter music. Unfortunately, however, my whole knowledge of this art consisted in playing the harp, an instrument which it would have been a miracle to have found in Kamtschatka. Nevertheless, to please this lady, I promised to make one; though I had never handled any cabinet-maker's tools. On my return home, I consulted with my friends concerning the accomplishment of my promise; and, after I had made a model, Panow undertook to assist me in the construction of the instrument; Crustiew engaged to make the strings with the entrails of dogs and rein-deer, and Stephanow promised to form all the iron screws.”

The count proceeds to detail an attempt which was made by one Casarinew, a merchant, to destroy himself and his companions by poisoning some loaf sugar. Benyowsky and the rest escaped, however, with a severe fit of sickness, excepting only one individual, who died in consequence. Suspicion having fallen upon Casarinew, he was invited to the governor's to tea; when some of the poisoned sugar was put into his tea; he being at the same time given to understand that it was the same which he had sent to the exiles. This produced a confession from his own mouth of his wicked attempt, which appeared to have arisen from his desire of revenge on Benyowsky, who had won a considerable sum from him at chess. He was, in consequence, condemned to the mines.

“On the 3rd of January 1771,” says the count,

“ my musical instrument being finished, and the strings mounted, I carried it to madame Nilow, and played a few airs upon it before her; and though the sound of the instrument was far from being lively, the melody was thought enchanting by the governor and all his family. From that day forward their youngest daughter Aphanasia was inseparable from her instrument.”

After relating that the chancellor, the hetman, and himself (the three who played at chess against the association) agreed to present a tenth part of their profit to the governor's family, the count thus continues:—

“ The governor's family expressed their acknowledgments to us; but Miss Aphanasia added, that she hoped, from the goodness of the chancellor and hetman, that they would interest themselves in my favour, and obtain the abolition of the sentence of my exile, and the necessary grace, in order that I might be employed in some charge under government, that her sincere desire of seeing me happy, and of partaking in my happiness, might be accomplished. At these words the governor flew into a rage, and loaded me with invectives; but the chancellor and hetman remonstrated strongly against the injustice of blaming me for the sentiments of his daughter. They observed, it was not impossible but that I might in future possess a charge under government, and in that case the governor could not do better to insure the happiness of his family. Their arguments at length had some effect upon the governor, who became calm, and addressed them in these words:—
‘ Gentlemen, you are witness to the declara-

tion just now made by my daughter, of which I should be much ashamed; but since you find it excusable, I pardon her, and undertake to employ my influence in mitigating the sentence of exile against Benyowsky. I therefore request that you will sign an act which I shall propose to you, and which, according to the laws of the czar Peter, discharges every exile from his sentence. This law enacts, that every exile who shall have discovered a plot formed against government, or the chiefs, shall be discharged from the rigour of his sentence. The exile before you has a right to this absolution; for he has revealed to us the attempt of Casarinow to poison us. But for his declaration, neither you nor myself would now have been alive. You cannot, therefore, dispense with signing this act of absolution, which we will submit to the senate, with our letters of recommendation, for the sake of the form only: for the ordinances of the emperor do not prescribe this to be done, but are positive in enacting that every governor or vaivode, president of a college or chancellor, with the consent of his counsellors, shall be authorised to pronounce the absolution."

"This speech of the governor was received like an oracle, and the chancellor immediately invited him to call a meeting the following day, to carry his resolution into effect. The hetman made haste to engage madame Nilow to join them, in order to confirm the governor in this step, who, beholding his family at his feet, and the chancellor and the hetman urging every entreaty, consented at last, and complimented me with my liberty."

This good fortune of the count's, and the good terms which he appeared to be on with the Kamtschatkan authorities, would however have occasioned his being put to death by his associates, but that he contrived to remove their suspicions of treachery. He thus continues:—

“The fears of the association being thus dissipated, they indulged themselves in the pleasing reflection, how much my liberation would tend to insure the execution of our project. After the rising of the assembly, I consulted with Messrs Crustiew and Protopop (two of the associated exiles), about my apprehensions respecting the governor's daughter and her mother, who, seeing me in a state of liberty, pressed me to marry her, which was out of my power, because I was already married, and resolved to prosecute our voyage. The first represented to me, that my marriage, being by compulsion, would be unlawful, and that I might clear myself of it on my return to Europe. The second proposed to me to repeat the form of marriage, without entering into any engagement; to which effect he promised to give me a certificate. They both endeavoured to convince me that I need not hesitate to comply with the solicitations of the governor's family, for the purpose of supporting the common interest. But I resolved to do nothing which might injure my reputation. I therefore declared that I would put off this affair as long as I could, in order to gain time, and that I did not despair of obtaining their consent to defer the marriage till the month of May, at which period it would be in our power to settle

the business in another manner. I confess that in my own mind I felt the utmost regret and uneasiness to be the instrument of distress to an amiable girl whom I tenderly loved; but the hope that she might, at some future period, be happier in a marriage more suitable to her situation, tended in some measure to render my reflections less afflicting."

The next day the count proposed to the governor and council, to establish the cultivation of grain on the southern point of land, and to clear a quantity of pasture-ground for the support of cattle, sufficient to maintain the inhabitants of Kamtschatka; and in order to carry this project into execution, he requested permission to establish himself and the other exiles in that country, with forty natives as labourers.

"The chancellor spoke in favour of my proposal, and the governor consented to report it for discussion at the following meeting. At the breaking up of the council, I was invited to dinner; but before I departed, I joined my companions, and explained to them the reasons of my proposal, which they found advantageous to the purpose of our union.

"Numberless were the compliments I received at dinner. The family of the governor, in particular, expressed their satisfaction, more especially Aphanasia, who was uncommonly attentive to her dress that day. Twenty-two principal gentlemen of the town were present at this dinner; and one of them, named Casimir, took the lead at the dessert, by observing that the praise of good actions ought not to be confined to words; but as the governor had satisfied the claim of justice, it was the duty of society to bestow the

reward of merit; he therefore proposed that the citizens should unite to contribute a fund for my establishment.

“The governor replied to this proposal, that he seriously intended to make my fortune; and that as he designed to give me his daughter in marriage, it was his business to take care of my establishment. But the chancellor contradicted this resolution, by declaring that, as the governor had a numerous family, prudence required that he should not impair his own private fortune, and consequently that he might permit those to act who were desirous of testifying their gratitude to me. The hetman seconded the chancellor, and the governor at last consented that Casimir should pursue his plan; and the governor declared that he would not postpone the marriage between myself and his daughter longer than till he received orders from the governor-general of Irkutsk, from whom he had requested the creation of the office of lieutenant-general of the police in my favour.

“The company applauded this resolution, and the evening passed very agreeably to every one but myself. No words can express the confusion of my mind, when I reflected that I was forced to deceive a charming and innocent girl. I could not conceal my uneasiness from the penetrating eye of madame Nilow; and it was with the utmost embarrassment that I eluded her enquiries, by pretending that my apparent affliction was occasioned by the mortification of finding myself separated from the company of the other exiles, for whose friendship I had a very great value. The avowal of so natural a sentiment satisfied her, and she endeavoured to

remove these reflections, by promising that she would contrive means to mitigate their hardships; but at the same time she desired me to fix my future residence in the governor's house, where apartments were provided for me, in order that I might be at hand to assist in the public business. This proposal greatly embarrassed me; but as I had a thousand reasons for refusing this mark of kindness, I used every argument I could think of to persuade her to suffer me to reside, as usual, without the town and fortress, to which she at last consented." * * * *

On the 15th an entertainment was given at the governor's house, on the occasion of the freedom of the exiles.

"When the company broke up," says the count, "madame Nilow presented her youngest daughter, and declared her my future spouse. This attracted compliments from all sides, with a degree of jealousy from some of the merchants and young officers. When I had seen the governor home, Aphanasia accompanied me home, to look to my health, as she said; and I passed the whole of the 16th within doors, till the evening, about six o'clock, when I conducted my intended lady home, and received the orders of the governor, who placed the whole care of his journies and the business of a secretary, in my hands."

Then follows, in the count's journal, an account of an excursion which he made in company with the governor of Bolsorezky Ostrogg (the name of the capital of Kamtschatka, where the governor resided.) After which he thus continues the relation of his amour, if indeed it can so be

called, seeing that his ingenuity was constantly exercised to retard its progress :—

“ March the 2nd.—After dinner, madame Nilow called me aside, and informed me that her daughter pressed her respecting the conclusion of our marriage, and consequently that it depended on me to persuade her to await the moment fixed for our union ; but that, if I consented, she would undertake to dispose her husband to agree to the celebration of our nuptials. Being thus obliged to gain time, I had no other means of excuse than to urge my intention of first making an excursion to fix my new colony, and to build a house, and arrange my household affairs, that her daughter might not be exposed to the rigour of the season, without every necessary convenience. After a long conversation, this good mother adopted my reasons, and pleaded my cause with her daughter, to whom she introduced me ; but as she soon after left us, the whole charge fell upon me, and it was with difficulty that I prevailed upon this amiable young lady to consent to the delay.”

One of the associated exiles, named Stephanow, having challenged Benyowsky, a duel ensued, in which (the weapons being swords) Stephanow treacherously fired a pistol at him, which however only grazed his arm. Being brought before the society to account for this act, he addressed them to the following effect :—

“ ‘ Ever since I first knew your chief, I found it impossible to forgive that superiority which he has assumed over us all. My jealousy was often on the point of breaking out, but the confidence he reposed in me usually restored my recolle-

tion; and I have often applauded my own resolution in overcoming my natural disposition, which led me to offend. I had even persuaded myself that I possessed the most unshaken attachment to him, when I was surprised by jealousy. I beheld the lovely daughter of the governor; I became enamoured of her; and the certain knowledge of her approaching marriage with your chief, caused me to swear his destruction. You know the rest, gentlemen; and I here protest, that though his generosity has preserved my life, it has made no change in my intentions. If, therefore, it be of any consequence to you to preserve his life, do not spare mine.'

"Several members of the society represented his folly and baseness to him; but his answers only showed that he was in a state of desperation. His situation nevertheless affected me, and I addressed myself to him in a mild and friendly manner, assuring him that I harboured no resentment against him, though he had just reasons to blame himself for the little confidence he must have reposed in me, before he could have determined to engage in so base an attempt against my safety. I acquainted him that it was very true I had an esteem for the governor's daughter, and had reasons to think myself the object of her affection; but that I did not intend to marry her, and consequently his despair was premature. I then called the whole company to witness the truth of my assertions; whereupon the unhappy Stephanow fell at my feet, begged a thousand pardons, and entreated me to forget all that had passed." This request was complied with, on condition that he would inviolably submit to the orders of the society.

On the 6th, the count was invited to spend the day with the hetman.

“In the evening, the governor’s family arrived, who, at my request, invited some of my companions, among whom was Stephanow. I had before found an opportunity to persuade Aphanasia to dissemble her sentiments towards him, which she promised to do, and I could depend on her promises. In this manner we passed the evening very agreeably, and I had sufficient leisure to make my reflections on the weakness of the human mind, when I saw that the same Stephanow, who a short time before had used every effort for my destruction, was now continually loading me with the titles of his guardian angel and benefactor.

“Upon our departure, I accompanied the governor’s lady home at her own request, where I learned the discourse which had passed between Stephanow and Aphanasia. The amount was, that Stephanow had declared his love in due form, and entreated her to accept him for her husband. The lady answered, that as she had not yet had a sufficient opportunity to become acquainted with him, she could not accede to his proposal; but that she hoped time would tend to advance his expectations. She assured him that she had no aversion to his countenance, but that the accomplishment of his hopes would, it was to be feared, find great obstacles on the part of her parents, who expected a fortune, to secure her future welfare; and as Stephanow, being an exile, could have no possessions, the adjustment of that business would doubtless be very difficult. She further acquainted him, that this greatest obstacle could only be removed by my

protection; for which reason she recommended him to employ every means for cultivating my friendship. I thanked this amiable young lady for her goodness, while at the same time I felt the sincerest regret at beholding myself the instrument of her future affliction, though her kindness and friendship banished, for the moment, these afflicting thoughts from my mind."

The count in his narrative proceeds to relate the alarms and dangers which ensued from a renewal of the jealousy and madness of Stephenow, who, with the greatest difficulty, is prevented from betraying them.

"April 1.—About ten o'clock this day, I received a message from Aphanasia, that she would call on me in the afternoon, requesting at the same time that I would be alone, because she had affairs of importance to communicate. As I supposed the latter part of this message to be mere pleasantry, I was far from expecting any extraordinary information; and my surprise at the event was much greater, as I had not the least reason to suppose that she had made any discovery of my intentions. Aphauasia arrived at three in the afternoon: her agitation on her first appearance convinced me that she was exceedingly afflicted. At sight of me she paused a moment, and soon after burst into tears, and threw herself into my arms, exclaiming that she was unfortunate and forsaken. Her sighs and tears were so extreme, that it was more than a quarter of an hour before I could obtain a connected sentence. I was extremely affected at her situation, and used every expedient to calm her mind; but this was extremely difficult, for I was entirely ignorant of the cause of her affliction

As soon as she became a little composed, she begged me to shut the door, that no one might interrupt us. I came back, and on my knees intreated her to explain the cause of her present situation, which she did to the following effect.

“She informed me that her maid had discovered to her, that a certain person named Iran Kudrin, one of my associates, had proposed to her to share his fortune, and that this indiscreet person had assured the girl that he was about to quit Kamtschatka with me, to make a voyage to Europe, where he hoped to place her in an agreeable situation. The maid had first related the circumstance to her mistress; but as she could never believe me capable of such base and treacherous behaviour to her, she was desirous of hearing the account herself, and had, for that purpose, persuaded the servant to appoint a meeting with Kudrin, in order to question him more fully, while she herself might hear the whole, by being concealed behind a curtain. In this manner, she said, she became convinced of her unhappiness and my treachery, and that she would have spared me the confusion of hearing this, if, from a conviction that she could not live after such an affront, she had not been desirous of bidding me a last farewell.

“On finishing these words, she fainted; and though I was exceedingly alarmed and distressed on the occasion, yet I did not fail to arrange a plan in my mind, during the interval of her insensibility. When this amiable young lady recovered, she asked if she might give credit to what she had heard. I then threw myself at her feet, and intreated her to hear me

calmly, and judge whether I was to blame or not. She promised she would, and I addressed her in the following terms:—

“ You may recollect, my dear friend, the account I gave you of my birth, and the rank I held in Europe; I remember the tears you shed on that occasion. The misfortune of being exiled to Kamtschatka would long since have compelled me to deliver myself from tyranny by death, if your acquaintance and attachment had not preserved me. I have lived for you; and if you could read my heart, I am sure I should have your pity; for the possession of your person is become as necessary to my existence as liberty itself. The liberty I speak of is not that which your worthy father has given me, but implies the possession of my estate and rank. I have hoped for the possession of your person, with a view of rendering you happy in the participation of my fortune and dignity. These views cannot be accomplished in Kamtschatka. What rank can I bestow on my love but that of an exile? The favours of your worthy father may be of the shortest duration. His successor may soon recal his ordinances, and plunge me again into that state of suffering and contempt from which I was delivered for a moment. Represent to yourself, my dearest friend, the affliction and despair that would overwhelm my soul, when I should behold you a sharer in my pain and disgrace; for you well know that all the Russians regard the exiles as dishonoured persons. You have forced me to this declaration of my intentions, in which I have been guided by the attachment and sin-

cerity of my heart. I deferred the communication to you, but I swear that such was my resolutions.”

“ ‘ Why, then,’ interrupted she, ‘ did you conceal your intention from me, who am ready to follow you to the farthest limits of the universe?’ This assurance encouraged me to proceed, and engage this charming young lady in my interests. I told her, therefore, that I was prevented only by the fear lest she should refuse my proposals on account of her attachment to her parents; but that, as I now had nothing to fear in that respect, I could inform her, that my intention being to leave Kamtschatka, I had determined to carry her off; and in order to convince her, I was ready to call Mr Crustiew, who would confirm the truth. On this assurance she embraced me, and entreated me to forgive her want of confidence, at the same time that she declared her readiness to accompany me.

“ This degree of confidential intercourse being established, I persuaded her to dismiss every fear from her mind. Many were the trials I made of her resolution, and the result convinced me that she was perfectly determined to follow my fortunes. The secret being thus secured by her promise to keep it in iolably, I had no other uneasiness remaining but what arose from the communication having been made to her servant. I mentioned my fears to Aphanasia, who removed them by assuring me that her servant was too much attached to me to betray her secret, and had, besides, an affection for Kudrin; so that she could answer for her discretion. Thus agreeably ended our conversation, though

the commencement was rather tragical; and I received the vows of attachment and fidelity from an artless and innocent mind.

“Aphanasia did not depart till about six o'clock. I immediately sent for Kudrin, whom I reproached for his misconduct and indiscretion, explaining to him the great danger to which he had exposed the whole society. I promised at the same time not to divulge his fault to the society; but insisted that he should in future avoid all farther explanation of the state of our affairs to the young woman. I likewise promised, in order to calm his uneasiness, that I would contrive matters so that he should take her with him. This poor wretch, on my first accusation, was seized with the most terrifying apprehensions, and fell to the ground at my feet, crying out for mercy, as he supposed I should deliver him up to the judgment of the society, from whom he had nothing to expect but death. But on my conclusion he arose, kissed my hand, and swore eternal fidelity. For my part, I was very well satisfied to have extricated myself out of such a disagreeable embarrassment, by setting affairs on so good a footing.

“On the 2d, madame Nilow invited me to breakfast, and took me apart to enquire what I had done to her daughter, who used to be exceedingly in spirits at her return home, but had, since yesterday evening, been continually in tears. It was difficult to answer this home question; to which I could at first make no better reply than by saying, that Miss Nilow had imparted a secret to me, that related to herself alone, and was communicated under the seal of confidence, which I could not infringe. Madame Nilow laughed at

this excuse, and afterwards ordered her daughter to be called, whom she required to release me from the injunction of secrecy, that I might be at liberty to relate what had passed between us yesterday; to which she answered, that she would entirely rely on my prudence; and that if I thought it necessary, I was at liberty to speak, but she would be present to know whether I spoke the truth. I then related, that some person, with a view to injure me in Miss Aphanasia's opinion, had informed her that I was not of the Greek religion, and had persuaded her to ask me to become of that faith: that she had accordingly made the proposal to me two days ago: to which I had answered, that though in my opinion all religions were alike, I could not consent to make any change in mine; and upon her observing that my determination might prevent our marriage, I replied, that then we should die without reproach; she was vexed, and our friendly intercourse had suffered a slight interruption, till a second opportunity for explanation should offer itself. I added, that in our last conversation I had expressed my hope that Miss Aphanasia would in future put less confidence in advisers. Madame Nilow, having patiently heard my account, blamed her daughter for presuming to meddle in affairs of religion, and said she hoped her prudence in future would prevent her going into any such extravagancies. She then retired, and left us at liberty. I embraced the opportunity to confirm the young lady in her resolution; and she assured me that I might remain perfectly easy with regard to her maid, who was as desirous as herself to see us safe in Europe. We finished our conversation in anticipating the happiness we

should enjoy when at perfect liberty ; after which I retired, and ordered a general meeting to be held on the 5th. I then visited Stephanow, whom I found under the application of blisters, having been in a continual delirium for three days and nights."

The count then details various proceedings relative to the projected escape of the exiles, and the discoveries made by government, whose suspicions it required all his ingenuity to remove ; after which he thus continues :—

" On the 12th, after dinner, I was seized with a violent colic, succeeded by a fever, which forced me to go to bed. In the night I grew worse, which obliged me to send for Messrs Crustiew and Panow, to whom I entrusted the care and superintendence of the company.

" On the 13th, Mr Crustiew having acquainted Aphanasia with my illness, she hastened to see me, and, as I was informed after my recovery, never quitted my bed-side, nor suffered any other person to attend me. The fever continued, without any regular period, during the 14th, 15th, and 16th. On the 17th Mr Meder bled me, and on the 18th he prescribed an emetic, by which treatment the fever left me on the 19th.

" On the 20th I was able to quit my bed, and Aphanasia informed her mother of my recovery, who came, together with her other children, to congratulate me on the occasion. It was at this time I was informed of the services Aphanasia had done me : I thanked her with the utmost sincerity, and was convinced that my gratitude affected her exceedingly. After the departure of madame Nilow, though her daughter staid with me, Mr Crustiew gave me an account

that all our arrangements were in good order, and the tranquillity which prevailed everywhere with respect to our interests was such that we had no reason for any apprehension.

“On the 21st I thought it necessary to persuade Aphanasia to return home; for which purpose I represented to her that her presence was necessary to prevent our being surprised for want of that information respecting what passed at her father’s, which no one could better obtain than herself. For these reasons I urged her to return as speedily as possible; she admitted their force, and left me with tears.

“On the 22d I assembled the whole company, and caused arms and the necessary ammunition to be distributed to each, in order that, in case our dwellings should be invested, they might not be unprovided; and as there was reason to fear an attack in the night, I gave regular orders for a guard and patrole. The arms were distributed in the night for the greater secrecy.

“On the 23d Aphanasia came to see me incognita. She informed me that her mother was in tears, and her father had talked with her in a manner which gave reason to fear that he suspected our plot. She conjured me to be careful, and not to come to the fort, if sent for. She expressed her fear that it would not be in her power to come to me again, but promised she would, in that case, send her servant; and she entreated me, at all events, if I should be compelled to use force against the government, that I would be careful of the life of her father, and not endanger my own. I tenderly embraced this charming young lady, and thanked her for the interest she took in my preservation; and as it

appeared important that her absence should not be discovered, I begged her to return, and to commend the issue of our intentions to good fortune. Before her departure, I recommended her to look closely after her father, and send me a red ribband in case government should determine to arrest or attack me; and in the second place, that at the moment of an alarm she would open the shutter of her window, which looked to the garden, and cause a sledge to be laid over the ditch on that side. She promised to comply with my instructions, and confirmed her promises with vows and tears.

“As soon as Aphanasia was gone, I thought it proper to set up a pole for the convenience of hoisting a light, and at the same time I sent instructions to my companions, that the light should be the signal for rallying.

“On the 24th, being busied in preparing against any kind of surprise, I caused a bridge to be broken down, which had been laid over a ravine which separated us from the town; and, instead of the bridge, I caused a single plank to be laid, over which no more than one person could pass at a time. At three in the afternoon, I received information, through Mr Crustiew, which pretty plainly indicated that we should have to defend ourselves; but in order to obtain a more perfect knowledge of the state of affairs, we sent ten of our associates on discovery. They did not return until very late in the evening; when they reported, that the hetman had had a long conference with the chancellor, and that about five in the evening they had waited on the governor, accompanied by Ismailow and a Kamtschadan chief. This report caused us to

double our guard and patrole, and the whole society remained under arms.

“ On the 25th, in the morning, Aphanasia’s servant brought me a red ribband. She told me verbally, to beware of coming to the fort; that her mistress, as well as madame Nilow, were in tears, as the governor had treated them with great severity, and had even struck his lady. About ten o’clock, the governor sent a serjeant to me, to invite me to breakfast; to which I answered, that as I was not quite recovered from a dangerous illness, I could not wait upon him then, but hoped I should be able to have the pleasure tomorrow. The serjeant answered by advising me to go by fair means, if I did not wish to be dragged to the fort by main force. To this I replied briefly by desiring him to mind his own business, and carry my answer; at the same time advising him to make his confession before he ventured to come on any such enterprise.

“ About noon, I saw the hetman coming towards our house. I received him very politely; and he informed me that he came on the part of the governor, to persuade me to come to the fort. The business, he told me in confidence, was to discuss one of the ridiculous fancies of the chancellor, which I might easily overthrow; and consequently, that I ought to make no difficulty in accompanying him. But when I replied that my illness did not permit me to wait upon the governor, and that I certainly should not go that day, he became angry, and threatened to force me thither by his Cossacks. I laughed at his threats, which did not tend to restore his calmness. He called to his Cossacks to come in and compel me to follow him. I whistled; and five of my com-

panions instantly rushed in, and disarmed the hetman and two Cossacks, to whom I declared that they were my prisoners.

“ After this stroke, the hetman asked permission to write to the governor; and I promised to dispatch a letter from him, provided it were first submitted to my perusal. In his letter he proposed to the governor to enter into terms with me, at the same time informing him that he was himself detained as a prisoner. Together with his letter, I sent one in my own name to the governor, in which I explained, that the premeditated treachery of the chancellor, which I was sufficiently informed of, had induced me to take this step; and I entreated him not to consider it as an attempt to excite an insurrection, as it depended on his excellency's pleasure to permit me to depart for Lopatka.*

“ About five in the evening, the governor sent me word, that if I did not set the hetman at liberty, I should pay for my insolence at the price of my life; that my trial would be proceeded on in full assembly the next day, when, if I should be found innocent, he would take care that I should receive satisfaction from the chancellor; but that if I was conscious of guilt, he advised me to come and apply to the goodness and clemency of the throne for my pardon.

“ In a written answer to this message I replied, that if myself alone were personally concerned, I would not hesitate a moment to appear before him; but as chief of a society, acknowledged as such by his own proper order, I could not act without consulting my companions; and as it was late, I therefore proposed to consult them

* The place of the projected settlement.

on the morrow. I added, that my personal conduct, as well as the liberty of the hetman, would depend on their decision.

“ At nine in the evening I sent a party of six associates to seize the chancellor, but he took care not to stir out of the fort. In his stead, however, they brought me his nephew Ismailow, his secretary Szudeikin, and the tajon who was intended to be produced in evidence against me.

“ On the 26th I received two red ribbands from Aphanasia, at the same time that I learned from one of our associates, that the governor had summoned a council, at which no one could give an account how Ismailow and the tajon had been carried off; that, as no witnesses appeared, the governor had reproached the chancellor, and threatened him with the effects of his anger, calling him a traitor, who took a pleasure in exciting disturbances; and lastly, that every one was persuaded that, the accusation of the chancellor being false, Ismailow and the tajon had disappeared because incapable of standing the examination. He further reported, that the governor, enraged at the witnesses not appearing, had dismissed the council and retired to the fort.

“ At eleven o'clock I received a message, that the governor was convinced of my innocence, and consented that the company should keep the hetman as an hostage; but that, for the sake of the form, he would send some soldiers for me, to whom he begged me to surrender. In reply to this message I answered, that I would entirely depend on the word and honour of the governor, who might send his guard for me; and that in the meantime I would do all in my power to persuade my associates to consent to my departure,

which I had no doubt they would agree to, in consideration of their holding the hetman as an hostage.

“ Immediately after I had dismissed this messenger, I received another, with a letter from Aphanasia, who entreated me to come to the governor, assuring me that her father was more prepossessed in my favour than ever. I could depend on the integrity and attachment of this amiable young lady; and her letter might have had its influence on me, if I had not observed that it contained many clippings of red ribband, which shewed me in what manner to proceed. I therefore gave orders to Messrs Baturin, Wynbladth, and Panow, to place themselves at the head of their divisions, in readiness to act in the night, as I expected an attack, from the information I had received, that the soldiers of the garrison, as well as the Cossacks of the town, were busied in preparing their arms. Our number amounted to fifty-seven persons; but Mr Crustiew informed me that he had sent an order to Mr Kuzneizow (one of the associates) to return with his people, and that he expected him at the close of the night. In order that I might not be taken by surprise, I formed three divisions, who stationed themselves round my house, while the fourth division remained within.

“ At five in the evening I observed a corporal, with four grenadiers, who came and tapped at my door, when they called out to me to open it by order of the empress. I jocularly answered that he lied, for that the empress, living at Petersburg, would not honour such a rascal as him with her orders; but I told him that if he thought proper to behave with civility, we might perhaps

transact our affairs in an amicable manner. Upon this he said, that the governor had informed him that it was agreed I should follow him, and consequently that he was ready to comply with my wishes in every respect. I then proposed that he should enter alone, to drink a glass with me, and afterwards take charge of some papers which it was necessary to present to the governor. He consented, and I accordingly admitted him, shutting the door after him; at which instant he beheld four pistols presented to his breast, and was threatened with instant death if he should dare to utter a single word. After conducting him into my chamber, I questioned him concerning every particular I was desirous of knowing; and when his deposition was finished, I ordered him to call the soldiers one by one, each by name, to come in and drink a glass, which he was forced to comply with. In this manner I became master of the detachment, which I caused to be bound and deposited safely in the cellar.

At nine in the evening I received notice that a detachment had been observed in their way towards the ravine. I therefore took the detachment of Mr Wynbladth with me, and called out to them not to attempt to pass. They answered by several musket shots; in return for which I ordered my party to fire on those who were foremost; and after three had fallen, the detachment remained motionless, and lay close with their faces to the ground. I could easily observe, however, that the officer had despatched a man towards the fortress, no doubt with the intention of requesting assistance. For this reason I sent out a person on discovery; but nothing was perceived till about eleven o'clock, when I received

information that a body of troops were advancing to our rear, and that from the noise there was reason to believe that they had cannon with them. I gave orders to Mr Wynbladth to observe the detachment at the ravine ; and after causing the division of the centre to join me, I myself advanced towards the enemy's troops. Before we met, I saw Stephanow, who, though scarcely able to walk, had come armed, and had only time to tell me that he came to conquer or die with me. This resolution secured him my esteem ; for though the poor man could scarcely support himself, he nevertheless did everything in his power to encourage the associates.

“ When we came within the distance of fifty paces, the commanding officer of the detachment called out to us to surrender ourselves prisoners, otherwise he would not spare us. I replied that it was necessary we should know the conditions ; and he in return asked what conditions I wished to propose. Our conference led us within fifteen paces of them, at which distance we began our fire ; and our adversaries were so disheartened at our first discharge, that they left their cannon and fled hastily towards the wood. The officer was highly to blame in this respect, for if he had retired towards the fortress we could never have forced it. This misconduct inspired me with hope. No more than a short quarter of an hour was required to collect my people. I availed myself of their artillery to fire on the detachment placed behind the ravine ; and my fire, though in the air, prevented any of them from venturing to rise ; so that I had perfect liberty to approach the fort. The centinel, seeing us come with cannon, took us for the detachment, and, after

challenging us, asked if we had brought the prisoners. While a party of my associates mounted to clear the casemates, I caused the drawbridge to be raised, and placed a guard. These precautions being taken, as I heard a firing in the court, and saw that my comrades were fastening a petard to force the outer gates, I ventured to pass through a window which I found open. Madame Nilow and her children, at sight of me, implored my protection to save their father and husband. I immediately hastened to his apartment, and begged him to go to his children's room, to preserve his life; but he answered that he would first take mine, and instantly fired a pistol, which wounded me. I was desirous nevertheless of preserving him, and continued to represent that all resistance would be useless, for which reason I entreated him to retire. His wife and children threw themselves on their knees; but nothing would avail; he flew upon me, and seized me by the throat, and left me no other alternative than either to give up my own life, or run my sword through his body. At that instant the petard exploded and burst the outer gate. The second was open, and I saw Mr Panow enter at the head of a party. He entreated the governor to let me go; but not being able to prevail on him, he set me at liberty by splitting his skull.

No words can describe the unhappy scene this event produced: madame Nilow fell at my feet; her daughters fainted; and the firmness of my mind was scarcely equal to the shock. I was ready to sink to the ground; when Mr Panow, seeing me in such a situation, obliged me to quit the apartment, and assured me that he would take care of madame Nilow and her family. He

begged I would hasten to a party of my associates who were still fighting with the soldiers. I went out into the court, where I saw a new spectacle; it was covered with dead and wounded, some of whom informed me that our companions were busied in forcing a subterraneous place, in which several soldiers had taken refuge. I made haste to save the lives of these unfortunate men; and having met with Mr Wynbladth and Crustiew, with four other associates, quickened my steps towards the bastion under which the casemate was, when all at once we heard a musket shot and the cry of 'Enemies!' This shot was followed by regular discharges, which convinced us that they could not proceed from the fire of our people, who were dispersed in various places. We therefore returned to our sentinel, who kept constantly calling out 'The enemy!' When we came to him, and mounted the banquette* of the palisade, we saw a large party of Cossacks making preparations for an attack. In consequence of this, I detached Mr Wynbladth to collect all the associates, leaving only a guard of four men to watch over the soldiers in the casemate; and in the meantime I was forced to sustain a brisk attack. It was a fortunate circumstance, however, that the ladders which the Cossacks had brought were too short, and the obscurity of the night did not permit our enemies to observe the weakest places of the fort. Their continual fire assisted us to direct our murderous pieces at them, which slew fourteen men in ten minutes, while no one on our side had received a wound. On the arrival of Mr Wynbladth with twenty-two

* Small bank of earth.

associates, we mounted two three-pounders on the platform; two rounds from these sufficed to disperse our military opponents.

“ I sent to request permission to see madame Nilow, which being granted, I waited upon her, and found her on her bed. I threw myself at her feet, to beg her pardon for having been the involuntary cause of the death of her husband, and entreated her to consider my behaviour towards him when I was desirous of preserving his life at the risk of my own. Her grief, extreme as it was, did not urge her to make any reproaches; she only asked for her children, and begged that the guard Mr Panow had set over herself and them might be withdrawn. But when I informed her that the guard was designed merely for her preservation, she consented that it should remain. With respect to her children, I was ignorant where they had been secured; but a servant informed us that Mr Panow had conducted them into the hall, and had taken care to have them bled by Mr Lapin. This suggestion reminded me of the propriety of madame Nilow's undergoing the same operation, to which she consented. I therefore hastened to send Mr Lapin, with directions to that effect; and as I did not think it decent to obtrude myself upon a family so overwhelmed with misfortune, I enjoined this gentleman to use every care and attention in his power to mitigate the distresses of their situation.

“ When I went out to visit the ports, I received advice that Mr Crustiew had returned, and I therefore went to enquire what he had discovered. He informed me that the town was entirely abandoned by the men; that the hetman,

delivered from his imprisonment by a party of men, had armed all the Cossacks, and had retired to the heights, half a league distant from the fort, where he declared he would starve us out; and that his troops did not amount to less than seven or eight hundred men.

“On this information I assembled my companions, and represented to them that we were certainly out of danger of an attack in the fort; but that if we should defer the taking a speedy resolution to act without losing a single moment, we should perhaps find ourselves, in the course of twenty-four hours, so well invested that we should not be able to get out, and by that means should be reduced to surrender at discretion, from mere hunger. I informed the company of the report of Mr Crustiew, and requested every one to give his advice respecting the proper steps to be taken in our present state of embarrassment. But as no plan was agreed on, I disclosed mine, which I had already formed the moment I was made acquainted with the resolution of the hetman. It was as follows:

“I declared my resolution to send a detachment of twenty-two or twenty-four associates into the town, to drive all the women and children into the church; that as soon as they should be there secured, all the furniture of wood and other combustible matter which could be found, should be piled round the church; and when everything should be thus disposed, which was very possible to be done before day-break, notice should be given to the women to prepare for death, and they should at the same time be informed that the determination of their husbands to oppose us by force had left us no other expedient than to

sacrifice their families. And lastly, that after this declaration, it should be proposed to the women to send three of their number, with twelve young girls, to their parents, to require them to lay down their arms.

“The company agreed to this proposal, and Mr Panow undertook to carry it into execution; but he observed that it was necessary, in his opinion, to convey the governor’s body into the same church, with the view of more effectually intimidating the women. After his departure, I gave the necessary orders; and the body of this unfortunate chief, whose life had ever been dear to me, was instantly carried to the place of destination.

At day-break the next morning, notwithstanding the pain of his newly dressed wound, the count hastened this expedition, and determined to send one of his associates with the women, beating a drum as the sign of a parley, at the same time that he should carry a proper summons to the already described effect.

The count thus continues:—“After having caused this writing to be signed by the chiefs of our association, I sent a confederate towards the Cossacks, with four women and twelve children.

“After the departure of our messenger, the associates busied themselves in gathering together the wood of chairs, tables, and other furniture and utensils, round the church. About eight o’clock, madame Nilow asked to speak with me; but when she heard that I could not rise to pay my respects to her, she came herself, with her youngest daughter. The fatigue I had endured throughout the night, and the effusion of blood which had altered my countenance, made

her forget her own grief. She hastened towards me, and her first words, which expressed her fears for my situation, afforded me no small consolation. This worthy lady, after showing a proper sense of the loss of her husband, told me, that though propriety forbade her seeing me, she could not help declaring at that moment, that she acknowledged my innocence in all that had passed; and that she had with wonder beheld my forbearance, at the time when wounded by her husband, and in the most imminent danger of my life, I did not use my arms against him. For this reason, she said that she thought I was justified; but that, as it would be impossible to make the public adopt the same opinion, she had resolved to retire immediately after her husband's funeral; for the performance of which she requested my permission and support. She continued her discourse by telling me that, with regard to her daughter, as she saw her firmly attached to my person, and could not expose her to the resentment of her sisters and her family, she consented to put her in my hands, provided I would promise to establish her in the manner I had assured her, by marriage. In this situation, urged by the necessity of calming the mind of an unhappy mother, whose virtue and firmness of mind I have every reason to admire, I promised all she requested. She then embraced her daughter, advised her always to preserve the same attachment for me, and wished her every happiness; and at last hastily rising, she passionately exclaimed, 'You are the cause of the loss of her father, become her husband, and be a father to her!'

"She departed, and her daughter informed

me that she had been tormented by the reproaches of her sisters, who openly accused her of having been in the plot, though she would have gladly consented to the loss of her own life, to have preserved that of her father. At these words, she burst into tears; but continued her discourse by observing, that, in her present situation, no other resource offered itself to her but to follow me: but, in order that the public might not reproach her mother for having consented to her departure with me, she requested that I would cause her to be carried off. I promised to proceed accordingly; after which she retired, wishing me success in the conduct of my enterprise. At a quarter after nine, having received no answer from the Cossacks, I ordered four fires to be lighted, at the distance of three fathoms from each angle of the church. At half an hour after nine, I received intelligence that a number of handkerchiefs were seen fastened to piquets on the hill, with which signals were made. At three quarters after nine, about fifty men were seen running with all their speed towards the fortress, but without arms, which led me to think that the Cossacks had determined to surrender. At eleven minutes after ten, two Cossacks appeared before me, almost breathless, who told me that they had been despatched to inform me that my first proposal was accepted, and that, in the course of half an hour, the whole troops would present themselves unarmed; for which reason they begged me to proceed no further until they could arrive.

“A moment afterwards, my messenger likewise arrived, and declared that on the first reading of his letter, they had determined to march straight

to the church to deliver their families ; but on being informed by the women that the combustible materials were piled together, and the fire at hand, so that their resolution would only hasten the destruction of so many innocent creatures, they entered into a debate, which had ended in seizing the hetman, whom they were bringing to me. At a quarter past eleven, the troops at last arrived ; and as I had given my orders to Mr Panow, he caused those to enter into the fort whom I had determined on as hostages, and sent the rest to the church to bring their wives into the town. At the same time he took the precaution to send a detachment to the heights, for the purpose of guarding the arms until they should be removed into the fort. Everything being thus in a state of tranquillity, I caused the casemate to be opened, out of which came forty-two soldiers and the chancellor, whom I sent to accompany the hetman. The number of our hostages amounted to fifty-two persons, all principal men of the place, whose lives were to answer for the behaviour of the people.

“ After taking a little refreshment, I gave my orders to each of the chiefs. Mr Crustiew was commissioned to go down the river to seize the corvette St Peter and St Paul, with the assistance of Mr Kuzneczow and his party, and to burn all the other ships or barks. Mr Baturin was ordered to examine the magazine and the treasury, and make an inventory of their contents. Mr Panow undertook to superintend the funeral of the late governor, and the burial of the dead. Mr Wynbladth had the care of the military services ; and for my own part, as my wound became exceedingly painful, I was incapable of

performing any duty; but I placed all my hope in the skill of Mr Meder; for Mr Lapin's knowledge extended no further than to the treatment of wounds.

“In the evening, I entreated madame Nilow to permit me to see her, but she refused. In the night Miss Aphanasia came to see me, and after expressing her grief for my sufferings, she informed me that madame Nilow intending to depart in two days, it would be necessary to carry her off as soon as possible. I dissipated this amiable young lady's apprehensions, and afterwards had a light sleep.

“On the 28th, every preparation being made for the funeral, I sent to acquaint madame Nilow that the ceremony waited for her orders. She determined that it should be performed without delay. The whole town was therefore obliged to repair to the church; and the burial was made with the greatest pomp. Twenty-one guns were fired from the fortress. After this ceremony, I ordered Mr Panow to induce the archbishop, either by threats or promises, to preach a sermon in the church, in favour of the revolution we had produced, and afterwards to receive the oath of fidelity to me, upon the gospels at the altar; and that after all this ceremony he should carry away the miraculous image of St Nicholas, in order that the liturgy might be duly performed on board. This proceeding appeared to me to be useful, as by means of their religious superstition I might have the greater power over the minds of such as were governed by the prejudices of their faith.

“May 2d.—During the three intervening days, I was delirious; in which time I was thrice bled,

and Mr Panow did not think proper to interrupt me; but at three in the afternoon, Mr Meder affirming that I was out of danger, he told me that Mr Crustiew had taken possession of the corvette, and that the inventories of the contents of the magazines were made; the people being at present busied in collecting provisions for our voyage. He lastly informed me, that madame Nilow was gone, and that the instant before her departure she came to see me, and wept bitterly, without speaking a word. I then asked what was become of her daughter; and he replied, that the evening before her mother's departure, he had caused her to come out at the window, without the least knowledge of her sisters, who, at their awaking, made a disturbance; but that their mother, having hastened their departure, shewed great signs of resentment against her daughter who had escaped; by which means the other sisters were persuaded that the disappearance of the youngest had been voluntary. He informed me that since their departure, Aphanasia had not quitted my bedside until this day, after Mr Meder had assured her I was out of danger, and persuaded her to take some rest. * * * *

“ On the 3d of May, I had the archives of the chancery packed up, to carry with me. The great quantity of furs which my officers found in the magazines, made me perfectly easy as to the means of providing for the subsistence of all my companions on my arrival in Europe. I was therefore beginning to enjoy some tranquillity of mind, when, at ten o'clock, Aphanasia came to me. She at first used every effort to conceal her sorrow and tears; but they at last overcame her

endeavours, and, as she was oppressed by extreme grief, I had not much difficulty in obtaining a knowledge of what afflicted her. The information she had received gave me great uneasiness at first; but at last she inspired me with the respect which a noble confidence produces in all the affairs of life. This amiable young lady put a letter into my hands, and simply said, ‘I know all—forgive the first emotions of grief—I am prepared, and you have no future weakness to fear.’ Surprised at the resolute tone in which she pronounced these words, I opened the letter: it was written by Stephanow, who informed Aphanasia that, after having been deceived and betrayed by me, she owed the most signal vengeance to herself and family; to effect which he offered his services. He informed her that I was married, and consequently incapable of placing her in a respectable rank in life. He represented that, after this information, as she could never become my wife, she could not follow me without dishonour: and he finished his letter that he would efface her shame with my blood, for which purpose he waited only the re-establishment of his health, in order to offer her his hand.

“This letter, at any other time, would have inspired me with pity for an unhappy man who was rushing to his destruction; but at that moment it affected me strongly. For I had proposed to defer my confession until I could procure a proper match for the young lady. In this state of astonishment, she roused me out of my reverie by saying, ‘Listen, my dear friend: do not afflict yourself; your Aphanasia will not be unhappy; she loves you, and will always love

you. She cannot call herself your wife, but you may keep me as your child.' Immediately after which she said, 'Shall it not be so, my dear papa?' This ingenuousness of character, united to the heroic sentiments of so lovely a young woman, went to my heart; and I could not but pay the tribute due to such exalted sentiments. I begged her pardon for having concealed my situation from her, and pleaded, in my justification, that I was actuated by a regard for my family, and connected with a society whose members had exposed their lives to preserve mine; and, with a view to interest her still more, and obtain her indulgence, I likewise urged as an excuse the sentiments I entertained for her. My words, though very ill calculated for my justification, were received with such interest as secured my pardon, which she pronounced by declaring, that nothing in the world could destroy her attachment for me. She added, that she would be contented to live in the country where she should enjoy perfect happiness in seeing me, and calling me father. Her hopes, she said, were to enjoy perfect repose in the bosom of my family, as she was resolved to renounce marriage entirely; and the only promise she requested of me was, to consider her as my own daughter, and permit her to change her clothing, in order that, when attired as a man, she might be less embarrassing to me.

Mr Panow interrupted our conversation. This faithful friend, being informed of what had passed, desired leave to go and destroy his relative; but soon after, hearing the resolution of Aphanasia, he threw himself at her feet, to render homage to her courage. She at last retired, with that tranquillity of mind which can only result from a

resolution firmly taken. After her departure, Mr Panow informed me that he had heard the day before that Aphanasia had discovered my marriage, though he had not been able to discover the name of the person who had betrayed me. He begged me to permit him to abandon his relative to justice, in order to deliver the society from a monster who, by his intrigues and wickedness, might hereafter lead the whole company to destruction. It was not without great difficulty that I could dissuade him from his intention, but at last I succeeded. At that instant Mr Baturin arrived, who informed me that he had been present at a scene with Stephanow, where Aphanasia, having come in, reproached him bitterly for his want of attachment and fidelity to me. She declared that she despised his character and his person; that she had never looked upon him in any other light than as a monster of impiety and ingratitude; that he was grossly mistaken to think that she had ever wished to become my wife, as she knew my situation from myself: and that her determination to attach herself to me was as a friend and daughter. She finished her discourse by advising Stephanow to enter into his own breast, to dismiss every idea of love for her, and alter his behaviour in future. Stephanow, irritated at this, became furious, and took up one of the pistols that lay beside his bed; but Baturin disarmed him, and caused him to be immediately conducted into a separate house, where he was at that time guarded by two of the associates.

“ On the 4th May a council was held on Stephanow, and finally sentence was passed, that he should be excluded, in every respect, from their meetings, and from all command among the

associates. Just before the breaking up of the committee, Aphanasia presented herself in the dress and with the arms of a man; and the company named her Achilles. Her figure in this dress was charming; and she certainly had as much courage as it is possible for a woman to have."

The count proceeds to relate his departure from Kamtschatka, with his companions, in the St Peter and St Paul, and the particulars of their voyage to China; but the only subsequent mention which is made in his journal of the young lady whose attachment had so materially contributed to his escape, is where she is placed, without any other remark whatever, at the head of a list of his companions who died of illness in the ensuing November at Macao. This silence is perhaps attributable to the untimely death of the count, who was afterwards cut off in an attempt to establish a settlement on the island of Madagascar, and whose papers were consequently arranged and published by the individuals with whom he had deposited them in England.

With respect to this singular amour, the particulars of which we have collected from that publication, it is evident that whatever *esteem* the count might entertain for the young lady, the ardour of attachment was on her side only. It is sufficiently apparent that the object of it was a man of ability, possessed of a disposition singularly calculated for adventures; and that the school of irregular warfare in which he had been brought up, had, by a severe course of experience, matured his natural intrepidity, and the power which he possessed in no ordinary degree of agitating and impelling the minds of others. In

perfect conformity with his character, he made the passion of the Russian governor's daughter conduce to the one great end which seems to have occupied his mind from the moment of his arrival at the place of his dismal exile; nor is it improbable that he had studied to excite that feeling so easily awakened in the breast of a sensitive girl by the relation, Othello-like, of imminent perils and hairs-breadth escapes, with a view to its furthering the accomplishment of his meditated enterprise.

BERENICE.

BERENICE, wife of Ptolemy Soter, king of Egypt, had previously been the concubine of a Macedonian officer named Philip. By him she had had a son named Magas, for whom she procured the government of Cyrenaiia and of Lybia. In the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Magas rebelled, erected the province which he governed into a kingdom, and maintained his new sovereignty until his death. Wishing, however, to be reconciled to the king of Egypt, whose half-brother he was, he proposed to him to give his daughter in marriage to Ptolemy's eldest son, who would thereby reunite the states of Magas to the Egyptian crown; but Magas was surprised by death before his project could be carried into execution.

His widow, named Arsinoë, or Apamea, sister to Antiochus Theos, king of Syria, who had not been consulted respecting the marriage of her daughter Berenice, sent word to Demetrius,

brother of Antigonus Gonatas, king of Macedonia, that if he would repair to her court he should have her daughter Berenice in marriage, and with her the crown. Demetrius, charmed at so advantageous a proposal, hastened to present himself to the princess. Demetrius was handsome; and Arsinoë no sooner beheld him than she conceived a violent passion for him, and proposed herself as his wife in lieu of her daughter. She was still young and handsome, and the power was in her hands; so that Demetrius consented without hesitation to this new arrangement; and from that moment he neglected the young princess who had been designed for his bride, and was even so imprudent as to treat the ministers and officers with hauteur.

A woman rarely endures with patience that another should be preferred to herself, still less that she herself should be treated with contempt. Berenice, provoked by the affront which had thus been offered to her, joined the malcontents, whose number was every day increasing. She herself led the conspirators to the chamber where her mother and Demetrius were sleeping; and the latter, notwithstanding the tears and efforts of Arsinoë, who interposed her body between him and the assassins, was killed in her arms.

After this signal revenge, Berenice married the young prince Ptolemy, for whom her father had designed her. Arsinoë was sent back to her brother in Syria, where she stirred up a long and violent war against the king of Egypt, to which Antiochus fell a victim. It was while he was employing all his strength in carrying on that war, that the kingdoms of Parthia and Bactriana were formed. A. M. 3748.

 BERNARD.

IN Hindostan there is a highly prized description of dancing girls to be found in the bazars, who are called *kenchanys*; that is, *gilded and flowered*, and who go to dance at the houses of the *omhras* or great officers of the empire, as well as to the *manselidars* or inferior officers. Formerly they had liberty to enter the seraglio; but the emperor Aurengzeb abolished that custom, and only permitted them to come every Wednesday, to make him a distant *salam* or reverence at the *amkas*, the place where he held his great assemblies.

At the court of this monarch there was a French physician named Bernard, who had a salary of ten crowns per day, and received much more from the women of the seraglio, and from the *omhras* whom he attended; but he spent very freely all that he gained, and especially with the *kenchanys*. He fell in love with one of these women, who was distinguished as well for her talents as for her youth and beauty. But her mother, apprehending that if she allowed the amour to proceed it might interfere with the exercise of her profession, the principle of which was dancing, never lost sight of her. This vigilance of the mother's made Bernard grow desperate; but at last his passion which, as is usually the case, grew stronger in proportion to the opposition which it encountered, suggested to him the means of indulging it.

One day, when the emperor was thanking Bernard at the *amkas*, and making him some presents for having cured a woman of the seraglio,

he begged of the prince to give him the young *kenchany* of whom he was enamoured, and who was standing behind the assembly with the rest of her troop, waiting to make the salam. He publicly declared his passion, and the obstacle which had opposed it. All the spectators laughed heartily to see him so much distressed by the cruelty of a girl of that class. Aurengzeb, after laughing like the rest, ordered that the girl should be given to him, without at all concerning himself about her being a Mahometan and the physician being a Christian. "Let her," said he, "be laid upon his shoulders, and let him carry her off." And immediately Bernard, being now too happy to care for the railleries of the assembly, allowed the *kenchany* to be put upon his back, and walked off with his amatory burden. A. D. 1650.

BERNARD (LE GENTIL.)

LE GENTIL BERNARD, a very pleasing poet, well known for his poem on "The Art of Love," was secretary-general of the dragoons. If his writings breathed pleasure and voluptuousness, they were a faithful image of his conduct. He had given himself up to the pursuit of pleasure, a course of life which had made early inroads on his constitution. The unfortunate Bernard was left in a kind of imbecility: his memory at least was so much affected, that he had forgotten everything.

The governor of Choissy had taken him into his house. Louis XV, in the course of conversa-

tion, once asked that nobleman how the poet was going on; and the duke described his sad condition. "But how has all this happened?" asked the monarch. "Sire, it is in consequence of his having formerly amused himself too freely; and of his having recently wished to play the young man." "Well, but is he really quite old?" rejoined the king. "Sire," answered the duke, "he is a year older than your majesty." A. D. 1772.

BERNIS.

THE abbé de Bernis, possessing wit and figure, but no fortune, went quite young to Paris, to pay his court to the blind goddess. Some delightful little compositions, in the best style of fugitive poetry, acquired him a reputation, and he was admitted into the best society at the houses of the duchess of Maine,* &c. &c.; but all this produced him nothing solid. Monsieur Boyer, bishop of Mirepoix, who had the *feuille des bénéfices*, even told the abbé, when he waited upon him, that he would grant him nothing if he did not relinquish the infernal occupation of making verses. That prelate was an enemy both to poets and to philosophers, on which account Voltaire called him the ass of Mirepoix.

When he was almost reduced to despair, the abbé de Bernis had the good fortune to make

* One of the *bon-mots* which he repeated at that lady's is well known. She asked him to explain the difference between herself and her time-piece. "Madam," said he, "your time-piece marks the hours; and when in your company, we forget them."

himself known to the marchioness de Pompadour, mistress to Louis XV, and then all-powerful. The young abbé's expectations now began to be realised. He was soon raised to the episcopacy, and at length became minister for foreign affairs. When he had arrived at this height of prosperity, he forgot what the marchioness had done for him: so at least it was thought; for it was said that that lady, after lavishing upon him her most intimate favours, had upbraided him with ingratitude, and had availed herself of the first opportunity to remove him from the ministry and from the court.

A few details respecting the abbé's rise and fall will perhaps be entertaining to the reader. It is said to have been marshal de Richelieu, to whom the abbé de Bernis had been recommended, who, in concert with the duchess d'Aiguillon, with whom the abbé had found favour, presented him to the marchioness:—others say, that it was the following pretty *chanson* which induced madame de Pompadour to take the abbé under her protection:—

Les Muses à Cythère
Faisaient un jour
Un éloge sincère
De Pompadour :
Le trio des Grâces sourit,
L'Amour applaudit,
Mais Venus bouda—
Au gué laulère,
Au gué laula.

The favourite sultana solicited a benefice for her protégé: but as M. de Mirepoix, besides his aversion for poetry, was unfriendly to M. de Richelieu, one of the supporters of the marchioness's suit, the benefice which the prelate had promised was given to another Madame de

Pompadour was enraged, and complained to Louis XV; who said in answer, speaking of his ministers, "You know I told you they had more power than I: but console yourself; I will do what I can: if your protégé cannot have a benefice, I promise you that he shall have a pension of six thousand livres upon the first bishopric."

Accordingly, M. de Mirepoix having, a short time after, presented to the king a nomination to a bishopric, the king, on signing it, levied this pension for the abbé de Bernis. The minister represented to his majesty that the pension was a large one. "If your protégé," answered the king, "will not have the bishopric, he is at liberty to decline it."

The following neat verses were addressed impromptu by the abbé de Bernis to the marchioness, on her asking him the question, What is love?

L'amour est un enfant, mon maître;
 Il l'est d' Iris, des bergers, et du roi:
 Il est fait comme vous, il pense comme moi;
 Mais il est plus hardi, peut-être.

An historian tells us, that the marchioness, who had done everything for the abbé de Bernis, imagined that her charms, which had lost their attraction for the monarch, ought still to retain their empire over *son éminence*; but that she found herself mistaken: this enraged her; but before she proceeded to ruin cardinal de Bernis, she resolved, in a final interview, to use the last resource of testifying to him all her tenderness. She found him cold and inflexible: then, giving loose to her anger, she vented it in the keenest reproaches, and declared to him that she would go and reduce him to the nothingness from which she had raised him.

After his disgrace, cardinal de Bernis was sent ambassador to Rome, where he rendered essential services to France, and where he died, in possession of the esteem of all who were acquainted with him. A.D. 1795.

BIRON.

GODFREY DE CAUMONT had married Margaret de Lustrac, widow of marshal de St André. From this marriage was born an only daughter, whose beauty and large fortune excited the desires and the cupidity of several young noblemen. This young lady's guardian, John d'Escars, seigneur de la Vauguyon, more attentive to his own interests than to those of his ward, forced her to marry his son, Claude d'Escars, known by the name of Careney.

This marriage reduced several aspirants to despair, and amongst others Charles de Biron, who afterwards rendered such services to the state. He was passionately in love with mademoiselle de Caumont, and had flattered himself that the reputation of his father, Arnaud de Biron, would cause the preference to be given to him. When he had no longer any hope of success, he sought the means of revenging himself on his more fortunate rival; nor was he long in finding the wished-for opportunity. A slight dispute having arisen, he sent him a challenge; and the meeting was appointed behind the faubourg St Marceau. M. de Careney took with him as seconds Charles d'Estistac, the only son and heir of that great family, and the sieur

Montpesac. M. de Biron had the address to place himself and his seconds, who were Messrs de Loignac and de Janissac, in such a manner that the snow, which was falling thickly, drove into the eyes of their antagonists, who were all three killed.

By this fatal event Anne de Caumont became a widow, and was again consigned to the control of her guardian. The viscount de Turenne, one of the leaders of the king of Navarre's party, assiduously paid court to this young and rich widow; but the duke de Mayenne contrived to carry her off, with the intention of marrying her to his son. The guardian wrote to the duke de Mayenne in these terms: "You have carried off a young lady of whom I am the guardian and father-in-law. Tomorrow morning, between seven and eight, I shall be behind the Chartreux, attended only by a footman, and with no other weapon than a sword: if you fail to meet me there, I shall not fail to find you out, to accost you, and to stab you, in whatever place it may happen to be."

The duke de Mayenne's mother, madame de Nemours, being apprised of this challenge, sent for her son, and said to him, "My son, the campaign which you have just made in Guyenne has not been a glorious one. The Catholics, as well as the Huguenots, say that your exploits, though at the head of a fine army, have amounted to no more than the capture of a hamlet and a girl: if you were now to go, at the age of thirty-two, to fight and kill an old man enfeebled by his wounds and the hardships of war, what would be said of you *then*?"—"But, madam," returned the duke, "would you have me expose myself to be pon-

uarded? I know this old man, and his immovable firmness in whatever he has once resolved upon. His office and mine bring us face to face twenty times a day; and he would stab me, though it were in the king's chamber—nay, at the very foot of the altar, if he could not meet with me elsewhere.”—“ Well, my son,” replied madame de Nemours, “ leave the management of this affair, until this evening, to me.”

She then went to the king and queen; and they, at her solicitation, sent for La Vauguyon. “ Sire,” said he to the king, “ since you are acquainted with the violence and the insult, you have doubtless ordered the duke de Mayenne to send back to me the young woman, my ward and daughter-in-law, whom he has dared to carry off. If your majesty neither has ordered nor does order him so to do, then I must exercise the right which every French gentleman possesses, of doing justice to himself when the sovereign has refused it him. M. de Mayenne knows what I have proposed to him: he did not deserve it; but I will not be an assassin, as he was to St Megrin. He is already warned; I shall meet him by myself, and shall stab him, though he should be surrounded by all his kindred, ready to avenge his death.”

As M. d'Escars was a man likely to do what he said, and as the consequences might be very serious, king Henry III ordered that the young widow should be set at liberty. The duke de Mayenne put her in the hands of the queen-mother, in the persuasion that the latter would consign her to the care of his mother, the duchess of Nemours. But notwithstanding this manœuvre, the marriage did not take place. Anne de

Caumont married some time after, by dispensation, Henry de Péruse d'Escars, brother to him whom Biron had killed. That nobleman having also died without issue, his widow gave her hand to Francis d'Orleans-Longueville, count de St Pol, and she died in the year 1642.

The M. de Biron who is the subject of this article was the same who was beheaded in the reign of Henry IV, for having conspired against the state with the duke of Savoy and the Spaniards.

BLOUNT.

(HIS SUICIDE).

CHARLES BLOUNT (the youngest son of sir Henry Blount) whose different literary productions had, about the year 1680, placed him at the head of the deistical writers of the age, died in a very extraordinary manner. On the decease of his wife, to whom he had been much attached, he paid his addresses to her sister, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, who accepted them with a proviso that the sanction of the church could be obtained for their espousals; when, notwithstanding that the case was drawn up with great perspicuity and ingenuity of argument by Blount himself, the decision of the divines to whom it was submitted was against him. The lady abided by it; and Blount, in consequence, shot himself through the head, August 1693.

BOCCACCIO.

ONE of the earliest productions of the great Italian novelist, 'L'Amorosa Fiametta, was occasioned by an amour at the court of Naples; Fiametta being the fictitious name by which he designated his mistress, who was supposed to be a natural daughter of the king. This is not the only instance in which love has had a principal share in developing the powers of the imagination, as in other instances we shall have occasion to observe.

In the early part of his life Boccaccio seems to have lived with considerable licence, and to have employed his pen in poetical works, and other compositions, of a free kind; but a conference with Petrarch at Milan, together with the prediction of some recluse or holy man, about this time, induced him to assume the clerical habit, and with it a new line of conduct. He had previously made himself numerous enemies among the ecclesiastics of all classes by the freedom of the satire contained in some parts of his 'Decameron' upon the frauds and licentiousness of priests and monks; in which particular there is a close resemblance between his great work and that of our illustrious countryman Chaucer. To this cause, indeed, may wholly be attributed the reprobation which these stories met with in Boccaccio's own time; for as to their freedom, independently of his taking his characters from among the clerical orders, it was undoubtedly tolerated by the manners of the age.

'The Hundred Tales of Love' ever have been, and still are, admired principally for the delicious

vein of natural feeling which many of them display. Every one reads them; and, according to the good old custom of society, most persons endeavour to atone for the satisfaction they derive from them in private, by vehemently reprobating their licentiousness in public.

BOLEYN (QUEEN ANNE).

THE mention of Anne Boleyn will probably remind the reader (in the character of Henry VIII) of lust, of caprice, of tyranny, of cruelty, of anything rather than love. Nevertheless, it is a part of English history, and in particular of the history of the English reformation, that the repudiation of Catherine of Arragon, and the commencement of the misunderstanding between king Henry and the pope, were owing to that monarch's love or passion for Anne Boleyn. There is, besides, something so truly affecting in the sacrifice of this delicate, and accomplished creature to the brutal caprice of her royal husband,—it so strongly excites our compassion for the one party, and our indignation against the other,—that we cannot refrain from treating this article somewhat in detail.

Anne Boleyn was descended, on the side of her mother, from the duke of Norfolk, whose daughter her father, sir Thomas Boleyn, had espoused. Anne was born in 1507, and carried to France, at seven years of age, by the sister of Henry VIII, who was given in marriage to Louis XII. After the death of Louis, his widow returned to her native country; but Anne re-

mained in France, in the service of Claudine, the wife of Francis I; and, after her decease, with the duchess of Alençon, a princess of singular merit. The beauty and accomplishments of Anne attracted, even at a very early age, great admiration at the French court.

The year of her return to England is uncertain; but it is certain that she became maid of honour to queen Catherine of Arragon; and that while she was in that situation Henry VIII had opportunities of observing her beauty and captivating manners. Anne quickly perceived her influence over the heart of the monarch, whose importunities, however, she resolutely resisted. The enamoured Henry, despairing of succeeding with the lady except upon honourable terms, was by her conduct stimulated to redouble his efforts to procure a release from his former engagements; for which purpose he resolved on applying to the court of Rome.

However, Henry's impatience suffered him not to wait for the dissolution of his union with Catherine; a private marriage united him with Anne Boleyn on the 14th of November 1532. The marriage was made public on the pregnancy of Anne, who, on Easter-eve 1533, was declared queen of England, and was crowned on the 1st of the following June. On the 7th of the ensuing September she was delivered of a daughter (afterwards queen Elizabeth) on whom was conferred the title of princess of Wales. During the six years that the divorce was pending, the attachment of Henry for Anne had appeared constant and fervent, his ardour seeming to increase with the obstacles that opposed it; but with the removal of those obstacles, his passion,

which opposition had served but to inflame, began to languish and visibly decay. The enemies of Anne, who were the first to perceive the change, eagerly sought to widen the breach. She had brought forth a dead son; a disappointment which produced upon the irritable temper of the monarch, whose desire for male offspring had been extreme, the most violent effects; while his superstition made the innocent mother accountable for this misfortune. But jealousy was the engine which the enemies of the queen most successfully employed for her destruction.

No real stigma has been thrown on the conduct of Anne; but a certain levity of spirit and gaiety of character, owing partly perhaps to her French education, rendered her manners unguarded. The rigid decorums practised at that time in the court of England, were peculiarly adverse to the frank and lively temper of Anne. More vain than proud, she took a coquettish pleasure in beholding the effect of her charms, and indulged herself in an easy familiarity with those who had formerly been her equals. Her popular manners offended the dignity of Henry; if the lover had been blind to the foibles of his mistress, the husband became but too quick-sighted to the indiscretions of his wife. Malignant persons barbarously misinterpreted the innocent freedoms of the queen, and aggravated Henry's suspicions. The viscountess Rochford, a woman of a profligate character, who had married the queen's brother, but who entertained a mortal hatred for her sister-in-law, poisoned the mind of the king by the most cruel insinuations; restrained neither by huma-

nity, truth, nor decency, she accused her own husband of a criminal intercourse with his sister; and not content with a slander so wicked and injurious, she affected to construe into marks of particular affection, every obliging word or action of the queen to those who by their offices had access to her presence.

Henry Norris, Weston, and Brereton, gentlemen of the king's chamber, were, with Mark Smeton, groom of the chamber, observed to be favoured with the friendship of Anne, whom they served with zeal and attachment. The jealousy of the king, which had no particular facts for its foundation, seized on the slightest circumstances; it was the jealousy of pride rather than of love, and being subject to no alternations of suspicion and remorse, was stern, severe, and unrelenting.

A passion for a new object had vanquished, in the heart of the capricious despot, the small remains of tenderness for Anne, who was supplanted in his affections (or rather in his appetites) by Jane, daughter of Sir John Seymour, a young lady of singular beauty and merit. Henry, desirous of raising to his bed and throne the new object of his fancy, lent an eager ear to every suggestion, however lightly founded, that tended to criminate the unhappy Anne.

His jealousy first manifested itself at a tournament at Greenwich, where the queen having let fall her handkerchief, he construed this accident into a signal of gallantry, and retiring instantly from the place, sent orders to confine her to her chamber. Norris, Brereton, Weston, and Smeton, were, together with the viscount Rochford, immediately arrested and thrown into prison.

Anne, astonished at this violence and injustice on an occasion so slight and inadequate, was willing to persuade herself that the king meant merely to try her; but, convinced at length that he was but too much in earnest, she reflected seriously on his inflexible temper, and prepared herself for what was to ensue.

She was the next day sent to the Tower, and on her way thither informed of what she had until then been unconscious of, the crimes and misdemeanours alleged against her. Unaffectedly astonished at the atrocity of the accusation, she made earnest protestations of her innocence, and, as she entered the prison, fell on her knees, calling God to witness how guiltless she was of the offences so lightly imputed to her. Thrown by surprise and confusion into an hysterical malady, she frankly confessed, in the intervals of the disorder, some levities and indiscretions which her vivacity had led her to commit, and of which the simplicity of the confession afforded a proof of her innocence. She owned that she had once rallied Norris on his delaying to marry, by telling him that he probably waited till she should become a widow. She had also, she said, reproved Weston for his attentions to a kinswoman of hers, and his indifference towards his wife: when he had told her in reply, that she had mistaken the object of his affections, and intimated that it was herself to whom he was devoted. But this temerity had not, she declared, been suffered to pass without a severe reproof. She also affirmed that Smeton had been only twice in her chamber, both times to play on her harpsichord: yet, she acknowledged, he had once had the presumption to tell her that “a

look sufficed him." The king, predetermined to find her guilty, considered these confessions, not as proofs of her simplicity and candour, but as presumptive evidence of her guilt.

The sweetness and beneficence of Anne's temper had, during her prosperity, made her numberless friends; but in her falling fortunes no one afforded her either assistance or support; no one even attempted to interpose between her and the fury of the king; she, whose appearance had dressed every face in smiles, was now abandoned, unpitied and alone, to her adverse destiny. Her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, with whom the ties of party were stronger than those of blood, appeared among her most implacable enemies. The Catholics trusted that by her death the king's quarrel with Rome would be accommodated, that he would resume his natural bent, and return to the bosom of the church. Cranmer only, of all the adherents of Anne, still retained for her his friendship; and by every means in his power sought to soften the animosity of the king. Anne addressed to her husband, from the Tower, a letter of tender expostulation and complaint, full of protestations of her innocence; of which the following is a literal copy:—

"Sir,—Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to excuse I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you knew to be mine ancient and professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I

shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

“ But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn:—with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace’s pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace’s fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges: yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open cen-

sure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty both before God and man not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

“But, if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

“My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace’s displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

“Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

“ANNE BOLEYN.”

This address, so pathetic and elegant, failed to touch the heart of a tyrant, which pride and selfish gratification had steeled. Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeton, were brought to trial; but no legal evidence was produced against them. A hearsay report from a lady Wingfield, since dead, was the principal proof of their guilt. By a vain hope of life, Smeton was at length induced to confess a criminal correspondence with the queen; a confession which little availed him, and from which even her enemies despaired of gaining any advantage:—he was never confronted with Anne, but was immediately executed; as were also Weston and Brereton. To Norris, who had been a favourite with the king, an offer was made of life, on condition that he would criminate the queen. Magnanimously disdaining the baseness proposed to him, he declared that in his conscience he believed her wholly guiltless; that he would accuse her of nothing; and that rather than calumniate an innocent person, he would die a thousand deaths.

The queen and her brother were tried by a jury of peers; their uncle, the duke of Norfolk, presiding as lord high steward. The evidence of incest amounted to no more than that Rochford had been seen, in company, to lean on his sister's bed. Anne also, it was said, had affirmed to her favourites that the king had never possessed her heart, and that to each of them apart she had declared that *he only* was the object of her attachment. This strained interpretation of guilt was brought under the statute of the twenty-fifth of the king's reign, by which it was declared treasonable to throw any slander upon the king, the queen, or their issue. Such absurdities were, in

those times, admitted as a justification for sacrificing an innocent woman and a queen to the caprice of a cruel and arbitrary tyrant.

Anne, though unassisted by counsel, defended herself with so much clearness and presence of mind, that the spectators unanimously believed her to be guiltless. Judgment was, however, passed by the court against both her and her brother; she was sentenced to be beheaded or burned, according to the king's pleasure. "Oh! Father," said she, lifting up her eyes, when this dreadful sentence was pronounced,—“Oh Creator, thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this death!” Then, turning to the judges, she pathetically declared her innocence.

The queen, hopeless of redress, and resigned to her fate, prepared herself to submit without repining. In her last message to the king, she acknowledged obligation to him for having advanced her from a private gentlewoman, first to the rank of a marchioness, and afterwards to the throne; and now, since he could raise her no higher in this world, he was sending her to be a saint in heaven. She earnestly recommended her daughter to his care, and renewed her protestations of innocence and fidelity. She made the same declaration before the lieutenant of the Tower, and to every person who approached her; at the same time behaving with perfect serenity. “The executioner,” said she to the lieutenant, “is, I hear, very expert; and my neck (grasping it with her hand, and laughing *heartily*, says the historian, but we suspect it to have been *hysterically*) is very slender.”

Anne Boleyn's innocence of the charges brought

against her, can scarcely be questioned. Henry himself knew not whom to accuse as her lover; no proof was brought against any of the persons named. Irregularities, so atrocious as those implied in the accusation against her, could not have been concealed. But the king made for her an effectual apology, by marrying Jane Seymour the very day succeeding that on which Anne had been immolated. In his impatience to gratify his new caprice, humanity, policy, and decency, were violated without remorse or hesitation.

BOURBON (CHARLES, CONSTABLE OF)

THE annals of love and revenge have seldom recorded more fatal consequences attendant on slighted passion than is exhibited in the history of the celebrated constable of Bourbon. This highly-gifted but unfortunate warrior was of the Montpensier branch of Bourbon, descended from Robert of France, the sixth son of St Louis, by his wife Margaret of Provence. He was himself the second son of Gilbert de Montpensier, who was born in 1489, and lost his life at Naples. His illustrious birth, fine figure, and martial qualities, much endeared him in the first instance to Francis I, king of France, to whose mother, Louisa of Savoy, countess of Angoulême, he was unhappily an object of still greater interest. Between this princess and Anne of France, usually called the lady of Beaujeu, who had been regent during the minority of her brother, Charles VIII, great enmity existed. The latter, who had retained considerable influence until

the accession of Francis, could not coolly perceive it give way to the natural ascendancy acquired by the countess as mother to the sovereign. Thus excited, the lady of Beaujeu, in order to take away all hope from the countess of Angoulême, who, being some years older than Bourbon, had not inspired him with a mutual regard, offered him in marriage her own daughter, Suzanne de Bourbon, the sole issue of her marriage with Peter of Bourbon. This advantageous proposal was instantly accepted; and with the greater joy, as Suzanne de Bourbon had some territorial claims as the senior of the house of Bourbon, which interfered with those of her proposed husband.

This marriage accordingly took place, on which, with a kindred spirit to that displayed by the lady of Beaujeu, the countess gave her own daughter to the duke of Alençon, to whom Suzanne de Bourbon had been first promised, in the hope that he would join in her schemes of vengeance on Bourbon. Passion, however, in the first instance proved too strong for revenge; and still hoping that she might soften the heart of the insensible prince, she changed her mind, and used her ascendancy with the king her son, to induce him to bestow upon Bourbon the sword of constable. He could not but be softened by these attentions; and if he had been of a disposition to take advantage of her weakness in his favour, although married, he might have profited by her maternal influence over the king to almost any extent. Bourbon was, however, too lofty a man for this interested and dishonourable feigning; and his indifference was changed into a strong sentiment of aversion, when the piqued coun-

tess gave the command of the vanguard of the army in the march to Valenciennes, the official privilege of Bourbon as constable, to her son-in-law the duke of Alençon. Irritated in the extreme, he let expressions escape him in regard to the countess which redoubled her resentment. Insensible to her love, she was determined that he should feel her power. He was deprived of his government of Milan; his pensions were unpaid, on pretence of the exhaustion of the royal treasury; and nothing was left undone that could either injure his interests or add to his mortification.

All these insults and injuries were encountered by the constable with the most haughty disdain; and the unhappy countess was studying farther means of vengeance, when an event occurred, which, by inspiring her with renewed hope, once more arrested the baleful current of her feelings. Suzanne de Bourbon, the wife of the constable, died without leaving any children; and on the countess, as heir-at-law, devolved those claims on the estates of the constable which this marriage had temporarily superseded. Thus possessed of the power of marring his fortune, or at least of subjecting him to a ruinous law-suit, she once more held out the olive-branch, or rather the myrtle, and had it intimated to him that her hand was at his service. The heart of the spirited prince had, however, by this time, become as diseased as that of the countess but with totally contrary feelings. He not only rejected the proposition with disdain, but resisting all persuasion, and braving every sort of menace, he indulged himself in bitter raileries on her age and imprudence, and reduced her

once more to a state in which she could listen to no other suggestions than those of revenge and despair.

Thus impelled, she immediately laid claim not only to the rich inheritance of Suzanne de Bourbon, but to the claims of that princess on a portion of the estates of the constable. Such was the extraordinary passion which the countess entertained for the object of her persecution, it is recorded that she still entertained a hope that a prince who had been accustomed to the expenditure of a sovereign, when he saw himself about to be reduced to comparative poverty, would take her to his arms in preference to ruin. The mistake was equally fatal to France, to the fortune and reputation of the king her son, and to the high-spirited object of her love and hatred.

Whatever rationally legal claims the countess of Angoulême might possess on the inheritance of his deceased wife, she carried them to an extent which was sanctioned neither by law nor equity. By the aid, however, of the infamous chancellor du Prat, she triumphed in her suit, and obtained an order for the sequestration of the estates of the constable. Even when on the point of passing sentence, she endeavoured to conciliate the man who had so unconquerable a hold upon her inclinations. His aversion, inflamed as it now was by accumulated injuries, was insurmountable; and to exhibit it as strongly as possible, he demanded in marriage the princess Renée of France, who was refused him. At length his patience gave way, and, unhappily for himself and for France, he took that fatal course which has rendered him one of the most memorable historical examples on record of the

fatal effect of female love and resentment on the fortunes of a man whom nature had endowed with qualifications of the highest class, and who seemed ordained to be at once an ornament and support to his native country.

That machiavelian policy of Charles V, which always led him to seek assistance from the intestine divisions of his enemies, had for some time before opened a communication between that prince and the constable. Unhappily for his good name, stimulated by rage and resentment on the one hand, and ambition on the other, these negociations now concluded in an arrangement, in which the constable, on the promise of receiving the emperor's sister Eleanor with a great portion in marriage, undertook to join that prince and Henry VIII of England in an invasion of France, out of the dismembered territories of which he was to have Provence and Dauphiny, with the title of a kingdom. This dangerous conspiracy having been discovered by Francis before it was ripe for execution, Bourbon escaped with great difficulty into Italy. Here he was declared the emperor's lieutenant-general, and, in conjunction with Pescara, he drove the French out of the Italian territories. He also subsequently contributed materially to the celebrated victory over Francis I at Pavia, which terminated in the capture of that prince; and he followed the captive monarch to Madrid, in order to be near at hand to treat concerning his own interests. Charles received him with much distinction, but the Spanish sense of honour made him feel that in the eyes of the nation his success did not varnish over his treason. The marquis of Villena being desired by the emperor

to accommodate Bourbon with his palace at Toledo, said that he could not refuse his sovereign's request, but hoped that he should stand excused if he burnt it to the ground the moment that Bourbon had left it, as having harboured a traitor. At the same time, the emperor refused to give him his sister; but, on the death of Pescara, he made him his general-in-chief in Italy, and bestowed upon him a grant of the duchy of Milan, of which he took possession, and drove out the late duke Sforza by force. His motley army, however, consisting of fierce and rapacious Spanish and German mercenaries, were not to be satisfied without a full payment of arrears, and the advance of promised donations; and in order to raise money for these purposes, Bourbon was not only obliged to practise great violence and oppression on the citizens of Milan, but with views of plunder to advance with his army into the heart of Italy. Rome and Florence both trembled on his advance. After quelling a mutiny which few men could have appeased but himself, the former became the declared object of his attack. "My children," said he to the soldiery, with whom he often sang satirical ballads, and walked side by side, "I am a poor cavalier, not a penny richer than you are: we will make our fortunes together."

The irresolute pope Clement VII long endeavoured by treaties and negotiations to avert the storm, instead of making effectual preparations for resistance; until on May 5, 1527, Bourbon's army came in sight of the metropolis of the Christian world. The next day was destined for the assault; on the morning of which he put a white vest over his armour, in order, as he said,

to be more conspicuous both to friends and enemies. Thus decorated, he led on a furious attack, which being gallantly resisted, on seeing his men waver he leaped from his horse, and snatching a scaling ladder from a soldier began to ascend. At the same instant a musket-ball pierced his groin, and he fell. Feeling his wound to be mortal, he desired the bye-standers to cover his body with a cloak, that it might not be seen by his men, and in a few minutes after expired.

Thus died Charles duke of Bourbon, rendered by the revenge engendered by slighted passion, a traitor to his king and country, and the author of an enterprise which for several months filled a great metropolis with every horror and calamity that military licentiousness can inflict. That he endured great provocation, and possessed great qualities, is allowed on all sides; and few instances exist of such striking results from amatory causes, as that supplied by the fall and fortunes of this high-spirited but indefensible martyr to female revenge.

BOURGES.

CLEMENCE DE BOURGES, the descendant of a respectable family at Lyons, was born in the sixteenth century. The contemporary of Louise Labé (*la belle Cordière*) she was no less distinguished for her talents and acquirements. She added to an irreproachable life the charms of genius, and all the graces of her sex. Celebrated for her poetical compositions, and her skill in

music, a congenial taste for the fine arts united Clémence in strict friendship with Louise, whose conduct at length relaxed the bond, and compelled her more exemplary friend, with whatever reluctance, to dissolve the connexion. To the affectionate heart of Clémence, whom a severer trial yet awaited, this separation occasioned the most poignant regret.

Jean de Peyrat, son of a lieutenant-general at Lyons, a brave and gallant officer, had won the affections of Clémence de Bourges. The lovers were already betrothed, when Jean, a captain in the light-horse, was called to the siege of Beaurepaire in Dauphiny; and, on the 30th of September 1561, received, in fighting against the Huguenots, a mortal wound. Clémence, in the ensuing year, fell a martyr to grief, and followed her lover to the grave. Honoured and esteemed in the place of her birth, her funeral, celebrated with extraordinary pomp, was attended by a numerous train of the most distinguished Lyonnese, who, their heads crowned with flowers, followed the corpse. The memory of her talents and virtues was consecrated in the writings of the first poets of the age. Her compositions, smooth and harmonious, are esteemed for their chasteness and poetical taste.

BOURIGNON.

ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON, a singular enthusiast of the seventeenth century, was born at Lisle, in Flanders, in 1616. She appeared so much deformed at her birth, that it was debated in the

family for some days, whether the infant ought to be permitted to live; but as she grew older, her figure improved. She gave early indications of an extraordinary character; at four years of age she was disturbed by the immorality of the people of Lisle, and desired to be carried into a country of *Christians*; for she could not be persuaded that persons whose conduct was so opposite to the precepts of Jesus Christ, had any title to be called by his name.

Her father and mother had frequent domestic disagreements; the little Antoinette, on these occasions, took the part of her mother, and endeavoured to soften her father, whose temper was harsh and severe, by her infant caresses. From these scenes, which made a strong impression upon her mind, she conceived an aversion to marriage. "May God grant that I may never marry," was her daily prayer. Thus early disgusted with the world, she threw all the ardour of her mind, as she advanced to maturity, into devotion, and sought to wean herself from the objects of sense, to unite herself more intimately to her creator.

"It is observed in her life," says Bayle, "that God gave her the gift of chastity and decorum in so surprising a degree, that she has often said that she never in her life knew, not even by temptation or surprise, the least thought which was unworthy of the chastity and purity of the virgin state. St Teresa says of herself, that she was favoured with the same grace; but Antoinette Bourignon possessed it in so abundant a manner, that it redounded on those who were with her. Her presence and conversation diffused such an odour of continency as made those who conversed

with her as insensible in this respect as herself. In school-terms, the surprising chastity of this maid might be called not only immanent but transitive, since its effects were diffused outwardly, and did not terminate in her own person. I think that your mystical people rather use the word penetrative; for I remember that a Carthusian observes, 'That the Holy Virgin had a penetrative virginity, whereby those who looked upon her, although she was so beautiful, had none but chaste thoughts.' . . . Generally speaking, women do not desire that this gift should have a great sphere of activity; nor, setting aside those who pronounce vows, is the gift of continency much regarded. St Augustine asks it, and is afraid of being taken at his word; wherefore he desires God not to make too much haste."

Her father, incapable of entering into these refinements, and desirous of establishing his daughter in life, promised her in marriage to a Frenchman who solicited her hand; and, without considering the consent of Antoinette as essential to the engagement, appointed Easter-day, in 1630, for the celebration of the nuptials. The young lady fled, to avoid a measure so coercive, disguised in the habit of a hermit; but was stopped at Blacire, a village of Hainault, on suspicion of her sex. An officer of the guard had seized her; and, notwithstanding her transitive gift of chastity, it was with some difficulty that she was delivered by the curate of the place; who, observing in her something extraordinary, mentioned her to the archbishop of Cambray, by whom she was sent back to her father.

Being persecuted soon after with fresh proposals of matrimony, she absconded a second time

to avoid a compulsion which appeared to her so odious. She once more made a visit to the archbishop, and obtained his permission to form in the country a small community of young women, who, like herself, should determine to abjure the nuptial tie. She had conceived an aversion for a cloister, having early learned that the spirit of the gospel must not be sought for in convents. The archbishop afterwards retracting the licence he had granted her, Antoinette retired to Liege, whence she returned privately to Lisle, where she resided many years in great privacy and simplicity.

Her patrimonial estate at length falling to her, she determined at first to reject it; but afterwards altered this resolution, for which she gave the following reasons:—"First, that it might not come into the hands of those who had no right to it. Secondly, that it might not be possessed by those who would make an ill use of it. Thirdly, that God had shewed her she should have occasion for it for his glory." This patrimony, which she wisely resolved to accept, appears to have been somewhat considerable. Her habits were simple, and her wants few; she bestowed no charities, because she found none but sinners to relieve; her wealth, therefore, daily accumulated. John de Saulieu, the son of a peasant, became enamoured of the lady's riches, and resolved to address her. With that view he assumed the prophetic character, but, like the oracles of old, with great wariness; and insinuated himself into the confidence of the pious Antoinette by discourses of refined spirituality. At length he threw off the mask, and avowed more earthly motives: his suit was listened to

with little complacency, and rather severely checked. On finding his mistress thus intractable, the lover—so inoperative was the diffusive power once more—grew desperate, and obliged her to apply to the magistracy for protection. This furious innamorato threatened, if denied admission, to break his mistress's doors and windows, and to murder her, though he should be hanged for it in the market-place of Lisle. The provost, to whom the distressed damsel had recourse for protection, sent two armed men to guard her house. Saulieu, in revenge, basely attempted to blast the reputation of the woman who had despised alike his arts and his menaces; he reported in the town that she had promised him marriage, and that she had even suffered him to anticipate its privileges. A reconciliation was, however, effected between them; Saulieu was persuaded to retract his slanders, and to leave mademoiselle Bourignon at liberty; when a young devotee, more complacent, consoled him for his disappointment.

But our fair recluse had not yet come to the end of her persecutions. The nephew of the curate of St Andrew's conceived a passion for her; and, as he resided in her neighbourhood, frequently attempted to force an entrance into her house. Antoinette threatened to abandon the place, if she was not relieved from the presumption of this new and adventurous lover, whose uncle, on her complaints, drove him from his house. The young man's passion was, by the cruelty of his mistress, converted into rage; and, in a fit of desperation, he discharged a musket through her chamber window, while he affirmed among the neighbours that she was his

wedded wife. The devotees, offended by the report, threatened to affront mademoiselle Bourignon, should they meet her in the streets: the preachers were obliged to interfere, and to publish from the pulpit the injured lady's innocence. According to Bayle, Antoinette was not sorry to let the public know that she had appeared so lovely to some men that they were mad to marry her. "Old maids are pleased with such stories."

Some time after these adventures; Antoinette was chosen governess of an hospital, in which, having taken the habit and order of St Augustine, she shut herself up in 1658. In this situation a new and strange calamity befell her. The hospital was infected with sorcery, all the young women within its walls having made a compact with the devil. The governess was taken up on this extraordinary occasion, and examined before the magistrates of Lisle. Nothing, however, was proved against her before her enlightened examiners; but, to prevent further persecution, she wisely determined to abandon her station. She then retired to Ghent in 1662, where God discovered to her some great secrets.

About this period she acquired a faithful friend, who remained attached to her through life, and who left her at his death a good estate. This gentleman, whose name was de Cort, was one of the fathers of the Oratory. He was the first *spiritual child* of madame de Bourignon; of which term the following quotation may afford an explanation:—"It is certainly known by all who are acquainted with Antoinette Bourignon (let wicked and impious scoffers say what they please) that when any persons received, by her conversation or writings, light and strength to forsake the

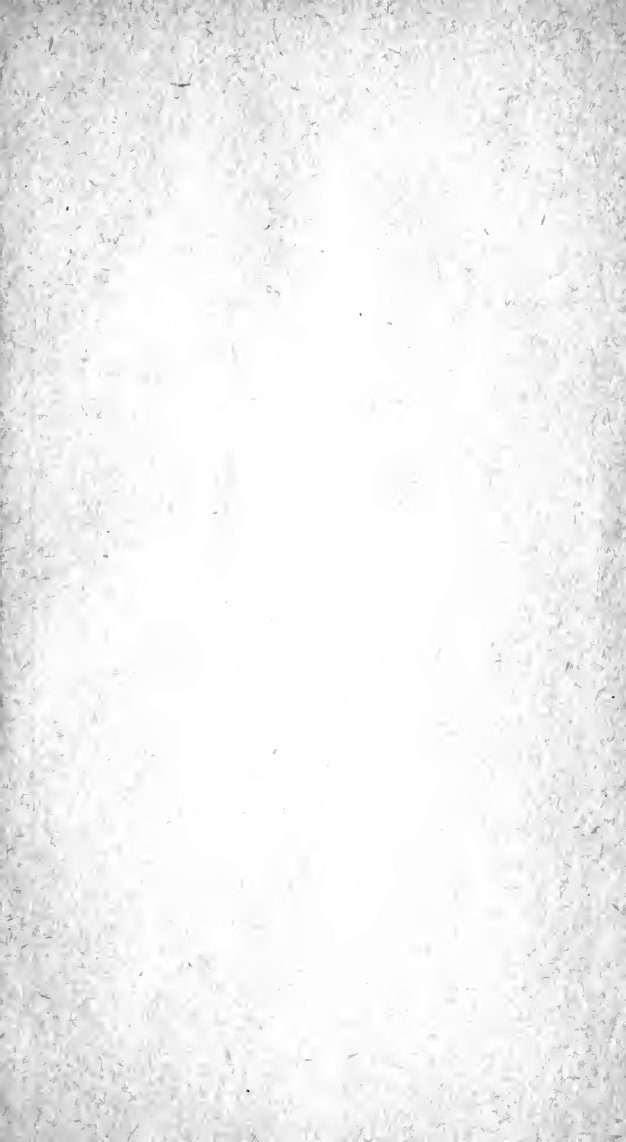
world and give themselves to God, she felt pains and throbs similar to those of a woman in childbirth, as it is said of her whom St John saw in the 12th of the Revelations. She experienced these pains in a greater or smaller degree, in proportion as the truths she had delivered had more or less strength in their operation on the souls of these her spiritual offspring."

But it is high time for us to dismiss mademoiselle de Bourignon. We have related quite as much of her history as had anything to do with earthly love; nor would she have appeared in our pages at all, except to shew the intimate connexion between female mysticism and the very ideas and adventures it often affects to be most repugnant to. The "Lux Mundi," and other works of this singular, selfish, and unamiable enthusiast, afford many striking instances of the grossness at least of her imagination; and otherwise prove—as the secret history of the cloister would still more irresistibly demonstrate—that premeditated schemes to overcome nature, in respect to the most mysterious and general of her sympathies, serve only to concentrate attention upon the facts and associations which it is especially intended to conceal and prevent. The fanatical career of this extraordinary woman, and its extraordinary consequences for a while, will be found pleasantly epitomised in the Historical and Critical Dictionary of Bayle.

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