

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS

For FEBRUARY, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—THE MOST SPLENDID AND ELEGANT COURT-DRESS.

A white satin petticoat, covered with gold spangle scaling, ornamented round the bottom and draperies, with a deep border of white velvet, embroidered in an elegant pattern of gold; and finished with a rich fringe of the same. Body and train of purple velvet, trimmed with a similar fringe; pocket-holes ornamented with a rich gold cord and tassels. Crescent stomacher of gold mosaic, finished with a splendid diamond brooch; front of the sleeves ornamented with the same.

Diamond necklace, earrings and bracelets. Hair à-la-Madonna, ornamented with a gold net; confined at the back of the head with a diamond comb and star, from whence descend court lappets of Brussels lace. Two curled ostrich feathers placed towards the left side. Plain tucker of lace corresponding with the lappets, brought to a point at the centre of the bosom. Shoes of ruby velvet, embroidered and trimmed with gold. Gloves of superfine French kid, worn above the elbow. Fan of carved ivory, with ruby stud; mount of ruby crape, richly embroidered with gold and spangles.

#### CHINESE COSTUME.

##### No. 2.—A MANDARIN OF DISTINCTION, IN HIS HABIT OF CEREMONY.

The dress of a Chinese is suited to the gravity of his demeanour. It consists, in general, of a long vest extending to the ankle; the sleeves are wide at the shoulder, are gradually narrower at the wrist, and are rounded off in the form of a horse-shoe, covering the whole hand when it is not lifted up. No man of rank is allowed to appear in public without boots, which have no heels, and are made of satin, silk, or calico. In full dress he wears a long silk gown, generally of a blue colour, and heavily embroidered; over this is placed a surcoat of silk, which reaches to the hand, and descends below the knee. From his neck is

suspended a string of costly coral beads. His cap is edged with satin, velvet, or fur, and on the crown is a red ball with a peacock's feather hanging from it: these are badges of distinction conferred by the Emperor. The embroidered bird upon the breast is worn only by mandarins high in civil rank, while the military mandarins are distinguished by an embroidered dragon. All colours are not suffered to be worn indiscriminately. The Emperor, and the princes of the blood only, are allowed to wear yellow; although violet colour is sometimes chosen by mandarins of rank on days of ceremony. The common people seldom wear any other than blue or black, and white is universally adopted for mourning.—The Chinese carefully avoid every word or gesture which may betray either anger or any violent emotion of the mind. They entertain the highest reverence for their parents, and respect for the aged. They are enthusiastic admirers of virtue, and venerate the memory of such of their nation as have been celebrated for a love of justice and of their country. With this singular people neither riches nor birth can ever establish the smallest claim to honours; personal merit is the sole basis upon which any man can raise himself to distinguished rank. Talents and virtue are indispensably requisite for those in power; and where they are deficient, every adventitious or hereditary pretension is totally disallowed.

##### No. 3.—A LADY OF DISTINCTION, IN HER HABIT OF CEREMONY.

This is, properly, the figure of a Tartar lady. The women of that country are said to decline imitating their neighbours in the custom of misfashioning their feet; in every other respect—in manners, dress, and features—they accurately resemble the Chinese.

This figure represents a female of the highest class in her finest habit. The outer dress is of embroidered satin, which is placed upon or of silk; under this they have a kind of waistcoat, and next their persons is worn a silken net. They constantly wear drawers which are of materials adapted to the season; their gown

reach almost from the chin to the ground; the long sleeves conceal their hands, and their faces only are perceptible.

Transparent drapery, or clothes fitted exactly to the shape, would be held in China as outrages upon decency; the police of that correct country never tolerating such public exhibitions. The fashions of the Chinese never vary; they are almost of antediluvian invention, and are perhaps emblematic of the stability of their affections.

Those ladies who are advanced in years confine themselves to dresses of the graver colours, such as dark violet or black. A tobacco-pipe and a handkerchief are frequently carried in their hands; with the use of the former they are by no means unacquainted, blending the fumes of that plant with the most fragrant oriental odours. The Chinese women are familiar with the art of painting their skins, using a composition of white and red, which imposes a sort of enamel appearance upon their complexions. They pretend that the latter colour is of a less pernicious quality than what is used in Europe; but we must imagine that their joint association is equally efficacious, with any disguise of the kind, in destroying natural bloom, and inducing premature wrinkles. They do not however adopt factitious charms with any design to allure or to deceive the multitude by concealing the evil condition of their minds or of their bodies; the motive originates from the anxiety to render themselves more excellent in the eyes of one man—that man the sole acknowledged guardian of their existence. Upon this principle, the solicitous care of a Chinese lady to heighten her natural beauties, becomes in many cases as innocently superfluous as it would be to attempt the brightening of the lustre of a polished gem, or improving the hue and perfume of a rose.

The features of these women are remarkably small and feminine; their eyes emulate the colour and vivacity of those of the antelope. A Chinese has only one wife, but generally as many handmaids to wait upon her as his fortune will support. A state of virtuous widowhood is held in high esteem, and this esteem is secured by her having very little intercourse with society, and by being attended only by domestics of her own sex.

After the manner of other Asiatics, modesty and taciturnity are the peculiar ornaments of the Chinese ladies, who are brought up in seclusion and retirement; and who, like many curious flowers, born equally to blush unseen, are reared by their proprietors, come to maturity, fade, and die in their possession.

## GENERAL REMARKS

### ON THE MOST

#### SELECT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON;

#### WITH A COMPLETE DELINEATION OF BIRTH-DAY DRESSES.

ALTHOUGH the description of the Birth-day attire will necessarily occupy a large space in our pages of fashionable intelligence, and oblige us to confine our general remarks within a narrower compass than usual, yet before we enter on our delineations of court splendour, we shall endeavour to collect for our numerous correspondents, information on that style of costume which, though less brilliant, is more generally essential.

The appropriate decorations for the anniversary of a Birth-day, cannot be consistently adopted on every public occasion; but the style, colours, and texture of the articles which compose this species of attire, may justly be considered as the standard of fashion for the season. On this subject, however, our anxiety to promote that duly organized system of adornment which is the offspring of a correct taste, and chaste fancy, induces us to offer a few remarks on that essential part of personal decoration which we denominate a just appropriation. In the beginning of this popular work will be found recommendatory observations on the choice of colours adapted to the several complexions and seasons; and of that varied style of costume which best decorates the several figures they are destined to array; and we have ever insisted on the imposing effect which such an attention produces.

Agreeably to our former sentiments on this head, we cannot but express our disapprobation at the introduction of the colours of lilac, pale blue, green, and pale pink, at a season when the deep and glowing shades which dispense a sort of imaginary warmth, accord best with the association of our feelings. We wish to be as liberal in our remarks as we are select in our delineations; and we will not therefore suppose in those fair fashionables any narrow motive, who chilled us on the 15th of January with those pale hues which were more properly adapted to the 4th of June. Many splendid, appropriate, and tasteful dresses were predominant; and the amaranth, ruby, purple, *coquelicot*, and bright amber, were universal. Velvet trains of these animating colours were very general on the Birth-day; and we did not remark more than two dresses of cloth or kerseymere. Indeed the chief quality which recommended this last mentioned article for robes and trains, is the gracefulness and pliancy



with which they yield to the varied movements of the figure; in point of lustre, richness, and beauty of surface, they must ever give place to velvet, brocade sarsnet, and gossamer satin; articles which now compose both evening robes and morning pelisses. Mantles and coats are still, however, formed of kerseymere, or Georgian cloth; and are thus constructed both becoming and appropriate. Since our last communication little novelty is observable in the general formation of these articles; except the Hungarian wrap, we have remarked nothing particularly striking in this line. This graceful habit is usually formed of velvet, or brocade sarsnet, generally shaded, and lined throughout with a correspondent silk; it has large loose sleeves, and the skirt (which flows loose from the back and shoulders) is wrapt in varied folds round the figure by the disposition of the hands. Long mantles of Devonshire, or cinamon-brown velvet, trimmed round with broad leopard skin, or chinchilli, and worn with bonnets of the same, are very fashionable and attractive. Sable caps, and fur of various qualities, are now much in esteem; indeed we never remember the period when skins of every kind were so much in fashionable request. Gowns are now formed in adverse extremes, either very low on the back and shoulders, or sitting high in the neck behind; and worn with an antique ruff of fine lace, brought to a point in front of the bosom. The Savoyard dress of cloth, or velvet, is formed in this style, buttoned and laced with silver up the front. Polish vests of blue, or ruby satin, trimmed with silver or ermine, and worn with a short train dress of muslin, are considered very elegant and select.

Some few head-dresses of gold and silver tissue, spangled velvet, or embroidered cloth, are observable at the Opera; but in full dress the hair in the Chinese and antique style, ornamented with gold, or fancy combs, tiaras, aigrettes, and bandeaus, worn low on the forehead, is most distinguishing and fashionable. The bosoms of white dresses are chiefly composed of lace, and though variously constructed always sit close to the bust. Long sleeves are more universal than ever; in full dress they are composed of lace, transparent net, or silver embroidery. The most novel and fashionable short sleeve is of the Spanish form, sloped away in front of the arm, and hanging in a point below the elbow behind, where it is terminated with a tassel. A little variation is observable in trinkets since our last Number. For a more enlarged and splendid representation, we conduct our fair readers to the following delineation of Court-dresses.

## LADIES' DRESSES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*Her Majesty*.—As usual on her own birthday, was not very splendid; her dress was composed of British point, interspersed with gold Turkish tissue; the draperies tied up with rich pearl bows, and rich gold cords and tassels, gold fringe at the bottom of the petticoat; the mantle of purple and gold tissue, trimmed with gold fringe.

*The Princess of Wales*.—Displayed her usual elegance in a dress of amethyst-coloured velvet, the train and petticoat richly embroidered with a superb gold and silver Vandyke border, with a most magnificent diamond-cut steel fringe round the train and pocket-holes, which, from its peculiar elegance and effect, surpassed all we ever saw, the drapery most elegantly ornamented with magnificent diamonds, forming wreaths of roses and beautiful stars, the body and sleeves superbly studded with diamonds, the pocket-holes and belt richly embroidered to correspond with the drapery. Her Royal Highness wore a superb head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers. The whole had a most magnificent effect.

*Princess Charlotte of Wales*.—A silver tissue frock, covered with Brussels lace; diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a diamond comb. Her Royal Highness is very much grown and improved in person since last year.

*Princess Augusta*.—A rich lilac satin petticoat richly embroidered; the sashes with a rich gold border representing chesnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side with a very rich border on black velvet, the drapery on the right side with rich points, and a very elegant black and gold border at the bottom of the petticoat; the effect was truly beautiful; train of lilac and gold.

*Princess Elizabeth*.—A rich brown satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, and enriched with point lace in sweeping draperies; the sleeves of point lace. Train of brown satin, embroidered with gold. Head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds and feathers.

*Princess Mary*.—A superb embroidered petticoat of gold upon rich lilac satin; the drapery composed of the same materials, embroidered all over, and terminated with massy borders, studded in waves with dead and bright gold, bunches of fancy flowers and vine leaves, tastefully interspersed with thick gold\*rollo, in festoons, as a support to smaller draperies of beautiful black lace; the whole looped up and finished with magnificent gold cords and tassels. In this dress there were tastefully

blended, the beautiful colours of spring, with the richness and costume of the present season. Robe, lilac and gold tissue, trimmed all round with broad gold fringe; body and vest ornamented with gold and point lace.

*Princess Amelia.*—A rich lilac satin petticoat, richly embroidered; the sashes with a rich gold border, representing chestnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side with rich points on black velvet; the drapery on the right side with rich points, and a very elegant border, at the bottom of the petticoat; the effect was truly beautiful. Train of lilac and gold.

*The Duchess of York.*—A Devonshire brown velvet petticoat, ornamented with draperies of the same, richly embroidered with gold lama and spangles, the draperies were relieved by a sweeping drapery of gold in flowers and plumes, train of the same richly embroidered with gold, gold cords and tassels.—Head-dress of ostrich feathers and diamonds. Her Royal Highness, we are happy to add, looked uncommonly well.

*Princess Castelcicala.*—Dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net, and green velvet, trimmed with broad bands, and festoons of white beads, handsome bead cords and tassels; robe, green velvet trimmed with point lace.

*Duchess of Montrose.*—A white satin petticoat, with drapery of white crape and satin, richly embroidered with wreaths of green and gold ivy, a handsome Vandyke fringe of green velvet and foil; train of green velvet, richly embroidered with gold concave rings.

*Marchioness of Stafford.*—A splendid dress of violet velvet, richly embroidered in shells of matted gold; draperies edged with wreaths of shells and gold oak-leaves, looped up with rich ropes of gold bullion and acorn tassels, which had a beautiful effect.

*Marchioness of Salisbury.*—A purple velvet, trimmed with silver and sable.

*Marchioness of Downshire.*—A rich white satin petticoat trimmed with swandown; drapery of white satin looped up in festoons, and falling in a point on the left side; train of white satin, forming a drapery suspended with an aigrette of diamonds from the right shoulder, and terminating in finishing the drapery on the left side of the petticoat.—Head dress, white satin, with a bandeau of diamonds and white feathers.

*The Marchioness of Lansdowne.*—A blue satin petticoat, richly trimmed with silver fringe, along the top of which was a rich border of real pearls on black velvet, with a large drapery tastefully placed across the petticoat, with a magnificent border of Corinthian points, richly worked with pearls on black velvet, and the ground very richly rosetted with pearls and silver, a small drapery on the left side, rosetted and trimmed with pearls; pocket-holes, trimmed with Corinthian points of pearls, the whole looped up with silver cords, and tassels; train, blue satin; the sleeves and breast richly trimmed with pearls and silver.—Head-dress, diamonds and white feathers.

*Marchioness of Thomond.*—Ruby-coloured velvet robe; petticoat white satin, ornamented round the bottom; and the drapery with wreaths of gold roses, gold fringe, &c.; arm bands of diamonds.—Head dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Camden.*—A dress of marine blue velvet, richly embroidered with sprigs and stripes of gold spangles; the draperies embroidered in gold, and looped up with rich gold rope and tassels.—Head dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Cardigan.*—A dress of gold tissue, ornamented with point thrown over white satin, tied together with gold cords and tassels; train and head-dress to correspond. Her Ladyship wore a profusion of diamonds.

*Viscountess Cranley.*—A rich puce-coloured satin petticoat, thickly sprigged with gold, an elegant gold border round the bottom; draperies of puce velvet, embroidered with a rich Etruscan border of gold, the ground sprigged to correspond with the petticoat, ornamented with gold cord and tassels; train of gold tissue; body and sleeves richly trimmed with point lace.—Head-dress of gold tissue and ostrich feathers.

*Lady C. Murray.*—A beautiful dress of pale blue satin, embossed in shells of matted silver; body and train to correspond.

*The Lady Mayoress.*—Was superbly dressed in a petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver, and ornamented with chains of matted silver; body and train of violet embroidered with silver.—Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.



Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1808.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Twenty-eighth Number.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA AUGUSTA.

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IN the Fifth Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, for the month of June, 1806, we gave a portrait of her Royal Highness Princess SOPHIA AUGUSTA; this portrait, we confess, was a very imperfect resemblance, and the graphic execution of it was necessarily defective; not certainly from any want of skill in the engraver, but from the slight manner in which the portrait had been painted.

As this plate did not give satisfaction to those exalted and Royal Personages, whom we are proud to reckon amongst the foremost patrons of this work, and as a wish was expressed that a more pleasing and faithful copy should be given, in order that the set of Royal Portraits might approach nearer to excellence, the Proprietor of *La Belle Assemblée* has not hesitated to

engrave a new plate, and flatters himself that it will prove agreeable to the readers and friends of this publication.

The kindness of Lady CHARLOTTE FINCH has accommodated him with a portrait of the Princess AUGUSTA: the painting is from the eminent pencil of SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY; from whom, indeed, almost all the Royal Portraits in our collection have been copied.

The present picture is esteemed by the Royal Family themselves as the only faithful and finished likeness of the Princess AUGUSTA.

With respect to our slight biographical sketch, all that we had presumed to say upon this subject has already been given in the Fifth Number of this Magazine.

## THE ARTIST.

No. II.

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

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued from Page 9.]

MR. WEST'S love for the art of painting has been paramount to all things else; he cultivates it in himself as well as in others, and not a day passes in which he does not put in practice the golden rule of Apelles, "*Nulla dies sine lineâ*." It is one of his principal gratifications to impart his long acquired knowledge to others, without any other reward but that of beholding their success. As a stimulus to himself to attain excellence, and for the purpose of instructing others, he has formed a select specimen of paintings and drawings by the great masters; he frequently consumes the hours of rest and midnight in determining the task of the succeeding day; and frequently by the same lamp paints the luminous points of his pictures, and always laments the necessity of sleep and relaxation. The sensibility of Mr. West's feelings has ever rendered to his God acknowledgment and gratitude for bestowing on him uninterrupted health; and to his Sovereign every duty and testimony of affection which a grateful heart can give, for enabling him to pursue painting in its higher department; for without his royal munificence he would not have found patronage sufficient to procure subsistence for himself and family, even in this country of opulence and liberality, whilst producing the works which he has painted.

So little are the higher excellencies taken into consideration, from the want of that knowledge which education gives, that an artist is scarcely bold enough to combine with propriety those essentials which constitute the excellence of historical pictures; whereas, that juggle of the art, which gives to such objects as the eye is in the habit of seeing the appearance of deception, of that the uneducated mind can best judge, and to that it is consequently most partial. In appreciating the higher pro-

ductions of the art, this defect of the public judgment is most observable. A glass exhibited in the act of falling from a shelf, or a hand or leg apparently projecting from the canvas, shall astonish and enrapture the town, while the more dignified and natural minutiae of chaste historical composition are wholly unnoticed. It is thus that the coarse buffoneries of farce and tricks of pantomime are preferred by the multitude to the sublime and placid dignity of just representations of life, and unforced colourings of character. Not that these little extravagancies of genius are to be despised when they produce a natural effect, as the appendages of nobler composition; they are only contemptible when employed to gratify an erroneous taste, and excite unworthy estimation in the public mind.

That the patronage of the public should run wholly among portrait and fancy painters, and that the sublimest historical compositions should receive only a barren admiration from those of taste to appreciate them, and be gazed upon with stupid wonder by those who cannot, is matter of extreme surprise and regret; but, at the same time, it has been productive of an advantage in advancing the art of portrait painting to the highest perfection, and supporting in circumstances not only easy but opulent, a race of esteemed and distinguished artists. Affection, relationship, marriage, absence, departure, courtship, and the whole train of public and private passions, promote a constant interchange and circulation of portraits; the want is general, and the taste is general, for it is easy to judge of a likeness, and still easier to be pleased with it. That remuneration, not to say that subsistence-money, which the artist must demand, obliges him therefore to throw open his doors to the purchasers of likenesses, and he is often com-



W. H. F. Eng. 1844



DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

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pelled by necessity only to cultivate that department of the arts which, under happier auspices and a more favourable æra of patronage, he would probably have changed for the higher walk of composition.

These observations are not, however, meant to attach to individuals; for there is no country in which are to be found gentlemen more competent to judge of all the excellencies to be combined in a good picture than in this; for in no country are to be found men more accomplished, liberal, and refined.

In the present biographical sketch, it is not our intention to speak of the genius and abilities of Mr. West in painting; we leave that to the public, and they will, and have done him justice. It is our intention to pursue him along his general course, and connect some review of the arts with him.

This account is meant to exhibit a tract of his movements in the profession for these last forty years. It has been done from motives to preserve, whilst in our reach, those points, and, as we may say, those *data* of character, which have attended a man so much distinguished, and in order to supply those who may hereafter think it worth their attention to give to the world the details of his life, with certain boundaries and land-marks to direct and shapen their course. But though it is not our intention to touch upon, or offer an opinion of his merits or demerits as a painter, yet we hold it not improper to impart what we know respecting his ideas on the subject of historical painting, and we flatter ourselves the pictures we shall mention will justify our publishing the observations which we have so frequently heard him express; and are persuaded that our readers will agree with us that they are founded on that perspicuity which appears so leading a feature in all Mr. West's compositions.

In his first discourse to the Royal Academy on his being chosen president (a discourse which he permitted to be published), he lamented, when in Italy, to observe the decline of the art of painting in that country. The more he investigated the cause of such degeneracy, contrasted with the glory and splendour of the art a century and an half before, the more inclined was he to impute it not only to the imbecile and corrupt taste of the patrons, but to the selfish manner of inculcating the principles of the art by those professors who elevated themselves to the dignity of masters, and erected their petty schools in every town and city. These institutions produced nothing but an insipid monotony and wearisome mannerism; the scholar was no

more, and frequently something less, than the master, who, in his turn, was the pupil of some wretched mannerist like himself. The common terms when a painting was held up to invoke praise were, "*This is my scholar; this is my master.*" Mr. West was not slow to perceive that this was the sink in which the genius of that once eminent country was engulfed, before it had time to feel or exercise its powers. The professor was almost always the disciple of some such school as that over which he presided, and was retailing manner after manner, till the whole sunk into mannerism and insipidity. All the subjects, therefore, whether ancient or modern, had the appearance of being cast in the same mould, and were painted in strict and unerring conformity to the principles which the school, wherever it might be, and by whomsoever superintended, thought fit to inculcate. Thus nature, and the subjects represented through her, were made to bend to one wretched creation of beings, formed for men, women, and children, to represent Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and every modern nation throughout the world; whether they were designed to appear in the characters of heroes, legislators, saints, devils, or apostles: in short, whether meant for Madonas, queens, courtizans, or milkmaids, all were the same in form and feature.

It was the duty of Mr. West, in the station which he filled, to reprobate this mannerism, as well by precept as example; and it becomes us to remark that, in the productions of his own pencil, he has imitated no master, but been content to draw his knowledge from a higher fountain, and instruct himself from the mistress of all art—general and unchangeable Nature. Let us investigate some of his pictures on the principles which he himself lays down; let us try him on those rules of perspicuity and philosophy upon which it is his pride to establish his reputation.

In his Agrippina we see the Roman matron, the grand-daughter of Augustus, bearing in her arms the ashes of her husband Germanicus, her children by her side, the pledges of her husband's love, and the only object of concern to her maternal feelings; we see her in the midst of Roman ladies, and surrounded by a Roman people, with all their proper attributes.

In the Regulus we see the stern and inflexible Roman, deaf to all the ties of nature, but that of heroic devotion and love to the cause of his country.

In his Wolfe we see a British hero, on the heights of Abraham, in North America, expiring in the midst of heroes and of victory,

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with all the characteristics of Britons, in 1759.

In the Penn we see the legislator, with the simplicity and dignity of a man administering justice to others, and diffusing his bounties in the midst of savage tribes, and disarming their ferocity by his rectitude and benevolence: whilst himself and those about him rest in perfect security on the consciousness of their philanthropic intentions, and a persuasion that they are fulfilling the first duty of Christianity, in rendering to others what they wish to be rendered to themselves; and thus conquering the savage without one weapon to denote any other conquest than that which justice achieves.

In the picture of Alexander III. king of Scotland, attacked by a stag, we remark a Scottish people, fierce and brave in rescuing their king from the threatened danger.

In the Picture of Moses receiving the law on mount Sinai, we see the Jewish sages with humility in the presence of God, whilst their lawgiver, with a conscious firmness, raises the tables into heaven for the *scriptum minum* of the deity.

In the picture of Cressy and Poitiers we behold the juvenile hero, his paternal sovereign, and the nobles with their heroic vassals, in proud triumph, their Gothic banners waving in the wind; and in the battle of Poitiers we behold the same hero, with manly demeanour, receiving the vanquished king, expressing an air of welcome, and treating him more as a visitor than as a captive; the conqueror is not seen in the reception of the captive, nor the captive in his submission to the vanquisher; all is Gothic, and all is British.

In the picture of St. Paul shaking the viper from his finger, in the chapel at Greenwich, we see that apostle unshaken in the midst of bands of armed Roman soldiers, and the poisonous reptile hanging to his hand; the multitude of men, women, and children, cast on shore by the wreck of the ship, bespeaks the deplorable situation of such a mixture of sex and ages, composed of Jews, Romans, and islanders.

In the picture of the battle of La Hogue, we see all that marked the courage of the English and the Dutch on the memorable event of that sea victory; we see them sweeping before them the navy of France over a vast extent of ocean, and in the midst of fire and sword, of victory and destruction, the ferocity of battle is mitigated by the national humanity of the conquerors; in the same moment they destroy and save—they conquer and spare. In this battle all is perspicuity and deep research into the subject; the æra is marked in every object that is represented; the men, the ships,

the form of battle, are all described in the character of the age in which the event took place, without any manner but that which belongs to the subject, and the element on which the battle was fought.

In the interview between Calypso and Telemachus on the sea-shore of Ogygia, the passion, character, and propriety are equally preserved. The astonishment of Telemachus at the sight of the majestic goddess and her nymphs is portrayed so masterly in the countenance of the young Ithacan, that the beholder reads his whole course of thoughts upon the canvass. Again, the stately goddess wears the look of welcome and joy at his approach, and her countenance at the same time expresses a deep inquisitiveness, an uneasy curiosity, a mixed indefinable suspicion, at the sight of his companion, the sage Mentor, who, wrapt in disguise beyond the penetration of an inferior goddess, stands some few paces beside Telemachus, deeply pondering on the snares which he knew would be set for him, and pleased with a kind of consciousness of his good intentions, in torturing the suspicious goddess with unappeaseable curiosity; but the painter has, at the same time, given him the diffidence and modesty which belonged to the assumed character of the tutor of Telemachus. How wonderfully are the composite passions here described, and made to come home to the bosom of the beholder! If we look at the island, all is likewise in character; it is the Ogygia of Homer and of Fenelon.

In the foregoing pictures Mr. West appears to have adhered religiously to his subjects, and to have bestowed upon them every attribute of character and propriety which belonged to them, free from all mannerism and constraint; and whether his subject be on earth, heaven, or hell, he follows it through every diversity of region, time, and place; a truth and an accuracy sufficiently attested by the great body of his works. When we see, therefore, the close reasoning of his mind in that extensive work of revealed religion, in his Majesty's chapel at Windsor; when we behold the antediluvian, patriarchal, mosaical, and revelatory dispensations, conducted throughout with equal perspicuity and propriety of character, we must render to Mr. West that claim to composition which every artist and man of taste must acknowledge him to be entitled to, and assign him a rank among the first of those who have exercised a perfect freedom of pencil, and drawn from the original sources of nature and his own mind.

[To be continued.]

P. 109.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

## DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE;

OR THE

## OPENING OF THE SEALS.

FROM A SKETCH, BY B. WEST, ESQ. PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

REVELATIONS, Chap. vi. ver. 7, and 8.—“*And when he had opened the fourth Seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see.—And I looked, and behold a Pale Horse, and his name that sat on him was DEATH. And hell followed him; and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.*”

THE class of subjects to which this noble sketch belongs, cannot, with propriety, be denominated the historical; as such, therefore, the same principles of criticism are not to be employed in our examination of it; it belongs to an order of composition which embraces the loftier subjects of fancy and the divine flights of inspired poetry; in a word, those subjects, which having their basis in Revelations, are of a class, to which the most exalted imagination can scarcely expect to rise.

This subject is intended to express the triumph of Death over all things, by means of that variety of human calamities and mortal sufferings, which pestilence, famine, and the sword, together with the vices of man himself, have introduced into the world.

Its object is to express universal desolation; to depict all the methods by which a world may be destroyed.

To bring out the subject of this composition, Mr. West has divided it into three parts. The fore ground contains a group, extending nearly half the length of the canvass, in which are seen death by pestilence, famine, and despair, and by almost every means which terminate existence in all ages and sexes.

In the second group, we behold lions, men, and horses, in combat with each other, terminated with a furious bull tossing men and dogs in the air.

The third group rises from the centre of the picture. It is the King of Terrors himself on his Pale Horse. On his head is a crown,

denoting his sovereignty over all things. His horse is without reins, and his uplifted arms scatter the shafts of death in all directions around him. His form, in the language of Milton, is “without form.”—It is dissolving into darkness—It is in awful and terrible obscurity—All the legions of hell are in his train; they are seen in the opening perspective, and terminate the distances almost in the immensity of space. On the fore ground is a serpent, his head bruised with a stone, which indicates his death from the hand of man; near the serpent is the dove mourning over his dead mate.

In the back ground we behold the rage of battle by sea and land, whilst the elements are convulsed by earthquakes, thunder, and vivid lightning. The eagle is seen on his wing, pursuing and destroying the feathered race; whilst the general colour of the picture denotes an atmosphere filled with every thing noxious and pestilential.

Such is the description of a picture which has attracted the notice of the community of arts throughout the civilized world, and upon which an eminent writer, whilst it was upon exhibition in the Louvre at Paris, has passed the following praise, which deserves to be recorded for its equal elegance and justness.

After reviewing the composition at large, he concludes, “This is the most difficult of subjects which the pencil of man could undertake; but the painter has WILLED it, and it has been DONE.”



## LIFE OF RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

HAVING now completed the Cartoons of this illustrious Painter; at the request of many to whom the biography of Artists is not familiar, we submit the following narrative of the life of Raffaello, together with a criticism upon his most celebrated works. For this biography, we have been chiefly indebted to Pilkington, and the learned labours of Mr. Fuseli and others.

The superior merit of this sublime genius is too well known to require an encomium, or a description of those amazing powers which he alone possessed, for he excelled in every part of his profession to so elevated a degree, as to secure the applause of the age in which he flourished, and the admiration of all succeeding ages.

He was born at Urbino, in 1483, the son of Giovanni Sanzio, a painter of no extraordinary eminence; who, observing the early inclination of his son to the art of painting, instructed him in the rudiments of it, while he was extremely young; and Raffaello shewed such a wonderful capacity and genius, that in a few years he was enabled to assist his father in some of those works in which he was employed at Urbino. But Giovanni, desirous to give his son the best opportunity of improving his talents, placed him as a disciple with Pietro Perugino, who was then in his highest reputation.

The genius of Raffaello soon displayed itself under that artist, and in a short time he imitated the style of his master in so exact a manner, that the work of the one could hardly be distinguished from that of the other; and as a proof of this, a picture of the Crucifixion is cited, which, by all the ablest judges and artists, would have been accounted the performance of Perugino, if it had not been inscribed with the name of Raffaello.

However, he soon perceived, that by adhering to the manner of his master, he should never attain that perfection to which he aspired; and therefore he devoted himself to the study of the antiques, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with all their beauties, in order to transuse them through his own compositions. The more he studied them, the more he was enamoured of their excellencies; and not content with the perusal of those wonderful sculptures of the ancient artists to which he had access, he employed at his own expence several good painters to design every

object that was curious at Puteoli, Bajæ, and the different cities of Greece, either in statuary or architecture; of which he made a charming and judicious use in his subsequent compositions.

As the works of Lionardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo Buonaroti, at Florence, were at that time universally admired, he went thither; and having observed the style of each of those famous painters with the utmost accuracy, he saw sufficient merit in both to improve his own taste of design, and altered that manner which he had acquired in the school of Perugino. He also considerably advanced his knowledge of colouring, by observing the manner of Masaccio at Florence, and gained an additional skill in perspective, as well as in the management and union of colours, by his intimacy with Bortolomeo Baccio.

Every accomplishment and qualification necessary to form an illustrious painter were combined in Raffaello; a sublimity of thought, a fruitful and rich invention, remarkable correctness in drawing and design, and a wonderful disposition and expression. His attitudes are noble, natural, and graceful, and contrasted without the smallest appearance of affectation or constraint; and to the elegance and grandeur of the antique he added the simplicity of nature; for, though he admired the antique statues as highly as he ought, yet he studied nature with equal assiduity; from which combined attention to both resulted that amazing variety and elegance in the forms, actions, and attitudes of his figures, and those delicate and graceful airs of the heads which distinguish his compositions from all others; and in which he surpassed the greatest masters, who flourished since the revival of the art of painting.

It has been objected to Raffaello, that, by too nice a regard to the purity and correctness of his outline, his outline often became hard; but whatever small imperfections may be imputed to that inimitable artist, he is allowed to have diffused more grace through all his works, more truth, nature, and sublimity, than any painter who has yet appeared. Correggio alone could enter even into a competition with him for grace; but he was unequal to Raffaello in every other branch of his art.

At different periods of his life Raffaello had very different manners. His first was derived from the school of Perugino, which he retained

for a long time; and it is the opinion of some writers, that he never entirely abandoned it. But as soon as he had contemplated the Cartoons of Buonaroti and Lionardo da Vinci, he in a great measure divested himself of the dryness of his first master, and, blending the boldness of Michael Angelo with his own graceful ideas, he formed a style of design more perfect than his model; and at last struck out a manner peculiar to himself, and superior to all others, full of grace, dignity, ease, and elegance, which he retained as long as he lived. Every new composition added to his fame, and his latest work of the Transfiguration is accounted his best.

He excelled in portraits as well as in history, and by his pencil immortalized Pope Julius II. and Leo X. with many of the Cardinals of his time; representing them with such life and nature, such dignity of character, and such expression, as surpasses the power of description. He finished his pictures, especially his easel-pictures, exquisitely; and took all possible care to give them the utmost perfection; and yet it is said he was expeditious in his method of working. From the time he shook off the dry taste of Perugino his draperies were cast in a most noble style, disposed with an excellent mixture of simplicity and grandeur, and always so placed that the finer parts of the naked, particularly about the joints, were discernible in every figure.

It is remarkable, that the most capital fresco paintings of Raffaello, in the Vatican, do not strike one immediately with that surprise which undoubtedly is expected from the fame of that illustrious master; and a story is related that a person of acknowledged taste and judgment, who also was an idolizer of Raffaello, visiting the Vatican with an eager desire to study his works, passed by those very compositions with indifference which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for.

That effect is supposed by De Piles to be occasioned by the want of strength of colouring proper for each object, that colouring not being sufficiently supported by a powerful chiaro-scuro. But Montesquieu accounts for it in a different manner. He observes, that the works of Raffaello strike little at first sight, because he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd

and singular attitudes of an inferior artist strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. And to illustrate this point, he compares Raffaello to Virgil, sublime, easy, natural, and majestic; and the Venetian painters, with their constrained attitudes, he compares to Lucan. Virgil, more natural, strikes us at first less, to strike us afterwards more sensibly; Lucan strikes immediately, but strikes us abundantly less after. And certainly there cannot be a stronger test of the excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we at first feel to be not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently conversing with it, that it not only supports itself, but increases continually in our esteem, and at last leads us to admiration.

The prodigious number of works in which Raffaello was engaged loaded him with riches and honour, and constrained him to procure young artists to assist him in the execution of his designs; and by that means many eminent painters were formed under his direction. But he was so particularly careful, that he corrected with his own hand whatever he found imperfectly executed by his disciples, and gave those finishing touches to the whole which have rendered those works the admiration of the world.

Though, in several of his paintings, the colouring may not seem to equal the perfection of the other parts, yet most of his portraits, and many of his easel-pictures, for their high finishing, and exquisite colouring, are not surpassed by the pencil of the greatest painter, not even by Titian. And of this, the portraits of Julius, Leo, and Alexander Farnese, who was afterwards Paul III. as also the St. Michael, and the Holy Family, which are in the royal collection in France, and the St. John in the Desert, are incontestible evidences.

To enumerate the various and extensive works of this astonishing genius, would require a volume; and to describe them justly, in proportion to their merit, would demand an understanding as enlarged as his own. But as they are now universally known to all the lovers of the art, by the multitude of prints published after his designs, and as the works of Raffaello have been examined by the curious of all nations, who have travelled through the different parts of Europe, a particular description, or recital, seems to be the less necessary; though I cannot omit the mentioning of a few.

In the royal collection of his Majesty King George III. are those celebrated Cartoons,



which have been for so many years the glory of England, and the envy of all other polite nations. These illustrious works of art we have faithfully epitomized and presented to our readers in *Outline Engraving*; copied expressly, and by permission, from the original pictures: they are contained in our last Numbers; and we shall shortly accompany them with the "TRANSFIGURATION," of the same artist; our object being to instruct the taste of our readers in the scientific principles of art, by bringing them acquainted with the best productions of the ancient and modern school. For this purpose *Outline Engraving* is more appropriate than any other, as it displays the characters, the composition, the grouping, the drawing, the passion, and every other quality of a good picture but the colouring,—which in historical subjects is of inferior importance.

In France are the pictures of St. Margaret and St. George; the latter of which (according to Sandrart) was formerly in possession of King Charles I. as also the remarkable and lovely pictures of St. John in the Desert, and that Holy Family mentioned by Sandrart, in which an angel is represented shedding flowers round the Virgin. In the treasury of Loretto is one of Raffaello's pictures, amazingly fine, representing the Virgin with Christ on her lap; which cannot be looked on without feeling a veneration and awe, as well as admiration; the grandeur of the object excluding all idea of the painter, for it appears more a reality than a picture. There appears in the face of the Virgin somewhat that looks more than mortal; and the infant, though in the innocent posture of throwing up the legs and arms, though all the air of infancy is in his face, has yet something that is divine in every part. The look is sweeter than that of a human face, and yet, with all the grace that is diffused through it, there is an air that is awful. The disposition in this picture has an inimitable dignity and ease; the drapery of the Virgin has a noble simplicity, and the attitude of the head hath such an inconceivable grace and softness, as not only charms but astonishes every beholder.

The original design for the famous picture of the School of Athens is preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan.

The general opinion has placed Raffaello at the head of his art, not because he possessed a decided superiority over every other painter in every branch, but because no other artist ever arrived at uniting with his own peculiar excel-

lence all other parts of the art in an equal degree with Raffaello. The drama, or in other words, the representation of character in conflict with passions was his sphere; to represent this, his invention, in the choice of the moment, his composition in the arrangement of the actors, and his expression in the delineation of their motions, were and are, and perhaps will be, unrivalled. And to this he added a style of design, dictated by the subject itself, a colour suited to the subject, all the grace which propriety permitted, or sentiment suggested, as much *chiaro-scuro* as was compatible with his supreme desire of perspicuity and evidence. It is therefore only when he forsook the drama, to make excursions into the pure epic or sublime, that his forms became inadequate, and were inferior to those of M. Angelo; it is only in subjects where colour from a vehicle becomes the ruling principle, that he is excelled by Titian; he yields to Correggio only in the grace and that *chiaro-scuro* which is less the minister of propriety and sentiment than its charming abuse or voluptuous excess, and sacrifices to the eye what was claimed in vain by the mind.

Such was the felicity and propriety of Raffaello when employed in the dramatic evolutions of character; both suffered when he attempted to abstract the forms of sublimity and beauty. Of ideal female beauty, though he himself in his letter to Count Castiglione tells us, that from its scarcity in life, he made attempts to reach it by an idea formed in his own mind, he certainly wanted that standard which guided him in character; his goddesses and mythologic females are no more than aggravations of the generic forms of M. Angelo; roundness, mildness, sanctimony, and insipidity, compose in general the features and airs of his Madonnas, transcripts of the nursery, or some favourite face. The character of Mary Magdalen met his, it was the character of a passion; it is evident from every picture in which she had a part, that he supposed her enamoured. When she follows the body of the Saviour to the tomb, or throws herself dishevelled over his feet, or addresses him when he bears his cross, the cast of her features, her mode, her action, are the character of love in agony. When the drama inspired Raffaello, his women became definitions of grace and pathos at once.

He died in the year 1520, at the age of thirty-seven.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## ALL FOR THE BEST.—A DREAM.

I HAD spent the whole day in reflecting on the happiness which the wicked enjoy in this world, and the woes which fall to the lot of the virtuous; night began to spread her veil over the surrounding objects, but who could taste peaceful slumbers on a bed of down, while the unfortunate pines in want, whilst his plaintive voice reproaches us with our indifference, and awakens in our hearts the most lively commiseration! Not the friend to humanity; his feeling soul is too strongly interested in the fate of his fellow-creatures, to lose all remembrance of their concerns, and he only longs for a state of felicity which may be shared with others.

Fatigue, however, had insensibly lulled me to rest; but my thoughts continued to follow the bent of my former reflections. I did not lose sight of the miseries of a large portion of mankind, and my heart still bled for them. I still, though dreaming, beheld with indignation, the triumph of insolent vice, and the insults to which fearful virtue is exposed in the imperfect world which we inhabit. I experienced those pangs, which every man who does not contract his being in the narrow circle of his own existence, must feel, when employed in such contemplations. Sad and gloomy, I wandered through the fertile plains of Azora; but the peace that reigned on the face of nature did not reach my heart. Injustice, crime, and tyranny incessantly recurred to my memory and darkened the beauty of the richest prospects. Now I heard the screams of hungry poverty, calling aloud for assistance, and now the noise of rejoicing and festivity burst from the dwelling of hardened opulence, rioting in superfluities. All the woes that overwhelm the human-kind, and the sorrows with which it is devoured, afflicted my imagination; I sighed, and the sweet, yet bitter sting of pity wounded my breast. Rushing tears bedewed my cheeks, I could not check my indignation, and dared to arraign the wisdom of that supreme intelligence who rules the tide of human events.

"O God!" I exclaimed, "let me hear no more the sobs of misery and the groans of despair; let me see no more man murdering his brother, the threatening sword of despotism, and the degrading fetters with which

oppression loads its victims: or close my heart to the influence of pity, that I may not grieve at sights of woe. Why, alas! hast thou granted life to so many beings, who did not ask for that painful gift? Was it only to see them awake from the sleep of non-existence, to watch over their sufferings and their death? Sorrow overflows this unhappy world, like a mighty torrent fed by eternal snows, whilst pleasure skims over its surface, like a light inconstant breeze."

I was proceeding, when I felt myself carried through the air by an unseen power; the earth shook, the sky flamed with lightnings, and I scanned with terror the boundless space that gaped beneath me. I acknowledged I had sinned; and exclaimed, "Forgive me, O my God! a weak being who adores thee, but who feels too acutely the woes of humanity." On a sudden my feet rested on an unknown soil, and I remained a few moments wrapt in utter darkness, when a beam of light, quicker and brighter than the lightning's flash, burst through the encompassing gloom. I raised my eyes, and beheld a spirit adorned with six dazzling wings. The celestial flame that blazed on his brow, and the divine character of his features bespoke one of the Angels of the Eternal. "Listen," he told me, with a voice which dispelled my fear; "Listen, and do not arraign the wisdom of Providence, for want of being acquainted with her ways: follow me." I followed him to the foot of a mountain whose summit cleaved the skies. I ascended, or rather climbed, enormous rocks, whose overhanging weight threatened destruction to the plains beneath. Barren and deserted, the eye looked in vain amongst them for a tree or a plant, the emblem of living nature, it descried only a vast interminable chain of crags calcinated by the fires of heaven. Trembling, I accompanied my guide, and the roarings of the tigers and lions, repeated by a thousand echoes, appalled my soul. At every step I was compelled to lean on the arm of the benevolent angel, and beheld around me, unfortunate mortals, who vainly attempted to climb over these steep rocks, hung suspended at their points, but soon exhausted with their violent exertions, tottered, called in vain for help, fell and rolled mangled into the yawning



precipices, where hungry tigers feasted on their scattered limbs and panting carcasses.

I shuddered in the expectation of a similar fate, when the angel addressed me: "It is thus that Providence rewards the proud temerity of men. Why do mortals attempt to penetrate into impenetrable sanctuaries. Their first duty is to know their weakness. The springs of the universe obey the hand of a God, whose will it is to forgive your rashness and enlighten your mind." At these words he touched my hands, and I found myself on the summit of the mountain. How delightful was my astonishment! the side which we now descended, formed a rich and magnificent garden, whose lively verdure, tufted with groves, and enamelled with flowers, refreshed the eye, whilst the harmonious songs of the birds, and the perfumes wafted by the breeze greeted and gratified the senses. A secret but powerful influence would have kindled the heart of indifference into raptures. My heavenly guide pointed to a temple of a wonderful construction, but the road which led to it was so intricate that it would have been impossible to reach it without a conductor.

At our approach the temple's gates burst open; we entered, and they were suddenly closed after us, by an invisible hand, with a noise like thunder. "No one is able to open, no one is able to close these gates," said the angel, "but the voice of the Almighty." Struck with awe, I read the following words, written in letters of gold:—"God is just, his ways are hidden; who shall dare to dive into his designs?" I glanced at the lofty elevation of the temple: the whole of this majestic edifice rested on three pillars of white marble; in the midst an altar stood, from which, instead of the statue of the Divinity, rose an odorous vapour, whose sweet perfumes embalmed the air. On the right of the altar, a table of black marble was suspended, and on the left a mirror of the purest chrystal. "Here," said the angel, "you will learn that when Providence overwhelms a virtuous man with calamities, it is to lead him more safely to happiness."—He said, and disappeared. The ice of fear no more chained my faculties, and a tide of pure, soft, and ineffable delight rushed through my heart. I shed tears of tenderness; my knees bent, I raised my arms towards heaven, and could only adore in silence the Supreme Being. A majestic but gentle voice, addressed me thus: "Rise, behold, and read."

I cast my eyes upon the mirror, and perceived my friend Sadak; Sadak, whose firm and courageous virtue had often excited my wonder, who knew how to contend with poverty and

render it respectable. I beheld him in a room, the walls of which were bare; he rested his languishing head on the last piece of furniture which remained in his possession, his heart torn with hunger and the still bitter pangs of despair. A single tear stole from his eye-lids, a tear of blood! and the unfortunate dared not weep. Four children called upon him for bread, and the youngest, weak, expiring, and laid on a heap of straw, had already lost the power of crying, and heaved the last sigh of a life of misery. Saddened by grief, and forgetful of her love, the wife of my unhappy friend, reproached him with the excess of their misfortunes. These cruel reproaches stung him to the heart, and increased his torments; he started, turned his looks away from his children, and though weakened by a raging fever, dragged himself into the street to seek some relief for their wants. I saw him meet a man, who owed him the high station which he filled, he revealed to him the deplorable state of his family, the sufferings of his children, ready to expire in his arms for want of a little food. This man blushed at being forced to own his acquaintance, looked round with anxiety to ascertain whether he was observed speaking with a person who wore the livery of poverty, and rid himself of his importunities by deceitful promises, cold civilities, and then hurried away from the wretched Sadak. And it was the tenth time he had heard his prayers and returned the same answer! Grown desperate, my friend wandered, led by chance, till one of his creditors stopped him, loaded him with imprecations, gathered a crowd round the wretch, threatened him publicly, and was ready to strike him more through contempt than anger. At last I saw Sadak roam from door to door, holding out a supplicating hand, often rebuked, and but seldom receiving an alms granted to importunity alone. He bought a loaf, hastened home, shared it among his children, wept with joy, whilst satisfying their hunger, and on his knees thanked Providence for the rich blessing he had bestowed upon him.

I threw a scream of grief, astonishment, and terror. My eyes, wet with tears, fell on the table of black marble, where an invisible hand wrote these words:—"Continue to observe Sadak, and condemn, if you dare, that Providence who rules the universe." I once more looked at the mirror, and beheld my friend Sadak; but in what a different state! He was no more poor, it is true, but sincere, tender, virtuous, pitiful, full of honour and humanity; he was now enriched by a sudden and unexpected inheritance. Wealth had corrupt-

ed his virtue; sleeping on the bosom of luxury, he was become ill-tempered and imperious; having ceased to suffer, he now forgot the sufferings of others. With respect and admiration I read the words traced on the mysterious table:—"Virtue often pines, because she would be no longer virtue had she no adversity with which to contend. When the all-wise Providence gives misery as the companion of a mortal, misery is attended by patience, her sister, and supported by courage. This gift renders virtue self-sufficient, and enables her to feel happy even whilst seemingly crushed with misfortunes."

I cast my eyes eagerly on the mirror, and how anxiously beat my heart when I beheld my country, and the fortunate city where I had drawn my breath! But, heavens! how soon was gladness turned into grief, when I saw its surrounding fields deluged with hostile armies; its strong walls threatened with destruction by an hundred engines of war, the glimmering steel and the fires kindled by vengeance and hate. Rich and magnificent city! thou shudderest notwithstanding the well-known courage of thy defenders. Thy wealth inflamed the thirst for plunder of thy foes; in vain thy sons bled in thy defence; thy enemies climbed over thy haughty towers, and burst into thy bosom. Streams of blood rushed through thy streets, death flew from house to house, and wide-spreading flames devoured thy lofty palaces. In a few hours thou layest a heap of stones wrapt in dark and brooding smoke. My unfortunate countrymen, who fled from their burning roofs, and escaped the rage of war, wandered helpless through the woods, and became the prey of famine that consumed them slowly and prolonged the torments of their death. Merciful God! I exclaimed, shall a million of men fall victims to the ambition of a tyrant? Shall infants reddened their mothers' breast with their blood; shall the white hair of age be dragged in the dust, and innocence and beauty glut the appetite of a murderous host; shall a whole city sink into annihilation because a despot thirsts after its treasures?—"A country filled with iniquity," answered the marble table, "deserves the severest punishment which the long despised justice of heaven can inflict. The innocent are thus prevented from becoming guilty; and if the hand of Providence has struck them with death, it has snatched them from a more dangerous wreck than that of mortal existence: they find an asylum in the merciful bosom of the eternal God."

The palace of the first minister Aliacin, the gilt pyramids of which reached the clouds, No. XXVIII. Vol. IV.

shone too magnificent to elude my sight. How often had indignation fired my soul at the aspect of this prosperous villain, who with a venal mind, a barbarous disposition, a depraved conduct, and a despotic genius, had yet found means to yoke fortune to his car. His elevation was the reward of low actions; his treasures, of treachery; for he had sold his country for gold. A whole province groaned beneath his oppressive sway. Now he laughed at the weak murmurings of a people bent under his yoke, and now he styled seditious clamours the stifled moans of a suffering population. Every day was distinguished by a new crime, and every crime attended with fresh success.

Yet the interior of his palace, and the rich hangings of his apartments offered the most sublime pictures of generous and virtuous deeds. The statues of the great men of antiquity crowded the dwelling of the vilest wretch; and these dumb marbles, far from awaking a sense of right in his soul, were even seen by him without a reflection on his own indignity. I beheld this wicked minister, clothed with power, surrounded with flatterers, feared by his enemies, publicly praised, and cursed but in secret. Numberless precious rarities adorned his closet, and the price of each of them was an act of injustice.

The purple of his garments was bought with the money of those he had reduced to beggary and nakedness, and the wine which he drank, in a cup sparkling with costly gems, might rightly be called the essence of all the tears which he had caused to be shed.

He rose from a sumptuous table, and laid at the feet of a courtesan the patrimony of a newly plundered orphan. With her he repaired to the window, and quietly beheld the execution of a courageous citizen who had dared to remonstrate with him on the abuse he made of his authority. The innocent was scarcely strangled, when a courier from the Sultan announced to him that as a reward for his valuable services, he made him a present of a whole district. The villain smiled, and this new increase of power extended the sphere of his crimes.

The hatred with which I loathed this barbarous tyrant, prompted me to glance repeatedly at the table of black marble, with the hope of reading the sentence of his doom, but no word appeared. My eyes fell back on the mirror, and I perceived Aliacin entering a retired closet. With what exultation did I behold his countenance. Nature, his victims, and mankind were avenged. This proud minister who seemed the happiest of men, read



a letter, grew pale, shuddered, stamped with rage, and struck his forehead with that hand that had lately signed the condemnation of innocence. Torn with pangs that he could not assuage, he started, sunk back on a sofa, started again, and paced his room like a madman, racked with fear, but not with remorse. He plucked all the badges of his high dignities, trod them under his foot, and burst in tears like a child. I was trying to guess the subject of his grief, when one of his favourite partners in crime, still more degraded than his master, penetrated into his closet, and I learned the cause of Aliacin's despair: a spy of his at court had written to him, that a new storm had gathered against him, and that unless he could devise a means of soon dispelling it, it would sweep away his credit, his rank, and perhaps his existence. No sooner had his debased confidant heard the danger with which his master was threatened, than he hesitated not in advising him a deed from which any other would have shrunk with horror. The wretch approved this counsel, and ordered his daughter to be brought into his presence. Nouremi appeared; she was handsome, and possessed many virtues. Despairing, she heard that her father meant to prostitute her to the Sultan's lust, as a victim sacrificed to the shrine of ambition. She fell at his feet, almost senseless; the tears of beauty, of nature, of virtue, of innocence, were vain: a severe look commanded obedience; she obeyed, and died with shame and sorrow.

Aliacin's happiness was not increased: I saw him laid on a bed of down, or plunged in a voluptuous bath, and he seemed to be extended on thorns. He feared for his life, started from his couch, and wandered trembling through the apartments of his palace; he found his slaves asleep, and envied the deep tranquillity of their slumbers. The morning dawned, and still anxious, still torn with suspicions, he shuddered when compelled to take food, lest he should drink the poisonous draught of death. He dreaded even the caresses of the courtizans over whom he tyrannized, but who knew the art of ruling their tyrant. When he heard of a new candidate for courtly elevation the snakes of envy feasted on his heart, and he fancied he beheld the foe who one day would overwhelm his power, and fill the station he occupied.

In a respectful expectation, I consulted the table where the awful judgments of the Almighty were inscribed, and read:—"Truth is the torment of the wicked; it is always present to his sight; he cannot turn his eyes away from the faithful mirror, in which he

beholds his injustice and the deformity of his soul."

On a sudden I heard a voice similar to that of distant thunder; I looked towards Aliacin's palace, but its gardens, its pyramids, its statues, and the minister himself had disappeared. On the spot where this abode of crime and sensuality stood, I descried a miry marsh, alive with crawling adders and unsightly animals. Such is the foundation of those palaces which the hand of guilt had erected! The following words on the black marble revealed to me Aliacin's fate:—"He has been swept from the face of the earth, like vile dust, and future ages will doubt he ever existed."

This terrifying picture shall never be erased from my memory, and I ever since cannot refrain from pitying men in power. The vulgar admire their riches and elevation, whilst I see the vengeful hand of God suspended over their heads. I now looked again at the mirror, and beheld Mirza and Fatmé, two happy lovers, in that blooming age when the enthusiasm of virtue is felt. This morning had dawned on their union, and the sincerity of their mutual affection seemed to promise them a long succession of felicity. The sweet extacy of bliss lighted their eyes, their hands were entwined together, and their voluptuous sighs heaved responsive. Fatmé's beauty was that of a virgin, as well as her modesty and her graces, and that light rosy hue, the brightness of which is so fleeting. Her lovely bosom contained a heart teeming with noble sentiments and generosity. Dumb with love, and his soul wrapt in unspeakable delights, Mirza clasped Fatmé in his arms, and interrupted words were the only interpreters of the feelings of their hearts. Fatmé rewarded her lover's carresses with an enchanting smile; she blushed, but her blushes sprang from the purest love. How forcibly did their silence express sentiments too strong for utterance. I exulted whilst contemplating the ravishing spectacle of virtue crowned by the hand of love. How could the philanthropist descry two happy hearts without rejoicing at their felicity!

These lovers blessed their union, because it enabled them to do good together. They were rich, and esteemed their wealth only as it afforded them a means of relieving the unfortunate. On the day of their nuptials they resolved that other feeling hearts should taste the same happiness, and married young maidens with their humble suitors, to whom poverty forbade the hope of so speedy an union. Mirza wished that every breast experienced the same raptures as his own; and

his beneficent soul longed for the power of shedding over the surface of the whole universe unbounded joy and unalterable delight. "Dear Fatmé," he exclaimed, "we are happy; and the more so as we can say we do not taste bliss alone; our name is blessed by the voice of gratitude; we have led the god of Hymen into the cottages of the poor, and the heart of innocence has expanded with joy, whilst the comforts which love bestows have effaced the image of grief, the remembrance of misery, and we shall behold their children smiling at our approach. Oh Fatmé, their caresses will be our dearest reward!"

His tender and virtuous couple thus laid the plan of a useful and beneficent existence. They intended to enrich the minds of their children with the pure precepts of wisdom; to teach them to be simple and good, because simplicity and goodness form the roots of every virtue; to foster in their souls pity and the love of humanity; because the being who can feel is alone worthy of the appellation of man. Their raptured imagination already beheld their posterity practising the same virtues, and kindling with the same zeal for the happiness of their fellow creatures. In an extacy of love, of bliss, and exultation, they knelt and adored the Supreme Being—"Almighty father," they exclaimed, "let our children be worthy of being thine; let them tread the path of thy justice; or should they be destined to disobey thy holy laws, stifle them in their birth, or smite thy servants with sterility." Their supplicating arms were still raised towards heaven, and still entwined together, when the roof of the house, shaken by a mighty wind, gave way. Mirza had time to fly, but he scorned to forsake his beloved Fatmé. He raised her in his arms, he ran with the haste of desperation, but the tottering wall fell and buried the two lovers beneath its ruins. The world lost its most precious ornament, and mankind the model of the purest virtue.

I concealed my face with my hands in order to weep more freely, and almost wished to have ended my existence with the unfortunate couple whose fate I had been witnessing.—Dumb and motionless, I long dreaded to look at the marble table, but at last raising my eyes with anxious apprehension, I read the following words:—"The blinded soul of man beholds the present, and Providence alone can know futurity. The most sudden death has rewarded the virtues of Mirza and Fatmé, has transported them to the abode of heavenly joys, such as an inhabitant of the earth cannot even dream of, and freed them from the grief

of giving birth to a vicious and unworthy posterity."

I acknowledged the foolishness of my conclusions, I whose sight could not even grasp the whole extent of my existence. I then glanced again at the mirror, and perceived Agenor, an unhappy youth, weakened by lust and riot, and the most debauched among the dissolute. Pale, disordered, and violently agitated, he paced his room with hasty steps, struck his forehead with his hand, and vented his rage in smothered imprecations. On a sudden he remained as if undecided, then ran to a secret drawer, opened it, and snatching a small parcel, poured the powder it contained into a glass.—"Yes," he exclaimed, his eyes on fire, "this powder is my last resource, it will save me from the torments of shame. Faithless Roxana forsakes me for the vile Dabour; my father will no more pay the expences of my pleasures; hungry creditors hunt my steps, and threaten me with a prison—this will punish at once Roxana, my father, and my creditors." The glass already touched his lips, and I expected with little concern the death of the most criminal of rakes, when he suddenly stopped, "What," he cried, "shall I die without being avenged? No; perfidious rival, thy blood shall stain the earth, thy death alone shall soothe my rage." He said, laid the glass on the table, and grasping his scymetar, rushed from his apartment. Scarcely had he reached the street when his father, a venerable aged man, repaired to his room. His forehead betrayed the anguish of his paternal soul. He came to point out to his ungrateful son the sacred laws of honour, of virtue, and duty, which he neglected and despised, and vainly hoped to redeem him from vice and destruction. The wrinkles of his brow, his white hair, and the tears which bedewed his cheeks, inspired me with veneration and pity, and would have melted the most obdurate heart. Tired with the unusual speed which he exerted to meet his son; this unfortunate parent grew thirsty, and perceiving the fatal glass, hastily drank its contents. Soon he felt the effects of the poison, tottered, sunk to the ground, and expired in the midst of excruciating pains and dreadful convulsions. I could not refrain from expressing regret and surprize, and the unseen finger of divine justice wrote the following words on the mysterious table:—"Agenor's father was guilty of his son's excesses, for his neglect and partiality encouraged and supported them. Was it not then just that Agenor should in his turn become the inflicter of his punishment? O ye fathers! learn the whole extent of your



duties, and tremble; to tolerate crimes is to commit them."

I had no sooner perused these lines than they disappeared, and the following met my sight:—"Behold the whole, in order not to err." Instantly I descried in the mirror a large island divided into two parts by a river. The right side formed a verdant plain, adorned with magnificent palaces and superb gardens, whose inhabitants were richly clothed; the left, a barren and sandy waste, presented no other object to the eyes but the sheds of poverty filled with obscure and miserable mortals. This island might have been considered as an image of the earthly ball. The country on the right was called the land of the happy; there songs of joy, light dances, luxurious feasts winged every moment with pleasure; voluptuous love beamed in the eyes of youthful beauties who, with gentle reluctance, followed these fortunate beings beneath cool and solitary shades. I remarked, however, that they deemed themselves completely happy only when seen by the wretches who inhabited the opposite shore. When in the midst of splendid feasts they affected mirth; but I saw their hearts unveiled, and descried the secret worms with which they were devoured; they seemed like gods revelling in the delights of heaven, but all hell raged in their bosoms; surrounded with plenty, their wishes remained unsatisfied, and their active and covetous imagination roamed over the earth, and dived into the depths of the sea to seek for new dainties to gratify their vitiated palates. Among these self-called happiest of men, there were some who suddenly burst from the arms of pleasure to run after an *ignis fatuus* styled glory, whilst beating drums and thundering cannons animated and supported their courage. They soon returned besmeared with blood, and sometimes maimed, and then assumed the name of heroes. Others exerted all their powers to reach the top of an eminence occupied by others, whilst they might have found a commodious station on the very spot on which they stood; sometimes they were laughed at, and often thrown down to the lowest rank. But though defeated they were not discouraged, they soon began again the painful ascent; and when successful, they had not even time to sit down and rest themselves, but were incessantly employed in repelling the ambitious adventurer who, in his turn, attempted to fill their place. A little farther I saw many idle persons, with a busy look, who ran without an end, scattered gold pieces around them without deriving any pleasure from their senseless liberality, and finished by

setting fire to their own palaces to please the whim of a courtesan. They then swam with great rapidity across the river, and landed on the barren shore called the land of the unhappy. There groans and shrieks swelled on every blast, and every individual walked bent beneath the load of a large wen which hung behind his neck. Jealousy and grief tortured the souls of these people when they contemplated the land of felicity. But what availed their vain and covetous longings? the weight of their burden seemed to increase. When they approached the banks of the river they heard the pointed jokes of the rich, who scorned and mocked the miserable wen-bearers. It was not easy for the inhabitants of the land of misfortune to swim across the river and settle on the opposite shore, yet they were not forbidden to put that plan into execution; but after a short residence among the happy, they generally and willingly returned to their former abode, preferring a heavy hump on their backs to a state of eternal warfare with their conscience. If any one complained of the weight of his wen, he was permitted to exchange it for another; but he soon repented his exchange and resumed his former load. These fleshy excrescences did not seem to me so troublesome as the bearers represented them to be; and I began to think that whilst in the land of felicity, pride exaggerated the pleasures it enjoyed, weakness, in that of misfortune, exaggerated the difficulties with which it struggled; for it is in the nature of man to long to be pitied. I remarked that the unskilfulness of the latter rendered their burden more unpleasant than it really was; for those who bore it cheerfully seemed light and contented, and scarcely felt its weight, whilst those who did not study to keep a just equilibrium tottered at every step. Another advantage which the unhappy possessed over the fortunate, was that of being able to trust fearlessly to the raging waters. Their wen supported them when swimming across the river; though violently tossed, the severest blasts did not endanger their lives. The inhabitants of the land of felicity, on the contrary, often beheld their rich and level plains suddenly deluged by the overflowing river; carried away by the strength of the current, and sinking beneath the weight of the gold with which their garments were adorned, they themselves perished in the watery waste. I remarked also that the wealthy and happy were less industrious, less skilful, less humane and charitable than the unfortunate.

I looked with eagerness for some other object of comparison, when the sky grew dark

with clouds, loud thunders pealed, livid lightnings flashed across the gloom, and a crushing shower of hail fell upon the island.

Every heart was smitten with terror, when on a sudden the sea upraised her waves, which met the clouds and devoured the island and all its inhabitants. The mirror presented to my sight a waste of waters, whence issued a few indistinct moans, and over which a thick and yellow obscurity hovered. At the same instant a celestial splendour filled the temple; the odorous cloud which waved on the altar was turned into a pillar of fire; and the vault of the edifice bursting asunder, I descried a dazzling throne slowly descending from the sky, whilst awful thunders rolled over my head. Struck with fear I fell on my knees before the divinity of this august temple; when an angelic hand raised me, and I perceived standing at my side the seraph who had guided my steps hither. His voice instilled new courage into my soul, and I read these words written in flaming characters on the mysterious marble:—"Death levels all men; eternity alone assigns them their different ranks; justice is slow but immutable, and virtuous men are at last exalted to the station they deserve to fill, whilst the wicked meet with a condign fate." The mirror then became clear, and I beheld a tall and beautiful woman, clothed in celestial majesty, and seated on the base of a column; one of her hands held a pair of scales, and the other a flaming sword. Millions of men of all countries and all nations were gathered around her. She weighed virtues and vices, forgave the errors arising from weakness, rewarded patience and resignation, and punished indiscreet murmurings. I saw with exultation that she dried the tears of the unhappy, who now blessed their past sufferings, which had proved the source of so much felicity. The greater their woes had been the greater was now their reward. They entered the dwellings of eternity in which the father of all good delights to display his mercy, the first and the noblest of his attributes. All the beings whom the breath of the Almighty had warmed with life were born to be happy. The stains which the

vile clay of their mortal bodies imprinted on their souls, melted away in the beams of the sun of truth, whose splendour dispelled every shade. The creator of the wide universe, like a loving father, gathered his children around him after their long and painful pilgrimage, and forgave the errors of the past. Those whose hearts had harboured justice and pity, defended the innocent, and relieved the poor, received a twofold tribute of glory. An everlasting hymn of praise, sung by the whole family of mankind, proclaimed the renovation of things.

Grief, fear, and despair were no more, and the radiant morn of eternity began to dawn; The figure of the world was changed, and no mournful groan disturbed the harmony of universal happiness. The beneficent God, whose hand is imprinted on the face of nature, who has scattered beauties and pleasure among the evils that attend our banishment on earth, received all his creatures in his parental arms; the divine father and his children formed only one family. I then heard a thundering voice exclaim,—“Now, weak mortal, whose genius is equally rash and confined, learn to adore the ways of Providence, even when they seem unjust and wrong. The Almighty speaks, and his word is irrevocable; he has considered every thing before he pronounces that word. Limited beings! your systems, your wishes, and thoughts formed part of his august plan; bow down before his wisdom, hope, and do not arraign his ways!”

The voice ceased, and the tottering temple seemed ready to crush my head beneath its ruins; I started, and awoke, doubtful whether reality or a vision had so powerfully agitated my senses. Ought I still to murmur at the prosperity of the wicked and the woes with which virtue is afflicted? No; let us wait till the veil that wraps the universe be torn asunder by the hand of death; for it is death that gives us eternal life, by unfolding to our sight that everlasting and immutable truth that rules the tide of events for the glory of Omnipotence and the final happiness of men.

E. R.



## SICILIAN LOVE.

*[Concluded from Page 38.]*

"ARE you," began Cuenna, "the admiral of our enemies, the invincible Ruyter?"

*Ruyter (coldly).* I am Ruyter; but the epithet employed by you, Signora, does not belong to me, and would only betray a ridiculous pride.

*Cuenna.* And yet you are at this moment in hopes of conquering the French.

*Ruyter.* I certainly hope it; and no exertion of mine shall be wanting to accomplish that hope.

*Cuenna.* Know, admiral, that it is in my power to ensure you the victory.

*Ruyter.* In your power, Signora? May I request an explanation of your meaning?

*Cuenna.* Do you know Vivonne?

*Ruyter.* I know very little of him, but have a strong desire for a better acquaintance. I saw him once at the Hague; he appeared to me a brave man,—as brave as his sister Montespan is said to be beautiful.

*Cuenna.* Montespan! curses on the wretch!

*Ruyter.* Why so, Signora? She serves the same monarch in the bed-chamber that her brother serves in the field. But let her be what she will, I shall be delighted to find in him the courage and the experience of a Tromp. Doubly glorious would then be such a victory, and doubly intimate I hope would be our acquaintance.

*Cuenna.* Would to heaven that I had never known him! The earth contains not a more accomplished man and a greater villain.

*Ruyter (with some surprise).* That he is accomplished, I have no doubt, and have often heard so; but why a villain? On the contrary, people speak highly of his honour, his valour, and other excellent qualities.

*Cuenna.* And not without reason.

*Ruyter.* I am told that he is as ambitious of glory as he is zealous in the service of his country and his king.

*Cuenna.* Yes, and as faithless in love. Oh, the perfidious man, with whom the most sacred oaths were a mere juggle! Ah, Sir, if you were acquainted with all his crimes—

*Ruyter.* Signora, I understand you not. I am an entire stranger to the manners of your country, and particularly to the character of your sex. I have visited many regions, and have found that men and their notions are totally different in each. In Holland, my native country, our way of life is extremely

simple; the women attend solely to the domestic concerns, and these afford them sufficient employment. They nurse their children, are tenderly attached to their husbands, and superintend their kitchens. When we leave them they weep, but not very long; for they know that when we sail, it is for the defence of our country.

*Cuenna.* Indeed, heroic Ruyter, it is impossible you should understand me, if your knowledge of women is confined to such creatures as those. Where shall I find words to express the force of my feelings, and the full extent of my wretchedness? I loved—loved this villain—loved him, and was weak. (In a different tone,) No, no! not weak—strong, but too strong was my passion. I lived entirely in him, not in myself. I was repaid with the blackest ingratitude, with the most horrid perfidy. I suspected his inconstancy; I flew after him; and have been on board his ship. There I espied a female—a youthful female of resplendent beauty.—They must both die.

*Ruyter.* Some cruel affliction preys upon your heart, Signora. That I can plainly perceive, but the cause of it I cannot comprehend. What can I do for you?

*Cuenna.* Avenge me.

*Ruyter.* Revenge is a passion to which my heart is a stranger.

*Cuenna.* But that cannot be the case with love.

*Ruyter.* O no! love of my duty and love of my country, are sentiments with which I am intimately acquainted. That other love—the offspring of voluptuous indolence, and an important avocation for all those who have no other employment—has never ruled my heart. The place which it might perhaps have occupied has long been better filled.

*Cuenna.* But were you never married?

*Ruyter.* I am at present married to my third wife. The two first were perfectly satisfied with me in every respect, and the third gives me the same assurance. I did all that lay in my power to render their lives as happy as possible. When I was with them, we always lived peaceably together, and when absent I took care that they should not want. On my return I always saw and embraced them with pleasure; and quitted them without pain because my duty called me away. They never

gave me any uneasiness, except by the tears which they used to shed at every parting.

*Cuenna.* What! and have you never felt that harrowing-up of the soul, that inexpressible anguish, notwithstanding its torment is not totally destitute of rapture, with which the parting kiss is imprinted on the lips of those we love, with which fond lovers separate ten times, and as often unite in the ardent embrace?

*Ruyter.* No; my duty commanded me to go, and I went.

*Cuenna.* But your children?

*Ruyter.* I have several. The daughters I left with their mother to comfort her in my absence; the boys I took with me when they were big enough, to shew them the way to rise from a common sailor to the rank of admiral. I have two of them now on board with me, and hope soon to introduce them to your marshal.

*Cuenna.* Be not too sanguine, Sir; the traitor is not such an easy conquest.

*Ruyter.* So much the better, as I have already said. The greater the difficulty the greater the glory, and the sweeter the satisfaction.

*Cuenna.* Then you reject my sure, easy, and infallible method of securing the victory?

*Ruyter.* I am yet to learn in what it consists.

*Cuenna.* In the death of Vivonne. Look, Sir, at this dagger! In one of the happiest moments of my life, I shewed it to our common enemy, saying:—"For Vivonne, while constant to his vows, I reserve my tenderest embrace; but this steel is destined to punish his inconstancy." He is faithless, and I am ready to keep my word. I was on the point of fulfilling my menace, but was desirous of first appraising you, Sir, of my intention. Cuenna does not like to do things by halves. She would not put him to a single death, but inflict on him, if possible, two, three, nay a hundred deaths. She is desirous of punishing not the traitor alone, but of including all his treacherous countrymen in her vengeance. To accomplish this end, she requires nothing but your assistance.

*Ruyter (in a half angry tone).* Nothing but my assistance?

*Cuenna (with extraordinary animation).* Spread all your sails, brave Ruyter; arm all your crews, and approach with your fleet near the harbour of Messina. When I hasten towards you with the bloody dagger, or if the report of Vivonne's death outstrips my speed, beat down without delay on the ships of the French. Deprived of their commander, and

horror-struck by the fall of their idol, they will be incapable of resistance. You will conquer, will annihilate them, and the faithless Vivonne will even in death be doubly discomfited; history will brand his name with twofold infamy.

*Ruyter.* And you expect me to assist you in accomplishing this plan?

*Cuenna.* Yes, you.

*Ruyter.* God preserve my soul from the mere idea of such a compact. Signora, I am now sixty-nine years old, and probity has ever been the guide of my conduct. Never was my conscience yet polluted with falsehood, treachery, and guilt; I have hitherto cherished in my soul the principles of genuine virtue and valour, and I would at this moment submit with joy to a thousand deaths rather than alter my sentiments.—I have navigated almost every sea; I have been engaged in battle with almost every nation in Europe, and towards each I have conducted myself, as far as fortune permitted, according to its deserts. Rigid towards the English, haughty towards the Spaniards (formerly our enemies but now our faithful allies), frank towards the French, magnanimous towards the Swedes, when I protected the King of Denmark, I have every where conquered and invariably gained the respect of the vanquished. Even when I had to do with the pirates of Salce and Algiers I forgot not the rights of humanity, neither will I lose sight of them on this occasion. In Holland and in France, they know not such a weapon as the dagger. Honour put into the hands of our forefathers the sword and the musket; the assassin only employs the stiletto, not a man like me.

*Cuenna (scornfully).* Is this your last, your final resolve?

*Ruyter.* It is; and as to yourself, Signora, let me conjure you to relinquish your design! Such a project makes me shudder, though, as a man and a warrior I have grown grey amid dangers. How could it ever have been formed in the bosom of woman—of an individual belonging to that sex whose greatest charm is gentleness!—Recollect yourself! Courage does not appear to be a stranger to your soul. Only give it a proper direction and relinquish the odious plan of revenge!

*Cuenna.* I have been told that in the Belgian seas all animated nature is rendered torpid by the cold, and that the souls of the inhabitants of its coasts are endued with little or no sensibility; but such a degree of apathy as this, I never could have expected. Farewel, undaunted man, whom the idea of a dagger affrights! Adieu, man of monastic virtue and



yet the defender of a villain who has inflicted on me more than twenty deaths!—Ah! now I perceive that men of the most hostile sentiments agree for the purpose of oppressing our sex! They all cordially concur in seducing, deceiving, and assassinating us.

She hastened away. "Now I am convinced," thought she, "that violent passions admit not of allies. In themselves alone must they seek assistance, weapons, and support!" With dishevelled hair, with pallid cheeks, and the quick pace of despair she hurried back to Messina. Her strength was reduced by long fasting; but she heeded not the calls of hunger. The sun scorched her face, but she felt only that flame which consumed her vitals. She was unattended, save by love and revenge, the most dangerous of guides. Without friends, for she had sacrificed them all to Vivonne—without father—for him too she had forsaken, and now like a malefactor avoided his sight;—alike shunning and shunned by all, the perfidious Vivonne, and the punishment of his perjury, occupied her whole soul. Nothing else was capable of engaging her attention, till the intelligence that both fleets were making preparations for an engagement excited some interest in her. She bestowed on the French a thousand execrations, though she could not cordially wish success to the phlegmatic Ruyter.

The hostile squadrons bore down upon each other, and a tremendous spectacle succeeded. Du Quesne's superiority was decisive, and his ships fought bravely. Ruyter's example, however, performed wonders. His crews engaged with such desperation that you would have supposed them to be fighting for their country and not in a foreign cause. Their opponents at length gave way and two of their ships were sunk. This intelligence struck terror into Messina: Cuenna hailed it with transport. "The traitor flies then!" exclaimed she. "This is some gratification, though small, for my revenge."—Unhappy Cuenna, how short-lived was thy pleasure!

Reinforced with ships, men, and ammunition, the French prepared to renew the engagement. Ruyter possessed none of these advantages. The ships of his Spanish allies were ill built, badly manned, and worse managed. His own squadron had suffered considerably from tempestuous weather and the recent conflict, and to aggravate his misfortune, he was obliged to divide it, because Spanish pride, notwithstanding its weakness, demanded to be placed in the centre of the line. Ruyter had nothing but his courage to place in the scale against these various disad-

vantages; but the greatest intrepidity cannot protect a man from danger.

In the hottest of the engagement, at the very moment when victory again seemed disposed to favour the veteran hero, a cannon ball carried away his left leg, and shattered the right. He fell, and with him the fortune of his fleet. The issue of this day's conflict was not, indeed, decisive; but the loss of Ruyter, who soon afterwards expired of his wounds, was succeeded by the defeat of the allies in a third engagement. Du Quesne and Vivonne returned in triumph.

Cuenna shuddered at this information. Her soul had hitherto been alternately actuated by fear and hope, shame and revenge. Often had she, in spite of herself, trembled at the thought of her instant lover's death; cursing him with her lips, and yet loving him with her heart. Now when he returned with glory and victory in his train; when all the inhabitants of Messina thronged to meet him; when young and old hailed him with loud acclamations, and the most beautiful females of Sicily in their balconies seemed to bloom only for the victor; now, when she recollected her feelings at the moment when her eyes first met his, and all the consequences of that look—Cuenna's rage must either have found a vent, or have burst the heart in which it was confined.

She hastened to the principal square of Messina; she there heard the populace chanting songs in honour of their supposed deliverer, and heard them observe to each other, that a statue ought to be erected to Vivonne. A loud laugh of mingled scorn and malignity alleviated the sensations of Cuenna. This, together with her extraordinary air, soon collected around her a great number of idle spectators, and Cuenna secretly rejoiced at the circumstance. She hoped that the moment of revenge had now arrived, and thus addressed the gazing crowd:—

"Whence, ye deluded creatures, whence this general enthusiasm for the cause of France! How long have people, more opposite than poison and its antidote, been such cordial friends? How different were the sentiments of our forefathers. With our mother's milk they instilled into us an abhorrence of these people whom ye now embrace, and to whom ye will but too soon be obliged to kneel. The Sicilian vespers were the first words which they taught us to lisp. The devastations committed by the French in this our native land, and the tyranny of their government, were the subjects of the tales with which our nurses amused our infant ears.—Have you forgotten,

how often these French armies have carried fire and destruction into your towns and villages? Have you forgotten what streams of your noblest blood they have shed; and how often your sisters, your wives, and your daughters have been made subservient to the gratification of their lascivious desires?—There is not a nation—not one on the widely extended surface of the globe, that is more dangerous for you than this inconstant, fickle, and venomous race, which seems to have been endued with fascinating graces, only for the purpose of producing misery, dissolving the closest ties, and polluting the most sacred places; which thinks nothing disgraceful that tends to satisfy its lusts; and like a swarm of locusts, devours in an instant the produce of the land, and leaves behind its embryo brood to destroy the hopes of the coming year.”

Cuenna paused for a minute. She observed that her harangue operated, but not in the degree that she wished. Her voice became more impassioned, and on some of her words she laid a more pathetic emphasis.—“There,” continued she, “you stand irresolute. Perhaps you want proofs that the French are still what they formerly were. Of this, alas! I am myself an example:—I, that unfortunate Cuenna, to whose name it is impossible that you can all be strangers.—I, who was once so enviable when I yet constituted the joy of a father, when my heart was not yet seduced, nor my honour contaminated. At that time many a noble youth was enraptured with the small portion of beauty which heaven had been pleased to confer on me. At that time enlightened persons praised my understanding, and my reputation in this happy island, which I had myself chosen for my country, was not insignificant.—But now, now I am robbed of all this by the atrocious Vivonne! He flattered me till he obtained my love; he swore oaths which an infernal would not have ventured to break, and nevertheless he has forsaken, he has basely sacrificed me.—Me—me, ye men of Sicily! Which of you can now think his conjugal couch secure from pollution? Which of your daughters will now be safe from the like dishonour?”

A loud murmur of indignation filled the second pause which Cuenna made. Animated by the hope of success, she thus continued: “Ha! I perceive that I have not been speaking to senseless stones but to men. You are affected by my misfortune; but it is not sympathy alone that you should afford—you must avenge me. Cursed be Vivonne and every one of his countrymen. What he has been to me, these will be to the other daughters of Sicily—

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seducers and perfidious.—Such was not the conduct of our former rulers of the nobler race of Arragon. Even when they burdened us with imposts they still regarded the dearest rights of humanity. Their rigid virtue hated every immoral indulgence. They lasted at most after our gold, but never after our honour. Now that our resistance has shewn them what energies we possess, they would not give us even the former causes of complaint, were we to submit again voluntarily to their sceptre, but would conduct themselves towards us with equal justice and generosity.—O let us amend our errors! Let us now, before it is too late, make a merit of that which otherwise may but too soon be a necessity. For Spain still holds Palermo, and different parts of the island are yet in her power. The vicinity of Naples, the alliance with the Dutch, the Emperor's friendship, all contribute to strengthen her cause. While Ruyter lived, Vivonne was obliged to fly; but since the death of the hero, he gives full scope to his vanity. Holland has more Ruyters, who will soon make their appearance; and the conquered Sicilians will then be forsaken by these dastardly French. Come, join me, my friends! Let *Spain for ever!* be your cry, and assist me to take vengeance! Assist me to renew the grand spectacle of the Sicilian vespers.”

The Sicilians have ever been characterized as a people fond of change, impatient of rule, and susceptible of any impression. Hence the crowd which a few minutes before extolled Vivonne to the skies, and praised his nation as the most generous under the sun, were now converted by the eloquence of a woman and the spectacle of her sorrows, into the enemies of France. Spain for ever, and death to Vivonne! was the universal cry. Regardless of the garrison of Messina, unmindful of the victory so dearly purchased, they all prepared for insurrection, and a multitude, which soon increased to many thousands, proceeded to ward the vice-regal palace. They provided themselves with arms of every description; some even carrying fire-brands in their hands, and the leader of this insensate and infuriated mob was a woman.

Vivonne was enjoying the pleasures of the table when he received intelligence of this unaccountable insurrection. Without a moment's delay, he put himself at the head of his body-guard. The gates of the palace-yard were opened and Vivonne with his men went to meet the maddened populace. The first object that presented itself to his view was a woman stabbing a French officer with a dagger. The marshal ran towards her; she aimed

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a blow at him, but he arrested her arm. A long conflict ensued between female rage and masculine strength. At length he wrested from her hand the weapon reeking with the blood of his companions, and then for the first time looked her in the face. He recognized Cuenna, whose eyes seemed to dart upon him flames of fire. What astonishment on his part, and what augmented fury on hers! She endeavoured to disengage her arm, but in vain; she attempted to speak, but her full heart denied her utterance. Her eyes alone continued to speak with silent but impressive eloquence. Vivonne sought to pacify her, but his efforts were unavailing. The tone of his voice, once so fascinating to her, now served only to redouble her anguish. He at length asked, "And what is your intention, Signora?"—"Release this arm," replied she, "and you shall see."

He released her arm, and gave her a look full of that tenderness to which she was once so accustomed, and with which he had seduced her in her happy days. Cuenna felt the full force of this look. Love, which she had endeavoured to banish from her heart resumed its empire.—"Ha! traitor," exclaimed she, "do you really yet know the power you possess over me? Or do you think yourself secure because you have wrested one dagger from me? Cuenna is better provided than you may sup-

pose. That blunt weapon was intended only for your companions. That which is destined for you, I carry nearer to my heart. Already could I have avenged myself with it. But I see your remorse and to that I consign you. It is now my turn to die."

With another dagger which she had kept concealed, she instantly pierced herself to the heart. Before Vivonne or any of the astonished bystanders could seize her hand, she was extended on the ground. The marshal threw himself upon the corpse regardless of the presence of so many witnesses, and of the menacing attitude of the populace, who were disposed to tear him in pieces. His grief, however, disarmed their rage; they beheld his tears, they heard his lamentations, and they sympathized in his distress. They all returned to their duty; but in Cuenna life was extinguished for ever.

Her wish was accomplished. Remorse was the portion of Vivonne throughout the remainder of his life. The amiable man was never afterwards a seducer. War and the sciences were his sole occupations. The most celebrated poets of France employed their talents in his praise: Boileau himself paid him, on several occasions, the tribute of applause; but nothing could ever restore the peace of mind which he had lost.

## THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 34.]

*Of the Cosmetics for beautifying the Skin, continued.*

### VARIOUS COSMETIC WATERS.

TAKE half a dozen lemons, cut them small, and infuse them in a quart of cow's milk, with an ounce of white sugar and an ounce of rock alum. Distil the whole in a *balnea maria*. Rub the face with it at night. It gives great lustre to the skin; it may be recommended with safety, and its effects are certain.

#### ANOTHER.

Take an ounce of sulphur, two ounces of olibanum and myrrh, six drams of amber, and one pound of rose-water; distil the whole in a *balnea maria*, wash yourself with it at night

before you go to bed, and in the morning with the barley-water mentioned farther on. It will not fail to give your face a younger look.

#### ANOTHER.

Infuse wheat bran for three or four hours in vinegar; add to it a few yolks of eggs, and a grain or two of ambergris, and distil the whole. You will obtain a lotion that will give an astonishing lustre to the face. It is advisable to keep it for eight or ten days in the sun, with the bottle carefully corked.

#### ANOTHER.

Take equal parts of lemon-juice and white of eggs; beat the whole together in a varnished

earthen pot, and set it upon a gentle fire. Stir the matter with a wooden spatula till it has acquired nearly the consistence of butter. Before you make use of it add a small quantity of any odoriferous essence. Before the face is anointed it should be carefully washed with rice-water. This is one of the best methods to make the skin beautiful, brilliant, and polished.

#### ANOTHER.

Take equal parts of mastic, olibanum, and rosin, pound them together on marble, and dilute the mixture with very good white wine, so that the whole may be perfectly clear, and distil it in a glass alembic. Anoint yourself with the product before you go to bed, and you will find that it communicates a brilliant white, which no other lotion can take away.

#### ANOTHER.

Take equal parts of water of wild tansy and water of house-leek, and for every half pound add two drams of sal ammoniac.

#### VINE-WATER.

Catch the drops which distil from the vine in the months of May and June, and wash your face with them. Such is the cosmetic which nature presents to us ready made.

#### BARLEY-WATER.

This is an excellent cosmetic, but it cannot be made except in one particular season. Gather the barley when the yet unformed grain resembles a milky substance. Pound these grains in a mortar with asses' milk, and then distil the whole in a *balnea maria*. Wash yourself with this lotion; it gives extraordinary beauty to the face, and is productive of no inconvenience.

#### ROSE-WATER.

Though this water does not possess many virtues as a cosmetic, the ladies make a good deal of use of it on account of its agreeable smell, and perhaps also on account of its name, consecrated to the loves and the graces. My fair readers will not be displeased if I inform them how they may procure it in a very short time, and in the easiest manner. For this purpose it is sufficient to put roses into water, and to add two or three drops of vitriolic acid. The water assumes the colour, and becomes impregnated with the aroma of the flowers.

#### PIMPERNEL-WATER.

The effects of this water for whitening the complexion are highly extolled. It ought, says the author of the Art of Perfumery, to be continually on the toilette of every lady.

#### STRAWBERRY-WATER.

This name is given to the liquid distilled from strawberries. When wood strawberries are used for this purpose, the water has an exquisite smell, and ladies have recourse to it at their toilette to remove freckles and spots on the face. Hoffman, however, prefers the distilled water of the whole plant, which he regards as more efficacious and detergent.—We shall treat in a distinct chapter of spots on the skin, and the remedies to be applied to them.

#### VIPERS.

Vipers were formerly in much greater use than at present, both as a medicine and as a cosmetic. They are, however, still considered of great utility in diseases of the skin. The use of them, relinquished perhaps without reason, was so much the more commendable, because, so far from striking in, they excite, on the contrary, the excretion of the cutaneous organ, and rid it of noxious humors. In this case they are administered internally.

They are likewise used externally for the ophthalmia, the itch, wrinkles, and spots on the face.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON COSMETICS.

We have admitted into this work but a very small portion of the numerous receipts given by the authors who have treated of cosmetics. We thought it our duty to make a prudent selection, and to confine ourselves to such processes as are attended with the greatest advantage and the least inconvenience. In the succeeding chapters of this work will be found other compositions, which likewise contribute to the embellishment of the skin, but which are devoted to particular uses, of which we shall treat separately. We shall conclude this chapter with a few general observations.

Cosmetics appear under different forms. Some are liquid, others mucilaginous, and others have vinegar for their vehicle. Others again resemble pastes and ointments.

People should avoid the use of cosmetics, with the composition of which they are unacquainted. There are cosmetics which at first produce an astonishing effect, and ultimately ruin the skin. Females should therefore abstain generally from all the cosmetics which are offered them by empirics.

Mucilaginous cosmetics possess the property of rendering the skin more supple, softer, and more polished. They are in general the best adapted to the purpose for which they are designed, and are not attended with any inconvenience.



I cannot say the same of vinegars. Certain astringent vinegars which are used by the ladies, are often very pernicious. They evidently give lustre to the skin, and brilliancy to its colours, and sometimes even remove spots; but they alter the texture of the cutaneous organ, dry it, and produce premature wrinkles. I cannot warn them too strongly against making a too frequent use of them.

Pastes have an utility which is not attended with the same inconveniencies. They contribute in an efficacious manner to preserve the suppleness and elasticity of the skin.

Ointments produce a still more certain effect, because they remain longer applied to the surface of the skin. They may be kept there all night, in which case they preserve the parts which are covered with them from the influence of the air, check the matter of insensible perspiration, and produce, in a far superior degree to those which are properly called oily cosmetics; all the effects that M. de Senac expected of the latter, as we have already observed. But in order that ointments and liniments may possess the perfection that is requisite for producing none but good effects, they ought, says an able physician, whom I have already quoted, to contain nothing irritating, and the fatty substances which form their basis, should be in a state of great purity and extreme division. Very fresh cream, he adds, is often preferable to all these prepara-

tions, which, on account of the wax which they contain, and their super-oxygenation, are not fit to be used by women whose skin is too dry and too irritable.

In order to give whiteness and lustre to the skin, continues the same author, or even to protect in some cases from certain contagious diseases, they may use stearite reduced to a very fine powder, which then forms an excellent cosmetic. Professor Chaussier has employed this powder with success to preserve himself from the hospital fever. He applied it to the surface of his fingers, and touched with safety patients who were most dangerously affected.

Concerning the different cosmetics which are sold by perfumers, and of which the inventors, or sellers, make a secret, I shall say nothing. They may be very good, but till I know their composition, I cannot give any opinion respecting them. Nevertheless I am inclined to think that all those lotions which are sold at a high price, are merely new combinations of processes that have long been known. A new name is often sufficient to bring again into vogue an old process as well as an old fashion; and very often the cosmetic which lay forgotten on the shelf or in the drawer, wanted nothing but the kind aid of a new wrapper to obtain a ready sale.

[To be continued.]

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## BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE PASWAN OGLU,

PACHA-OF WIDDIN.

OSMAN PASWAN OGLU, was the son of an Albanian renegade. In early life he signalized himself by his extraordinary strength and intrepidity; artful and crafty in all his undertakings, firm and resolute whenever he found it necessary to be so, his plans very seldom failed of complete success. When he had, at length, raised himself to the rank of a pacha of two tails, bolder projects began to occupy his soul. He soon found himself able to defy the whole power of the Grand Signior.

It was not long before a favourable opportunity of shewing his influence, presented itself. The rights of the Janissaries had been invaded, the people every where murmured, but what opposition can they make to the will of a mighty despot! The Pacha set himself up for the protector of all the Janissaries, and issued a solemn declaration from his fortress,

that he would never suffer the support of the Ottoman military power to be shorn of its splendour.

From that moment the hearts of all the Janissaries were devoted to Paswan Oglu. Throughout all Turkey they regarded him as their deliverer, as the defender of their rights and privileges. Numbers of the most resolute of those warriors vowed to sacrifice their blood and lives for their generous protector, if he required it.

In the Divan, at Constantinople, however, the Pacha was declared a rebel. Several neighbouring commanders received a firman, enjoining them to collect their whole force and to reduce him to obedience. The Janissaries flew to their arms, and went in multitudes to the assistance of their menaced protector. Widdin was filled with resolute soldiers, and every attack was repelled with desperation. All the

efforts of the Porte to conciliate the conqueror proved unavailing.

His enterprizes, on the contrary, were marked with continually increasing audacity. His troops inundated all Bulgaria; nothing could withstand him till he planted his standard before the gates of Varna. It was, nevertheless, easy to foresee, that the Porte would not remain a quiet spectator of his progress. Paswan Oglu made formidable preparations to resist the gathering storm. He had engaged in his service a great number of Polish and French emigrants, and likewise of Austrian deserters from Hungary and the bannat of Temeswar; he had established foundries of cannon, and collected a prodigious quantity of powder and provisions in Widdin. Murderous batteries were thrown up around the fortress, and tremendous mines were formed in suitable situations.

The Capudan Pacha, who had married a sister of the Grand Signior, and was in high favour with the latter, was at length directed to assemble a powerful army, to besiege Widdin, and to exterminate the enterprising rebel. Asiatics and Europeans were obliged to repair from all the provinces of the empire to his banners, and he himself quitted the capital with the flower of the Turkish army. A numerous flotilla sailed up the Danube. The land forces soon increased to eighty thousand men. Widdin was blockaded, both by land and water, and the ruin of Paswan Oglu appeared inevitable.

The signal for storming was given. Tremendous was the thunder of the artillery planted on the bulwarks. The Mussulmans undauntedly threw themselves into the ditches, which were of considerable depth. Whole ranks were swept off at once by the heavy artillery of the fortress. Paswan Oglu by his presence in every quarter inflamed the courage of his men. They all defended themselves with the resolution of despair.

The Capudan Pacha found himself necessitated to give the signal for retreat. The failure of the first attack was an unfavourable omen for the whole campaign. It is a well known characteristic of the Turks, that in case the first enterprize, be it ever so insignificant, proves successful, their confidence is unbounded; but if they are discomfited in this, all the succeeding ones are sure to be disastrous, because a general despondency then pervades their army. How indeed could it be otherwise, firmly believing as they do in an inevitable fatality and unalterable predestination?

The result was not difficult to be foreseen. A panic seized their whole army; great num-

bers of the Turks returned to their homes. Some months elapsed before reinforcements could arrive. Hanscherli, Prince of Wallachia, received a command to send eight thousand Wallachians to the army. The feeble hospodar, trembling at every firman of the divan, durst not disobey the peremptory mandate of the Capudan Pacha. The Christian auxiliaries arrived unarmed, and unarmed they were suffered to remain. They were not designed to take the fortress, but only to screen the Turks from the murderous fire of its musketry and artillery.

A new attack was ordered. From all quarters resounded the cry to storm. The wretched unarmed Christians, were driven before like victims, that the Ottomans who followed might be secure from the fire. In this manner they approached the bastions of the town, which threatened death and destruction. What was the consequence? The batteries of the fortress remained quiet, and the garrison shewed not the slightest disposition to repel the attack. The Turks paused. They were unable to account for the conduct of the besieged.

Messengers, dispatched by the Pacha with a flag of truce, suddenly made their appearance. They declared in the name of Paswan Oglu, that it was disgraceful to engage unarmed people, that he waged war not with those miserable Christians, but with Mussulmans who sought to blast the glory of the flower of the Ottoman nation; and concluded with requiring that the unarmed Wallachians should be sent back to their country, and then the sword would decide to which party God and the great Prophet, to whom be praise to all eternity, would be pleased to give the victory.

These just remonstrances had no weight with the Capudan Pacha. How could sentiments so philanthropic find access to the heart of a man accustomed to regard the Christian subjects of the empire as dogs and slaves, as born to be beasts of burden under the Turkish yoke. The messengers with difficulty escaped personal violence, and the order for the attack by land and water was repeated.

"Alas! then, there is no way of saving these wretched Christian victims!" exclaimed Paswan Oglu, when he received information of the failure of his mission. "May God and the Prophet forgive my enemies!" The orders for defence were instantly issued; the batteries, like volcanoes, poured forth destructive torrents of fire. Before half an hour had elapsed, the greatest part of the Wallachians were extended lifeless. The Mussulmans mounting upon their bodies, scaled the bulwarks.

Paswan Oglu, who was present in every



place where the danger was most imminent, now gave a signal. Horrible was the spectacle that ensued. The earth opened under the feet of the hardy besiegers. The matches were applied, and the mines were sprung with a most tremendous explosion. Whole companies were buried in the bosom of the earth, whole ranks were engulfed. Terror seized the assailants; all fled that were yet able to fly. The Capudan Pacha himself escaped from the bloody field not without the utmost hazard of his life.

This was the last attempt made by the Porte to reduce the Pacha of Widdin by force to obedience. It is remarkable in the annals of Turkish warfare. Its history displays, in a striking manner, the imbecility of the empire, and shews what an enterprising rebel, whose undertakings are conducted with prudence, caution, and cunning, is capable of effecting.

The golden age of the Ottoman dominion is past, since the Pachas have ceased to kiss the silken string sent from Satambul, before they put it round their own necks and strangle themselves with it; but on the contrary make the Capidgi Bashis, who undertake to execute the commands of the once all-powerful despot, pay the forfeit of their lives for their temerity. Such is the usual fate of all despotic states. The bonds of despotism are dissolved, were they even tied like the Gordian knot, when those who execute its decrees cease to fear it, like a magic wand whose operation none can escape.

The Turkish political colossus, formidable for ages to all the neighbouring nations, now stands like a scathed oak, with shivered branches, amid the gaily luxuriant forest, a striking memento of the frail and perishable nature of all human things!

So great was the decline of this once formidable empire, that it depended only on the will of a Pacha of Widdin to erect a new fabric on the ruins of the dreaded throne of the race of Osman. All the Janissaries were ready to take up arms in his cause; and in the capital itself he had a numerous and powerful body of partisans. Paswan Oglu, however, declared that he aspired not to dominion, that he desired justice only for himself, his followers, and the whole nation.

Paswan Oglu was universally regarded as one of the greatest lovers of justice in Turkey. This general reputation he acquired by his impartiality not only to Mussulmans, but also to persons of every other religion. In the decision of all disputes he paid no respect to persons; and it made no difference to him whether the parties were Turks, Jews, Greeks, or

Armenians. His judgments were just, but frequently severe.

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate these observations:—Soliman Aga, a Turk of distinction at Widdin, chanced to see a beautiful young Jewess, the only comfort of a poor sick mother, whom she attended in her old age. His appetite was inflamed. Born under the burning sky of Mosul, he strove in vain to subdue it: desire was soon matured into passion, and he swore by his beard to enjoy the Jewess, should it even cost him his life.

The girl, however, had promised her hand to another, and the marriage was to be solemnized in a few days. How then was it possible to contrive, in so short a time, a favourable opportunity for executing his purpose?—Love sharpens the invention; and if it be merely sensual, it renders those whose bosoms it occupies cruelly inventive. The unsuspecting bridegroom was easily enticed to the other shore of the Danube, where he was soon dispatched by the knife of an assassin.

Soliman had now nothing to apprehend from this rival. His spies lurked about the poor woman's hut, it could not be difficult to find a favourable moment for the execution of his design. One evening the mother went out to visit a friend, and the daughter was left at home by herself; the Turkish lover was not long before he received information of the circumstance, and in a few moments he was in the arms of the Jewess. In vain did she resist his impetuous attacks, in vain did she threaten him with all the torments of hell; her glowing words only tended still more powerfully to inflame the passion of the furious lover. With vigorous arm the Mussulman seized the helpless maiden; her strength forsook her; she sunk senseless upon the couch, and in this state she was subservient to the gratification of the lust of the ardent Asiatic.

The Jewess had recognized the Turk, and called him by name. This justly excited in his mind the apprehension of new danger. It was certain that the matter would be laid before the Pacha, and it was well known that the latter was not accustomed to protect Mussulmans who were guilty of crimes. Soliman foresaw that one must die, if the other was to live. He had no difficulty in the choice. The violated Jewess was stabbed without the least noise, and the Mussulman hastened away from the theatre of his happiness and his future misery.

The mother, on her return, found her daughter swimming in her blood. What a scene of the most poignant anguish?—The

girl was in the agonies of death. At the sight of her mother she summoned up the small remains of life, and had strength sufficient to name her ravisher and murderer. A few minutes afterwards she expired.

The very next day the mother appeared before the throne of the Pacha, imploring justice and vengeance against the man who had dishonoured and murdered her daughter.—“You shall have both!” cried Paswan Oglu; and in a grave tone commanded that the culprit should be immediately brought into his presence. Soliman was soon conducted before him by an escort of Janissaries. It was not difficult to convict him of the crime. Witnesses came forward and accused him also of the assassination of the bridegroom.

In vain did he urge, in extenuation of his guilt, his irresistible passion for the girl, and the impossibility of gratifying it in any other way.—“What would become of the mighty empire of the Ottomans,” replied the Pacha in a solemn tone, “if every Mussulman were at liberty to exercise such atrocities upon its subjects; of what service would be the divine law of the great Prophet, to whom be glory for ever and ever, if each individual might commit crimes, which are so diametrically opposite to his commandments?—Cursed be the hand that could perpetrate such nefarious deeds!”

Then quickly drawing his glistening sabre, he cut off, in the twinkling of an eye, the right hand of the guilty Turk. He did the same with the left. “Take this vile transgressor of the law,” said he with a terrific voice, “and cast him into the waves of the Danube. Let his punishment serve as a warning to others!”

The situation of the Pacha could not fail to render him suspicious, for he had always just reason to fear that he was surrounded by the spies of the Porte, and by secret enemies. This is a sufficient excuse for his mistrust of those who did not deserve it. Being once very sick, a Christian physician offered his services, and appeared before him with a medicine which he asserted would restore him to perfect health. Paswan Oglu smiled, looked at the medicine, which filled a large glass, and ordered the physician to swallow it in his presence. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, the latter was obliged to obey the injunction of the Pacha, and to drink off the medicine, to the no little danger of his own health. To reward his compliance, the Pacha presented him with a sum of money, and a Turkish pelisse.

The person from which these particulars of the celebrated Turkish chieftain are derived,

was likewise a physician, a native of Saxony, and resided for some time at Widdin. The occasion of his leaving that place affords an instance of the singularity of the Pacha's character. In his seraglio he had a Polish female, to whom he was strongly attached, and who had probably been stolen and brought to him by the Tartars of Bessarabia. She became pregnant. It is well known with what difficulty women, especially of weakly constitutions, bring their progeny into the world in the north of Europe, and how severe a trial child-birth often proves for the Polish and Russian females. The slaves of the Pacha's Polish favourite did not conceal their apprehensions, and announced a very difficult labour. It was resolved to send for a Christian physician; and the German, to whom we have alluded, was accordingly called in.

The lady had already been a whole day in the most dreadful pains; her situation was truly pitiable. The Pacha shuddered at the thought of losing his favourite. The slaves were convinced that their mistress could not have less than three children. At length the physician arrived, and was conducted to the apartment of the patient, who was lying upon a divan, and had just recovered from a fainting fit. Her face was covered with a thin veil; no part of her whole body was to be seen, not even her hands. It was not without the greatest reluctance that the Pacha permitted the physician, at his repeated request, to feel the patient's pulse. It indicated extreme weakness. Paswan Oglu promised a great reward, if he could produce a medicine that would relieve the lady from her distressing condition.

In vain the stranger protested that he knew of nothing that could relieve her, unless he were permitted to see and touch certain parts of the patient's body. The Pacha declined not to return him any answer. But when he had at length the boldness to declare, that he could give no assistance till he had examined the position of the child, the jealous Pacha could no longer restrain his indignation, and he swore a tremendous oath, that the Frank should answer for her safety with his life.

Under these circumstances, what was to be done? Nothing but stratagem could rescue the anxious physician from impending death. He appeared to be, for some time, absorbed in meditation; then, turning to the Pacha, he observed with a serene countenance, that he had bethought himself of a remedy which afforded a confident hope of saving the lady, and that it consisted of a preparation from a certain herb that grew a few miles on the other side of the Danube.



"You may rely on a great reward if you can give relief," said Paswan Oglu; "but lose no time, make haste; and the angel of the Lord attend thee!"—The physician went home as much overjoyed as if he had escaped the most imminent death. No sooner had he ar-

rived than he packed up all his valuables and money, concealed the parcel under his cloak, mounted a swift horse, and was ferried across the Danube. From Wallachia he proceeded to Silistria, and thence, by way of Varna, to Constantinople.

## VISIT TO A SULTANA.

A TURKISH PLAY, MUSIC, DANCING, &c.

THE impenetrability of the harem of the Grand Seignior, wherein none but physicians are admitted, after every thing is removed which does not immediately relate to the lady on which they are to be consulted, only permits us to judge of it from its analogy to the customs of the private harems.

Even the palace of a Sultana, wherein her husband and every thing else is under her subjection, can give no light as to what passes in the interior of the seraglio. I do not, therefore, pretend to introduce even a ray of light as to what passes in that really inaccessible den; I am not going to present any objects of comparison, but only simple details, which paint the manners; and I shall now give an account, as it was dictated to me by Madame de Tott, of a visit which she, with her mother, paid to the Sultana Asma, daughter of the Emperor Selim, and sister of those who have succeeded him to the present day.

Under the reign of Sultan Mahamout, this Princess, still young, and from the example of her brother, inspired with a kind of predilection in favour of the Franks, was desirous of conversing with an European female. My mother-in-law, although born in Turkey, was deemed likely to satisfy her curiosity, and, with her daughter was invited to come to her. The female superintendant of the exterior of the palace was charged to fetch them and conduct them to the Sultana. When they arrived at the seraglio of that Princess, their conductress ordered a first and second iron gate to be opened, each kept by porters not different from ordinary men; neither was the guardian of a third gate; which, on being opened, discovered several black eunuchs, each with a white wand in their hands, who preceded the strangers through an interior court, which was under their care, and introduced them into a large hall.

Here the female intendant of the interior came to receive them; and the slaves who attended her, assisted the two strangers in taking off their masks, and folding up their veils, whilst their mistress went to notify their arrival to the Sultana.

In the mean while the Princess, devoted to her religious prejudices, would not receive their visit, except behind blinds, in order to see without being seen; but my mother-in-law having declared that she would retire, if this condition was persisted in, the negotiation was terminated by the Princess consenting, who, adding an invitation for them to repose awhile, gained time to adjust her dress. Soon after, the mother and daughter were introduced into the apartments of the Sultana, whom they found richly dressed, and adorned with all her diamonds, sitting on the corner of a sumptuous sofa, in a saloon of which the tapestry and carpets were of gold and silver stuffs of Lyon, of different colours, in stripes; and small cushions of cotton, covered with satin embroidered with gold, were placed before the Sultana, on which they were seated, whilst sixty young damsels, in splendid apparel, arranged themselves to the right and left, standing with their arms crossed on their girdle.

After the first compliments, the Princess began to question them about the liberty which our women enjoy. She made comparisons with our customs and those of the harem, and showed some difficulty in believing that a young woman might be seen before marriage by the man who was to espouse her; but at last she acceded to the advantage which would necessarily result from our customs; and, abandoning herself to her personal feelings, she exclaimed against the barbarity which had, at the age of thirteen, delivered her up to a decrepid old man, who, in treating

her like a child, had inspired her with nothing but disgust. At last, added she, he died; but am I the happier? Married these ten years to a Pacha, who is said to be young and amiable, we have not yet seen each other!

The Sultana afterwards said many civil things to the two Europeans, gave orders to the intendant to offer them refreshments, to show them the gardens, and afterwards to bring them back to terminate the visit.

The conductress then took them to her apartment, where they dined with her only, whilst a great number of slaves stood round the table to wait on them. After dinner, coffee and pipes were offered. The European ladies declined the pipes, and the intendant did not allow herself time to smoke her's out, in order to attend her guests into the gardens. New troops of slaves had been previously stationed near a beautiful summer-house, to which the company were conducted; it was built in the middle of a large pond in the garden, magnificently furnished and decorated. Tall hedges of rose-trees every where hid the walls of this prison. Very narrow paths, paved in Mosaic, formed the only walks, but a vast number of pots, and baskets of flowers, offering a pleasing and various-coloured background to the eye, invited them to repose on a sofa, which kind of enjoyment appeared to be the sole end of the walk. They were no sooner seated, than the eunuchs, who had preceded the march, ranged themselves in a row, at some distance from the kiosk, or summer-house, to make room for the musicians of the Princess. These were ten female slaves, who executed several pieces, whilst a troop of dancers, dressed with equal splendour, but with more taste, performed various interludes, which were very pleasing from the figures and different steps. Soon after a fresh troop of twelve women, in men's clothes, came, without doubt, to add to this picture the appearance of a sex which was here wanting. These pretended men then began a kind of joust, or tilt, to dispute the possession, and to seize different fruits which other slaves had thrown into the pond. A boat, managed by women, likewise disguised as men, afforded the strangers the pleasure of an excursion on the water; after which, they were conducted back to the Sultana, from whom they took leave with the usual ceremonies, and departed from the seraglio by the same way, and in the same manner as they had entered into it.

It may be here observed that the eunuchs were more under the orders of the Sultana, than inclined to oppose her. Those beings are in Turkey, only objects of luxury. They

are visible no where but in the Seraglio of the Grand Seignior, and in those of the Sultanas. The pride of the great, is extended as far as them, but with moderation; the richest have only two or three black eunuchs; the least deformed among the white eunuchs are reserved for the sovereign, to form the guard of the outer gates of the Seraglio; but they cannot approach the women, nor attain to any employ; whilst the blacks have in view the office of Kiskar-aga, which is a sufficient motive to animate them, and excite their ambition. The character of these is always ferocious, and nature offended in them, seems constantly to express her reproaches.

Although the festivals of the tulips, with which the Grand Seignior frequently amuses himself, cannot acquaint us with the interior of his harem, the particulars may serve to give us some idea of his pleasures.

The garden of the harem, without doubt larger than that of the Sultana Asma, but nevertheless disposed in the same taste, is the scene of all sorts of nocturnal festivals: that of the tulips, is so called because it consists in illuminating beds of those flowers; which the Turks prefer to all others. It may reasonably be supposed that those which he enjoys habitually are less lively than those which he procures by adorning his tulips with festal lamps.

All sorts of vases filled with natural or artificial flowers, are collected and placed for a background, lighted by an infinite number of lanterns, coloured lamps, and tapers in glass-tubes, which are reflected and repeated in mirrors purposely placed. Shops full of different wares, are purposely built, and are occupied by the women of the harem, who act the parts of shopkeepers in suitable dresses. The Sultanas, sisters, nieces, or cousins, are invited to these entertainments, by the Grand Seignior, and they, as well as his Highness, purchase in these shops, jewels and stuffs, which they mutually present to each other; they likewise extend their generosity to the ladies of his Highness, as well as to those who occupy the shops. Dancing, music, and games of the nature of the jousts before-mentioned, cause these festivals to last very late in the night, and shed a kind of momentary gaiety in a spot which seems essentially devoted to sorrow and to wearisomeness.

On the pregnancy of one of the ladies of the seraglio, another festival was appointed, of which some particulars offer the true picture of the manners and customs of the nation.

Two great posts, forty feet distant from each other, supported a cord extended from their

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tops; to this cord glass lamps were fixed which formed the cypher of the Grand Seignior, and some sentences from the Koran, applicable to the subject, whilst rope-dancers, female dancers, and Jews, amused the spectators all the three nights which the festival lasted, illuminated by a score of chafing-dishes on tall stakes, filled with tarred rags and pine wood, which yielded a red flame.

These lugubrious candelabras were planted in a circle, to light the performers who occupied its centre, and the tents erected for the Grand Seignior and his company, formed, with the crowd of assistants, a vast line of circumvallation, of which the female populace filled a part. Another illumination on the outside of this last enclosure, served only as a sign to the entertainment, of which the most precious part was the play.

A kind of cage, three feet square, and six feet high, covered with a curtain, except in front, contained one of the actors, a Jew in woman's clothes; another Jew, dressed like a young Turk, and reputed to be in love with the lady; a footman representing a pleasant simpleton; a fourth Jew, habited as a woman, and acting the complaisant fair lady; a husband who is deceived; in short all those personages which are usually found in comedies, composed the *dramatis personæ*. But, what is never seen elsewhere, is the unravelling the plot; every thing is fictitiously concluded before the curtain, nothing is left to the imagination of the spectators, and if the cry of men placed on the minarets of the mosques, calling to prayers, is heard in the mean time, the mussulmen turn towards Mecca, whilst the actors proceed in playing their parts. I may have said enough about this strange medley of momentary devotion, and continued indecency, if the reader perceives that however difficult it may be to describe this picture, it is still more difficult to paint it.

Awkward rope-dancers, wrestlers, and buffoons, fill the intervals between one comedy and another, with their performances. Among the dancing girls, (whose merit does certainly not consist in the elegance of their steps, nor the graces of their gestures, but who please the Turks infinitely by means of the talent which characterizes them), was a little girl of ten or twelve years old, whose agility was very promising, and when at the conclusion of every dance, she went round with her tambourine as is customary, to collect in money the value of the agreeable ideas with which she had inspired the company, the Turkish lords who were in company with the Sultan, bid against each other for her purchase, whilst they pressed

sequins on her forehead as marks of their approbation.

The sequin is a gold coin, worth nine or ten shillings, and so light that it will, when pressed on the forehead, stick there for some time: and in this manner the Turks reward the agility of the dancing girls.

The price of this slave, whose figure was however nowise remarkable, rose to twelve purses, (about 75*l*.) which an old lord paid to the merchant who sold her, for the barren pleasure of perpetuating ideas which he had no longer any hopes of realizing.

Except in public festivals, where the greatest licentiousness is always permitted, those actors never display their talents but in private houses, when they are sent for, to attend weddings and feasts. The troops are always composed of men, or of women solely. Those of women, act in the harems with as much distinction and as little reserve, as the players already mentioned; but music is the most common and familiar amusement of the Turks.

Their martial music is of the most rude nature; enormous drums, beaten with a kind of mallets, unite a hollow rumbling noise, to the lively and clear sound of small tymbals, accompanied by clarinets and shrill trumpets, of which the tones are forced, in order to complete the most horrid and discordant din that can be imagined.

Chamber-music is, on the contrary, very soft, and if at first we are disgusted with a monotony of semi-tones, we cannot deny its possessing a kind of melancholy expression with which the Turks are powerfully moved. A violin with three strings, another with six, the dervise flute, softer than our German flute, a kind of mandolin with a long neck and strung with wires, the Pandæan reed, and the pipe and tabor, to render the measure more sensible, compose this orchestra. It is placed at the lower end of an apartment, and the musicians, squatted down on their heels, play without any written or printed music, melodious and lively tunes, but always in unison, whilst the company silently intoxicate themselves with a languishing enthusiasm, with the smoke of their tobacco-pipes, and with pills of opium.

Those Turks who have used themselves to an immoderate use of opium, are easily known by a sort of rickets which that poison produces at the long run. Not able to exist pleasantly without being in a kind of intoxication, those men are curious objects to an European, when they are assembled together in a part of Constantinople called *Teriaky*

*Tcharchissy* (the market of opium-eaters).—There may be seen in the evening thousands of those amateurs, whose pale and sad figures would inspire pity, if long and twisted necks, heads leaning to the right or left, the backbone distorted, one shoulder in the ear, and numberless other strange attitudes, did not present a most ridiculous spectacle.

Against the wall which surrounds the place in which the *Solimania*, or principal mosque is situated, is a file of small shops, shaded by a trellis which communicates from one to another, and under each is placed a long narrow sofa, on which the guests sit without obstructing the passage. These customers arrive successively, and seat themselves to receive the dose which is suitable to their wants, and according to their custom and power of bearing. The pills are soon distributed; the most inured to this drug swallow from one to four pills, each as big as a large olive (which dose

would be enough to kill thirty Europeans; others take three, two, or only one; after which every man drinks a large glass of cold water, and seating himself in his peculiar attitude, he awaits an agreeable reverie, which never fails in about three quarters of an hour, or at most an hour, to animate these automata, making them gesticulate in a hundred different ways, but always gaily and fantastically.

This is the moment when the scene is most interesting; all the actors are happy, every one returns home in a disordered state; but also in the full and entire enjoyment of such a happiness as reason could never procure for him. Deaf to the hallooing of the passengers they meet, and who delight in teasing them, and making them talk nonsense, every one fancies he possesses what he pleases, and their happiness often exceeds what the reality might have procured.

### THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

"I CAN but try," said the landlady. "I will go to her, and if she chuses to take it amiss she may. In that case I shall have no occasion to thank her, if she should ever be visible. But I am sure she will not be displeased. Have you not heard how charitable she has been to the poor since she came to live here? Go to her I will."

The landlord listened to this address of his wife with an air expressive of every thing but satisfaction. "My dear," replied he, "people of quality ought not to be incommoded;" and held his wife by the arm when she was preparing to set off.

"People of quality!" exclaimed the hostess; "is not the lady here a woman of quality as well as the lady of the castle? and can she be as comfortable with us as with her equal? I am determined to go."

"Stop!" cried her husband in a surly tone. "Hearken to reason, woman; shall we then turn away an opportunity of gain which so seldom finds its way to our door? If the lady will not enjoy with us all the conveniences she could wish, we shall be put to little inconvenience in having her here. Stay at home and get the great bed ready. I will ride to town and fetch a doctor; then the horse too will earn his oats to-day. For the lady will not wish me to tire the creature for nothing."

"The lady wants none of your services;

your horse thinks more sensibly than you; he says nothing when you feed him with grass and talk of the oats he has eaten. Do a good turn for others, and you will find them ready to do the same for you. So I think at least."

With these words the hostess turned hastily about, leaving her husband standing and scratching behind his ear with his left hand, while he shook the right with the fore-finger extended in the air. The execrations which in reality formed the text to these pantomimic notes, he muttered like incantations behind the back of his wife, of whom, though ten times as good as himself, he was not a little afraid.

The subject of the dialogue which is here recorded with historical fidelity, does not prove that it was carried on in the French language; this, however, was actually the case. It could not indeed have well been otherwise; for the scene of the altercation was an inn in the south of France, on the high road between Geneva and Lyons; a wretched hut, frequented only by poor carriers, and still poorer pedestrians, and which was by no means calculated to afford accommodations for a sick lady, who was travelling with a maid and servants, till the re-establishment of her health. Neither would the lady, whose unexpected arrival had created disharmony between the host and hostess, ever have



thought of putting up at such a place, had she not been suddenly taken so ill that she was unable to proceed, according to her intention, to the next town. The question now was, what was to be done, if, as appearances indicated, she should grow still worse.

About half a league from this miserable inn reigned abundance, but in a very unusual form. An ancient castle which the former proprietor had a few years before sold to an unknown lady, had been transformed by her, with no inconsiderable expence, into a gloomy hermitage. A high wall surrounded the castle and garden, like a convent; the wall of a convent, however, has gates for its entrance, but to this hermitage there was no other avenue than a small door, which was bolted and locked within, and was not opened for any stranger till he or she had undergone a long examination. The inquisitor was an aged porter, who kept watch in a turret upon the wall over the door. From him the message passed to a second person, stationed at the door within, and from the latter to a third, who carried it to the castle, where it was received by an old woman through a window; from her it was conveyed to the mistress of the hermitage by her confidante. Arrangements of such an extraordinary kind, when they became known, attracted the attention of the vigilant *Marchaussee*. The lady submitted without hesitation to a visitation of her dwelling by the officers of police, and as her subsequent conduct was not calculated to excite suspicion, she received no farther molestation in her solitude. She was supposed to be a religious enthusiast; an opinion which various circumstances seemed to confirm. All that could be learned respecting the occupations of the recluse was, that she relieved all the poor and distressed in the whole country. All the letters which were sent to her, and which it was thought necessary to open at the nearest post office, related only to subjects which the church denominates good works. The lady's answers, none of which she wrote herself, were of the same nature. All the servants at the castle were kept actively employed in forwarding this correspondence and in private missions; none of them, of either sex, could boast of having ever seen their mistress. She had no objection to converse even with strangers who could prefer a sufficient claim to this distinction, but never without a thick black veil which reached to her feet and entirely concealed her whole person.

To this lady the officious hostess posted away, to enquire whether she would accom-

modate the sick stranger. Another motive—for why should she deny her sex—likewise influenced her conduct; she hoped on this unexpected occasion to obtain a sight of the hermitage, and perhaps be permitted to speak to the recluse, of whom she had heard so much.

While the patient in the little chamber of the inn was sighing rather on account of her accommodations than her illness, and the host whose attendance she had declined, went from vexation into the stable, and pulled the hay from his horse's manger, the landlady arrived at the turret, where the old porter began his examination. Her story was so well told, that the porter immediately forwarded the message, and in a few minutes received for answer that she might be admitted.

How overjoyed was the good little woman when the key grated in the lock, and the bolt flew back! and when she entered, how slowly she walked that she might have the more time to take good notice of every object!

But on this side of the castle there was very little to be seen. The mysterious lady was an enthusiast, if enthusiasm may be used to denote the delight which is taken in the indulgence of whims, which cherish the sentiments dearest to our hearts, but without making us either richer or wiser. The lady was likewise an eccentric character, for she gave herself not the least concern about what the world, from which she had secluded herself, would say of her caprices. She was not, however, deficient in good sense; she concealed from the eye of curiosity what vanity would have made a point of exhibiting; she wished not to excite interest by her conduct, and still less by her sensibility. Her garden was the place where she had erected a monument to her melancholy, and that was inaccessible to all. The inquisitive hostess could therefore discover nothing as far as she could see within the wall, but a beautiful green plat and an ancient building of grey stone. At the door of the house she was received by the aged female, by whom she was announced, and conducted into an apartment whose walls, hung with grey tapestry, exhibited nothing remarkable but an empty frame, apparently placed there instead of a picture, and which at least afforded a subject of reflection for curious spectators who beheld nothing of the view they had expected to see.

"That must be she," thought the good hostess in the joy of her heart, when she heard somebody coming, and immediately turned her eyes from the empty picture frame to the door by which the old woman had gone. She beheld

a female, not the lady of the castle, but her confidante, a modestly dressed brunette of about eighteen; not handsome, but a fine figure, with a grave look, and lively sparkling eyes. To her the hostess was obliged once more to repeat the object of her errand, which was once more communicated to the mistress of the castle. At length the latter, a tall majestic figure, concealed by her black veil, made her appearance.

The result of the interview was, that the recluse offered her best services to the sick stranger, with the assurance that she would see whether it was possible to prepare accommodations for her in the castle; and if she found it impossible, she would do all that lay in her power to remedy the inconveniences of her situation.

The good hostess was by no means satisfied with such an indefinite answer, and still less with what she had seen. Scarcely had she returned to the patient, and begun to reflect on the means of dispensing with the assistance of the recluse, when the confidante appeared in a coach, which was always kept in readiness for the mistress of the castle at a neighbouring farm-house. The patient was pleased with this visit which seemed a favourable presage. The result, however, did not appear so propitious for her as she had expected. No sooner had the envoy cast her eyes upon the stranger, than she was thrown into an embarrassment which she communicated to the latter, and which increased with every minute. The antiquary engaged in decyphering an inscription, from which he promises himself a discovery of the utmost importance, cannot contemplate the illegible characters with more fixed attention than the confidante of the mistress of the castle gazed upon the features of the sick stranger. Being informed that she was a German, she did not wait to enquire her name, but hurried away to the coach as though she had been pursued by an enemy, or had to carry the first intelligence of the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

"It is she! it can be no other!" exclaimed she on entering the apartment of the mistress of the castle.

The lady, rising from her sofa, slowly asked:—"No other than who?"

"Than the sister of the man whose picture you once shewed me;" replied the confidante hastily.

The lady heaved a deep sigh, and the glow of life tinged her cheek. "God be thanked," said she, while a tear started from her eye. "God be thanked that it is no other! the man whose picture you saw has no sister."

The confidante looked at her as earnestly as one who can scarcely believe his senses. "Do you know for certain that he has no sister?"

"Strange girl!" said the lady, with a clouded smile, "you would not pretend to teach me the history of the only person whom I know as perfectly as myself? Is the stranger a German?"

"So she says;" answered the confidante. "Besides, she speaks French with a foreign accent."

"Did you not enquire her name?"

"No."

The lady was absorbed in thought. "A German, and like him whose picture you have seen? My dear Leonora, you might imagine so because you have seen the picture only once, or because you have seen nothing but the picture. At the same time it is extraordinary that, with this resemblance, she should be a German. And if your eyes or your memory have not deceived you——"

"My eyes!" exclaimed the confidante. "Never was I so convinced of any thing in all my life as of this resemblance. And as to my memory! O that I were a painter, on every wall would I delineate the dear image—the large piercing eyes, the single wrinkle on the high forehead, the melancholy smile, the expressive outline of the whole face, and the invisible cloud which envelopes every feature."

"Leonora!" cried the lady with enthusiastic vivacity, and pressed the hand of her confidante. "You must be dreaming, girl; can you see invisible clouds?"

"Never mind the expression," said Leonora gravely; "I cannot find any other for the sentiment excited in me by the picture whenever I call it to recollection. There is a certain cloud upon the face which renders every beauty doubly beautiful. You must know what I mean."

"Well," rejoined the lady, "and is this cloud to be seen in the face of the sick stranger?"

"No, it is not; and upon the whole the face of the stranger differs in many respects from the picture. But I was so struck with certain features which as I thought were to be found only in the picture, with something of that kind which is called a family-look, that I could at least swear this stranger and the man who sat for that beautiful portrait are nearly related."

The lady was again lost in thought.—"It is not possible," said she. "I know his whole family, though not personally; he has but a father living, and has neither brother, sister, nor any other relation. If he dies without



issue, the whole patrimony will devolve to distant cousins, of a different name. It is nevertheless possible that you may be right. Chance sometimes impresses the stamp of intellectual resemblance on persons who are not at all related. If this were the case in the present instance, if the lady resembled but in one single feature him whom nobody resembles, there is nothing that I would not do for her; for the sake of that single feature I would myself watch beside her bed, and perform for her all the offices of a tender nurse. Leonora, are you certain that she looks like him?"

Leonora began to be impatient. "As sure as I have eyes, she resembles the picture you once shewed me."

The lady put her hand to her bosom, and drew out a concealed portrait, suspended by a gold chain. Holding it close to Leonora's eyes,—"Is it this," she asked, "is it this portrait that she resembles?"

"Yes, this," replied Leonora. "Then I am once more permitted to have a sight of that dear beclouded face."

"Look well at it, as it is, without the cloud, which exists only in your imagination! If it be like the stranger, go immediately, my dear girl, direct the green room to be prepared, order the coach again, and go without loss of time and fetch the lady. But tell her not a word about the picture—or—"

Leonora frowned. Her mistress embraced her. "I know you will not say any thing," said she; "forgive me, and fetch the stranger."

Thus the recluse resolved to perform a good action to which duty and benevolence alone would not have persuaded her. Her asylum afforded no immediate accommodations for the reception of a stranger, and still less of a sick person; and besides, she ran the risk of losing her partiality for her retreat in consequence of the visits of the physician, and the going in and out of the servants of another, or of becoming better known than was consistent with the plan of her life.

In every history there are circumstances which instead of being detailed in words, ought to be indicated with a single stroke, because they are understood of themselves. In this part of the present history such a stroke could signify nothing but this:—Leonora hastened to execute her commission; after one or more refusal, which is a tribute that custom imperiously demands in such cases, the sister gladly accepted the invitation; a physician was fetched from the nearest town; the two ladies in a few days conceived such an affection for each other as though they had lived in mutual intimacy from their

infancy, though the mistress of the castle never paid her visits to the sick-bed of her guest without her black veil, as already described.

Moralists, people who hunt in the human mind as divines do in the Bible, to collect materials for sermons which are most unwelcome to those who have most occasion for them, pretend that two female hearts cannot possibly approach each other without feeling the necessity of reciprocal communication. This necessity, say they, sometimes operates with such force, that the stream of words at length bursts like a mountain torrent from the most reserved lips, and even breaks down the dykes of prudence and self-interest. They therefore advise every man, who resolves to entrust a female bosom with a secret, to prepare himself for some little treachery, whenever his confidante is likewise the confidante of some female friend or neighbour, and not to be angry if that takes place in this way, which according to the laws of nature cannot fail to occur.

Those who maintain a principle may defend it. Secrets are better kept by many a woman than by many a man, were it only in this case that the former is too proud, too mistrustful, too independent, or too reserved to want or to seek a female friend or confidante.

The mistress of the castle felt, to her own astonishment, a disposition to confirm the doctrine of the moralists. Why then, being perfectly aware of what she was about, did she indulge a disposition so contrary to all her principles and resolutions? Will it be believed that the evident resemblance between the sick lady and the man whose picture was the idol of this sequestered temple, was the flame that dissolved the seal of prudence on the lips of the reserved recluse? In two long years her Leonora, with all her affection and fidelity, had not been able to obtain from her, in her most communicative moments, any more than a few fragments of her life, which were far from forming a complete history. But the impression of this unaccountable resemblance was too strong for a mournful enthusiast; and this impression was converted into an anxiety that banished every recollection, by the reciprocal sensibility of the patient, who returned every demonstration of attachment, and by carefully abstaining from all inquisitive questions seemed to acquire a claim to a complete explanation.

To this was added a discovery which the recluse fancied she had made, and immediately communicated to Leonora.

"What," said she secretly to Leonora, "did

our sick friend tell you what her name is, when you at first asked her?"

"Madame Friedberg, I believe she pronounced it. Did she tell you a different name?"

"No; but she blushed when she pronounced it, and appeared embarrassed as though she had done something improper. May not some secret be concealed beneath this name? May she not have had reasons for assuming it? Can her fortune bear any resemblance to mine, as her face does to that of the man for whose sake I am reduced to my present situation? Why does she not mention a single word concerning her relations? At this moment I know no more than that she is unmarried. And yet she travels alone!"

Leonora could give no other answer than that she should like to know. The maid and servants of the patient, did not as they said, belong to the lady herself, and either could not or would not give any farther information than that Madame Friedberg was Madame Friedberg.

Madame Friedberg recovered from her illness, which was a violent fever produced by a cold, so rapidly that the recluse trembled at the prospect of parting. Never since she had resided within these walls had her mind been so agitated. She could no more suffer the stranger to depart till she had ascertained the reason of the extraordinary resemblance, than she could think of means to detain her longer, or to obtain from her any farther explanation. The resemblance seemed to disappear in proportion as returning health sparkled in the eyes and glowed upon the cheeks of the stranger; but she still continued to observe what she had once remarked.

Amid these perplexing sentiments, conjectures, and wishes, the recluse invited her friend, who was as averse as herself to speak of her departure, to a walk in the garden, which since it was first laid out and converted into an artificial wilderness had not been trodden by the foot of a stranger. Had it been, in the sequel so carefully shut up, the reader must have dispensed with this description. A high inner wall parted this mystical-garden from the court-yard of the castle. To the only door by which it could be entered, the way led through a room, the key of which the mistress of the castle always carried about her. All the windows which formerly looked that way, were walled up, except two that belonged to a particular apartment which was alike inaccessible to the domestics of the lady and to strangers. The inner side of the garden wall was covered with ivy; a narrow path ran be-

tween the wall and a five-fold row of fir-trees, beyond which was a hedge of shrubs. Through this verdant border of the mysterious garden, winding paths conducted to the places where the recluse had prepared a mournful banquet for her memory in a variety of monuments.—"Here," said she to her curious companion, "here I have buried my joys. Here also have I placed mementoes upon their graves. It is easy to laugh at imaginary happiness, but difficult to make compensation to those whom we deprive of it. For he who has recourse to the creatures of fancy, proves that real life is unsatisfactory or that it has no longer any joys for him. That I may hear no reflections on the last productions of my fancy, I keep them concealed from all. For you, my friend, I have transgressed my law. Why I have done it, he alone knows, who has made you so dear to me."

The stranger pressed her face to the bosom of the recluse, who thus proceeded:—

"You cannot forbear thinking that I am the greatest of fools, or that I am very unhappy, and for reasons of great importance conceal with such care my person and all that concerns me. I do not however believe that you will be an unjust judge. You do not look as if you were capable of being so."

The stranger assured her in the warmest terms of the sympathy which she felt for one whose lot she thought so extraordinary.

"Not so extraordinary," replied the recluse, "for it is of my own choice."

"Of your own choice?"

"Most certainly, and had I not acted as I have done, I should have despised myself. Now I alone suffer.—But come and see the childish inventions which are now my sole enjoyment. In that chestnut tree upon the little hill it is not likely that you can discover any thing remarkable. It, however, reminds me of a tree of the same kind which stood upon such another hill, and in whose shade a most excellent man made a deep impression upon my soul.—Let us go to the pond. Do you see that boat? On such a pond I once amused myself with the same man. The boat in which we were, was painted red and had two seats just like this. We must now pay a visit to the rock. It is very happily executed after a drawing which I sketched from memory.—But let us first step into the cottage before we proceed to the rock. In such a cottage I once drank milk with the same man out of a wooden bowl."

The amiable enthusiast thus conducted the stranger from one monument of past happiness to another, and at length took her into a small,



elegant house, the apartments of which were furnished, as she said, even to the minutest object, that had not escaped her memory, like those of another habitation where she had experienced both happiness and sorrow. In one of these apartments stood a harpsichord; a second contained a library; a third, which she said was a drawing-room, was not opened by the recluse. Over the harpsichord and in the library hung a vacant picture-frame.

"What think you of these empty frames?" asked the mistress of the castle.

"That they ought to be filled," replied the stranger.

The recluse cast a look at the frames—such a look as none but a Shakspear could have darted from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, when an angel dictated to him in the name of his Miranda the question:—"Ferdinand, dost thou love me?"—And to us no other than a spirit that desires to be nameless, imparted in confidence the history of that look:—for what the stranger saw through the veil of the recluse resembled only a gleam of sun-shine through a cloud.

"The frames are filled whenever I look at them," exclaimed the veiled enthusiast.

"My dear friend!" said the stranger, pressing the hand of her conductress; "you must not look too long at those frames. You run the risk—"

"Of losing my reason?" interrupted the recluse. "Oh! that I were exposed to no other danger. My reason is extremely tenacious. Have you not heard of a madman who lived in Athens of old, and was happy under the notion that all the ships which entered the port of that city were his property. That kind of happiness is denied me; for I know but too well the distinction between what is real and what is only imaginary. I resign myself with perfect self recollection to the reveries of imagination, and am but too well convinced of their unreality."

While the recluse was thus speaking, she passed without being aware, so close to the book-cases, for they were in the library, that the stranger could read the titles on the backs of the books.

"German books!" exclaimed she with surprise, and took out Gessner's works. "You

read German then, and perhaps speak it too?"

The recluse was disconcerted; but she soon recovered herself. "I never thought of the books," said she. It is now too late. I am betrayed; indeed, I have betrayed myself. I must abandon my asylum, and destroy my monuments, unless you, my dearest friend, are the most discreet of our sex. But I well believe that you are so, I will tell you what none else must know. And now my dear countrywoman let us converse together in the accents of our mother-tongue.

These were the first German words that the stranger had heard from the lips of the recluse. At the same moment she conceived an idea which so powerfully impressed her, that she was unable to utter a word but steadfastly fixed her eyes on her companion.

"Do you know me?" cried the latter, not less agitated, and throwing back her veil.

Like an apparition she stood before the astonished stranger. The fire of inspiration beamed from her eyes, majesty was seated on her brow, and her smile was that of innocence itself. It was one of those undescribable faces, with which truth ought to be painted a beauty of a better world, which extorts the admiration of the multitude, but enkindles the flames of love only in the few on whom the qualities of the mind and goodness of soul produce a more powerful impression than the greatest personal charms. To this face the stranger inclined with an eye replete with curiosity and love, but she did not recollect that she had ever seen it before.

"Then you do not know me," said the recluse. "That relieves me from part of my anxiety. With so much the more freedom I may relate to you my history. At present, however, I am too much agitated. Come with me into the next room to the harpsichord. To-morrow we will have some farther conversation."

They went, hand in hand, into the adjoining apartment. The recluse sat down to the harpsichord and played, with the fluency of a virtuoso, several sonatas, as she said from memory, and concluded with singing a song which she had herself set to music.

[To be Continued.] P. 113

## FIRST ENGLISH COLLECTOR OF NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

THE church-yard of Lambeth, which is close to the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, contains a tomb which no naturalist should neglect to visit, that of old John Tradescant, and his son, who both lived in this parish. The elder was the first person who formed a cabinet of curiosities in this kingdom, and he is said to have been gardener to Charles I. But Parkinson, in his *Paradisus Terrestris*, mentions him as having first lived with the Earl of Salisbury; then with Lord Wolton, of Canterbury; and lastly, with the Duke of Buckingham.

Both father and son were great travellers; the father is supposed to have visited Russia, and most parts of Europe, Turkey, Greece, many of the Eastern countries, Egypt, and Barbary; out of which he introduced multitudes of plants and flowers unknown before in our gardens. His was an age of florists; and the chief ornaments of the parterres were owing to his labours.—Parkinson continually acknowledges the obligation, and many plants were called after his name; the system of Linnæus has rendered these almost obsolete; but that great naturalist makes full reparation, by giving in his *Species Plantarum* to an entire genus of plants, the appellation of *Tradescantia*.

The *Museum Tradescantium*, a small book, adorned by the hand of Hollar, with the heads of the father and the son, affords a proof of their industry. It is a catalogue of their vast collection, not only of subjects from the three kingdoms of nature, but of artificial rarities from many different countries. The collection of medals, coins, and other antiquities, appears to have been very valuable. Zoology, or the knowledge of animated nature, was then in a low state; and Credulity, though smarting under the blow given to her by the Reformation, had still no want of supporters. For the gratification of such, there was an egg of a dragon, and another of the griffin; there was a claw of the ruck, a bird able to "trusse an elephant," and there were, also, two feathers plucked from the tail of the phoenix!

Notwithstanding these absurd descriptions—probably the offspring of their literary friend Parkinson's pericranium—the collection was extremely valuable; particularly in the vegetable kingdom. The garden at South Lambeth was an amazing arrangement of trees, plants, and flowers. It seems to have been peculiarly

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rich in Eastern and North American productions.—Tradescant's address and assiduity in acquiring these must necessarily have been great, from the barbarity which he had to encounter in travelling among the natives of the East, and from the recent settlement of North America. The names, however, of numerous trees and plants, are still found among the rarer of much later times. To him also, England owes the luxury of several fine fruits: "for," as Parkinson tells us, in his *Paradisus Terrestris*, or Terrestrial Paradise, "the choysrest for goodnesse, and rarest for knowledge, are to be had of my very good friend Master John Tradescante, who hath wonderfully laboured to obtaine all the rarest fruits ha can hear off, in any place of Christendome, Turkey, yea, or the whole world."

Without the smallest inclination to disbelieve, that Master John Tradescante's fruit was the "choysrest for goodnesse," as Parkinson, it may be taken for granted, had often tasted it at his "very good friend's," we shall hope not to be considered as quite infidels, if we presume, for the same reason, to entertain a few doubts as to its being "rarest for knowledge." Parkinson appears to have been a proper man for Paradise; he was acquainted with every tree, plant, and flower; but "of the fruit of the tree of knowledge he was not permitted to taste."

Tradescant's extensive garden, as well as his cabinet, was much visited: and a few years after his death, in 1652, his collection came into the possession of the famous Mr. Elias Ashmole, by virtue of a deed of gift which was made to him by the younger Tradescant, and is dated in true astrological form, December 16, 1657, 5 hor. 30 minutes P. M. Mr. Ashmole also purchased the house, which is still in being; but the garden fell to decay. The spot, however, was visited, in 1749, by Sir William Watson and Dr. Mitchell, two respectable Members of the Royal Society, when they found, among the ruins, some trees and plants which had evidently been introduced by the original owner.

The curiosities being conveyed to Oxford, are still carefully preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. Among these are several original dresses and weapons of the North Americans, which may assist to illustrate their manners and antiquities.

The monument of the Tradescants was  
M



erected in 1662, by Esther, relict of the son. At each corner a large tree is sculptured, which has the appearance of supporting the slab: at one end is a hydra, pecking at a bare skull, possibly designed as an emblem of envy; and, at the other, the arms of the family. On one side are ruins, Grecian pillars, and capitals, with an obelisk, and pyramid, to denote the extent of his travels; and, on the opposite, is a crocodile, with various shells, expressive of his attachment to the study of natural history.

Time having greatly injured this monument it was liberally restored, at the expence of the parish, in the year 1773; and an inscription, said to have been originally designed for it, was then engraved on the stone.

Though, from the style of the versification, it would not greatly add to the literary fame of Parkinson—who may, possibly, after all,

have been the author—being at once singular and historical, it is here presented:—

“ Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone,

Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son.  
The last dy'd in his spring; the other two  
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature  
through.

As by their choice collections may appear,  
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;  
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)  
A world of wonders in one closet shut.

These famous antiquarians that had been  
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,  
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and  
when

Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,  
And fire shall purge the world, these hence  
shall rise,

And change their garden for a paradise.”

## RULES AND MAXIMS

### FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

THE likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice:—

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;  
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were  
obeyed. BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly to try his temper); but treat him always before-hand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained, in the present state of things. Consider before-hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore instead of murmurs, reflections and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning, to be cheerful and good-natured that day; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides, and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love; which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest by all means possible to preserve and increase. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfaction with him, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word OBEY.

In your prayers, be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife; and at the same time resolve to do your utmost endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding-ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined; if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at the solemn time.

Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and

prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own ease, or for your husband's esteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumstances in all your expences and desires; for if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days pass together without a serious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if upon reflection you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

## POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### THE BALL.

Yes, Arthur, I was at the ball,  
I danced with some and talk'd with many,  
But found no heartfelt charm in any,  
Alike indifferent to all;  
Nor heeded what they said to me,  
For all my thoughts were fixed on thee.

Yes, Arthur, I was dress'd with care,  
Not last among the *belles* appearing;  
But did not meet thy smile endearing—  
But did not hear thee call me fair;  
And flattery has no charm for me,  
Unless I'm flatter'd, love, by thee.

Yes, many sought my ear to gain,  
Among th' insipid sons of fashion,  
Some vow'd, and feign'd or felt a passion;  
Some spoke of long-dissembled pain;  
But all their cares were lost on me,  
My heart is all engross'd by thee.

Yes, Arthur, one, I freely own,  
Tho' all his brother beaux were teasing,  
I thought most eloquent and pleasing,  
And listen'd but to him alone;  
The magic charm he had for me,  
Was, Arthur—that he spoke of thee.

That darling theme can never tire,  
The only one I hear with pleasure,  
In lonely absence all my treasure—

It can a very fool inspire;  
And life has no concern for me,  
Except the care of pleasing thee.

AMANDA.

### EVERY MAN A THIEF BY NATURE

#### ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

LISTEN to me, dearest creature;  
Every man's a thief by nature;  
See the little girls and boys,  
How they steal each other's toys;  
Stealing is the first of arts,  
None are thieves but men of parts.  
Poets steal from one another,  
Nay, the daughter robs her mother;  
Time will steal our very youth,  
Liars sometimes steal the truth;  
Nay, your sex would pilfer you  
Of those eyes of heav'nly blue,  
Of that soft evermil'd lip,  
And that ear with rosy tip;  
And your silky auburn hair,  
That wantons in th' enamour'd air.

Since we are such thieves by nature,  
Why accuse me, dearest creature,  
Of a crime, a crime so glorious;  
Is your swain at last victorious?  
Have I really stole your heart,  
Spite of all your pride and art?  
If you pardon the transgression,  
You shan't lose by the confession;  
You shall find your heart at rest,  
In your lover's faithful breast;  
How I'll guard the precious treasure,  
Love's the source of ev'ry pleasure;  
You can prove it, if you doubt it,  
Life, indeed, is nought without it.

G.



## THE WIDOW.

SCENE, *the Highlands of Scotland*.—TIME, *immediately after the battle of Culloden*.—Lady and Stranger.

LADY.

CHECK, Stranger, thy steed; it is weary and worn,

Its sides are all bloody, its trappings are torn;  
Thou also art weary—thy visage is pale,  
And heavy to bear is thy armour of mail—  
Thy hairs are on end—the reins drop from  
thine hold—

The night it is dark, and the breeze it is cold!

STRANGER.

No, Lady! tho' weary and worn be my steed,  
Tho' its trappings be torn, and its smoking  
sides bleed;

Tho' pale be my visage, and upright mine hair,  
And heavy indeed is mine armour to bear;  
Tho' keen be the night-breeze, and scarcely  
the rein—

My fingers enfeebled with labour sustain;  
Yet my wife and my little ones call me from  
far,

Whom lately I left for the horrors of war!

LADY.

What, can'st thou from battle? O! stay,  
stranger, stay,

And tell me, O! tell me the fate of the day.  
Culloden, what heroes were stretch'd on the  
plain?

Or who, to console their sad country, remain?  
O! saw'st thou Clancullan, the peerless, the  
brave?

Or say has he sunk to the night of the grave!  
Thou frown'st! thou art silent! O! turn not  
aside!

STRANGER.

What, saw I Clancullan, our bulwark, our  
pride!

Yes, Lady, together our war-hosts we led,  
Together we fought, and together we bled.  
Fierce springs the wild wolf on the pride of  
the flock,

And fiercely descends the white wave from the  
rock;

Fierce rush the hoarse rains on the vallies  
below;

But fiercer Clancullan engages the foe.

LADY.

Together ye fought, and together ye bled;  
But, ah! do not say my Clancullan is dead;  
For much her vain hosts must my country  
deplore,

If the hero, who led them, shall lead them no  
more.

STRANGER.

E'en now 'twas the midst of the harvest of  
death,

My limbs were enfeebled, and spent was my  
breath;

A horseman advancing, uplifted his spear—  
But, Lady, Clancullan and safety were near;  
The horseman he stretch'd with his war-  
weapon low,

And sheath'd the bright steel in the breast of  
the foe.

LADY.

Ah! what are the deeds of Clancullan to me,  
If these eyes my Clancullan no longer shall  
see?

If pity, brave stranger, as oft we are told,  
Loves best to inhabit the hearts of the bold,  
O! tell me my sorrows are groundless and  
vain,

Or say that my hero lies cold on the plain—  
That life in that frame is imprison'd no more,  
And the fields of Culloden are drenched with  
his gore.

STRANGER.

In the havoc of battle Clancullan is found,  
Where foemen in hosts pour exultingly round;  
He flies not—he moves not—all fearless he  
stands,

And happy is he who escapes from his hands.  
So rush the wild waves round the wind-beaten  
rock,

All firm it receives them, nor shrinks from the  
shock.

LADY.

Still, still thou art silent—O! fear not to  
speak,

My mind can endure, though my body be  
weak.

Clancullan, Clancullan, when glitt'ring of  
late,

Thou mountedst in arms the proud steed at  
thy gate,

And gav'st the last kiss to thy children and  
me,

How fondly, how closely, I clung to thy knee!  
How linger'd thy last mournful words on mine  
ear!

How dwelt my full eyes on thy far-beaming  
spear!

STRANGER.

Oh! mourn not—for sweet is the death of the  
brave,

The tears of the good shall be shed on his  
grave;

But few tears, Caledonia, for thee would I  
shed,

If many were left who could rival the dead.

O! grant me, Omnipotent Ruler of all,  
Like Clancullan to fight, like Clancullan to  
fall;  
And preserving thro' life an inviolate name,  
"Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed  
of fame."

### THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR;

OR, THE GHOST OF A SCRAP OF MUTTON.

In the days that are past, by the banks of a  
stream,  
Whose waters but slowly were flowing,  
With ivy o'ergrown, an old mansion-house  
stood,  
That was built on the skirt of a chilling damp  
wood,  
Where the yew-tree and cypress were grow-  
ing.

The villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,  
When they rested at eve from their labours;  
And the traveller many a furlong went round,  
If his ears once admitted the terrible sound  
Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

They said, that the house on the skirts of the  
wood

By a saucer-ey'd Ghost was infested,  
Which fill'd ev'ry heart with confusion and  
fright,

By assuming strange shapes in the dead of the  
night,

Shapes monstrous, and foul, and detested.

And truly they said—and the master well knew  
That the Ghost was the greatest of evils;  
For no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd one,  
Than the frolicsome imp in a fury began  
To caper like ten thousand devils.

He appear'd in all forms the most strange and  
uncouth,

Sure never was goblin so daring;  
He utter'd loud shrieks and most horrible cries,  
Curs'd his body and bones, and his sweet little  
eyes,

Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

Just at this nick o'time, as the master's sad  
heart

With anguish and sorrow was swelling,  
He heard that a scholar, with science replete,  
Full of mystical lore as an egg is with meat,  
Had taken at Cambridge a dwelling.

The scholar was vers'd in all mystical arts,  
Most famous was he throughout College:  
To the Red Sea full many an unquiet ghost,  
To repose with King Pharaoh and his mighty  
host,

He had sent through his powerful knowledge.

To this scholar, so learn'd, the master he went,  
And as lowly he bent with submission,  
Told the freaks of the Ghost, and the horrible  
frights

That prevented his household from sleeping  
o' nights,

And offer'd this humble petition:—

"That he, the said scholar, in wisdom so wise,  
Would the mischievous fiend lay in fetters;  
And send him, in torments for ever to dwell,  
To the nethermost pit of the nethermost hell,  
For destroying the sleep of his betters."

The scholar, so vers'd in all mystical lore,  
Told the master his pray'r should be granted;  
Then order'd his horse to be saddled with  
speed,

And, perch'd on the back of the cream-colour'd  
steed,

Trotted off to the house that was haunted.

He enter'd the doors at the fall of the night—  
The trees of the forest 'gan shiver;

The hoarse raven croak'd, and blue burnt the  
light,

The owl loudly shriek'd, and, pale with affright,  
The servants like aspens did quiver.

"Bring some turnips and milk!" the scholar  
he cry'd,

In a voice like the echoing thunder—

They brought him some turnips, and butter  
beside,

Some milk and a spoon, and his motions they  
ey'd,

Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips, and peel'd off the skin,  
Put them into a pot that was boiling;

Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to  
sup,

Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up  
In a hurry, for they were a spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and  
milk—

The hail at the casement 'gan clatter;

Yet the scholar ne'er heeded the tempest  
without,

But, raising his eyes, and turning about,

Ask'd the maid for a small wooden platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and  
milk—

The storm came on thicker and faster:

The lightnings blue flash'd, with terrific din  
The wind at each crevice and cranny came in,  
Tearing up by the roots lath and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and  
milk—

The mess would have ravish'd a glutton;  
When, lo! his sharp bones, hardly cover'd with  
skin,



The Ghost from a nook o'er the window  
peep'd in,  
In the form of a boil'd scrag of mutton.

"Ho! ho!" said the Ghost, "what art doing  
below?"

The scholar look'd up in a twinkling—  
"The times are too bad to afford any meat,  
So to render my turnips more pleasant to eat,  
A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling."

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he  
seiz'd,

And souns'd it at once on the platter;  
Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,  
And before the poor Ghost could tell what he  
was at,

He was gone!—like a mouse down the throat  
of a cat—

And this is the whole of the matter.

### SHIRTS AND SHIFTS.

AN EPIGRAM.

OLD MUSTY had married a modish young flirt,  
Who calling one holiday morn for her shirt,

"Why, how now," quoth Musty, "what say  
you," quoth he,

"What, do you wear a shirt, Moll?"—"Be  
sure, Sir," quoth she,

"All women wear shirts."—"Nay," quoth he,  
"then, I trow,

"What has long been a riddle, is plain enough  
now;

"For when women wear *shirts*, it can lack no  
great gifts

"To discern why their husbands are put to  
their *shifts*."

### WE NEVER MORE WILL PART.

I LOV'D thee once, my Fanny dear,  
For once you were both young and fair,

And gaily beat thy tender heart;  
With thee I stray'd the meads along,  
O'er flowers of spring by morning song,  
And then—how hard it was to part.

I love thee still, my Fanny dear,  
Though not so young thou still art fair,  
And faithful beats thy anxious heart;  
Through summer's noon with thee I stray,  
"Over the hills and far away,"  
And still—how hard it is to part.

I'll ever love thee, Fanny dear,  
When thou'lt be neither young nor fair,  
And faint will beat thy flutt'ring heart;  
When winter's dreary night brings death,  
In sighs I'll catch thy parting breath,  
Ah, then—how hard 'twill be to part.

But after all, my Fanny dear,  
Thou'lt bloom for ever young and fair,  
And love shall fill thy angel heart;  
Now wafted to yon happy sky,  
In quest of thine my soul shall fly,  
And then—we never more will part.

### ON THE SHIPWRECK IN DUBLIN BAY.

How sweet sleep the brave in the hour of their  
glory,

Where wildly the rank grass waves over their  
bed!

How blest 'in remembrance, how honour'd in  
story?

How glorious the turf where the soldier is  
laid!

At the soft evening hour, there shall beauty be  
kneeling,

While the tear of affection shall moisten the  
grave;

And the soul-breaking strain all around shall  
be stealing,

That pours the sad dirge o'er the tomb of  
the brave.

Such Maida's proud band, who stood foremost  
in danger,

All glorious they lie on the blood-crimson'd  
plain;

But their memory shall live, nor their name  
be a stranger

To glory while Britain and glory remain.

But o'er you, hapless heroes, whose tomb is  
the ocean,

No dirge shall be sung but the wild billows'  
roar,

For you, oh! sad fate of your youthful emo-  
tion,

No tomb but the waves, or the wave-beaten  
shore.

How noble to die in the battle victorious,

To fall where the brave are all falling around!

For then, had you lain where your death had  
been glorious,

A grateful remembrance had hallow'd the  
ground.

Yet still, hapless youths, though you perish  
untimely,

The tear-drop of pity shall swell the sad  
eye;

And still as he turns where the rock stands  
sublimely,

The stranger shall pour to your memory a  
sigh!

H.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

A new Comedy was performed on Tuesday, February 9th, under the whimsical appellation of "*Be gone Dull Care; or, How will it end?*"

## CHARACTERS.

|                                                  |                 |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Lord Blushdale.....                              | Mr. FAWCETT.    |
| Sir Arthur St. Aubyn....                         | Mr. POPE.       |
| Algernon St. Aubyn (his Son)                     | Mr. C. KEMELE.  |
| Captain Modern .....                             | Mr. LEWIS.      |
| Solace.....                                      | Mr. EMERY.      |
| Danvers.....                                     | Mr. BRUNTON.    |
| Legis .....                                      | Mr. CRESWELL.   |
| Gregory .....                                    | Mr. SIMMONS.    |
| Selina (Sir Arthur's Niece<br>and Ward) .....    | Miss SMITH.     |
| Cicely.....                                      | Miss NORTON.    |
| Deborah (Housekeeper to<br>Lord Blushdale) ..... | Mrs. DAVENPORT. |

This piece is understood to be the composition of Mr. Reynolds, who seems to have persuaded himself that, in these perilous times of criticism, the best chance of safety for an author is to fight under a mask. In this sentiment we concur with him; for as much of the influence and popularity of his name is abated, and has, in some measure, been superseded by a most unjust hostility towards him, it was a matter of prudent choice to come forward *in cog*, and supplicate as a candidate for anonymous fame.

It gives us great pleasure to be justified in declaring that the present piece does not disgrace him. In successful intricacy, and the dexterous conduct of plot, this comedy is superior to any he has produced. Curiosity is first put in motion by means perfectly dramatic; by ingenuity which has the truth of nature and the grace of art. The mystery collects new shades as the fable advances, and thickens into an impenetrable cloud; and the catastrophe, by a development as natural as ingenious, and by a progress neither too abrupt, nor too artificial, dissipates the darkness, and restores light and harmony to the whole.

But with the plot we must take leave of all

commendation of this piece. Of character, which is the main feature of comedy, and to which fable should always be subordinate, it possesses neither the substance nor the shadow. All the creatures of the fable, in one mode or another, are in the extreme of caricature. *Solace* is a character whom we neither know nor imagine; he is burnished up with sentiment that would sicken a German audience, and "*does deeds*," which would disgust in romance. Here is a caricature on the part of gravity; and with respect to humour, the part of *Lord Blushdale* is equally extravagant. He is a mere farcical outline, traced from *Lord Duberly*, in *The Heir at Law*. He says nothing that is humorous, and does nothing that is natural. He is only farcical because he is drawn out of nature and truth. The author has mistaken extravagance for those deviations which excite ridicule. The farcical and foolish are very nearly allied; but here they are identified.

*Captain Modern* is a very flimsy gentleman, and is rendered more absurd by being exhibited in the character of a satirist.

Mr. Reynolds is as much incapacitated by his general benevolence of nature, as by his talents, for satire. The whip in his hand is without a lash. But if sometimes, tempted by a lucky mark, he lets fly his arrow, like the javelin of Priam it falls to the ground without effect. There is neither venom in his shaft, nor vigour in his bow.

With respect to dialogue, what we have observed above will best explain its merits. The serious part was better written, and the lighter part is better acted.

The comedy was received with unmixed approbation; and if we may presume from the success of similar pieces, it will doubtless be popular.

## DRURY-LANE.

A new Opera was brought forward at this Theatre, on Thursday, February 11th, under the title of "*Kais; or, Love in the Deserts*."



## CHARACTERS.

|                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Amri .....           | Mr. RAYMOND.     |
| Ahmed .....          | Mr. POWELL.      |
| Kais .....           | Mr. BRAHAM.      |
| Almanzor .....       | Mr. LYON.        |
| Almorán .....        | Mr. BANNISTER.   |
| Rashed .....         | Mr. MATHEWS.     |
| Salem .....          | Mr. KELLY.       |
| Prince of Egypt .... | Mr. PUTNAM.      |
| Osmar .....          | Mr. SMITH.       |
| Hassan .....         | Mr. DIGNUM.      |
| Hali .....           | Mr. COOKE.       |
| Leila .....          | Mrs. MOUNTAIN.   |
| Rozella .....        | Signora STORACE. |
| An old Slave .....   | Miss TIDSWELL.   |

SCENE—Cairo, its Environs and Desarts.

To this Opera there is no author's name appended, and the writer, whoever he be, should court as much obscurity as possible: he should involve himself in darkness, and fly from success into the shades.

As a literary composition it is the most insipid and stupid piece that has ever been produced upon the stage. To speak of it according to the thermometrical scale, we should say it was a degree below *nought*. Such is its chilly dullness and torpid stupidity, that it must be classed at an immeasurable distance beneath even the freezing point.

An Opera, we know, has a kind of prerogative for nonsense, and a happy exemption from the burthen of good sense. But a common *modicum* is reasonably allowed and demanded, and the music of the present piece, whatever may be its quality, might have borne up against the pressure of a great deal more.

Is the opposition of sense and sound so necessarily invincible, that music can only flourish by the sacrifice of reason, and song levy no tribute but in the realms of nonsense?

Gay, Bickerstaff, and Sheridan, have shewn us what can be done for the English Opera by men of genius; why then is the manufacture, in these times, assigned to writers of so different a description?

The present Opera has no fable; the course of its narrative is the change of its scenes; its incidents are the termination of its acts.—There is a flight and a pursuit; a dramatic hue and cry; bustle in abundance. There are men who march and women who sing.

That this Opera has been tolerated is to be imputed wholly to its music, which is the com-

position of Reeve and Braham; two names of great eminence.

Its character is somewhat equivocal.—It is a mixture of the English Oratorio and the Italian Opera; but it has no resemblance to the simplicity, and very little of the pure harmony of our native melody.

It has every commixture and variety of species, from the attempt at the simple ballad to the swelling chorus, and solemn recitative.

But justice compels us to say, notwithstanding our respect and kindness for these popular composers, that it is unsuitable to our English Opera, and utterly uncongenial with an English taste.

It is composed more to the powers of Braham's voice, than to the genius of the sentiment, or the just principles of the science of harmony. It is music superseded by, and rendered tributary to song; and not song maintained in its proper subordination to music.—It seems composed after the utterance of a voice, swelling in irregular magnificence, and bursting forth in unstudied and voluble harmony: it seems as if composed from Braham's own singing. His notes have been caught at the moment of utterance, and been penned down in their transit. He has first sung; and then, and not till then, has the music been composed.

In a word, this music is composed, not to the science, but to the particular powers and taste of Braham. This of course is productive of much monotony and sameness. Almost every song is the same; and nothing is studied in the composition but the effect of his voice. The music, therefore, for the most part, is affected, and seldom natural; full of ambitious ornament, and the meretricious graces of a false taste.

Such is our candid opinion of the character of the music of this Opera; in which, as may be supposed, Braham shines in a manner which has hitherto never been equalled. He himself was the Opera.—He sustained it; and he himself will be its only source of popularity.

The scenery of this piece was exquisitely beautiful, rich, and varied. It had all the fidelity of local scenery, and the extent, and apparent accuracy, of panorama painting.—The managers have indeed shewn a brave contempt of money and of trouble, and deserve, on their parts, every degree of success.