LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Half Dress,

As prepared for the Duchess of Roxburgh, under the immediate direction of her Grace —A petticoat and tunic of the clearest French cambric, vandyked all round with the same; the tunic cut in the form of a crescent in front, closed on the left side with a tassel, and continued in a point nearly to reach the bottom of the petticoat, where it finishes with a tassel as above. Long sleeves, vandyked at the wrist, with full tops terminated with a band of open-hems, or lace; front of the waist wrapt to the left side, where the tunic closes. Imperial chip hat, of a light lead-colour, turned up in the form of an arch over the left eye; a band of shaded velvet, with waving brush feather of correspondent hues. Necklace of pearl, linked with dead gold. The unique, and much admired muff and tippet, formed entirely of shaded Turkish feathers, patronized and adopted by the Princesses, and now the distinguishing appendage of all ladies of rank and elegance. This very novel, tasteful, and ingenious ornament is to be obtained at the celebrated shop, late Dyde's and Scribe's, Pall-Mall.

No. 2.—A Lady in her Opera Box.

Her dress a round robe of pliant white satin, made to sit close to the form; trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with gold brocade ribband. The Curacao turban, of white satin, embroidered in spots of raised gold; confined on the forehead with Indian bandeau of the same composition. Necklace one row of fine brilliants, from whence is suspended a most curious Egyptian amulet. Earrings and bracelets to correspond. Hair closely confined under the turban behind, and worn in irregular curls in front, divided over the left eyebrow, so as to discover the temple. Rose-wood Opera fan, with mount composed of military trophies in transparencies. White kid gloves and shoes.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 3,

Represents a Parisian lady, mounted in the most fashionable style, for the *Long Champs* and *Elysées*, at Paris.—An equestrian habit of fine seal-wool cloth, with elastic strap; the colour blue (but olive, or puce, are equally esteemed), with convex buttons of dead gold. The habit to sit high in the neck behind, lapelled in front, and buttoned twice at the small of the waist; a high plaited frill of cambric, uniting at the bosom where the habit closes. A jockey bonnet of the same materials as composes the habit, finished with a band and tuft in front. Hair in dishevelled crop. York tan gloves; and demi-boots of purple kid, laced with jonquille chord.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST PREVAILING

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

At this season of fashionable festivity, when pleasure dances on the wings of time—when the magic influence of taste and *ton*, aid the enchanting witcheries of the Loves and the Graces; and nature and beauty disdain not to pay homage at the shrine of genius and art, the triumph of the goddess is complete—she mounts her airy car, wields her sceptre of rainbow hue, exulting in the splendour of her train. Routs, balls, and operas, pic-nics, plays, and sumptuous dinners, are but tests of her popularity, and existing specimens of her all powerful dominion.

It would greatly exceed our limits, were we to enter into a minute detail of every particular and varied article which the vivid fancy of each fashionable fair displays. So multiplied are their forms, so diversified their style and hue, that it is only by the most careful attention, that we complete a regular and tasteful selection. But we have pledged ourselves to our fair correspon-

dents on this head; and exulting in their suffrage, and emulous of their approbation, we enter on our task with alacrity and pleasure.

Since the introduction of the Polish pelise, we have remarked nothing particularly new in the formation of this article of attire. The texture of which they are now composed, is almost exclusively of twill sarsnet; but various alterations have taken place in the ornamental part of them. The long flowing robbin is laid aside; the high collar is seldom seen; and the simple folded vest has banished (amidst the most distinguished females) the chimesette of antecedent date. The loose flowing opera coat, with deep pelerine cape, the Polish robe, and the Hibernian vest, as given in our last Number, are selected by the most fashionable fair; but these are chiefly formed of sarsnets, quite plain, the skin trimmings being on the decline. The colours commonly chosen are shaded dove browns, lined with persians, tastefully contrasted. We have lately seen one of silver-dove sarsnet, lined throughout with pale pink, and another of light brown, shot with amber, and lined with a Persian of the latter colour. Hats and bonnets are still worn of correspondent materials; nor do we know of any other at this season, which could be adopted so consistent, and unobtrusively elegant. With females of rank and taste, these articles are generally confined to the three following orders: the Beresford hat, the peasant's bonnet, and equestrian hat. The latter is given in one of our prints of fashion for the last month. The two former are more novel, but not more distinguishable. The throat is now universally covered in the morning costume; and those who have not yet adopted the high Parisian chemise, (or morning wrap) wear the new habit shirt, which is sometimes formed to unite in front, with a high-rounded collar, richly embroidered, and trimmed at the edge with very narrow net; at others, the shirt is finished with buttons on the shoulder, and the collar cut so as to sit close round the chin, and high at the ears: but in either case, lace and work is let in at all points; and in caps, bottoms of dresses, petticoats, and sleeves, this ornament is always seen. Indeed, we never recollect a period when needle-work was so universally fashionable: and lamenting (as must every considerate individual) on the few occupations left for the female of fallen fortune, we cannot but give credit to our amiable countrywomen, who thus judiciously unite *humanity* with elegance and taste. Short dresses of crape, or clear muslin, with long sleeves of lace, are now admitted in the evening costume; and, strange to say, are often seen in full dress! We cannot by any means subscribe to a fashion which destroys that distinguished uniformity, the acknowledged attendant on a correct taste. A short skirt in full dress must ever be a marked inconsistency; except expressly designed for dancing. The *train*, however inconvenient, and inimical to the approach of surrounding *beaus*, gives much dignity and grace to the figure: if banished from the drawing-room, the *coup d'œil* is destroyed. The exposition of the back and shoulders is still universal in the evening costume; but we think the bosom of dresses are a little advanced of late. The simple wrapt fronts, commencing immediately at the corner of the bosom, and finished at the edge with a trimming, corresponding with that of the dress, is again revived, and is remarkable amidst the peasant's waist, and square-gored front, which contend with it for popularity. Those whose judgment reject the long sleeve for the evening, or full dress, wear the sleeve very short; sometimes we observe a plain frock sleeve of satin, with a high cuff of lace, trimmed at the edge with plaited net, beads, bugles, foil, or silver, as may best unite with the dress. The Spanish, or slashed sleeve, is also very new, and a sleeve, formed in shell-scollops, over white satin, has a chaste and elegant effect. A dress of white crape, ornamented with steel beads, and the Russian hussar cap, with Polish plume, scattered with steel dust, is amidst the splendid novelties of the season. This dress attracted universal attention at the Marchioness of H———'s last grand assembly. The shawl dress is a most select and tasteful attire, and is usually worn with a white satin or sarsnet slip; muslin, or crape round dresses, trimmed with silver or gold velvet ribbons, in white, or colours, has a most animated appearance. We observed one of these dresses, with the ribbon laid in waved stripes, at regular distances from the bottom of the waist; the effect was attractive and elegant. The home costume, or half-dress, (on relinquishing the morning attire) is usually composed of muslin, of divers kinds; plain coloured sarsnets, or Italian crapes. They are chiefly formed in simple round dresses, with wrap fronts; or the peasant's jacket and petticoat, with trimmings of needle-work or ribbon.

The hair exhibits little variety since our last communication. The Grecian style continues as yet unrivalled; but ringlets are often seen flowing irregularly from various points, but chiefly from the left temple: bands are partially admitted. The plait is too general to be ranked with a select delineation; and no female *now* wears her hair without ornaments. The embroidered cap, *a-la-Paysanne*, simply tied under the chin, with a ribbon corresponding with its lining, and ornamented with a bunch of wild roses, forms a head-dress of much attraction and simplicity. *Demi-wreaths* of frosted flowers are also selected,

and are an ornament generally becoming: but for unobtrusive neatness, and unstudied grace, the half-handkerchief of lace, in white or colours, embroidered in white, gold, or silver, admits of no competitor: they must ever be considered an ornament of much attraction; and only require a little judgment in their disposition to give an advantageous effect. The coronet, *à-la-Cleopatra*, formed of diamonds and rubies, is a new and splendid ornament for the front of the hair, and is frequently worn with the half-handkerchief. Indeed the diadem and tiara, together with bandeaus of steel, gold, and foil, rank amidst the fashionable ornaments of the season.

Trinkets continue, with some few additions, on par with our last report. Necklaces of diamonds, or other precious stones, consist of one row, very large in the centre, and gradually decreasing in size towards the ends; they are generally set transparent. With these necklaces the earring is shaped in a small pear form; but is otherwise in the style of a hoop, or octagon, of dimensions larger than we ever remember them. The cable necklace, with *patent snaps*, in form of a ferule, in pearl or beads, with bracelets to correspond, is a new and very attractive ornament. The armlet is universally of hair, or a broad gold hoop; sometimes the hair is interwoven with pearl, or steel beads. Dress shoes are of white satin, jean, or kid, either plain, embroidered, or painted; undress, of brown or dove kid. White kid gloves form an indispensable part of full dress; York tan, or Limerick, is most esteemed on other occasions; but in this article, the taste of the wearer is in general a sufficient guide. The prevailing colours are shaded dove, pink, jonquille, violet, and morone.

LETTER ON DRESS,

EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

YES, dearest Julia! I do indeed love you with "unabated tenderness!" therefore teaze me no more with your little jealousies, but do justice to your own worth, and my unshaken regard.

I decline making one at the *Pic Nic* this evening, for the purpose of transmitting you my promised intelligence. It is expected to be most splendidly attended; and Madame Catalani (that unrivalled enchantress of the musical world) is to sing. But true friendship, dear Julia, makes a willing sacrifice, and repays itself in the pleasure it bestows: therefore, while the inhabitants of this gay mansion are engaged, gratifying the eye and the ear, to Julia, and Cornwall, I dedicate my hand, and my heart. Yet, why, dear *Ingrate*, do you exact so much from thy friend? Not content with my faithful delineations of the most rare and select costumes, but you must know the persons by whom, and the occasions on which they are worn. Cruel encroacher! do I not give you morning and evening, full and half dress? And what would you more? You surely do not want to be told that you must not wear your Parisian *chemise* at a rout, nor your silver muslin at breakfast! and the same style of costume which is displayed at the Marchioness of Salisbury's assemblies, may be consistently adopted at the Countess of Buckinghamshire's card parties. The style must on all occasions be preserved; the effect must rest with the individual; and will necessarily vary, as to grace and elegance, in proportion to that degree of correct perception which distinguishes the several wearers. But you ask by whom such and such dresses were displayed — Why, my dear Julia, do you imagine that a London assembly is like a Truro ball—a collection of fifteen or twenty couple—where a stranger of address has nothing more to do, but to sport a little graciously with the steward, and he is instantly informed the name of each individual, with his pedigree and character into the bargain. But here, my Julia, amidst an assemblage of four or five hundred, you can scarcely distinguish your nearest relation; and when, attracted by the appearance of any one, I eagerly ask Mary—"who is that lovely creature?" Before she can perceive to which I allude, another fair fashionable presents herself; and the power of individualizing is lost in the elegant confusion. Thus, then, having said so much of generals, I trust I am at full liberty to descend to particulars. Let me then begin by telling you that Mary returned to us three weeks since, and brought with her a very interesting and long-tried friend, who considerably embellishes and improves our family circle. She has been married some years, but is still very young, very pretty, and very rich.—Ah! Julia, how much is comprehended in those two last words! The world says every thing! but I only say, that riches set off our good qualities to the best advantage, and makes even amiability appear more amiable; while, on the contrary, poverty throws a veil over our very virtues. Scold me, Julia, in your next, for all this; for unless chastised, I shall never leave off this vulgar moralizing habit. Nothing for the last fortnight can exceed the avidity with which we have engaged in every fashionable amusement. Morning levees, and drives to the most celebrated shops, dinner, and evening parties, have occupied each succeeding day. And I assure you, that the trio from Portman-square, consisting of Mary, Mrs. K— (her friend above alluded to), and humble me, made some little

buz at the Marchioness of D——'s last grand assembly. Relax thy brow, my fair friend, and I will reward thy patience with a description of our several costumes. And first in train is Mrs. K——. Her dress, a simple round gown, of the most pliant and glossy white satin, with short train, a frock sleeve, and wrap front; trimmed round the bottom, cuff, and bosom, with silver net, about a nail in depth. A patent net shawl, of bright morone, embroidered in a light and elegant border of silver, and slightly spotted with the same. This ornament is so disposed as to constitute the Tunic, or shawl dress, fully described in my last. Her hair was twisted in a kind of loop at the back of the head, and fell in irregular curls in front, increasing in length from the left temple, and confined with a bandeau of diamonds. A single brilliant of striking magnitude formed the brooch, which confined the dress at the bosom. Her necklace was one row of diamonds, very large in the centre. Earrings of correspondent splendour. Bracelets and armlets of seed-pearl, with rich diamond clasps. A gold watch, with chain of the most delicate workmanship, composed of dead and bright gold, finished at the swivel with an oval cornelian; from whence is suspended six most elegant small seals of the same, variously shaded, with a curious key of wrought gold, finished with a brilliant in the centre. The devices engraved on these seals render this an ornament of much interest; they are entitled *Cupid's Progress!* Although it will occupy much of my time, I cannot forbear giving you a particular description of a trinket, which is likely to become an indispensable part of a fashionable and tasteful costume.

The first seal is intended to represent Love surprised, or Cupid's first meeting with a heart; the second, Love musing, or Cupid in thoughtful mood, leaning on the end of his bow, which is reversed; the third, Love's aim, or Cupid in the act of darting his arrow at the heart; the fourth, Love delighted, or Cupid with his hands clasped, in an extacy of joy at having wounded the heart, which is represented with the arrow infixed; the fifth, Love triumphant, or Cupid placing two hearts on an altar; the sixth, Time crowning Love, or the figure of Time placing a chaplet on the head of Cupid. The thought which directed these ingenious and interesting devices, owes its origin to the tasteful and elegant set of drawings, designed by the Princess Elizabeth some time since, and are admirably adapted for the ornament they embellish. Now then, dear Julia, having said so much of her friend, let me hasten to do justice to the taste of my charming relative. Mary wore a Circassian robe of Moravian muslin over a white satin under-dress. The robe flowed loose from the back, was fastened on each shoulder with large emerald brooches, and bordered all round with gold embroidery in the form of small bulrushes; on her head she wore a gold net half square, tastefully disposed; one end of which was brought under the chin, and fastened behind the adverse ear. A row of fine emeralds bound and divided her tresses on the forehead, and contrasted happily with its alabaster hue. Her ornaments were of blended pearl and emeralds: her shoes of white satin, embroidered in a gold laurel leaf at the toe; white crape opera fan, ornamented with a rich border of gold spangles and frost-work. And now, my friend, last and least, came simple me, in a frock of undrest crape, with a white brocade ribbon laid flat round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves; and finished at the extreme edge with a narrow silver trimming; the front of the waist biassed, and the sleeve of the Spanish form; a round bosom, with a fall of Mechlin lace. My hair in a simple band on one side, tightly twisted behind, and brought in full flowing ringlets on the other; two rows of pearl formed the banbeau, which was fastened in front of the forehead with the same, set in the form of a large shell. My necklace and bracelets were very elegant, being a present from cousin John on my birth-day. They were composed of seed coral, twisted in the form of a cable; and fastened with the patent ferule snap of richly wrought gold. These necklaces are vastly elegant, and the distinguishing article in that style of ornament.—They are often composed of pearl, with the ferrule snap of diamonds; and those whose slender fortune will not allow of costly trinkets, have them formed of small coloured beads, or patent pearl. I observed at the opera (whither we went last Saturday) that the *tiara* had given great place to the bandeau. The half handkerchief obtains unrivalled popularity; but much taste is necessary to render it a becoming ornament. Let me guard you, dear Julia, against wearing *your's under the chin.* With a pale and interesting countenance, it produces but a sickly effect. The coldness of the season has obliged the adoption of some warm wrap in public; accordingly at the opera we see the peasant's cloak of scarlet kerseymere; but these are now entirely eclipsed by the opera cloak of white satin, trimmed with gossamer fur, and the Polish robe of the same material. This surely must be considered as a most judicious variation; for, in a place of fashionable resort, we naturally expect a little uniformity, and one would rather look like a gentlewoman than a marketwoman on such occasions.

Farewell, dear, dear Julia!—I go to my pil-

low, impressed with your image.—Sweet sleep! the kind restorer, may possibly bring me to Cornwall and you,—Good night!—Ever, and for ever, your ELIZA.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES,

INTO THE ORIGIN AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

SIR,

You have, without doubt, sufficiently employed yourself upon the subject of which I am about to treat, to know that fashion is not a creature of modern times; but that gowns, caps, hats, and petticoats, have their pedigree and illustrious descent, as well as other things. I, Mr. Editor, am an antiquarian, and have endeavoured to amuse the dryness of my studies, by occasionally converting them to the purposes and amusements of the fair sex; and having in my reading, discovered the origin and inventions of certain dresses, many of which are now worn, some obsolete, and others newly revived, I have undertaken to form my discoveries into a letter, and through the medium of your BELLE ASSEMBLEE, to offer them at the shrine of the fair sex.

We are informed by several antiquaries, that in the time of Ann, Richard the Second's queen, the women of quality first wore trains; the same queen introduced side-saddles.

It is recorded in the reign of Henry the Eighth, "that Anne Boleyne wore yellow mourning for Catharine of Arragon."

The reign of Mary is supposed to be the æra of ruffs and farthingales, as they were first brought hither from Spain. Howell tells us in his letters, "that the Spanish word for a farthingale, literally translated, signifies *cover-infant*, as if it was intended to conceal pregnancy; it is perhaps of more honourable extraction, and might signify *cover-infanta*. A blooming virgin in that age seems to have been more solicitous to hide her skin, than a shrivelled old woman is at present; the very neck was generally concealed; the arms were covered quite to the wrists; the petticoats were worn long, and the head gear, or coifure, close; to which was sometimes fastened a light veil, which fell down behind, as if intended occasionally to conceal even the face."

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Edward Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was the first that introduced embroidered gloves and perfumes into England, which he brought from Italy. He presented the queen with a pair of perfumed gloves, and her portrait was painted with them upon her hands.

As the queen left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died, and was possessed of the dresses of all countries, it is somewhat strange that there is such a uniformity of dress in her portratis, and that she should take a pleasure in being loaded with ornaments.

At this time the stays and bodies were worn long-waisted. Lady Hunsdon, the foremost of the ladies in the procession to Hunsdon-House, appears with a much longer waist than those that follow her. She might possibly have been a leader of the fashion as well as of the procession.

JAMES I.

Wilson informs us that the Countess of Essex, after her divorce, appeared at Court "in the habit of a virgin, with her hair pendant and almost to her feet." The Princess Elizabeth, with much more propriety, wore her's in the same manner, when she went to be married to the Prince Palatine.

The head of the Countess seems to be oppressed with ornaments, and she appears to have exposed more of the bosom than was seen in any former period.

The ladies began to indulge a strong passion for foreign laces in the reign of James, which rather increased than abated in succeeding generations.

The ruff and farthingale still continued to be worn. Yellow starch for ruffs, first invented by the French, and adapted to the sallow complexion of that people, was introduced by Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who had a principal hand in poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. This vain and infamous woman, who went to be hanged in a ruff of that colour, helped to support the fashion so long as she was able: it began to decline upon her execution.

The ladies, like those of Spain, were banished from court during the reign of James, which was perhaps a reason why dress underwent very little alteration during that period.

It may not be impertinent to remark, that the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, was mistress of the sweet (or perfumed) coffers to Ann of Denmark; an office which answered to that of mistress of the robes at present.

CHARLES I.

Ladies wore their hair low on the forehead, and parted in small ringlets. Many wore it curled like a peruke, and some braided and rounded in a knot at the top of the crown: they frequently wore strings of pearls in their hair; ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, and other jewels, were also much worn.

Laced handkerchiefs resembling the large falling band worn by the men were in fashion among the ladies; this article of dress has been lately revived, and called a Vandyke.

Cowley, in his discourse "On Greatness," censures some enormities in the dress of his time, in the following terms:—"Is any thing more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them? and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a Page or two to hold it up."

CHARLES I.

The citizens' wives in his reign seem to have had their domestic sumptuary laws, and to have adopted the frugal maxims of their husbands; there appears from Hollar's habits, to have been a much greater disparity in point of dress betwixt them and the ladies of quality than betwixt the former and the wives of our present yeomanry.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL LETTER,

Written by the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucault to his niece; which never appeared in any collection of his works.

You have acted very prettily, truly, to marry without saying a word to me on the subject; I however, can tell you that I would have given you some very good advice: but the excellence of your disposition, has, without doubt, taught you, what should be your conduct on such an occasion. I would, however, have wished to have witnessed your behaviour; and I expect you to give me a faithful relation of it; for unless you do this, instead of prosperity, I shall wish you—I shall wish you impossibilities, mutual jealousy, opposition of temper, a father-in-law in love with you, an ill-natured mother-in-law, quarrelsome brothers-in-law, tiresome sisters-in-law, replete with provincial politeness, and fond of reading bad romances; smoke in winter, fleas in summer, unpleasant neighbours, tenants who never pay their rents, lawsuits, dishonest servants, a bad cook, a waiting maid who cannot comb your hair, a bigot for your confessor, a carriage drawn by restive horses, a drunken coachman, dirty linen, bad water, sour wine, mouldy bread, importunate duns, a litigious magistrate, greyhounds beside your fire, cats on your bed, a long-winded and stupid parson, a curate who deems himself a poet. I would speak of the children, but this is not an impossibility, and therefore before I say two much I will hold my tongue. Come and see me, then, to escape these misfortunes, and to prove yourself worthy of the happiness that awaits you, if you act as you ought.

THE FINE ARTS.

The following article, which was omitted in its proper place under the head of the Fine Arts, is inserted here, that it may not be lost to the Magazine.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy is this year preceded by the separate display of a single picture, the production of one of its members, and of such superior merit, as the Academic catalogue will scarcely vie with in interest and attraction. The subject of this exquisite performance (painted as large as life) is from, *The Monody to the memory of a young Lady*, well known to most of our readers from its frequent introduction in the poetical miscellanies. The point of time is that, when the wife, while recommending the care of her infant daughter, takes a tender farewell of her husband:—

Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true!)
That, to some distant spot, thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love;
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
Wilt thou?
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
And, in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies content!

BELL'S FUGITIVE POETRY, VOL. IX.

While the tear of sympathy is excited by the tender feeling with which these lines appear to be delivered by the female, the pallid colour of whose features are beautifully relieved, by a considerable breadth of half tint; the mind is astonished at the expression of the listening figure—an expression not delineated in the countenance, which, indeed, is entirely observed by the left hand, whilst the right is affectionately locked fast in that of Emma, uniting, in this circumstance, contrast and beauty of colouring which would have done honour to Vandyke. Still more wonderful is the dexterity and taste of the artist, in successfully touching that chord of the human heart which, while it melts with pity, inclines not to turn from a scene that calls to the recollection the common lot of all: by a magic we never felt equalled but in the most finished representations of the dramatic science, the careless beholder and the connoisseur are alike impelled to gaze on with increased delight and satisfaction. Whether considered as an effort of composition, colouring, effect, or expression, this production must claim a pre-eminence which good fortune can rarely obtain. This *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Westall, is on view in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

BIRTHS.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, Lady Amherst, of a son.

In Somerset-Place, Lady Thomson, wife of Sir T. B. Thompson, Comptroller of the Navy, of a daughter.

At Pimlico, the Lady of Colonel Elliot, of a daughter.

In Berners-street, the Lady of John Campbell, Esq. M. P. of a son.

The Lady of Colonel Montgomery, M. P. of a son.

At his father's house, in Welbeck-street, the Lady of the Rev. B. G. Heath, of a son.

At his house in Queen Ann-street West, the Lady of James West, Esq. of a son.

The Lady of A. P. Cumberbatch, Esq. of a son.

The Lady of Captain C. W. Paterson, of the Royal Navy, of a daughter.

At Fredville, Kent, the Lady of J. Plumptre, of a daughter.

At Beverley, the Lady of Peter Acklom, Esq. of a daughter.

At London, the Lady of Tho. Sheridan, Esq. of a daughter.

In the neighbourhood of Frome, within a few months, five women of thirteen children: the first of four, the next of three, and the remaining of two each, all of which are now living.

MARRIED.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Charles Combe, Esq. of Bloomsbury-square, to Miss Georges, daughter of the late W. Payne Georges, Esq. of Manchester-square, and niece to the Right. Hon. Lord Lavington, Commander in Chief of the Leeward Islands.

At Grantham, Leon. Walbanke Childers, Esq. to Miss Sarah Anne Kent, second daughter of Sir Charles Kent, Bart. of Grantham-house, in the county of Lincoln.

In Scotland, M. W. Barnes, Esq. of Reigate, Surrey, to the Hon. Georgiana Catharine Coventry, second daughter of Lord Viscount Deerhurst.

At Martin Worthy, Hants, John Briggs, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister, to Miss Margaret Malcolm, niece of Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, bart.

At Morden, E. B. Lousada, Esq. of Devonshire-square, to Miss Goldsmid, eldest daughter of Abrm. Goldsmid, Esq.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Miss Ford, eldest daughter of the late Sir Francis Ford, bart. to Peter Touchet, Esq. Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

At Edinburgh, Mr. John Murray, bookseller in London, to Miss Anne Elliot, daughter of the late Charles Elliot, Esq. bookseller in Edinburgh.

Philip Gibbes, Esq. eldest son of Sir Philip Gibbes, bart. to Maria, third daughter of the late Robert Knipe, Esq. of New Lodge, Herts.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Captain Stuart, of the 16th Light Dragoons, to Miss Anson, youngest daughter of the late George Anson, Esq. and sister to Viscount Anson.

At Wexford, Ireland, Lieutenant Gilbert J. Michel, R. N. to Miss Lucinda Boyd, daughter of James Boyd, Esq. of Wexford.

At Frankley, Worcestershire, J. Haines, Esq. of Forshaw Heath, to Miss Gosling, daughter of Thomas Gosling Esq. of the former place.

W. C. Grant, Esq. of the 92d regiment, to the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Milne, of Deptford.

At Castle Douglas, Mr. S. Coosker, aged 90, to Mrs. Margaret Coulthard, aged 36, being the fourth time she has been led to the hymeneal altar.

DIED.

In Dublin, the Countess of Wicklow. She is succeeded in her title by her eldest son the Viscount, now Earl of Wicklow. Her very extensive property devolves upon her second son, the Right Hon. William Forward.

At his house, Great Cumberland-place, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker.

At Edinburgh, Vice-Admiral John Inglis. He commanded the Belliqueux in the battle of Camperdown, and greatly distinguished himself on that occasion.

At Falloden, the seat of Lady Grey, Elizabeth Grey, relict of the late George Grey, Esq. and grandmother to Viscount Howick.

At Bootle, the Rev. Thomas Smith, rector of the parish, and vicar of Ulverston; and an acting Magistrate for the county palatine of Lancaster, and county of Cumberland.

At Peckham, Mr. Richard Sause, only son of Captain Sause, R. N. His death was occasioned by a wound he got in the action of Trafalgar.

At Bath, Benjamin Morris, Esq. In the early part of his life, he pursued the profession of a drawing-master, and was esteemed, in his time, an artist of some eminence. His latter years were remarkable for their wonderous regularity; every day was marked with such precision, that it seldom deviated a single minute in the performance of the exact vocation of the preceding.

In Ireland, the Right Rev. Dr. Peter M'Mahon, titular Bishop of Killaloe.

At her house in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Dalhousie.

At a very advanced age, at Rippon, in Yorkshire, Jefferson, the actor.—He was contemporary with Garrick on the London stage, and studiously copied the manner of that great actor.

Mr. Sawyer, of the Angel Inn, London, while talking to a customer at his bar, suddenly dropped down and expired. A messenger was instantly sent with the melancholy news to a brother publican, and most intimate friend; whose family returned for answer, that he died at the same moment, and in the like sudden manner.

In an obscure lane, in the Liberty, Dublin, a poor old man, who, for a great number of years, had been the victim of disease and the most deplorable poverty.—On taking off an old wig, which he constantly wore under his nightcap during his illness, some papers were found sewed up in the caul, which on inspection, proved to be bank-notes, to the amount of 975l. and in various parts of his tattered apparel 71 guineas and a half were found sewed up.—It was a fortunate circumstance that his only son, a private in the marines, arrived from Plymouth but four hours before his death, to visit him, and into whose hands the property fell.

At Vellore, in the East Indies, Captain David Willison, of the 23d regiment of native infantry, only son of Mr. Willison, printer, in Edinburgh; one of the sufferers in the unfortuate insurrection of the native troops in that fort.

At Kintore, Mrs. Eliz. Farquhar; and, on the next day, her husband, Mr. Alexander Farquhar, for many years senior bailie of that burgh.—They were both about 82 years of age, and had been married upwards of 50 years.—They had often expressed a wish that the one might not survive the other, and they were buried together on the same day in one grave.

Suddenly, Mr. Richard Scarce, aged 90, formerly master of the riding-house in Bath.—He voted at the last Nottingham election for a Representative for that town; and what is very remarkable he had the same silver buttons on his coat and waistcoat, and the same buckles in his shoes, that he wore on a similar occasion in the year 1745.

At Cockermouth, in Cumberland, at the very advanced age of 86, Mr. William Gifford, Father of the English Stage since the days of the veteran Macklin. This Gentleman was the son of Mr. Gifford, proprietor of Goodman's-Fields Theatre, to whom the public were indebted for the introduction of Garrick. The younger Gifford also, in company with his father's Comedians, exhibited with Garrick at Ipswich, previous to making his debut in London. He performed for twenty years on the London boards with considerable success.

At Gateshead, Mr. Charles Atkison. He was chosen by Lord Nelson to steer his ship, the Victory, into the Bay of Aboukir, on the memorable first of August.

Kyd Wake, the printer, who, about the year 1795, was convicted of insulting the King on his way to the Parliament House, and suffered an imprisonment of five years for it.—His death was occasioned by his being crushed between the wheel of a waggon and a post in Paul's Chain, St. Paul's Church-yard.

At Inver, near Dunkeld, Niel Gow, in the 80th year of his age.—As a composer of Highland Reels few have excelled him; and his spirited performance of that favourite species of national music will be long remembered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Farmer's Letters are received, and will be returned if called for.

Our Correspondent's communication from Brook-Green, is inadmissible.

An immense quantity of poetry has been received this month; as those to whom we are indebted for it will see that the greater part is not inserted, they cannot suspect that we have any private views in declining the trouble of returning it, or acknowledging the receipt of each particular article. In a word, such as are disposed to honour us with communications (which we desire it to be understood that we solicit, and from which the greater part of our Magazine is composed every month) must submit not only to the risk of having their favours rejected, but of losing them altogether, unless they keep copies, a precaution which we anxiously recommend to them.

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Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
For APRIL, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Sixteenth Number.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

ELIZAVETA ALEXIEVNA, Empress of Russia, is one of the most handsome and interesting figures of her court. She is of the illustrious House of Baden-Durlach, was born January 24, 1779, and on the 9th of October, 1793, was married to the Emperor Alexander, then Grand Duke. On embracing the Greek religion, at the ceremony of her re-baptism, by the hands of the Archbishop of Moscow, a rite indispensably necessary for all foreigners previous to their adoption into the Imperial family, the Empress Catharine II. gave her the name of Elizaveta Alexievna, or Elizabeth the daughter of Alexius. These patronymics of the Russians have something in them antique and respectable. A common Russian might call the Empress Catharine, even when speaking to her, Ekatarina Alexievna. According to the general rule, however, the Princess of Baden should have called herself Elizaveta Carlovna, as she was the daughter of Prince Charles; but her Imperial grandmother determined otherwise. That Sovereign had invited the Princess and her sister into Russia as fit matches for her grand-sons, the two Grand Dukes, Alexander and Constantine. Their mother, by birth Princess of Darmstadt, had already been sent thither in her youth with her sisters, one of whom had the unfortunate honour to become the first wife of Paul. This Princess, an amiable woman, and the worthy mother of a charming family, declined appearing again, with her daughters, on a stage where she herself had formerly made an unsuccessful appearance, but entrusted them to the care of the Countess Shuvalof, widow of the author of the "Epistle to Ninon," who was charged with the hymeneal negotiation, together with one Strekalof, as an escort.

These Princesses, after a long and toilsome journey, arrived at night, towards the end of autumn, 1792, and in terrible weather, which seemed considerably to affect them. They were made to alight at the palace in which Prince Potemkin had resided, where they were received by the Empress, accompanied by Madame Branicka, her favourite *dame d'honneur*. At first the young Princesses took the latter for the Empress; but the Countess Shuvalof having undeceived them, they threw themselves at her Majesty's feet, and with tears kissed her robe and her hand, till she raised them up and embraced them: they were then left to sup at full liberty.

The next day Catharine came to visit them, while they were yet at their toilette, and presented them the ribband of the order of St. Catharine, together with jewels and stuffs; then displaying before them their wardrobe, looking at it, she said, "My young friends, when I arrived in Russia I was not so rich as you."

The young Grand Dukes were intro-

duced to them the same day. The eldest, who had already suspected the motive of their arrival, had a pensive and embarrassed air, and said nothing. Catharine told them, that, knowing the mother of these Princesses, and their country being taken from them by the French, she had sent for them to have them educated at her court. On their return from the palace, the two young Princes talked much about them; and Alexander said, that he thought the eldest very pretty. "Oh, not in the least," cried the younger, with that *brusquerie* which is so natural to him, "neither of them; they should be sent to Riga, to the Princes of Courland: they are only fit for them."

What Alexander had said, however, was reported to his grandmother, who was delighted to find that the lady she designed for him, and with whom she herself seemed enchanted, appeared handsome in his eyes. Catharine pretended that she had resembled Louisa of Baden when she arrived in Russia; and ordered the picture taken of her at that time to be brought, that she might compare it with the Princes; when, as may be supposed, every one present declared that two drops of water could not be more alike. From that moment she became singularly attached to Louisa, redoubled her tenderness towards Alexander, and engaged with more pleasure in the plan of leaving the throne to them as her immediate successors.

The young strangers made their first appearance at court on the day when the deputies of Poland were admitted to thank Catharine for the honour she had done the Republic by keeping three-fourths of it for herself. The Princesses were as much dazzled with the magnificence that surrounded them, as others were with their opening charms; but the elder met with an accident, which led the superstitious Russians to augur that she would be unfortunate in their country. As she approached the throne of Catharine, she struck her foot against the corner of one of the steps, and fell flat on the ground before the throne. Heaven, however, we hope, has averted the omen.

While the young sister spent the tedious days lamenting her absence from her country and relations, which all the pomp of the court could not efface from her mind, and was at length sent away loaded with presents, which afforded her less pleasure than the expectation of soon beholding again the banks of the Rhine, the Princess Louisa seemed to smile at the destiny that awaited her. An unknown comforter had entered her heart, and dried her tears. The sight of the young Prince, who was to be her husband, and who equalled herself in beauty of person and gentleness of mind, had inspired her with love: she submitted gracefully to every thing required of her, learned the Russian language, was instructed in the Greek religion, and was soon in a capacity of making public profession of her new faith, and receiving on her fine-turned arms, and bare delicate feet, the unctions administered by a bishop, who proclaimed her Grand Duchess, under the name of Elizabeth Alexievna.—Catharine chose rather to give her her own cognomen, than leave her that of her father, according to the usual custom.

In the month of May following, the ceremony of betrothing was performed with extraordinary pomp and entertainments. Russia had just terminated three wars, almost equally triumphant. A multitude of Generals and other Officers, covered with the laurels they had gathered in battle, augmented the number of the Court. Many Swedes, admirers of Catharine; almost all the Polish Magnats who had submitted or were devoted to her, Tartarian Khans, Envoys from Great Bukharia, Turkish Pashas, Greek and Moldavian Deputies, Sophis of Persia, with French emigrants, demanding at once protection and vengeance, increased at this juncture the crowd of courtiers attending the august autocratrix of the North. No Court ever exhibited so brilliant and variegated a spectacle. These were the last resplendent days that Catharine enjoyed. She dined on a throne, raised in the midst of different tables, crowned and covered with gold and diamonds; her eye carelessly wandered over the immense assembly, composed of persons of all nations, whom she seemed to behold at her feet. Surrounded by her numerous and brilliant family, a poet would have taken her for Juno seated amongst the gods of Olympus.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CONTRAST OF OUR PRESENT WITH OUR POSSIBLE SITUATION,

EFFICATIOUS IN CHECKING THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

"THE night rolls rapidly away, and I in vain expect the ungrateful man who has deserted me. That such coldness should dwell in one who calls himself a lover! that my tenderness should thus be outraged! Alas, it is matrimony that has made me miserable! While I was still free, young, and beautiful, I loved, and I tasted happiness! but now Dorval is unfaithful. How is the female sex to be pitied among a people who are called so sensible and so superior, so distinguished for their nobleness and their gallantry! Women have every thing to dread; marriage, love, the opinion of the world, and the laws themselves. Happy, thrice happy, those remote regions, faithful still to nature, where love knows no deceit, but reigns without artifice, without anxiety, and without end!"

Thus exclaimed the young and blooming Celina as, stretched on a bed of the softest down, but which to her was a bed of thistles, she laid anxiously listening for the well known knock of a husband whose manners and habits were too modish to be agreeable to one who had married with the chimerical expectation of finding him always a lover. Celina possessed a lively imagination, and a heart more than sufficiently susceptible; the latter had disposed her to form an early attachment to Dorval, and the former pictured, in an union with him, a thousand delights which life never realized. Disappointed at finding the marriage state not all that she had fancied it, Celina, by discontent, rendered it much worse than she might have proved it; by contrasting the overcharged picture painted on her imagination with the sober representation of wedded life which she found at home, she continually added to the incidental vexations of the marital state, and deepened the mortification and chagrin which must invariably result from a tendency to regard any situation of life as productive of unalloyed happiness. Dorval was frank, good humoured, agreeable, and sincerely attached to his wife, but he was gay, fond of company, and had been so completely tired of living only to love, by passing something more than the honey-moon with Celina in a romantic but solitary retirement, that he returned to the gay metropolis, where they now resided, with a tenfold relish for all its pleasures; and while Celina, in spite of every entreaty to the contrary, remained moping at home, he was seen by turns in every fashionable circle in London.

While Celina was indulging in such soliloquies as we have given a specimen of, sleep overpowered her, and she was conveyed by Morpheus, in a dream, to the uncultivated regions of North America, and landed on the banks of the Mississippi. The scene was wild but sublime, and as all remembrance of Dorval had now vanished, the enraptured Celina began to construct new fabrics of visionary happiness, which she doubted not these romantic wilds would realise. She traversed with light and sylph-like steps a path which led into the interior of the country, and had proceeded to some distance from the Mississippi, when suddenly a savage, copper-coloured, naked, and besmeared with dirt, stood before her. He addressed her, he told her she must be his wife; and laying a quantity of skins, stakes, and tools, upon her back, bade her hasten to a place which he pointed out, and build them a hut. "You must then prepare my dinner," added he, "and when I am satisfied you may regale upon the remainder." Trembling beneath her burden, and weeping bitterly the disappointment of those hopes which had taught her to expect bliss supreme in those artless regions, she bent her way to the distant spot where her delicate hands were to be employed in the rough labour her tyrant had commanded. Her slight limbs almost refused to perform their office, and the savage finding threats insufficient to quicken her pace, was proceeding to stripes, when suddenly she felt herself raised in the air, and in a few minutes beheld herself in the charming island of Otaheite.

New hopes instantly sprang up in her mind, and were as speedily dissipated by the scenes which presented themselves. The inhabitants, accustomed to obey on the instant every impulse of nature, gave, by their licentiousness, continual shocks to her delicacy; every instant she was constrained to turn aside her eyes to avoid sights which filled her with disgust. Sick of uncivilized life, and convinced that certain restraints, and even anxieties, heighten the pleasures of love,

she was meditating on the means of escaping to more polished, though less inartificial regions, when again Morpheus opportunely lent his aid, and transported her among the New Zealanders; a race of savages, indeed, but of another description from those she had quitted.

Scarcely had she shewn herself when she was constrained to receive as a husband one of the rude and uncultivated natives. The inhabitants of New Zealand, however, in common with other American tribes, are insensible to the charms of beauty and the power of love; and the susceptible Celina found sufficient subject for complaint in the coldness and indifference with which she was treated. Her husband had been at no pains during his courtship to win her favour by the assiduities which are so gratifying to the mind of sensibility, and he was still less solicitous afterwards to obtain it by indulgence and gentleness. But this was not all; the tribe of which Celina had become a member were on the eve of a war with a neighbouring horde, and in conformity to the custom of the country, she was ordered to prepare to attend her husband to the battle.

In carrying on their wars the savages of America proceed in a manner very different to the operations of civilized nations in similar cases; they never take the field in numerous bodies, as it would require a greater effort of foresight and industry than is usual among savages, to provide for their subsistence during a march of some hundred miles through dreary forests, or during a long voyage upon their immense lakes and rivers. Their armies are not encumbered with baggage or military stores; each warrior, besides his arms, carries a mat, and a small bag of pounded maize, and with these is completely equipped for any service. While at a distance from the enemy's frontier, they disperse through the woods, and support themselves with the game which they catch; as they approach nearer to the territories of the nation which they intend to attack, they collect their troops, and advance with greater caution. Even then they proceed wholly by stratagem and ambuscade; they place not their glory in attacking their enemies with open force; to surprise and destroy is the greatest merit of a commander, and the highest pride of his followers. War and hunting are their only occupations, and they conduct both with the same arts; they follow the track of the enemy through the forest; they endeavour to discover their haunts, they lurk in some thicket near to these, and with the patience of a sportsman lying in wait for game, will continue in their station day after day, until they can rush upon their prey when least able to resist them. If they meet no straggling party of the enemy, they advance towards their villages, but with such solicitude to conceal their approach, that they often creep on their hands and feet through the woods, and paint their skins of the same colour with the withered leaves, in order to avoid detection. If so fortunate as to remain unobserved, they set fire to their huts in the dead of night, and massacre their inhabitants as they fly naked and defenceless from the flames. If they hope to effect a retreat without being pursued, they carry off some prisoners, whom they reserve for a more dreadful fate; but if, notwithstanding all their address and precautions, they find that their motions are discovered, that the enemy has taken the alarm, and is prepared to oppose them, they usually deem it most prudent to retire; they regard it as extreme folly to meet upon equal terms an enemy who is on his guard, or to give battle in an open field. The most distinguished success is a disgrace to a leader, if purchased with any considerable loss of his followers; and they never boast of a victory if stained with the blood of their countrymen. To fall in battle, instead of being reckoned an honourable death, is a misfortune which subjects the memory of a warrior to the imputation of rashness or imprudence.

In all these toils the unhappy Celina was compelled to share, except those which the proximity of the enemy spared her. At length her tribe was surprised while asleep (for though vigilance and attention are the qualities chiefly requisite where the object of war is to deceive and surprise, the American savages never station sentinels around the place where they rest at night), and the greatest part of it cut off before they were at all sensible of the danger. One of the conquerors seized upon Celina, and grinning with the delight afforded by the anticipation of the luxurious repast her white delicate limbs would afford, delivered her to his attendants to be roasted, among other female captives, for the banquet of victory.

The situation of the fair dreamer may be imagined, it cannot be described; she knelt, she supplicated, she threw herself, deluged with tears, at the feet of the remorseless chief; but vain was every attempt to move compassion in the bosom of the obdurate barbarian. The fire was kindled, and the lovely victim led fettered towards it. Morpheus, however, once more interposed, lent her his wings, borne on which she arrived at Pekin.

The singular and novel appearance of every thing she beheld riveted her attention. On each side of a wide street extended a long line of buildings, consisting of shops and warehouses; the particular goods of which were displayed in groupes in the front of the houses. Before these

were generally erected large wooden pillars, whose tops were much higher than the sides of the houses, bearing inscriptions in gilt characters, setting forth the nature of the wares to be sold, and the honest reputation of the seller; and to attract the more notice, they were generally hung with various coloured flags and streamers, and ribbands, from top to bottom, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping dressed in the colours of all the nations of Europe. The sides of the houses were not less brilliant in the several colours with which they were painted; these consisted generally of sky-blue, or green, mixed with gold. What appeared to her very singular was, that the articles for sale which made the greatest show were coffins for the dead; the most splendid European coffin furniture would make but a poor figure if placed beside that intended for a wealthy Chinese. Next to those, her attention was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the funeral biers, and marriage cars, both of which were covered with ornamental canopies. At the four points where the great streets intersect one another, were erected those singular buildings, sometimes of stone, but generally of wood, which have been called triumphal arches, but which are, in fact, monuments to the memory of those who had deserved well of the community, or who had attained an unusual longevity; they consist invariably of a large central gateway, with a small one on each side, all of which are covered with narrow roofs; and, like the houses, painted, varnished, and gilt in the most superb manner. The multitude of moveable workshops of tinkers, butchers, cobblers, and blacksmiths, the tents and booths where tea, fruit, rice, and other eatables are exposed for sale, with the wares and merchandize arrayed before the doors, contracted the spacious street to a narrow road in the middle, just wide enough for two carriages to pass. Different trains that are accompanying, with lamentable cries, a corpse to the grave, and, with squalling music, brides to meet their husbands, the troops of dromedaries laden with coals from Tartary, the wheel-barrows and hand-carts stuffed with vegetables, occupy nearly the whole of this middle space in one continued line; all was in motion. The sides of the street were filled with an immense concourse of people, buying and selling, and bartering their different commodities. The hurry and confused noise of this mixed multitude, proceeding from the loud bawling of those who were crying their wares, the wrangling of others, with every now and then a strange twanging noise like the jarring of a cracked Jew's harp, the barber's signal made by his tweezers, the mirth and the laughter that prevailed in every group, could scarcely be exceeded by the brokers in the Bank rotunda in London, or by the Jews and old women in Rosemary-lane; pedlars with their packs, jugglers, conjurers, fortune-tellers, mountebanks, quack doctors, comedians, and musicians, left no space unoccupied.

While Celina was gazing with astonishment on this diversified scene, she beheld with horror a cart pass containing a number of dead b dies of infants. She had read in several authors that the city of Pekin was disgraced by the horrible custom of infanticide, but till now she had hoped the assertion was unfounded in truth. * She shuddered at the conviction, and before her countenance had lost the traces of her feelings, she was accosted by a Mandarin. Struck with her beauty he made proposals of marriage, which she as promptly accepted; but shut up in a splendid palace, and guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, she soon bitterly regretted having formed this hasty union. The splendour of every thing that surrounded her, and the homage which she received from inferior slaves, afforded her no consolation for the loss of her own liberty, or the infidelity of a husband who, she found, far from confining his attentions to herself, polluted the marital bed by sharing it with a hundred others. Disgusted with him, and with the tedium incident to the solitude in which she passed the greatest part of her time, she planned and effected her escape. After wandering for some time without encountering any interruption, she arrived at a solitary cabin, inhabited by a youth of the Tartar tribe, where she asked permission to repose her weary limbs. A mutual attachment was rapidly formed, and Celina married once more, and became a mother. In giving birth to an infant, she became acquainted with a Tartar custom no less well authenticated than singular; she was delivered without either pain or trouble, and immediately after her husband entered the

* It is an absolute fact, that no punishment attends, in this country, the inhuman practice of destroying infants; on the contrary, carts appointed by the police, go round Pekin every morning, for the purpose of picking up the bodies of such infants as may have been thrown out into the streets during the night, and no enquiries whatever are made. It is said, but we will hope this is an exaggeration of an inhumanity sufficiently atrocious, that such of the infants as are living are thrown along with the others into a common pit without the city walls. "When I mention," says Mr. Barrow, speaking on this subject, "that dogs and swine are let loose in all the narrow streets of the capital, the reader may conceive what will sometimes necessarily happen to the exposed infants before the police carts can pick them up."—*Barrow's Travels in China.*

bed she had quitted, and went through all the customary ceremonies of an accouchment. The lapse of a few months brought her acquainted with another custom no less strange, but which occasioned in her bosom far different emotions. Two travellers one evening knocked at the cottage, and requested permission to pass the night in it. The generous Tartar, actuated by the generosity which characterises his nation, readily granted the request; and not satisfied with placing before them all the food his cottage afforded, privately ordered his beauteous wife to offer them her person. Confounded at learning this was a ceremony which the Tartars never on such occasions omit, she was at first unable either to resist or obey; but recovering, she opposed with the utmost energy a command so repugnant to principle and delicacy. At length, however, she was constrained to comply; after which she with little difficulty submitted to another ceremony, which, according to Tartar belief, restores the purity which had been polluted. Her husband gave her a succession of smart lashes over the back and shoulders with a horse whip; in the course of which Morpheus again befriended her, by transporting her to Ceylon, by the laws of which place females are allowed to have two husbands.

In this island Celina speedily made some conquests, and was espoused by two young friends, who alternately shared her bed. The insensibility of the American savages was strongly contrasted by the glowing ardour of these Indian youths, and for a short time Celina thought herself the happiest of mortals; but passions that are violent are never lasting, and the impassioned tenderness of the young husbands was at length succeeded by a contemptuous indifference. Neglected by them both, she passed her time in vain regrets, yet could not wonder that coldness should spring up in the bosom of those who can admit a partner in their love. To console herself she gave encouragement to the passion of a secret admirer, but was detected, and to escape the punishment of her infidelity flew to Africa.

Arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, she encountered an African Boor. Of all human beings the Boor of the Cape is the most detestable; in cruelty he surpasses the most ferocious savage; in dirt and indolence he is unequalled; the walls of his wretched habitation are covered with spiders of an enormous size, and the vermin and filth which lay on the floor are never removed till absolute necessity compels him to this exertion; he has no linen for his table, no knives, no forks, no spoons; he carries in his pocket a large knife with which he carves meat for the family; indifferent bread and vegetables, stewed in sheep's fat, are his usual fare, and when he eats meat, messes of mutton are stewed up in grease; this luxury he devours in great quantities, bolting it down as some of our porters would for a wager; his most urgent wants are satisfied in the easiest manner possible, to save exertion. Such was the detestable object which fell to Celina's lot at the Cape. To paint her feelings is impossible; treated with the most brutal barbarity, and constrained to make soap or candles, or go through some other drudgery, she daily dragged on an existence the termination of which would have been happiness.

The energies of poor Celina's mind were nearly annihilated by the evils which now oppressed her, and which seemed durable as life, from the little probability there appeared of her being able to escape. She did escape, however, and her last translation was to Asiatic Turkey, where she fell into the hands of a Jew dealer in slaves. She was purchased by a Mussulman, who conveyed her to his haram; where, regardless of the preliminary forms of courtship, he instantly began an attack upon her person. Shocked and disgusted at this brutality, Celina vigorously repulsed him, but anger augmenting his natural superiority in strength, she was nearly overpowered, when suddenly perceiving a dagger in his belt, she snatched it, and attempted to stab him. In the struggle she awoke, and experienced a delightful revulsion of feeling on beholding Dorval at her bed side.

The impression left on her mind made her feel in their full force all the advantages of her situation, while it diminished the magnitude of all her real inconveniences, and annihilated those of fancy. From this period her discontent vanished, and if ever under any circumstances it threatened to return, she took a retrospect of the miseries to which she had been subjected in her dream, and by reflecting that, instead of the mingled good and evil which was her present lot, she might, had it so pleased Providence, have been doomed to the unchequered wretchedness of some of her visionary situations, she effectually kept at a distance the enemy of her repose, gradually domesticated her husband, and proved, that though life furnished no happiness without alloy, it supplies enough to satisfy every rational expectation.

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TO MADRID.

My mother being ordered by her physician to drink the Pyrenean mineral waters, we left Paris the 18th of July, at eight o'clock in the morning. After a journey of eleven days, and having passed through Orleans, Tours, Bordeaux, Agen, and Tarbes, we arrived at the hot-wells, situated in the midst of the Pyrenées. Supported by the hope of returning home, I here spent three months in the most dismal manner possible. On the eve of our intended departure, my mother received some intelligence which delayed our journey; but hearing that my aunt was setting out for Madrid, and that she wished us to be of her party, and there pass the ensuing winter, my mother agreed that we should accompany her; and we departed for Bayonne. I was in despair at the idea of leaving my country, this being the first time I had ever quitted my home, which contained many persons that were infinitely dear to me; my period of exile, as I considered it, being expired, I had been for some time fondly anticipating the delight I should experience in again being re-united to my father, brothers, and sisters; and to be disappointed, appeared the greatest misfortune that could happen to me. I was, however, obliged to comply; and having joined my aunt, we left Bayonne on the 1st of November. After having traversed the river Bidassoa, we saw the famous Isle of the Conference; we afterwards crossed Biscay, which is a very pleasant mountainous country. These mountains are cultivated up to the summit, the views are very fine, and there are many limpid streams. The inhabitants are of a lively disposition, and are generally handsome; they speak a sort of *Patois*, corrupted from the Spanish. There are scarcely any lakes, which facilitates commerce, and consequently adds to the fertility of the country. We passed through Victoria, the principal town of Biscay, and afterwards traversed ancient Castillia. The roads here are very bad, a great part of the country uncultivated, and both the villages and inhabitants appear very miserable. On our way we passed through several large towns, such as Valadoli, Burgos, and some others. We afterwards traversed New Castillia, which is also very far from a pleasant country. At last, after having travelled four hundred and fifty miles in sixteen days, we arrived at Madrid. The diligence performs this journey in six days; and those who travel by the *tiros*, as we did, generally in ten or eleven days; but we, being a large company, and most of the inns being very poor ones, so much so, that some of them could scarcely protect us from the nightly air, we were obliged to stop whenever we met with one, the appearance of which promised us a tolerable reception — On my first arrival at Madrid, I imagined myself at the furthermost extremity of the world: other manners, another language; in short, my state very much resembled that of Robinson Crusoe, in his island. However, the kindness and attentions of my relations soon reconciled me to my situation; and I very shortly knew enough of the language to be able to form an idea of the country.

Madrid is rather a fine city, about four miles in circumference: there are several very handsome streets, though the whole of the ground is rather on a declivity; the houses are generally well built, but badly ranged. Madrid is ill situated, on a rising ground, in the centre of a barren plain, bounded by a chain of mountains, some of which are covered with snow. Several fine bridges cross the river Mancanarès, which flows through one end of the city, and which is often dry.

Fire-places and carpets are seldom seen in Spain; in lieu of the former, they make use of a *brasero*, or stove, placed in the middle of the apartment, which is very unwholesome. Mats occupy the place of carpets.

The climate of Madrid is rather extraordinary; the winter of 1790 was uncommonly mild. During the months of January and February, the atmosphere was perfectly serene; at noon the heat of the sun was insupportable, and in the shade it froze very hard. The nights were very cold, and the air much keener than in France.— This winter was said to be the finest the Spaniards had enjoyed for many years. The spring was very rainy, and the warm weather, which generally begins in April, did not commence till the 18th of June; at this period it was almost unbearable.

The Spaniards are rather grave, and, to me, they appeared far from amiable; they associate but little together. Each lady has at her house, in the afternoon, *tetuille*, an assemblage, of seven or eight persons. At these meetings chocolate is served, and those who wish it play at cards; but each person dines at home; afterwards they take the *siesta*, and then visit the theatre.

Many Spanish ladies of condition have the greatest part of their fortunes at their own dis-

posal; but they have to bear the expences of their establishments, which, owing to their numerous retinue, and bad management, are far from inconsiderable.

The Spaniards never visit but on particular occasions. The nobility dress *à-la-Francaise* to go to the theatre, to pay visits, and also when they go out in their carriages. The ladies are much attached to our fashions; they however dress in the costume of their country to go to church, to walk, and to remain at home. This costume is very pretty, when elegant. It consists of a *basquire*, or black petticoat, more or less ornamented, a black body *à-rei-desille*, which is a silken bag, for the purpose of confining the hair at the back of the head; and a mantle, which is a piece of silk, or muslin, placed on the head, and which falls something similar to a cloak. Foreigners are obliged to assume the Spanish costume when they walk out, or go to church. With respect to the men, all those who call themselves gentlemen dress like those of other European nations, with the exception of their queux, which are very large. Men of all ranks, both winter and summer, almost always put on *la capa*, which is a sort of Spanish mantle. The common people generally wear jackets with a net to confine the hair. The *Majis*, or fashionables, such as those who dance the *volero*, or those who engage the bull, wear little jackets very tastefully and magnificently ornamented; this dress is thin, very light, and pretty. The nobility have a peculiar costume to wear during passion week: the ladies have a black body to their gowns, ornamented with maroon and gold, on their heads they wear a lace veil, which becomes them extremely. The gentlemen's coats are black and maroon.

With respect to education, the great and the lower orders may be ranged in the same class, as all their learning consists in being able to play the guitar. Some of the former, indeed, speak a little French. Those who have received the best instructions are the class of *Ousia*, the councillors of Castille, lawyers, and the military.

The common people are very lazy and dirty. Here, a man will as soon give a blow with his poignard as in another country abuse; and an affront is never forgotten, and never pardoned without revenge. The Spaniard is sober, he lives on chocolate and *poudehero*, a sort of *bouilli*. The most disgraceful epithet you can fasten on a man is to call him a drunkard; it is also true that they are very rarely met with.

The most remarkable things to be seen at Madrid, are the palace, the churches, the manufactory of Mosaic work, the cabinet of natural history, the *prato*, and the bull-fight.

The palace is quite new and very handsome, though not so large as that of Versailles: it is true that none but the King's household inhabit it, which are far from numerous. The apartments are commodious; an immense number of paintings and portraits are found there, and among them some *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best masters, particularly Raphael. The chapel is fine, and the treasury very considerable. There exists still at Madrid an ancient palace, called the *Retiro*: the exterior of it is very ugly, but it contains many fine paintings. In the centre of the court-yard is seen the statue of Phillip IV. on horseback; it is reckoned very fine, on account of the horse being represented on full gallop. People pretend that a bar of iron being fixed through the horse's tail makes it retain this position. The garden belonging to the *Retiro* is very extensive, but in bad order.

The churches in Spain are clean and much ornamented, particularly at Madrid; they are very magnificent, but there are no chairs, and one is compelled to sit upon hassocks on the ground.

The cabinet of natural history is carefully preserved and very curious. There is an immense number of agates, metals, and animals of every species. There is also a collection of all the various marble of the country. The animals are very badly stuffed, because the Spaniards are totally ignorant of the proper manner of doing this. There is a skeleton which was discovered forty feet under ground, is much larger than any elephant, and of quite a different form.

The *prato* (so called from its being originally a field), is the most pleasant as well as the most fashionable promenade in Madrid; it was made into a walk by the Count Aranda. It consists of several rows of trees, which form a delightful shade for pedestrians; there is a road in the centre which is every Sunday filled by two rows of splendid equipages. The King and the royal family often take the air here in their carriages. The *prato* is ornamented with eight fountains which add greatly to the beauty of this charming promenade. There is a botanical garden also which comes out upon the *prato*, and is reckoned very curious. There are several promenades in Madrid, but none that can vie with the one I have endeavoured to describe.

I also visited the manufactory of Mosaic work, which is certainly very worthy the attention of all strangers. To complete a table of Mosaic work is the employment of a whole year: the King has several of them of the most exquisite beauty.

During the eight months I passed at Madrid, I witnessed two bull-fights: the first in autumn, the other in spring; for there is none in winter. This spectacle is extremely cruel, and not at all

amusing; yet it excites a kind of attention produced by a mixture of fear and hope, which, when you have once entered a box, detains you almost against your will. From what I have seen I will endeavour to give an idea of it.

Figure to yourself an extensive circle perfectly round, and without any awning over it; in the centre is the place of combat, inclosed by a barrier of about six feet in height. About three feet farther there is a second barrier with ropes, to ensure the safety of the spectators. On a level with this commences the first row of seats, followed by seven or eight others in the form of an amphitheatre; above these is a row of boxes. In one of these a priest always attends with the extreme unction, to administer to any of the combatants in case they should receive a mortal wound.

Four officers of justice enter the lists, and read aloud a paper which forbids any of the spectators from leaving their seats. Then two Alguasils on horseback appear, with whips in their hands, a little black mantle over their shoulders, and on their heads they wear either a white or carroty wig, and a hat mounted with feathers. The Alguasils oblige the people to take their seats, and then give an order for the bull to enter. These men make the most ridiculous appearance that can be conceived, they also afford great entertainment to the lower order of spectators. They admit three or four Picadors, according to the number of bulls that are to be baited. As soon as these enter they are armed with a lance about eight or nine feet in length, with a small piece of iron at the end. Then the Aguasils open the door of the place where the animal is confined, and hastily gallop off; the bull rushes into the middle of the square; immediately the connoisseurs form their opinion of him; if the beast be furious he is deemed excellent; but if, on the contrary, he be rather tame, he is thought good for nothing. The Picadors are not permitted to attack the bull, the animal must first approach them; then the instant the bull falls on their horse, the Picador stops him by plunging his lance into the beast's throat; but this wound only irritates him, without having the power to kill. If the Picador misses his aim he is thrown down, trampled upon, and very frequently dangerously wounded. I witnessed several tremendous falls; in one of these a Picador tumbled with his horse, the furious bull immediately began to tear the poor animal with his horns, while the people threw at him hats, mantles, and every thing they could procure, and the other combatants endeavoured to entice him towards them in order to extricate their companion, but to no purpose; at last, one more courageous than the rest, threw down the bull with a blow from his lance, and gave the unfortunate man time to escape. Immediately this man, whom I thought lifeless, arose, sprang upon another horse, and was as well as before, with the exception of a slight wound on his forehead. Seldom a combat of this kind passes without several dreadful falls, and generally seven or eight horses are killed.

When the bull, weakened by the wounds he has received, will no longer attack the Picadors, they retire, and the Tchulos enter the lists. These are nine or ten men on foot, completely habited in the Spanish dress, each of them is armed with two *banderilles* (a kind of javelins), and running across the area, they stick their *banderilles* in the neck of the bull, who endeavours to rush upon them, but is disappointed by their leaping over the barrier, at the instant when one would suppose they were going to be torn to pieces by the enraged animal. These men appear to run the greatest danger, however, there are few instances of their being even wounded. It is thought that the *banderilles* torment the bull more than any thing; when the Tchulo leaps the barrier, the disappointed animal roars and foams with rage. After a while a trumpet is sounded, which is the signal of death. At this momont the one who kills, called a Matador, advances on foot, magnificently dressed, bearing a sword in one hand, and a red mantle in the other. There are but very few good Matadors. The same man kills in one day twelve bulls; he approaches the animal, speaks to him as to a dog, and plays with him for a few minutes; at last, seizing the moment when the bull springs on the mantle, the Matador plunges his sword between the animal's shoulders. The most skillful give but one blow; then the plaudits commence, and the expiring bull is dragged out by three mules well harnessed. In a few minutes the door opens, a new victim appears, and the same scene recommences.

When a bull is not a good one, that is to say, when he will not rush upon the horses, he is not considered worthy of fighting with men; he is first baited by dogs, and then a sword is plunged into his side.

During the summer there are every Monday two bull fights, twelve are killed in the morning and eighteen in the evening. The Spaniards would sell their last shirt to attend them. The nobility, who pique themselves upon their liberality, give a great deal of money to some of the Matadors. The Duchess of Albe, witnessing a combat, was so charmed with the dexterity of one of these men, that she tore a diamond buckle from her shoe, and threw it him.

There are at Madrid three theatres, two in which Spanish plays are performed, and the other an Italian Opera. An attempt was made to esta-

blish a French theatre, but it did not meet with success. The Spanish plays are reckoned good of their kind, which is totally different from ours. The Italian Opera is generally very bad; the great ladies here have a custom of selecting an actress or dancer, which they in a great measure adopt, and overwhelm with presents, consisting of money, dress, trinkets, &c. There is a sort of grotesque dancers that are always introduced in ballets, and are frightfully ridiculous; they display feats of strength and agility that astonish, but do not at all please, and are, in my opinion, a disgrace to a royal theatre; they, however, meet with much applause from the common people. The Opera-house is rather a fine building, but is, as well as the other two, but very poorly lighted.

The Court remains all the winter at Madrid; at the end of April they depart for Aranjuez, where they continue till the beginning of July, when they return to Madrid; in the month of August they again quit it for St. Ildephonse, or, as it is also called, La Grange; and about November repair to the Escurial, where they remain till the fifteenth of December. There are few places of consequence at court, and their emoluments are but small. The royal children's governess has only a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, which does not give a very exalted idea of the riches of this court. The Prince of Asturias' tutor, at first, refused this situation, saying he was not rich enough. There are few ladies of condition attached to the court; they are in the right, as their own establishments nearly equal the Queen's. The great sometimes fill the first stations in the army, without, however, going upon actual service, as in other countries; those who do so in Spain are second-rate gentry. Officers are obliged to appear always in uniform. The nobility only go to court on gala days, such as birth-days, and the anniversaries of the royal family's marriages; then the ladies are covered with gold, silver, and various ill-chosen ornaments. On these occasions all who have a place at court, even his Majesty's gardener, and all the nobility that are present, put one knee to the ground and kiss the hands of all the royal family; ambassadors alone are exempt from this custom.

The King has six hundred body guards, who form three companies, the Spanish, the Flemish (or French), and the Italian. He has besides these, two regiments of guards; the Spanish, that is kept in very bad order, and that of the Vallones Guardes, composed of Frenchmen. The late King of Spain passed the greatest part of his life in hunting; the present King is also very fond of this exercise, but he destroys the game with which his father had infected the environs of Madrid.

The King possesses some very beautiful Andalusian horses, but he generally makes use of mules.

About twenty years since, a very strange custom was established at court to celebrate Christmas; it is the *Nasimiento*, which signifies, the birth. There is in the interior of the palace an immense wooden hall; for several months previous to Christmas, workmen are employed to build in this place a country in miniature. Thousands of wax figures, of about one foot in height, all clothed in the costume of their country, are here displayed; these are wonderfully well executed. There are also numerous habitations, Roman edifices, rivers, fleets, in short, a whole country, the horizon of which (like reality) appears to touch the heavens. The intention of the inhabitants is to rejoice at the birth of our Saviour. The Magi, with numerous followers, are seen going to present their offerings to Christ. Thousands of wax Cupids, artfully placed, shed a mild, yet brilliant light, over the whole. The *Nasimiento* is so very extraordinary, that it is impossible, unless it be witnessed, to form a just idea of it. It is exhibited for about fifteen days; the King invites all those he pleases should see it. It is said that the *Nasimiento* costs every year nearly thirty thousand pounds.

On the tenth of April we left Madrid, with the court, for Aranjuez, situated about twenty-one miles from Madrid. The country is truly delightful; the palace is fine, and contains many good paintings, particularly portraits. There is a very large one called the beheading of St. John, but which is in reality the representation of the death of Charles II. All the personages may be easily recognized, such as Philip IV. the Queen, the Grand Inquisitor, Charles II. and many others.

The village of Aranjuez is built after the Dutch style; that is to say, the houses have only one story, and the streets are ornamented with four rows of trees. Aranjuez is situated in the middle of a valley filled with trees, and flowery meadows watered by the Tage, which is, however, unfortunately not very fine, being not far from its source; the hills are barren, but the tall trees hide them almost from the view. There are several royal gardens, such as that of the Island, and the Prince's. The first is an extensive island filled with lofty trees, which preclude the light of the sun; in some of the walks basons and statues are found, which make it resemble our gardens. That of the Prince is also very extensive and very pleasant, it contains some foreign trees, and an astonishing number of

roses; it seems as if Flora had here established her residence. It is terminated on one side by the *Caille de la Reina*, which means the Queen's street, or walk, and is the most pleasant and the most frequented promenade of Aranjuez; and on the other side by the Tage. On the banks of this river, in the garden, a little harbour has been formed, which gives one the idea of a sea-port. There are fortifications, cannons, a great number of sailors, a powder magazine, some frigates twenty feet in length, and two superb barges belonging to the royal family. When the King and Queen take the air in these barges, they are followed by several frigates, brilliantly illuminated, and filled with musicians and well-dressed sailors.

Circumstances occurred which obliged us to return to Madrid three weeks sooner than the court, and, to my great regret, prevented our witnessing this water excursion. The court are very partial to Aranjuez, and not without reason, for I think it the wonder of Spain. We remained three weeks at Madrid, and on the fourth of July set off on our return to France. My uncle and his family escorted us as far as the Escurial, which is about twenty-three miles from Madrid. There we dined, and visited the convent, which is the only thing worth notice, as there is no palace. The King has his apartments in the cloisters, and the noblemen have houses in the village. The Escurial is horridly situated, in the midst of rocks and sands, consequently it is frightfully dreary, as there are neither views nor walks. The convent is immense, and very magnificent; Philip II. erected it in honour of St. Lawrence, because he had made a vow to found a convent at Escurial, if he gained the battle of St. Quintin, and that it was fought on St. Lawrence's day. It is reported to be very wealthy; it contains an immense number of paintings of the most exquisite beauty. The apartments of the library are not very fine, but they possess many valuable manuscripts. The church is handsome. There is also in this convent a place called the Pantheon, where the Kings and Queens of Spain are interred. We descended the vault, the walls of which are clothed with marble and gold; it is of a round form, and completely built of marble; from the top to the bottom there are tablets of this material, on which the tombs are placed; in these there are drawers, containing the ashes of those that are deceased. The princes have also here a sepulchre.

After having explored every part of the convent, we resumed our journey, and the following night slept at St. Ildephonso. This place is situated in a valley surrounded by mountains of a tolerable height; the country contains a great deal of wood, and many rural walks. The effect of this wild and rural scene, contrasted with the gardens, is very striking. The palace is rather handsome, and the garden is quite in the French style; there are some wonderfully fine cascades, that are even reckoned superior to those of Versailles, because they are more limpid. The town is but small, and contains about five or six thousand inhabitants. There is here a considerable glass manufactory; we saw some glass melted and prepared; there is a looking-glass that was melted in the presence of the Count of A——, of an astonishing size. The court is not partial to La Grange, which surprizes me, as it seems a delightful summer residence. From hence we took the road of Aranda, which is detestable, and entered the high road at Burgos. The cathedral at Burgos is very curious by its antiquity and magnificence. We also saw a bronze statue of Charles III. which is erected in the centre of the public square. After having traversed the mountains and rocks of Paucorvo, which are awfully tremendous, we arrived at Victoria, where we witnessed the most ridiculous spectacle called a *nobilio*; which is an amusement the people have of playing with, and being pursued by calves.

At last, after having traversed Biscay, which in that season had a very picturesque appearance, we arrived safely at Bayonne, on the 14th of July. From Bayonne we took the road of the dismal hot-wells, where I have endeavoured to accelerate the time of my departure by writing this, and playing on the guitar.

E. R.

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE ON MADAME HELVETIUS.

Madame Helvetius was born in 1719, in Lorraine, at the castle of her father, the Count of Ligneville. M. Helvetius became acquainted with her at the house of Madame de Graffigny, so well known by her *Peruvian Letters*. He was smitten with her beauty, and with her dignity in supporting her slender fortune. He offered her his hand, and married her, after he had resigned his place of farmer-general.

Madame Helvetius loved him passionately; she loved him all his life. They had two daughters, who were afterwards married. She resided a long time on the estate of her husband. Her habitual employment then was to visit the poor

and the sick, accompanied by a surgeon, and a sister of the Hospital of Charity.

We know that Helvetius was persecuted for his book *De l'Esprit*. A person high in office wrote to his wife to engage her to obtain from the philosopher a disgraceful retraction. She rejected his proposal like a courageous woman, resolved to leave her country, if necessary, rather than persuade him to act against his conscience.

A lady of fashion said, speaking of Madame Helvetius and of her husband: "Those people do not pronounce the words—my husband, my wife, my children, as other people do."

After her husband's death, the estate which had been the scene of her benefactions passing into other hands, she removed to Auteuil, a little village near Paris, with an income of about a thousand pounds sterling. She then resolved to retire from the world, and to establish as agreeable a residence as her moderate revenue would allow. She was no longer rich enough to seek for pleasures from home, but she found she was more than rich enough to offer pleasures at home; she renounced a numerous acquaintance, and attached herself to her friends.

She bestowed her bounty very liberally on animals; to render a sensible being more happy was in her a want; her house was become for the last ten years an assemblage of petty republics of animals, of which she was the Providence. On seeing her converse with her dogs, her cats, and her birds, one would have thought she had some particular kind of intellectual intercourse with them, as was really the case between her kindness and their gratitude. When she talked about their eagerness, their caresses, and their expressions of love for her, one might have fancied La Fontaine was speaking, perhaps with an additional charm; for he painted the character of animals, she painted whatever was good in their souls.

Whether from the abundance of her sentiments, or from the frankness natural to good people, she told every thing that came into her head; she was celebrated for her ingenuousness.

Although she knew nothing, and did not reflect upon any thing she said, she always pleased, and sometimes instructed; her house was always filled with distinguished men; Laroche, Cabanis, and Gallois, closed her eyes; Dr. Franklin came every day to see her; the Abbé Morellet, during ten years, passed three days in the week with her; M. Turgot loved her greatly; Champfort, one of the most celebrated modern men of genius, took extreme pleasure in her conversation. Frequently in the midst of profound discussions to which she appeared to pay no attention, she uttered exclamations and words from the heart, which shewed her own good principles, puzzled sophistry, and at once established the question on its true basis.

She was the happiest of women, for she was the woman who loved most; she felt her happiness, she was continually boasting of it, and even a few days before her death she exclaimed, "behold my friends."

Her last words were addressed to Cabanis, who was kissing and pressing her already cold hands, calling her his good mother. She answered, "I am always so."

She died in her eightieth year, at Auteuil, on the 12th of August, 1800.

She was buried in her garden.—"You do not know," said she one day when she was walking in it with Bonaparte, "how much happiness may be found on three acres of land."

Those who inherit this garden may say, on recollecting her who delighted in it, the friends who there so frequently conversed with her, and the great men who visited her,—"You do not know with how many sweet and melancholy memorials three acres may be peopled."

ON EPISTOLARY STYLE, AND ON MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

[*Concluded from Page* 123]

We shall give a specimen of her epistolary talents, which may be understood by the English reader, by quoting some passages selected at random from her Letters.

After having given an account of the sudden death of M. de Louvois, she says:—"He is then no more; that powerful and haughty minister whose *self* occupied so much space, and was the centre of so many things! How many interests to disintricate, intrigues to follow, negotiations to terminate! Oh! a little longer time! I want to humble the Duke of Savoy, to crush the Prince of Orange; another moment!—No, you shall not have a single moment more, not one."

"The liberty which Death takes to interrupt Fortune, ought to console one for not being of the number of the happy; death appears then less bitter."

"Long sickness wears out grief, and long continued hopes wear out joy."

"Leave the human mind to itself, it will soon find its little comforts; it has a fancy to become contented."

"The shadow is not taken for the body at the long run; we must *be* in order to *appear*. The world does not remain long unjust in its decisions."

"Death appears so terrible to me, that I hate life more for leading us to death, than for the thorns with which itself is filled."

"I find the conditions of life grievous enough; it appears as if we were dragged against our will to the fatal point of old age: we perceive it; there we are, and we would wish not to advance a step farther in this road to infirmities, pains, loss of memory, and disfigurations which are ready to assail us. But we hear a voice which calls to us,—ye must march on, or if ye will not ye must die; which is another extremity that is repugnant to our nature."

"I was observing a clock, and pleasing myself in thinking; thus we are when we wish the hand to advance; in the mean time it revolves without our seeing the motion, and every thing attains to its end."

To express the diminishing credit and power of a minister, she said:—"His star turns pale;" which is a happy and brilliant figure, without affectation

Her style is seldom simple, but always natural; which appears from a pleasing negligence, and a striking rapidity. In one of her letters she says: "I could write till to-morrow; my thoughts, my pen, my ink, all fly."

"I have been received with open arms by Madame de G——, and with so much gladness, tenderness, and gratitude, that it appeared to me that I was not come soon enough, nor far enough off."

It may be looked upon as invidious to remark any defects in such an amiable woman, but the truth must be told. Madame de Sevigné, notwithstanding her wit and good sense, was liable to all the follies of her rank, and of the age in which she lived. She was enraptured and proud of her high birth even to puerility, and full of admiration at the genealogy of the house from which she descended; and she fancied all Europe would feel interested in the history of her family which was then compiling. She was, as almost all the French were, intoxicated with the grandeur of Lewis XIV. The King spoke to her one evening at St. Cyr, after the representation of Racine's play of *Esther*, by the young ladies who were educated there; her vanity on this occasion was shewn with a childish delight. The passage in her letter is curious:—"The King addressed himself to me, and said, 'Madam, I am sure you must have been satisfied.' I, without being alarmed, replied: 'Sire, I am charmed; what I feel cannot be expressed by words.' The King then said to me, 'Racine has much wit.' I answered, 'Sire, he has certainly a great deal, but truly those young ladies have likewise great talents; they enter into the subject as if they had never done any thing else.' 'Ah! as to that matter,' rejoined he, 'it is very true;' then his Majesty retired, and left me the object of envy. The Prince and Princess then spoke a few words to me, and Madame de Maintenon another word; I answered them all, for I was in luck."

Here the woman of sense and talent, is eclipsed for a moment by the gossip. One evening Lewis XIV. danced a minuet with Madame de Sevigné. After it was concluded she said to her cousin, Count de Bussy:—"It must be owned we have a great King." "Oh! without doubt, cousin," replied the Count, "what he has just been doing is really heroical!" It must be owned, that of all human follies, there are none more foolish than those of vanity.

THE CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

A TRUE STORY.

Count L——, a man of courage, genius, and fortune, was once travelling through a tract of the Spessart Forest in Germany. He had just reached the thickest and least frequented part of this lonely district. A single domestic was his only attendant; the season was cold, the day short and gloomy. Neither the Count nor his servant had ever been in this country before. It was therefore no wonder that, when it began to grow dark, they lost their road, and involved themselves more and more in the forest, notwithstanding all their endeavours to find their way out.

At length they beheld a distant, glimmering light. The Count considered this as a sign of a human habitation; his servant concluded it to be a ghost. The one expected to find a cottage where he might obtain shelter, the other was apprehensive lest they should the next moment be plunged into a bog. The one was pleased, the other was terrified. The servant proposed to

pass the night under the next tree; the Count laughed at him and made towards the light. The more courageous of the two was, as usual, in the right; for on their arrival they found it to be a public house. No sooner had they knocked, than the door was opened; they were promised every possible accommodation for the night, and the Count was shewn into an apartment more decent than could have been expected in such a situation.

The satisfaction of our traveller was not of long duration. He was walking to and fro in his room, waiting for his repast, when his servant entered. In his looks, in his erect hair, in the trembling of his limbs, in short, in his whole appearance, he was a living personification of terror.

The following dialogue succeeded:—

"Can any one overhear us, Sir?"

"How can I tell? But what is the matter with you?"

"Ah! Sir, we are children of death—verily and truly children of death."

"Like all the rest of mankind I should imagine."

"O! no, no!—Now, this very night we have got into a den of murderers."

"Are you romancing?"—asked the Count, at the same time seizing with commendable precaution, a pistol which he had carelessly laid upon the table. "What have you got into your head? Some fancy I suppose like that which took you on the way hither!"

"Would to heaven it were! But I only tell what my own eyes have seen."

"Your eyes! Tell me then immediately what you have seen without any of your interruptions or foolish stories."

"They had given me too little hay for our horses. I looked about in every corner for more, and found another stable with a truss lying in it. I was going to take it away, when I perceived behind it a door that was not fastened. Where must this go to? and why is it concealed in this manner? thought I. I peeped in first, and at length crept into the place; but, good God! how my blood was chilled at the sight!"

"Of what?"

"Of weapons of all sorts, cutlasses, pistols and guns; great heaps of clothes, and blood upon almost all of them."

The Count was somewhat startled. "Blood!" he repeated within himself, taking a contemplative turn or two in the room, and again asked his servant, whether he was sure his eyes had not deceived him. He then ordered him to lead the horses as quickly and as softly as possible out of the stable.

"Ah! Sir," replied the man, "out of the table they may be got easily enough, but not out of the yard; the gate is locked. To see whether that was open was my first thought."

"Bravo! and to leave me in the lurch, your second. Well, if nothing else can be done, I must take my precautions like a prudent man, and defend myself like a brave one. Adopt what measures you please, while I, for my part, shall consider what is to be done."

The servant was now obliged, though much against his will, to return to the stable. The Count placed his chair in the corner exactly opposite the door, a table before him prevented the too near approach of any person in front, and the wall covered him in the rear. Before him, on the table, he laid two loaded pistols and beside him a drawn cutlass.

His supper was soon afterwards brought, but the Count had scarcely any appetite. Some surprize was expressed at the manner in which the table was placed and the appearance of the weapons, but the Count coldly replied, that was his way in houses of public entertainment. He was informed that his bed in the adjoining room was ready, but he answered that he was not going to bed just yet. At length he was left by himself.

It was not long, however, before the door of his apartment suddenly opened, and six or seven men entered. They were all dressed like gamekeepers with guns hanging at their backs, and large pouches by their sides;—fellows tall, robust, and of savage aspect. The Count grasped his pistols; but they saluted him with much civility, and seated themselves at a table in the other corner of the room, where they began to drink and sing. He who entered first, and who, from his dress and behaviour seemed to be their chief, instead of joining his companions, kept walking to and fro, sometimes approaching very near to the Count and looking stedfastly in his face.

The situation of our traveller was certainly not the most agreeable. He expected an attack every moment and was at a loss to conceive why it was so long deferred. Still his presence of mind did not forsake him. At length the man whom he took for the leader, coming closer and closer to his table and once appearing as though he would stoop over it, the Count plainly told him, he must request him not to come too near.

"And why so?"

"Because every thing does not seem to be quite right in this place. Any one therefore, who approaches too near me shall most certainly receive the contents of my pistol."

"Would that be of much use here? Are not my people provided with fire-arms? And what could one do against so many?"

"Sell his life dearly, at least."

"Do you take us then to be murderers or robbers?"

"That is not the question now. Every one has a right to think what he pleases. Suffice it that I declare this pistol shall dispatch the first that lifts a hand against me."

The stranger smiled, continued to walk about, and soon stooped again over the table.

"Upon my soul, Sir, I shall keep my word;" exclaimed the Count, applying his finger to the cock of his pistol.

"And is it possible, Count," said the other abruptly laughing, and in a different tone,—"is it possible that you do not know me? At any rate I am glad to find that your heart is in the right place."

The astonishment of the traveller at this address is not to be described. He looked more attentively at the face of the adventurer, and recognized in him one of his most intimate college friends, who had afterwards been a Captain in the army, during the Bavarian succession war;—a man of tried courage and unspotted reputation, who, at the conclusion of the war, suddenly disappeared, so that nobody knew what had become of him.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the Count, "how happens it that I find you in this condition? How could you——." The presence of the others, who had by this time surrounded the table, caused the Count to suppress the remainder of his question, the intent of which their leader was not at a loss to divine. He invited the Count to accompany him to an apartment which the landlord kept for his sole use in the most private corner of the house. Our traveller, who perceived that he was already completely in his power and had been inspired with additional confidence by the scene which had just occurred, passed through the midst of the robbers, but still armed with both his pistols, and followed his friend.

They went first up stairs, then down. At length they reached the above mentioned room, and the Captain in the most friendly manner shook hands with the Count. "Now," cried he, "now give vent to your surprize at finding me in this character. You are sure of not being overheard, and still less of receiving any injury. It is but two evident what kind of people you are among, and who is their leader. But rely upon it, I am still what I always was. And that they, who certainly violate the laws of society and honour with regard to many others, have behaved, and still conduct themselves better towards me, than what is called the honourable class of men, is equally certain."

"I burn with impatience to hear your history and to learn the occasion of your present course of life."

"O! the one is short, and the other, though not perfectly voluntary, is, however natural enough. You know what situation I was in during the last war; and you know also I hope, that I acquitted myself well in it. One thing only I could not do, and that was, to unite the courtier with the soldier. On this account my Colonel was never fond of me, though he employed me on every occasion that required courage and intelligence. Peace came, and our corps was disbanded. The treatment of the privates, who were compelled to become Colonists, in a country to which they were utter strangers, was severe, though necessary. The measures adopted with respect to the officers appeared more equitable, but were the very reverse. We were promised employment. This promise was kept with few, and with those few, God knows in what manner. My fate was particularly hard. My colonel, who had no farther occasion for me, now began to shew in good earnest that he was my enemy.—I never possessed any fortune, still less had I acquired one by plunder. To flatter and to cringe for promotion I was unable. I waited for some time, till I could wait no longer; for I had not more than a couple of friends whose purse supported me. They were by no means rich, and appeared in the sequel to suffer inconvenience from the advances they made me. I perceived it, and could no longer endure to be burdensome to them. I now applied to every one that was styled war minister-general, counsellor of war, or by any title of a similar description. At the two first visits they gave me hopes,—the third time I was denied. Ah, Count! to what scoundrels of chamberlains have I often in vain given a good word, on what vile shoe-blacks have I spent my last shilling! Both, alas! in vain! I had no prospect of employment and my pay——. But I am silent on that subject.

"Under these circumstances my resolution was the resolution of despair. France, as you know, had already taken a part in the disturbances in the English Colonies. My intention was to go to Strasburg and there to seek employment.—Should I prove unsuccessful in this application, thought I, we will see whether the new world is more favourably inclined towards me than the old. It has sufficient of war, and of deserts but too many; in the one I will attempt to retrieve my fortune, and should this last anchor fail, in the other will I terminate my misery. I sold all that I had, paid what debts I could, kept my plan a profound secret and departed. The lightness of my purse obliged me to travel on foot. I came to this Spessart Forest, where I lost my way, as you probably have done. Five sturdy fellows suddenly rushed from behind a thicket; two of them clapped their pistols to my breast, and in a menacing tone, demanded my money. I felt calmly for it; but in the twinkling of an eye,

struck the pistol from the hand of one of the robbers, snatched the second from his companion, and fired. The foremost of my antagonists fell. I drew my cutlass and defended myself against the others. There were still four left; but probably I should have found employment for them all for a short time, had not a loud whistle from one of the robbers brought three others to the spot; farther resistance would in this case have been madness, accordingly when they called to me a second time to surrender, I complied; they promised to spare my life. I emptied my pockets, which contained but a mere trifle

"Ha!' exclaimed one of my plunderers, 'it was worth our while truly to give ourselves all this trouble and to have our leader badly wounded into the bargain! Upon my soul you deserve to have your skull split for your pains!'—He made a motion with his cutlass as though he was about to do what he mentioned, and I stood my ground. On your word, said I, have I surrendered my arms; give me them again and let me take my chance. What you think little is nothing less than all I possess in the world, and yet at one time I commanded a hundred such fellows as you.—My resolute tone and the equivocal nature of my address, produced an effect upon them. They conversed together in a gibberish which I did not understand, and looked at the wounded man who appeared to be in the agonies of death. 'It is an unexampled favour,' said one of them 'for us to spare your life. But tell us who you are.'—I saw no reason for concealment, and acquainted them with the circumstances which I have just related to you. Their gibberish again began, and continued for some minutes.

"You see yourself, at length,' said the most violent of them, 'what you have done and what you have to fear. Nothing but respect for your courage induced us to offer you quarter, and now you must shew yourself worthy of it. According to your own account you have not much to lose; you have now an opportunity by which much may be gained. We are fond of brave men; will you be our companion, or——.' They brandished their cutlasses with a menacing air. No, replied I resolutely."

"Nor yet our Captain? Our number when we are all assembled amounts nearly to forty; Our posts are lucrative, and our magazines are full; you have headed freebooters in war; we are the same, only braver, to a certainty, than they, and are likewise at war with all the world, it is true, but what signifies that? You are little, or not at all, beholden to the world; resolve then quickly, or———"

"I was on the point of replying in the negative, as I had done before, but I cannot deny that the sight of the drawn cutlass made a deeper impression the nearer they approached. Contempt of life is powerfully felt only in the first moments of enthusiasm, and hatred, excited by the ingratitude of mankind, if it has once found a place in the heart, may easily be strengthened by the eloquence of a robber. In short, after insisting on some conditions with which they complied, I yielded to necessity, and became their Captain, which I still am, as you see. Now tell me, dear Count, with the same candour as I have related my history, what you think of all this, and what you would have done, had you been in my place."

"What I would have done in your place!" replied the Count, "probably the very same as you did. How deeply your fate has affected me my countenance must have informed you at different parts of your narrative. You remain my friend, I find, wherever you may be; and as fortune decreed that I should once fall into the hands of robbers, I have reason to rejoice, on my own account, that you are their Captain. But tell me, I conjure you, what is your plan for the future?"

"What you may easily guess."

"Not surely to continue in your present course?"

"No; but at least till I can not only escape unmolested from my comrades, but likewise with a tolerably full purse."

"But do you consider what fate awaits you in case you are discovered, attacked, and overpowered?"

"A severe one, to be sure; but after all, perhaps, not death. Compulsion excuses much, and another circumstance excuses me, at least to my own conscience."

"And what is that?"

"So extraordinary is the lot of man, that even among robbers he may do much good if he pleases; these wretches who are used to consider nothing as sacred, religiously keep their word with each other. To me they swore implicit obedience, and that prince who had only ten thousand subjects so faithful, would be nearly omnipotent on earth. When I came to them I found almost all their hands polluted with human blood. It was not in my power to wash out these horrid stains; but my efforts to prevent a repetition of such atrocities have hitherto been crowned with success, and shall still be exerted for the same purpose. I have already saved at least twenty human lives; my example has restrained them from the commission of many barbarities, and this house, which every week used to be the grave of some unfortunate person, has been for these six months only a rendezvous for dividing our plunder and our peaceful asylum."

The Count applauded his humanity, and intreated his former friend to abandon so dangerous a career as soon as possible. He even offered him his purse, nor would he take it back till the other appearing offended, he perceived him to be in earnest in the refusal of it.

It was very late before they parted. Notwithstanding the softness of his bed, the Count's mind was too busily employed to allow him to sleep; at the first dawn of day he prepared to depart. The Captain would not permit him to go till towards evening, and before he set off conducted him once more among his people.

"We have treated you, Count," said he, "as an intimate friend, now give us your word of honour, that you will never speak of this adventure, that you will never give a hint concerning our band, nor a description of the interior or exterior of this house, nor mention any circumstance that might excite suspicion, or occasion a search for us, till I myself give you permission."

The Count readily gave his word of honour; a tremendous oath bound his servant to secrecy, and his master pledged himself for his observance of it. A voluntary present rewarded the courtesy of the inferior robbers; two of them, after sunset, conducted the stranger to the high road, put him into the way to the nearest town, and abruptly withdrew.

The Count kept his word. In six or seven months his friend informed him by letter, that his band was dispersed, that he had himself escaped with three of his most trusty people, and that he was then a Captain in the Spanish service. This happened shortly before the attack of Gibraltar by the celebrated floating batteries, and it is not improbable that our adventurer met his fate on that occasion, as his first letter was also his last.

BLIOMBERIS.

[*Concluded from Page* 186.]

THIS knight was the renowned Gauvain, one of the heroes of King Arthur's round table.—The youthful Clodion had that morning unhorsed him; and Gauvain, irritated by his defeat, fought with a rage that would have been fatal to any other than Bliomberis, who made a shower of blows fall on his adversary, and parried Gauvain's with the utmost skill. The combat had lasted an hour; the knights' weapons were already dyed with their blood; their strength began to fail them, when, with mutual consent, they stopped for a few moments to take breath. Both seated on the turf which they had bathed with their blood, these brave warriors, without fear or suspicion, calmly conversed together, awaiting till their strength should allow them to renew the fight. Bliomberis availed himself of this moment to relate to Gauvain the circumstance which had caused his error. The latter, whose wounds had rendered him more attentive, listened to Bliomberis, and when he had ceased, expressed much sorrow for the unfortunate mistake, and entreated his pardon. The two enemies embraced, and that was the more wisely done, as the prize for which they fought no longer existed. Gauvain's horse had just breathed his last sigh. Bliomberis continued his journey on foot as well as his brave antagonist; and, without leaving Blanchefleur and her knight, they arrived at Cramalore.

Our hero was presented to the great Arthur by his friend Percival. Having witnessed Bliomberis's actions, he made him known to the knights of the round table, as a young hero worthy of one day becoming their brother.—Launcelot, Tristan, King Carados, and all the knights of the English court received him with friendship.—The monarch overpowered him with kindnesses, and vainly wished to detain him some time. Bliomberis's first care was to enquire for his father; Gauvain was the only one who could give him any news respecting Palamede: he had met him on his way to Orcania; Bliomberis would have departed immediately, but he was forced to wait for his dear Ebene; and he already repented having confided him to the care of the imprudent Clodion.

He had some cause to repent: the eight days expired, and Clodion did not appear. Bliomberis, in despair, would have gone on foot to Brunor's castle; but the wish of seeing his father called him to Orcania. Percival made our hero's griefs known to the great Arthur, and this monarch, to satisfy the impatience of an affectionate son, gave him one of his fleetest coursers. Bliomberis, after having thanked the king, immediately departed for Orcania, followed by Blanchefleur, and her beloved Percival.

After travelling for two days, they lost their way among the mountains, and went on for a

considerable time without meeting any one to direct them to the right road. When, suddenly, a woman, dishevelled, came and threw herself on her knees before them :—" Valiant knights," cried she, " for pity's sake, come and save the most miserable and most affectionate of women ! my mistress will perish in the flames unless you fly to her deliverance. Our two heroes immediately consented to follow the lady, and they soon arrived before a castle, the drawbridge of which was raised. A thick smoke, accompanied by flames, was visible above the ramparts ; and Bliomberis and Percival feared they were too late. They blew a loud blast ; the bridge was lowered, and the friends saw two knights approach, the one clothed in sable armour, the other in gilt.

" Strangers," said the black knight, " do not come to interfere in this act of justice, and allow me to punish the guilty."—" They may be so," rejoined the Cambrian, " in that case, my sword will wrongly assist my courage ; but they may be innocent, and then it will punish the cruel."—Scarcely were these words uttered, when a combat commenced between Percival and the black knight, and Bliomberis rushed on his companion.

They had just reached each other's body with their lances, when the horse of Bliomberis's antagonist bounded on one side, and prevented his rider from touching our hero. In vain the enraged knight made him feel the spur ; he still resisted, and at last raised himself on his hind legs, threw the knight to a considerable distance, and ran prancing towards Bliomberis. The latter looked at the fine animal, who was cantering and snorting around him, and uttered a scream of joy upon recognising Ebene ; he quickly leaped on the ground, ran to the fine courser, warmly caressed him, and the affectionate animal appeared to share his joy. The knight in golden armour, took the advantage of this moment ; he arose, and advanced sword in hand to strike Bliomberis on the back. Ebene saw him, and, when the traitor came within his reach, he kicked him in the chest with all his strength, threw him down, trod upon him, and, notwithstanding Bliomberis's cries, continued walking over him.

During this time Percival had got rid of his enemy. Bliomberis, a conqueror without having fought, mounted Ebene, and ran, accompanied by his friend, to deliver the unfortunate victim. What was their surprize in recognizing Clodion and a beautiful lady chained, and just upon the point of falling into the flames ! The lady was Celina, and these imprudent lovers had been surprized by Brunor and Danain, who had condemned them to this inhuman death. But Danain had been killed by Percival, and Brunor so crushed by the charming Ebene, that he had scarcely breath remaining. Bliomberis caused him to be carried into his castle, unchained the lovers, made Prince Clodion's armour be restored to him, and gave him the horse he had received from King Arthur. Clodion embraced his liberators a hundred times, swore never to forget their kindness ; and, wishing to quit a country where he had met with so many misfortunes, with Celina immediately embarked, and after a pleasant and speedy voyage, arrived safely at Tournay.

Bliomberis resumed his journey, and at length arrived in Orcania ; but Palamede was no longer there ; and his son sought him for a long time throughout England, but fate seemed to have determined that they should not meet.

During his travels our hero performed many deeds worthy of being recorded in the book of fame ; he delivered numerous captive lovers, unhorsed knights, and defended the fair damsels that needed his protection. Percival, enchanted with his dauntless friend, loved him with the warmest fraternal affection ; Blanchefleur would have given all she possessed, with the exception of her lover, to have witnessed the union of Bliomberis with Felicia ; and as she knew the conditions on which the Princess was to be married, she had kept an exact journal of all our hero's actions, to enable her to relate them with correctness to Pharamond. She had already on her list forty-two castles taken, eleven knights vanquished, and sixty-three damsels rescued from the hands of their persecutors.

Yet the glorious name Bliomberis had acquired did not compensate for his disappointment in not having met his father ; and he was on his return to King Arthur's court, when crossing a forest, he arrived before the steps of Merlin's terrace, the spot where Blanchefleur had been pursued by Brehus. Near these steps our travellers perceived a tall knight, clothed in black armour, lying by the side of Merlin's fountain, and who appeared in a profound sleep. Heat had induced him to take off his helmet, and his countenance seemed to bespeak that grief had wrinkled it rather than age ; his lance and his shield were by his side ; on the latter there was painted a crown of cypress, with these words,—*I will have no other.* Percival did not recollect ever having seen this knight before ; and wishing to become acquainted with him, made a noise to awake him. The unknown knight had scarcely opened his eyes when, resuming his helmet, and grasping his lance and shield, he sprung on a proud courser that stood by his side, and without saying a word to Percival, gallopped towards him in a menacing attitude. The haughty Cambrian ran to meet him ; but notwithstanding the strength of

blows, they had not the effect of making the unknown move one step, while the hitherto magnanimous Percival was thrown from his saddle for the first time in his life. Bliomberis wished to avenge his brother in arms, and judging of the strength of his antagonist by what he had just witnessed, he fixed himself steadily in the saddle, and grasping his lance, rushed on the unknown. Vain precautions! The tall knight received our hero's lance on his shield; and unhorsing the valiant Bliomberis, threw him on the turf beside his companion in arms. After this double victory, the unknown pursued the two horses that had fled, led them back to their masters, and bowing gracefully to Blanchefleur, without uttering a word, rode off, and was soon out of sight. Our heroes, still lying on the ground, looked at each other, and knew not what to think. Never before during his life had this proud Cambrian been overthrown; it was also the first time Bliomberis had endured such a mortification, and they thought it must have been some infernal spirit who had assumed the form of a knight to conquer them: consoled by this idea, our warriors continued their route towards Cramalot, where Percival wished to have his friend received a knight of the round table.

The relation he gave Arthur of Bliomberis's actions, induced this monarch to comply with his request. The only adventure Percival passed over in silence, was the one which happened beside Merlin's fountain, and all the knights of the English court joyfully gave their votes to the new brother that was so favourably introduced to them. The lovely Genievre, and the gentle Yseult, were too much attached to Blanchefleur to withhold for a moment their suffrage from her defender. Bliomberis was then unanimously admitted to the round table, the knights of which were so celebrated for their valour and gallantry. These honours, however, did not banish Felicia from his mind; her image continually haunted him, and he reflected with transport that the two years of trial would in a month be expired.

A few days previous to his departure for France, as King Arthur was seated at table, with his ladies and knights, a warrior entered, whose dignified appearance inspired respect. His visor was raised, and his shield without device, announced that he wished to remain unknown; he haughtily approached the king, and bowing gracefully, said, "Mighty king, the fame of thy renown has induced me to cross the sea. The desire of beholding thee and the lovely Genievre, has brought me from a far distant country, and I do not regret my journey; yet one wish still remains ungratified; which is, to engage the most valiant of your knights."

At these words, Launcelot, Iristan, Perceval, Ganvain, Bliomberis, Arrodain, all arose, and casting side glances on the rash stranger, with one voice demanded the honour of trying their arms against his. Arthur, pleased with their impatience turning towards the unknown, said, "Sir knight, you have only to chuse among these warriors. The stranger asked for a helmet, and writing separately the name of each knight, threw them into it, and after having shaken it, drew out that of Bliomberis. He immediately threw a scrutinizing look on our hero and seemed dissatisfied with his fate; he, however, began to prepare for the combat. Bliomberis piqued at the contempt with which the unknown treated him, and proud of the honour of being a knight of the round table, embraced his dear Perceval, kissed the king's hand, and called for Ebene.

All the ladies and knights repaired to the place of combat, and Arthur gave himself the signal for the barrier to be opened.

On one side appeared the unknown knight, his bronzed armour formed a pleasing contrast with his milk-white steed. On the other side advanced Bliomberis, mounted on the handsome Ebene: his air bespoke confidence, blended with modesty. The two knights rushed on each other; their lances were broken, but they remained unmoved. The terrible scymeter already glittered in their hands; repeated blows drew fire from their shields and helmets. Mutually surprised at meeting so much resistance, passion was combined with valour. Eager to terminate the fight, they grasped each other round the body. Each struggled violently to throw his rival to the ground; their horses escaped from under them; the same instant brought them both standing on the earth; but neither of the warriors let go his hold. Foot to foot, breast against breast: their armour clanged with the pressure of their efforts; but instead of weakening, each shock renewed their vigour; so equal was their strength, that whilst combating they seemed at rest, and their reciprocal resistance made them appear motionless.

Bliomberis, while struggling with his antagonist, descried a *fleur-de-lys* engraven on his cuirass; this sign immediately told him who was his opponent.—"Mighty Pharamond," exclaimed he, "I acknowledge myself conquered! and if it be your pleasure, I will fall before you on the sand; but let me enjoy the honour of having resisted you. This is the most glorious day of my life, and my defeat is more prized by me than all my victories." Pharamond answered, by pressing his hand:—"All I shall exact from you," said he, "is secresy, I wish to depart unknown; and contented with having proved my strength against that of Arthur's most valiant knight, I shall ever remember your bravery and courtesy;

let us exchange swords." Bliomberis bent one knee before the French monarch, who embraced him, presented him with his sword, and took our hero's, then mounted his white courser, quitted the lists, and disappeared.

Great was the astonishment of King Arthur and his Court, when they witnessed the termination of a combat, which had made them fear for the lives of the two knights! Bliomberis, faithful to his word, confided to no one, save Perceval, the name of him he had engaged, but it was generally guessed, and the modest Bliomberis was overwhelmed with the praises of all the court.

The two years of trial being nearly expired, our hero despairing of finding his father, took leave of the great Arthur, and set out to dispute the hand of Felicia with his rivals. The faithful Perceval, and the amiable Blanchefleur would not be separated from him: they all three crossed the sea, and took the road to Tournay.

Who could paint the feelings that agitated Bliomberis? Each step he made brought him nearer to Felicia; each moment that fled hastened the one in which he should behold her. An hundred times a day his vivid imagination depicted the happy moment; he already enjoyed it in anticipation, and entirely wrapped in his pleasing reveries, he only spoke to Perceval and Blanchefleur to spur on their coursers. These two lovers respected his impatience; and the intelligent Ebene, who always seemed to divine the wishes of his master, never had before galloped with so much celerity.

Bliomberis, however, said, he felt much uneasiness respecting his first meeting with the Princess; he feared lest he should not be able to conceal his emotions; and he continued, if Felicia should share them we shall be infallibly lost: Percival vainly endeavoured to devise some means to prevent this misfortune; all his suggestions were either hazardous or impracticable; Blanchefleur fortunately assisted them. The imagination of a tender female is more fertile than the genius of all the enchanters in Christendom. "You must," said she to the enamoured Bliomberis, "write to Felicia; I will myself convey the letter to her, and you must repair to your favourite forest, and there await her answer." This advice was immediately followed; Bliomberis wrote to the Princess; Blanchefleur and Percival entered Tournay, with the letter, and our hero gained the forest.

With what delight did he again view the spot where he had been wounded by the furious boar! Tears insensibly fell from his eyes at the tender remembrances it recalled. He found on several trees the words "for ever," that had been carved by his hand. "Nothing is changed," exclaimed he; "all is the same as I left it. Ah! Felicia, are you also the same? Your heart.——". "It is not altered," said a voice; and the princess rushed into his arms. Scarcely had Blanchefleur delivered the letter, than Felicia flew on the wings of love to the forest. Words cannot paint the transports of our lovers—they embraced—they wept—and the intoxication of their happiness scarcely allowed them the faculty of feeling it.

When their emotions had a little subsided, Bliomberis and Felicia began the relation of all that had happened since their separation, but it could not be concluded, as the Princess was obliged to return to the palace. To avoid suspicion, Bliomberis agreed not to enter Tournay before the following day, and he spent the night on the very spot where he had formerly delivered the turtle dove from the merciless grasp of the hawk.

The earliest dawn brought knights from all parts to contend for the hand of the Princess.—So numerous were they that the town of Tournay could scarcely contain them. Bliomberis went to the king's palace, and presented himself at the levee, with a crowd of other warriors. He had been careful not to forget the brilliant sword he had received from Pharamond. This monarch recognized it, and overwhelmed Bliomberis with kindness. Our hero afterwards visited the queen, who gave him a very favourable reception; he then passed into Felicia's apartment, at the moment she was giving an audience to all the noblemen of the court. This Princess could not help blushing, when she told him he had not been seen for a long time.

All was ready for the tournament, the prize of which was to be Felicia. Already a magnificent throne was raised for Pharamond and his Queen. Clodion and the lovely Celina were seated at their feet. Felicia, blazing with all the diamonds of the crown, but whose beauty alone, more resplendent than her ornaments, was placed beside Rosamunda; the seats of the amphitheatre, covered with rich carpets, were filled with the lords and ladies of the court, and beneath them was collected an immense crowd of people; and in the area were seen about thirty knights, who were competitors for the hand of the princess.

The King had ordered, that before the tournament commenced, the actions of each pretender should be examined; and that only those who had gloriously signalized themselves should be permitted to engage in the combat. Such was the candour of those happy times, that Pharamond asked no other guarantee for the valour of a knight than his own word; and these warriors would not have belied themselves even to obtain the Princess. Every one gave the King a modest and true account of his feats.

When Bliomberis's turn arrived, he unfastened his sword, and presented it to the monarch:—"This," said he, "mighty prince, is the only title that renders me worthy of disputing for the Princess. This sword was given me by the most valiant knight of the universe, as a pledge of his esteem. My other deeds are nothing, and have been forgotten since the one that made me worthy of this sword." "I understand you," replied Pharamond, smiling, "fight, conquer, and my daughter shall be yours." These words filled the breast of Bliomberis with the liveliest sensations of joy! He embraced the King's knees, kissed the hem of Rosamunda's robe, pressed Clodion and Percival to his breast; and, animated by a glance from the Princess's bright eyes, sprung on Ebene, with a look that seemed already to announce his victory.

Of thirty pretenders to the hand of the princess, eleven had been judged worthy of combating: Bliomberis was the twelfth. The conqueror must have unhorsed his eleven rivals, and contend with every knight who during the day would offer to fight with him. Nothing intimidated these intrepid warriors; they had already mounted their coursers, already their nervous arms brandished their polished lances: and they only awaited the signal for attack.

At length the trumpet was heard; Bliomberis darted like an arrow, and in the centre of the area overthrew the rival who was approaching him. Another presented himself, and was also thrown from his saddle. A third shared the same fate. Bliomberis was like the god of war. The handsome Ebene, more proud, more spirited than ever, seemed to flash fire from his eyes and nostrils, and neighed at each victory. The trembling Felicia followed her lover with her eyes, and dared not breathe until the moment when Bliomberis had unhorsed his adversary: she then gasped, and the deepest rosate hue overspread her lovely cheeks. Pharamond saw with pleasure that victory seemed inclined to crown our hero: Clodion applauded with all his might; Percival swore if his friend was conquered he would avenge him; and Blanchefleur, not heeding the remarks of those who surrounded her, each time exclaimed aloud, "Courage Bliomberis!"

This valiant warrior surpassed himself, and had already vanquished his eleven rivals, without having split his lance. The general acclamations proclaimed him victor. Pharamond took his hand, and led him to Felicia, who vainly endeavoured to suppress her joy. Bliomberis was at her feet, and was just going to receive the reward of his valour, when an unknown knight arrived and challanged him to fight. Bliomberis, irritated at having his happiness interrupted by an unexpected competitor, he let fall the Princess's hand; and, grasping his lance anew, furiously exclaimed, "Let him appear, let him advance, this last rival!" He soon appeared; and what became of Bliomberis, when he recognized the knight with the wreath of cypress on his shield, the same who had triumphed over him and Percival, beside Merlin's fountain! His courage nearly abandoned him, and a cold perspiration overspread his limbs. "Come," said he, "I must learn to die, even at the instant when I thought I had attained all my wishes."

The cypress knight bowed gracefully to the King, the Queen, and the Princess, and cantered his steed, while the trembling Felicia's blood froze with horror and dismay.

Percival, who had recognized him, rushed into the lists, and offered to fight in the place of his friend; and pleaded that he had a secret injury which he longed to avenge: but the judges interfered, and the proud Cambrian, after menacing the unknown knight with his eyes, was obliged to resume his seat. The terrified princess dared not raise her looks on the combatants: a death-like silence reigned throughout the assembly, and the spectators shuddered at the dismal sound of the shrill trumpet. Bliomberis again glanced at Felicia, invoked her, pressed Ebene, and flew to his enemy.

The meeting of two clouds charged with thunder, and impelled by adverse winds, could not be more violent than that of the two warriors: they both were thrown back on their horses, that fell to the earth; but hastily extricating themselves from their stirrups, they joined each other with their drawn scymeters, and commenced a combat which made the most hardened spectators tremble. Poor Felicia felt every blow that was aimed at her lover; and her heart was not covered with mail, it was torn by each stroke Bliomberis received on his armour. The furious Percival could no longer contain himself, and wished to take the place of his friend. Pharamond and Blanchefleur with difficulty restrained him, and made him remark that Bliomberis had not received the smallest disadvantage, but defended himself with the same vigour with which he was attacked. Already the fatal wreath of cypress was effaced; each of our hero's blows made a piece of his adversary's armour fly; each stroke from his enemy shivered that of Bliomberis's. Blood had not yet begun to flow, but it was every moment expected. Bliomberis, the valiant Bliomberis began to totter; a blow shattered his helmet, and his head remained disarmed: he covered it with his shield; but soon he was compelled to bend one knee to the earth, still he defended himself with intrepidity. Felicia had fainted, Blanchefleur threw piercing shrieks, and Percival, sword in hand, rushed between the comba-

tants. " Barbarian," said he to the unknown, " it is me on whom you must direct your blows; I am thy enemy, I defy, I abhor thee, I regard thee as the most cowardly of men, if you pursue the advantage which chance has given you over Bliomberis."—" Bliomberis!" cried the unknown: " O, Heavens! is it then my son I was going to slay?" With these words he threw away his sword and helmet, and extending his arm to our hero, " My son, my dear son! come and embrace thy father!" Bliomberis flew to meet him; and Palamede, while pressing him to his heart, bathed him with tears. " Ah! my son," said he, " my child, my beloved child; is it thee my sword was going to pierce? thee, for whose sake alone I support existence!"—" Warriors!" exclaimed he, addressing the spectators, " here is my conqueror, I yield to him; my son surpasses me, my son is a hero." These words were heard, and the area re-echoed with applause.

Palamede came and presented his son to Pharamond, whose pleasure it was to conclude this eventful day with the marriage of Felicia and Bliomberis.

Palamede, Percival, and Blanchefleur would no more quit these tender lovers; and their union, in rendering them happy, spread joy throughout all Pharamond's court.

E. R.

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE,

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

[*Concluded from Page* 133.]

" You must," said Mademoiselle de Clairville to a young married woman, " live very comfortably, and be very happy in so charming a situation."

" I wonder," replied the woman, " how people, who know nothing of the world, can imbibe such romantic notions. What is situation to us? It is a livelihood we want, we have something else to think of than pleasant situation."

" But," said the young lady, " it must be agreeable to contemplate the beauties of nature, to view the distant prospects, or the waving corn in the fields opposite your doors."

" Of what use," said the woman, " is the prospect of corn fields at our doors, if we want bread in the house? You fine folks, who come hither for a pleasant ramble, little know how hardly poor people live, who must gain a livelihood in the country by their own endeavours."

The woman's husband then took upon himself to decide the matter, by an appeal to Mademoiselle de Clairville's understanding and sentiments.

" You seem," said he, " through want of experience or reflection, to have adopted very wrong notions. We work hard, we sweat and toil from morning till night, and seldom have an hour that we can call our own; and with all this we are hard enough put to it to earn a poor living in time of health; and if sickness come upon us, we must be miserable indeed. In that case, there would be nothing for us but parish allowance for our support, which would be but small, and granted with many murmurs. I appeal to your own feelings, whether you would think it an agreeable business to apply to a magistrate, in order to induce him to oblige your neighbours to grant you an alms, and afford you that support which they seldom grant willingly, and often not without compulsion; and yet such, in all probability, must be our lot in old age, if our lives be prolonged to that period. If we be called from this world at an earlier time of life, our children will be put out as parish apprentices; and even now, if sickness or accident should render us unable to support them, that will be the case; and instead of seeing their tender years employed in acquiring such education as might hereafter be useful, we must have the mortification of seeing them spent in ignorance and drudgery. Put all those circumstances together, and then judge whether the happiness of us rural swains, as you are pleased to call us, be enviable, or our prospects such as can afford pleasure."

The gently swelling hills, which arose at the distance of a few miles from the hamlet, afforded pasture for numerous flocks of sheep, which were constantly attended by their respective shepherds. One day the young M. de Clairville proposed to his sister a ramble among the sheep-walks. " We shall see there," said he, " a specimen of the pastoral life, which we have yet only imperfectly observed." The young lady was charmed at the proposal; " I will," she returned, " gladly accompany you thither, and shall contemplate with rapture that delightful

state of life which has so often been held up as a pattern of human felicity."

One pleasant morning they set out at an early hour, being resolved to spend the whole day among the shepherds; and M. and Mad. de Clairville, together with M. de Palaise, joined in the party. At every step they were charmed with the melodious singing of the lark, the delightful serenity of the air, and the beautiful landscapes which the intermixture of hills and dales, corn fields and meadows, diversified and embellished with the most enchanting variety. On ascending the hills, they were surprised and enraptured at a view of the extensive prospects displayed all around, which were bounded only by the horizon, and terminated in the confusion of the distant azure. "Surely," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, as they approached the shepherds, these men enjoy all that can render life desirable, and all that nature, in the profusion of her bounties, can bestow. Here, undoubtedly, we shall find the originals from which pastoral poets have copied their paintings. Here, at last, we shall contemplate a state of leisure, tranquillity, contentment, and uninterrupted happiness."

Arrived among the shepherds, they accosted them, and were stared at with an air of stupid vacancy. "We have taken the liberty," said the elder Clairville, "to come hither to witness your happy state of life."

"Happy!" cried one of them with a vulgar sneer, "I wonder how such a fancy ever came into your head!"

"I wish," said one surly fellow, "you had as much of this kind of happiness as I have had, I think you would have had enough of it."—Another said, "you fine gentlemen and ladies should not come on such a day as this, if you wish to know how we shepherds get our living; you should come on a cold stormy day, and then you would see that we earn our bread in rain as well as in sunshine, and are as often wet and cold as dry and warm."

They held, for some time, a desultory conversation with those pastoral rustics, and perceived them to be extremely stupid and ignorant, and very little satisfied with their condition. At last, one of them, who had not yet joined in the conversation, came up and accosted the strangers in a manner that evinced a better education, and more knowledge of the world than the others possessed.

"You have, gentlemen, I perceive," said he, "drawn your ideas of a pastoral life from books; but you must allow that they who have derived theirs from experience, are more worthy of credit."

"You then," said M. de Clairville, "do not think your condition completely happy."

"I am," returned the shepherd, "perfectly resigned to the will of Providence, and therefore contented with my situation; but I cannot think it an agreeable one, nor can it, upon a fair estimate, be considered as a state of comfort and pleasure. Can you suppose that comfort consists in living sequestered from all human society, where we seldom enjoy any other company than that of our flocks, or hear any other language than the bleating of sheep? We remain from the rising to the setting sun, exposed to the summer's heat, and the winter's cold: our wages are small, and our living is poor. Do you call these things the constituents of happiness?"

They soon perceived they were conversing with a man very superior in knowledge to the rest of the shepherds, and who seemed by the style of his conversation to possess a more enlightened mind than most of the country people they had hitherto met with. To him, therefore, they directed their chief attention. He appeared to be not less communicative than intelligent, which induced them to consider him as a person well qualified to give them a just and impartial view of the pleasures and inconveniences of that state of life in which he was placed.

The shepherd conducted them to his hut, and kindly invited them to partake of his homely fare, which, indeed, was not much calculated to impress on their minds a very high opinion of their condition. They tasted, however, through complaisance, and then invited him to dine with them on the provisions which they had brought to regale themselves during their excursion.—Mutual civilities were productive of greater familiarity; and at length, at the request of his guests, he favoured them with some particulars of his past life.

"My father," said he, "was a wealthy farmer, at a village a few miles hence. He had two sons, of whom I was the youngest, and four daughters. One of the latter died young, and thus escaped the inconveniences and hardships of a troublesome world. Another married my father's servant. He was a well-looking man, and a good hand at country business; but his circumstances were low, and my father being adverse to the match, would not give him any portion.—He wrought hard, however, as a labourer, and they lived tolerably well till he happened to be killed by an accident. He left my sister with six small children, who must have been put out parish apprentices, as soon as they were of a fit age, had not my father contributed liberally towards their support. My two other sisters married farmers; and although their farms are high-rented, yet, with great care and hard labour, they contrive to get a decent livelihood. My father's

intention was, that my brother should succeed him in the farm, and as I gave some indications of genius, and manifested a strong propensity to learning, I was kept at school till I had made some progress in classical literature. My brother dying, my father took me from school, as he designed to leave me in the occupation of the farm, which he thought would be more beneficial than any thing else I could apply myself to. Some years afterwards I married, took my wife into the house, and we all made one family. My mother was old and my wife was young: the former thought the latter dressed too gay, and wrought too little; and this produced continual altercations between them. My mother made frequent complaints to my father, as my wife did to me; and I must confess, that among them I had not a very agreeable time.

"Both my parents happening to die within a short time of each other, I was left in the entire occupation of the farm. But being obliged to pay two hundred and fifty pounds to each of my three sisters, which was left to them by my father's will, and being distitute of ready money to answer those demands, my wife and I adopted a plan of the most rigid economy, hoping that as the farm was well stocked, and in an excellent state of cultivation, that we should by this means be soon enabled to clear off this incumbrance.—We rose early, and went to rest late; and endeavoured, by labouring hard ourselves, to lessen the number of our servants, and consequently diminish our expences. During some time our exertions were attended with success; but in this world nothing is certain. Our landlord having made an advantageous purchase in another part of the country, sold the estate which he possessed in our village. It was purchased by a person who took the whole into his own hands, by which, both I and my next neighbour were in consequence discharged from our farms. We could not fall in for others that were likely to allow us to live; for you must know that farms are very difficult to procure, unless a person possess a property sufficiently great to enable him to take a large concern."

"But," interupted Mademoiselle de Clairville, "did you not think it extremely hard to be turned out of your farm, when you had always been punctual in the payment of your rent?"

"I did not see," returned the shepherd, "that I had any right to complain. I do not estimate things in an interested, but in an impartial manner. The person who purchased the land had an indisputable right to occupy it if he pleased; and I could not conscientiously think myself injured. I considered the matter, therefore, as one of these common disappointments which are incident to every condition of life."

"I perfectly comprehend your reasoning," said the young lady, "and approve your liberality of sentiment."

"When I had sold off my stock of cattle, of corn, and my farming utensils," continued the shepherd, "and paid the legacies to my sisters, my remaining property amounted to no very great sum, and I could not easily resolve upon a plan for the future support of my family. This is frequently the case, when a person in business, either commercial or agricultural, is thrown out of his accustomed track. His connections with the active world are then dissolved, and new ones must be formed. His channels of acquisition are stopped, and new ones must be explored and opened; and this, to a person whose means are limited, and whose efforts are checked by the narrowness of his circumstances, is generally a difficult, and often a hazardous enterprise. Had I remained in the situation in which I was fixed, my pecuniary circumstances were fully adequate to the management of my business; but I found them but small when I was launched into the world of speculation. After many searches and inquiries, however, I met with a small farm. It was highly rented, but, I believe, that with a great deal of labour and care, I could have made a living, had I not been so friendly, or rather so foolish, as to enter into a bond for my wife's brother, in order to save him from becoming a bankrupt. This event, however, took place in spite of my efforts to prevent it; he was more involved than I had imagined, and I was implicated in his fortune, and reduced to beggary.

"I had now no resource left but daily labour. Both I and my wife, however, were still in the vigorous age of life, and by our united endeavours we made a shift to provide for our family. In this situation we remained twenty years, and had six children, whom we supported and brought up with sweat and toil, till old age began to make its appearance, and I began to feel my strength inadequate to the labour and hardships I had cheerfully undergone while in the bloom of life."

"But," interrupted Madame de Clairville, "you ought not, in your declining years, to have wrought so hard as you did while in the vigour of your age; and I should not have supposed that any master could be so unreasonable as to expect or desire it."

"My dear Madame," replied the shepherd, "you are too little acquainted with the country to know the hardships suffered by the lower class of the people, or the manner in which agriculture is carried on. No farmer will employ a labourer unless he finds him capable of performing a sufficient day's work; or if he does, he will scarcely allow him wages enough to keep him

from starving. You may, perhaps, think this somewhat hard, but you must consider the expences of managing a farm are great, and the success hazardous; and how could a farmer pay rent and wages if he did not take care that his work is got well forwarded? Thus you may see that one thing presses upon another, and keeps the whole system of working a farm continually upon the stretch. Besides this, in the business of husbandry, many kinds of work must be carried on by a number of hands acting in concert, and if any one be unable to perform his part, his deficiency is a hindrance to the rest, and retards the whole operation. I have many times, in such cases, been obliged to work among men much younger, and consequently stronger and more active than myself, and after straining every nerve, found myself totally inadequate to the task. The experience of this induced me to undertake the employment of a shepherd, which, although it be a languid scene of dull uniformity, requires a less degree of bodily exertion than many other branches of rural employment; it is only a poor occupation, but it furnishes the means of supporting life, and I am too far advanced in years to undertake any other."

"And yet," said Madame de Clairville, "this is the life of which the poets have delineated such enchanting pictures, and which moral writers have so often described as a scene of tranquillity and happiness."

"These poets and moralists," replied the shepherd, "if they had consulted experience, and not romantic speculation, would have exhibited very different representations; and I take the liberty to assure you, that I have now toiled too long to attach any importance to the vagaries of fancy; and they describe the innocence, the virtue, and the happiness of rural nymphs and swains, in the same spirit of agreeable fiction as they invoke Apollo and the muses, or occasionally introduce the other gods and goddesses of the Pagan mythology."

The Clairvilles were highly gratified and entertained with the well-related story and sagacious reflections of this philosophical and eloquent shepherd, they listened with attention and interest to the plain and simple history of rustic life. They made the shepherd a handsome present, and returned to their lodgings enjoying the pleasure of a charming evening, indulging themselves in making remarks and reflections on the occurrences of the day, and highly satisfied with their agreeable excursion.

"I am," said M. de Clairville the next morning to his children, "inclined to imagine that your chimerical ideas of life are considerably altered, and reduced much nearer to the standard of reason and reality. Your own observations have now dissipated the ideal scenes which danced before your eyes, and experience has taught you that imagination may form pictures which have no originals in nature."

"I believe, indeed," said the younger Clairville; "that my sister and I shall return to town much less prejudiced in favour of a country life than we were at leaving it; and that our excursion will have taught us to ground our notions on reason and experience, and not on the vagaries of the imagination."

"For my own part," answered Mademoiselle de Clairville, "I am now convinced that the peasantry enjoy none of that superlative happiness which I had imagined."

"You have now," said M. de Palaise, "gratified your curiosity, satisfied your enquiries, and rectified your notions; you have tried your prepossessions by the touchstone of experience, you have discovered the difference between speculative prejudices and experimental knowledge."

"But permit me, Sir, to ask this question," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, "do the writers who delineate such fascinating pictures, suppose themselves that the originals exist? does the enthusiasm of imagination overpower the operation of reason so far as to make them believe the existence of the scenes and manners they describe?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied M. de Palaise, "they are no more than mere embellishments of composition, calculated to entertain and delight the imagination, not to inform the understanding or direct the judgment. Pastoral poets well know that the greatest part of their brilliant scenery has, like the divinities of Paganism, no other existence than in their own fancy."

The youthful observers returned to the capital wholly cured of the romantic notions which had led them to quit it; and in perambulating its crowded streets, found a pleasure which seemed altogether new. They visited the different places of amusement; the active and animated appearance of the scene around them had an exhilirating effect on their spirit; they seemed to have emerged from the obscurity of solitude into the broad sunshine of life, and were experimentally convinced that variety gives a relish to pleasures, and charms to existence.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 126.]

CHAP. X.

On the adoption of the Male Costume by Women.

THE object of dress is undoubtedly to please. To attain this end it is necessary that dress should dexterously set off the charms of a woman, that it should display to advantage her captivating form, and tend to develope her native graces. Those females who adopt the costume of the other sex, seem ignorant of what tends to enhance the effect of their charms.

The male costume destroys all the advantages which the fair sex has received from nature; and women, by adopting this costume, relinquish all the means of seduction with which nature has endowed them.

If women appear pleasing in the eyes of the other sex, it is because they are women; nobody, I presume, will dispute this principle. The attraction, therefore, consists, in the difference of sex; consequently, that must be the most voluptuous dress which displays this difference in the most striking manner. Establish a similarity of dress between the two sexes, confound their costume, and you destroy, in the eyes of the men, the charm which captivates them.

The dress of women should differ in every point from that of men. This difference ought even to extend to the choice of stuffs; for a woman habited in cloth is less feminine than if she were clothed in transparent gauze, in light muslin, or in soft and shining silk. What woman is there but would please us more in an elegant robe than in one of those massive riding dresses, which produce such a bad effect, especially on women who are not tall, and have rather too much *embonpoint*. Perhaps women have gained nothing by adopting shoes as flat as those of men, which give them a firm and bold step, not exactly adapted to their sex. God forbid that I should wish to revive those heels of such extravagant and ridiculous height; but were there a greater contrast between the women's shoes and ours, the former would appear the handsomer for it. An author has observed, that there is somewhat feminine in every thing that pleases. In my opinion the inverse of this proposition is equally true, and I would say,—in every thing that is feminine there is somewhat pleasing.

A female who relinquishes her proper dress to assume that of men, loses all the graces of her sex, without obtaining any of the advantages of ours. Is she handsome? the male costume will very ill become her. Does the dress of our sex, on the contrary, become her well? this very circumstance accuses her of a form by no means adapted to her sex; she is no longer a handsome woman. Wherefore, then, do women assume a costume with which they can, at best, but make themselves look ridiculous!

It is true that it is not always the desire of pleasing that induces women to adopt a disguise which, under every circumstance, is so ill adapted to them. The love of change, of novelty, and still more the desire of unlimited liberty, these are the motives that lead them to sacrifice cheerfully the graces of their sex, in order to obtain a small portion of what they term the felicity of ours; for, it should be observed, by the way, that women think the enjoyment of perfect liberty the greatest of earthly blessings. Accordingly, they appear less beautiful in our eyes, for the purpose of appearing less amiable; they relinquish almost all their physical advantages, in order to give us a bad notion of their moral qualities! they consent to renounce the qualities of their own sex, to prove to us that they have the faults of ours!

I should imagine that when women assume the male habit, it proceeds either from injudicious coquetry, a propensity to change, or a love of liberty. These causes, in general, are but temporary, and the female who acts only from such frivolous motives, soon becomes disgusted with a disguise which affords so little compensation.

But there are females who adopt this costume from decided preference, who constantly wear it, whom it even suits extremely well, and who are awkward in female habiliments, to such we have nothing to say; nature missed her aim in creating them, she produced only mutilated men, and we are at present addressing ourselves to none but women.

Such was the celebrated native of Tonnerre, who has so long gone by the appellation of the Chevalier d'Eon; such is also the less famous but not less valiant female of thirty, who, being abandoned fifteen or sixteen years ago by her

lover, renounced her sex, and listening only to the dictates of despair, embraced the profession of arms. Unhappy as a votary of Cupid, she was the more fortunate in her devotions to Mars. From that period she has been continually engaged in the service, has endured with fortitude every kind of fatigue, has been present in various engagements, and her bosom, destined by nature for a gentler purpose, bears the honourable marks of several wounds received in battle. During the revolution, a decree directed all women who were with the army to be sent home. At the moment when our heroine was employed in carrying an order she was stopped by an officer, who informed her of the law putting an end to her service. Indignantly drawing her sabre, she threatened to dispatch the imprudent man, who avoided death by a precipitate retreat, and our female prosecuted her commission. An exception was demanded, and obtained, in her favour alone; she remained with the army, where she is still. I shall not mention her name; but she is known to the Generals under whom she served, to General Lannes and General Augereau; she is esteemed by the officers, and respected by the common soldiers. For sixteen years she has exhibited proofs of all the qualities which constitute an excellent officer, and she is free from the suspicion of any intrigue, or any of the foibles of her sex.

Such, ladies, is the course you ought to pursue when you adopt the male habit; and as you renounce the amiable qualities of your sex, display at least the masculine virtues of ours. We will then acknowledge you to be useful men, and assign you a place in our ranks; otherwise the assumption of male attire is but a ridiculous masquerade, which should not be tolerated except at the time of the carnival.

I am perfectly aware that woman is not destined by nature to bear arms; but nature has her irregularities; and if we have women-warriors, so to make amends, we have also our men-milliners. But the man-milliner ought by all means to assume the female dress, that the metamorphosis might be complete, and that the plumage of this rare bird might correspond with his song. [*To be continued.*]

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

[*Continued from Page* 128.]

SCENE V.—*Sabina at Breakfast; Myrrhina given in charge to the Philosopher.*

Two Pages, the most beautiful of any in the household of the rich Sabina, dressed in the first Egyptian linen, and with their hair elegantly curled, this morning brought the Domina her breakfast earlier than she was accustomed to order it. In general Sabina did not take this repast till just before she went to the bath. But as she had resolved to go abroad at an earlier hour, that she might be present at the review, an alteration was made in this particular, and the pages were ordered to bring their mistress her breakfast while she was at her toilette. One of them carried a silver kettle from which issued the vapors of the hissing water. The other had in his hand an elegant basket in which eight of the finest figs, of the kind called *callistruthis*, which were particularly esteemed on account of their rose-coloured seed were spread upon fresh vine-leaves. On a handsome waiter, of African citron-wood, he brought a small flask of Chios wine, and two silver goblets, one for hot water and the other for wine, to be handed to the Domina, after she had eaten as many of the figs as she pleased. For in regard to the quality of her breakfast Sabina most implicitly observed the prescription, of her young physician, the Greek Archigeres; who was himself, at least in this point, a faithful follower of Heraclides of Tarentum, who had in the strongest manner recommended figs to be taken with hot wine.

This sight, however, would have been of little advantage to the wretched Latris had not the faithful domestic philosopher, the stoic Zenothemis, presented himself at the same time as the pages, in the most ludicrous habiliments that can possibly be conceived, before the whole assembly in the dressing room of the Domina. Let the reader figure to himself a man pretty far advanced in years, with a bald head, and a long bushy beard reaching almost down to the waist. Let him farther imagine the whole stock of the wardrobe of a philosopher of those days, the Grecian mantle

and one single under garment, or woollen shirt without sleeves, which scarcely descended to the knees, affording a full view of legs covered only by hair, and feet, the soles of which were protected only by a board; in a word, a philosopher in a mantle and beard, a Græculus, such as were then to be found by hundreds in the houses and retinue of the haughty Romans. They were, indeed, as essential a requisite in the household of a person of distinction as a Capuchin formerly was in the family of a Polish grandee, or a domestic Abbé in the houses of the French nobility before the revolution, for the amusement of a beautiful Marquise. This venerable gentleman from Zeno's gallery, half out of breath, and animated with duteous zeal, is now bringing in his mantle to the Domina the whole hopeful litter of the much beloved Myrrhina, of Sabina's Maltese bitch together with the lying-in lady herself. He therefore surprizes the Domina with the most convincing proof that the charming, tender, lovely, intelligent Myrrhina, who barks only at her enemy or her husband, but otherwise is good-nature itself, has been delivered the preceding night on the same mantle in which he was now bringing them, of three most beautiful and enchanting young lion-dogs. Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than to see how the diminutive mother, wrapped in a green cloth, peeped out from the mantle of the wise Zenothemis, and now yelped with her delicate voice, after the manner of her species, alternately licked the hairy chin of the grave philosopher, and her young ones, who already began to stretch forth their snouts, and yet continued to find something to clean in both. The fact was, that no inconsiderable relics of the supper of the preceding night still adhered to the bushy beard of the stoic.

That the reader may not be too much astonished at this description, we shall introduce an extract from Sabina's private journal, which gives the most satisfactory explanation on this subject. It is there related that Sabina did not return from her country seat, in Campania, till two days before, and had as usual brought back to town in her suite the domestic philosopher Zenothemis. Before their departure he had been brought into the most mortifying dilemma. Instead of accompanying the Domina in her comfortable and convenient carriage, he was obliged to resign his place to her cousin, Saturninus, and to put up with the company of Sabina's ugly dwarf, Thersites, in a two wheeled Gallic cabriolet. But this was far from being the worst. The Domina desired to speak with him before they set off. "Dear Zenothemis," said she, "I have a particular favour to ask of you; you have it in your power to oblige me exceedingly. It is, to be sure, taking a great liberty, but I know that you never refuse me any thing, nor want many intreaties." It is natural to suppose that our Zenothemis could not make any other reply than that the Domina had only to signify her commands. "I would not ask it of you," continued the lady, throwing back her veil with a graceful air, and displaying all her charms, like the full moon which appears more brilliant when issuing from behind a cloud—"I would not ask it of you, did I not know that you possess the best heart in the world, and that you are a man on whose attention and good-nature I can place perfect reliance. Will you have the goodness to take my Myrrhina in the carriage with you, and to see that she may want for nothing? The poor thing is big and very near her time. I cannot trust her with my servants; the careless rascals pay no attention to myself; how then would they behave to the poor animal? You will confer an extraordinary favour by undertaking this commission. I should be inconsolable were any accident to befal the poor creature. Yes, dear Zenothemis, I read compliance with my request in your eyes, and in fact the animal deserves as much for her attention to you. You know she made not the least noise, the day before yesterday, when I was bathing, and you read me the affecting essay on the perishable nature of our earthly bodies, and proved with such eloquence that this body is only an animated corpse, and no better than a leathern case."

How could Zenothemis, when intreated by such a lady in so moving a manner, and with all but tears, and at the same time reminded of one of the most interesting situations of his *Villegiatura*, act otherwise than promise to do every thing she wanted. The bitch, carefully wrapped up, was placed in the old gentleman's lap, and the group of the philosopher with the prodigious beard, and the little Maltese dog on his lap, and the big-headed dwarf by his side, was so unique in its kind, that as the carriage proceeded along the *Via Appia* towards Rome, there was no vetturino, and no passenger either on horseback or on foot, but stopped and burst into a loud fit of laughter. On their arrival in Rome, the lady sent her trusty Clio to him, urgently requesting him to keep the poor animal, which had now grown acquainted with him, till she had pupped; adding, good care should be taken that the favorite should neither want for well-fed goose's livers, nor for sesamus cakes. Sabina knew that though he talked so loudly in praise of virtue, yet, notwithstanding all his animadversions on epicurism and the pleasures of the palate, he was nothing less than an obstinate contemner of good living. She had observed how much he had privately given in a napkin to the servant at his feet, at the last great entertainment, and was aware that he would not be able to resist the temptation of liv-

ing by dividing the above-mentioned delicacies with the lap-dog. Nor was she deceived; Zenothemis shared the inconveniences of his charge, and the pleasure of the messes prepared for her, and now came to give an account of the rich produce of the preceding night.

The muscles of the sternest Medusa-head must have relaxed at this spectacle, and have commanded silence to its hundred hissing snakes. Sabina herself, was obliged against her will to assume a gentler air and to suffer her female attendants to indulge their risibility unpunished. "The finest of these figs, dear Zenothemis shall be yours, if you, whose poetic talents are so well known to us, can recite a pretty little Greek poem on this most happy occurrence!"—Thus exclaimed Sabina to the philosopher, who had made his way into the midst of her attendants, holding up the largest of the figs that lay in the basket. Zenothemis, who, like almost all his industrious countrymen, could exercise a dozen other arts and sciences besides his proper profession, the stoic philosophy, immediately produced the following epigram, which has been introduced, by what accident we know not, into the Grecian garland, among the epigrams of a certain Addæus:—

"When the little Myrrhina was ready to drop with her heavy burden, Diana immediately sent her relief. The goddess does not appear only to thriving women; she likewise assists mothers of the canine race, which is under her especial protection as the goddess of the chace."

"What was it that Carmion whispered to you Clio, at which you laugh so immoderately?"—said Sabina. Clio, who was heartily vexed at the bearded philosopher, because he had with his awkwardness, a few days before in the country, broken a beautiful vase which Sabina had received as a present from one of her admirers at the bath, of Baiæ, and had directed it to be carefully preserved as a too perishable memento of love.—Clio replied aloud, and without reserve: "Carmion was only asking me, how long our stoic preacher of virtue had belonged to the *canine* sect, and had become a cynic (a dog-philosopher)?"

The officious Cypassis being directed by a motion of her mistress to relieve the philosopher from the burden of his charge and her litter, the saucy girl took this opportunity, under the pretext that poor Myrrhina had entangled herself in the old gentleman's bushy beard, to pull it handsomely, and at the same time to give the philosopher repeated slaps in the face, first with one hand and then with the other, and to play a hundred tricks under the appearance of shewing respect, but in fact to make sport. The most singular circumstance was, that a parrot which had been perched the whole time in profound silence in his cage, adorned with gold, ivory, and silver, just at this moment, as though it had been preconcerted, began to cry out repeatedly: "Bravo! bravo!" screaming and making a most hideous noise.

This scene, not a little mortifying to our domestic philosopher, Sabina suddenly terminated by a single thunder-threatening contraction of her well-blacked eye-brows. The little Myrrhina was placed in a small basket, where she was accustomed to repose on pillows filled with soft feathers: and as she shewed signs of great thirst, she had given her a cup of the asses milk that remained after supplying the purposes of the Domina's toilette, and stood in a silver mug on a small table in a corner.

"Has Tryphon, the bookseller, yet published Aristippus's poem, addressed to Lais on her looking-glass, dear Zenothemis?" As her stoic friend was unable to give a satisfactory answer to this question, because he had not stirred a step the preceding day, that Myrrhina might not be left unattended, Sabina requested him now to make the necessary inquiries concerning the above mentioned work, which she expected with the utmost impatience.

"And inquire also," said she, as he was just going to draw the curtain of the door behind him, "whether any new Milesian tale has appeared? Tuccia talked a great deal at Baiæ, about a new performance of one Xenophon of Ephesus. If I recollect right the title was, 'Amours of Anthias and Habrokom.' You would exceedingly oblige me, if you could bring it with you."

Thus spoke Sabina. But it did not escape her penetrating eye that Zenothemis was filled with great indignation against the looking-glass of the licentious Aristippus, and had muttered to himself something about "puppy" and "good for nothing fellow." For this disobedience it was necessary that the much mortified stoic should receive immediate punishment. He was therefore charged with the commission to enquire for Milesian tales, and to pander for the vitiated palate of his mistress, instead of Clio, who else was accustomed to select the most luscious, licentious works for the perusal of the Donna, and had only the day before brought her a new edition, with curious figures, of the noted Matæotechnia of Elephantis. Poor Zenothemis, what would thy glorious ancestors, Zeno and Cleanthes, have said to their degenerate descendant, who, spite of his philosopher's beard, was obliged to humble himself to the offices of a chamber-maid, or rather of a pimp! How low would thy skin have sold at the auction of philosophers.

[*To be continued.*]

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST yield to your request, and try to gratify your curiosity, regardless of the trouble it will occasion me; for in this instance the dictates of friendship are more powerful than those of reason, and I will cease to remonstrate against what you wish me to do. I am conscious, however, that in the minds of some people, I shall pass for a magician; others, a little more enlightened, will deem me an erring follower of philosophy; and the world in general will look upon me as a visionary being; for the wonders wrought by the perfect knowledge of physiognomy are sufficiently astonishing to justify these various opinions; yet, whatever judgment may be passed upon me, let your gratitude (for the sacrifice I am about to make, entitles me to it) think as favourably of me as before, and excuse the enthusiasm that will fire my soul, as I treat of such a subject, as being occasioned by the ardent desire I feel of pleasing you. Let the sweets of increasing friendship soothe the pangs of disappointment, in case I should fail in this bold attempt—I demand no higher reward.

It is customary for new writers to choose subjects which have never, at least very seldom, been explored by others; and that of physiognomy still offers a wide field to the attentive observer; yet, it is not its novelty that engages me to seize the pen. The most useful arts and the sciences, held in the greatest veneration, owe their existence to the bold inventive genius of some human beings; and many, who by their contemporaries were esteemed as enthusiastic madmen, are now honoured with the appellation of wise and courageous benefactors of mankind. But this reflection does not embolden me; for the hope of having my name venerated by posterity does not overbalance the wish of being reckoned, whilst I live, a man of sense. I prefer enjoying present glory, however small my share of it may me, to expecting that the most distinguishing respects should be paid to my ashes; and though my name be obscure, my ambition does not lead me to envy that of others. From all this it is plain that I can have no other motive in writing than that of pleasing my friend, and without any further assertions to prove that it is really my end, I will proceed to fulfil my promise.

I must inform you first that it it not my intention to meddle in the least with divination; I never could conceive how it was possible for reasonable people to grant any confidence to vain predictions, founded on the features of the face and the hand, the supposed relations existing between new-born children and the constellations of heaven, and the resemblance they sometimes bear to animals. Your mind, as well as mine, is far from bestowing any credit upon these fallacious ravings, which inflict sorrow upon those whom they threaten, and deceive those whom they flatter. I will carefully avoid every thing that tends to the marvellous; and if I seem to lead you towards it, do not think that I wander from the path of nature, but that I merely unfold some of her productions, of which till then you were ignorant. What I shall tell you will be clear and natural, for a true physiognomist never reveals what a person will be, but what it ought to have been. It is beyond his reach to dive into future events, but he is able to discover how you would behave should you be placed in trying situations. He can only perceive what immediately proceeds from the being upon whom he bends the powers of his observation, but whatever is foreign to him remains concealed behind a veil. He will explore the true temper of a man, but never presume to form an opinion of the fate that awaits him; his glance will penetrate into the secret of his talents, but not into the use he may make of them, for he will only know what might have been done with them.

The most important point is to prove that the physiognomy of human beings is but the material image of the soul; that their external appearances enable us to judge of their internal passions, and that the various features of their face are sufficient, without extending our observations any farther, to unravel their inclinations, talents, and capacities. Will not every one allow that the science which thus opens to our view the mysteries of the heart, may become, should it ever be settled on a solid basis, most useful to society? could any other be then put in comparison with it? But it is useless, you will say, to wish to settle this interesting science on a solid basis, it is longing for a good which we never can obtain, and then you fix boundaries to this study which you fancy it is impossible to pass. You believe that speeches and actions are the only certain channels of information, and that I know how to adapt what I have heard of a person's character to his physiognomy, so as to pronounce

a just opinion whenever I am required to do so. Yet you are indulgent enough to grant that I may be unconsciously guilty of acting thus: this is dealing with me with more mildness than I am accustomed to; but from you I expect it, and demand that you should not rely upon mere promises, but not shut your eyes to conviction, when I am able to make good all I have advanced. At all events it will then be time enough to brand me with the epithet of mad, and to feel the sentiment of pity, which the sight of mental derangement always produces. Yet every one falls into some kind of folly, and if we were to scrutinize with impartiality into the generality of mankind, we should find that the follies of men are sometimes the most valuable part of their characters. Mine is that of studying physiognomies, but it is far from dangerous; it leans more in favour of the good than it turns against the bad; I become better acquainted with my fellow-creatures, and no more expect to meet with perfection among them; I compare their defects together, and excuse those which deserve forgiveness, for who can know better than a physiognomist those that are entitled to our pity and indulgence? He is entrusted with the secret of nature; she alone guides his judgment, and teaches him to require no more of every individual than the virtues which have fallen to his lot. He may succeed also in bringing those virtues to light, in inspiring their possessors with self-confidence, exalting their courage, and raising them to a pitch of elevation which they never had any hope to reach.

It is necessary to give you a description of what is called physiognomy, and this is the most difficult part of the task you have imposed upon me. It does not consist in the appearance, the face, the mein, or features; for I have seen people extremely like each other, while their physiognomies expressed different passions. If I were to recur to etymology, I should find in the two Greek words that compose the name of this science, a plain explanation of its meaning, PHUSEOS NOMOS, means *the law of nature*; and, according to my doctrine, physiognomy is nothing more than the law, the exact rule by which nature has enabled us to judge of humankind. You will ask which is this rule, in what does it consist? I can only answer that it is written on the face of man, on its different features, and strikes my eyes whenever I behold a human being without its being in my power to unveil it easily to others. As we proceed, I hope to make discoveries which will assist me in unfolding what now may seem obscure; but as this letter is already so long, I will not anticipate the precepts which I am about to lay before you, and keep this store of instruction to fill up my next,

LETTER II.

I finished my last by remarking how difficult it was to give an exact definition of physiognomy, according to the ideal I have formed of it; I know that it is generally said, that whatever we understand perfectly we can easily explain; yet it is not now the case.—I see plainly the object I want to describe, but find no words to express myself. It often happens that a skilful artist descries in a work beauties and defects, which he strives in vain to expose to the view of others. It is necessary to be in some degree acquainted with an art before we can understand the language of those who are proficient in it; whilst we seize easily the meaning of any science of which we have already conceived an idea, and the study of which is the result of our own inclination — Those who stand in the two situations I have last mentioned, will immediately dive into the mystery of a new discovery, and explain it without the assistance of others; while those who are totally deprived of information on that subject (and they form the largest part of the community) will deride physiognomy, because they do not comprehend the precepts given them, and are ashamed at their want of capacity.

To me it seems plain that every thing has its physiognomy, and this is my way of reasoning: every man who excels in any art is able to determine at the first glance the value, and the good and bad qualities of an object which falls within the reach of the profession to which he belongs, though he had never seen it before; and in this case it is habit, and his natural talent, that prevents him from erring. A skilful gardener, for instance, without opening the fruits that hang before him, will tell you whether they be sound and ripe; and if every thing have its physiognomy, why should men be deprived of it? If that of inanimate things never deceives our observations, why should that of men be more fallacious? and, to bring the weighty authority of Aristotle into the question, I will quote the comparison he employed: "If hunters can trace the qualities of dogs in their physiognomies, why should we not gather from the features of our fellow-creatures the knowledge of their virtues and vices?" If it be granted that a man possesses a physiognomy, it must be sensible; if so, it must be in our power to discover and explore it.

Nature, who never produces any useless object, would not have created it, to conceal it from our view; and even had such been her plan, she could not have put it into execution; for it is the external representation, or if you prefer this definition, the living and visible expression of all the principles, which constitute a human

being; it would have been as utterly impossible to hide this reflection of the mind as to appear tall when our stature is low. It is with the composition of man, as with that of those balsams which must be annihilated before the perfumes they exhale can lose their powers; you must crush a looking glass to atoms, else every particle will still reflect your visage; physiognomy is a looking-glass which will never present you with the vain illusions created by vanity, or other equally powerful passions; in it you will descry even the secret attempts made by men to conceal their emotions; it never mixes together what proceeds from nature with the productions of art; the most fleeting alteration, the slightest whim, or burst of ill-humour, will lie unfolded before you. The eyes of those who have studied this science cannot be deceived by the stratagems made use of by persons on their guard, and they perceive the difference that subsists between dissimulation and openness, as between the rouge that bedaubs the cheeks of a fashionable lady and the roses strewed by health on the face of youth. I am now almost persuaded, that the surest and only means of truly knowing men, is to observe their physiognomies; they are at liberty to alter their sentiments in conversation, and their conduct depends upon the circumstances in which they are involved, but their physiognomy alone reveals their real character. The changes apparent in their behaviour during the course of their existence are only external, they remain the same, and people wonder at their sudden metamorphoses, only because they had not examined their physiognomy, which would have represented them such as they were.

I should think I had committed some gross error in my observations, did I hear something I did not expect from a person whose features I had scrutinized; but this information does not inspire one with a greater share of esteem or contempt for individuals, for I do not require from them, or lay to their charge, what is not in their power to possess or avoid. I am sometimes amused with the situations in which my imagination places certain persons, and makes them perform actions suited to the expression of their features, and I have frequently had the pleasure of hearing them acknowledge, when I had informed them of what I had done, that in similar circumstances they would have probably followed the same line of conduct. Striking events have also confirmed the opinions I had formed, and experience having crowned my calculations with success, my habit of trusting in physiognomies is become so strong that it would prove useless to try to shake it off.

I never let the relations of others influence my judgment; they may waste their eloquence in warm praises or satirical remarks, I never pass a sentence upon a man till I have seen his face. But what do you perceive in his face, you will say, features common to all men, and which only vary in their colour and their proportions? This is true; but you will soon allow that from this variety in the complexion and the proportions, an expression may proceed which belongs to one man in particular, for two human beings exactly alike have never been found, and which gives us an insight into the most hidden part of his character.

The talent of a physiognomist is a free gift from nature; those who are endowed with it, are sometimes unconscious of the treasure they possess till opportunities occur when it begins to unfold, and then, in a short time, they equal those who have tried to acquire it through the most indefatigable labours. Many also, though conscious of their talent, are too timid to make any use of it, being blinded by prejudice upon their own opinions, when even they are just. It was chance that has led me to believe I had been favoured with a small portion of it; and far from letting it slumber, I have cultivated, and I hope improved it. Though it be a free gift of nature, it may be improved by art and application, and it is sufficient to succeed in one instance to lay down a rule which seldom misleads us, but which every one must find out and compose for himself, as it is the fruit of a natural instinct, which it would be difficult not to understand and obey. The only advantage which art and application can produce, is a greater facility and quickness of judgment, which fills the vulgar with astonishment. This science is a fruitful source of never failing enjoyments, flowing from the abundant diversity of characters, which surpasses that of features; what attracts your observation to-day, will give place to other subjects fit to awaken the most interesting remarks to-morrow. Physical nature is almost unbounded, but considered under a moral point of view, no limits can be fixed to the immensity of her extent; and in the wide field of physiognomy, we do not only behold what passes continually before us, but what may in a future time follow. Recollect what pleasure you felt at ———, when you asked my opinion of the persons who composed our company, most of whom I then saw for the first time in my life, and my answers coincided exactly with the reality. With a taste for this science it is impossible to become acquainted with *ennui*; and though now less eager after discoveries, I am still fond of being introduced to new persons, with the love of finding some food for my favourite passion; and I often return delighted with the instruction I have collected, without giving birth to any suspicion. I do not mean

those discoveries which relate only to accidental passions, and the distinctions which I create between the energy of the mind and that of the body, between those who have formed their wit and those whom wit has taught, but I mean those which serve to establish my doctrine on a firmer basis. But I did not perceive how far I had encroached upon your patience, and must plead my excuse, as the wish of kindling the same enthusiasm for physiognomy in your soul, has alone rendered me guilty.

E. R.

[*To be continued.*]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[*Continued from Page* 149.]

Among the many who resort to the drawing school for instruction, it may be remarked that few, very few, carry with them the idea of acquiring a competent knowledge of any particular branch of the art; they go to learn to draw; their parents, relatives, or friends, wish them to learn, because it is an elegant accomplishment, and the youth must have a general notion of what all the world admire. The ladies especially are delivered to the master with the most indefinite and perplexing directions; they are to learn to draw the eye, the nose, the mouth, and the head; hands, feet, and whole figures; flowers, fruit, and landscapes; any thing, and every thing; to draw in pencil, chalks, red, black, and white, in India ink, and in colours; but is the whole of this possible? does it not require a very different turn of thought to study the human figure from what is requisite to acquire just ideas of proportion in animals, in edifices, in trees, or in flowers?

Often in vain the master enquires what the pupil is directed, or wishes to draw; the friends have given no particular direction, and the pupil is indifferent about it: and not less frequently he gives dissatisfaction, either to the scholar or to the friends, by setting before the youth what it may happen he does not readily acquire, or what is not, when done, remarkably striking to the party principally to be pleased. This is mortifying to the instructor; and it is discouraging to the pupil when the labour perhaps of six months is taken home, and the whole is condemned in the lump. "What," says the old gentleman, "am I to pay so much for the boy to be able to make a barn, or an out-house? why did he not learn to do history, or something of caricature, that he might entertain himself or his friends? Ah! you will never make a Michael Angelo, or a Bunbury, if you do not draw something else besides pig-sties and dog-kennels." Well, the lad desires to copy the requisite subjects, to qualify him for *making a figure*. Examples from Raphael are, among artists, confessedly most excellent studies for the pupil, and even for the proficient. Six months more are bestowed in drawing after the admired productions of this transcendent genius—and the satisfaction is often no greater!

The pupil has not been able to give the beautiful forms of these sublime, simple, and elegant figures, with becoming spirit; the masterly touch of the original appears coarse and uncouth from the juvenile hand; possibly the figures themselves are deemed antiquated, unnatural, or useless. "Why," says the matron, "don't you get to do something pretty, something fit to put behind a glass? who would go to the expence of framing that great head you call Elynas the Sorcerer, with those rough strokes, I suppose meant for a beard, all over his face."

This sketch will, it is hoped, shew the necessity of giving a discretionary authority to the master, as to the objects principally to be pursued by the pupil; to discover for what particular subjects the youth has an inclination and promptitude; and to rely wholly on the master's judgment to find out and improve the bend, or bias, of his scholar's genius.

The objects of this art are inconceiveably various; and surprisingly different are the several manners in which the different subjects may be treated with propriety; amid this variety, it will rarely happen but that some subjects may be hit upon, or selected, in which every one may make a considerable proficiency; but general excellence is the happy lot of very few upon the long catalogue of artists of the highest reputation; it is the result of long experience and practice, or the peculiar distinction of an universal genius. We have but one; rarely we meet with one who handles subjects with equal facility, or in a style above mediocrity, and who attains to a decided pre-eminence in any branch of the art.

It is therefore highly important to the learner, that his master be duly apprised of the objects deemed necessary for him to study; and that the whole attention be unremittingly directed towards these objects only. The most beneficial advantages will speedily accrue from thus, as it

were, concentrating the mental powers; they will penetrate to the theory on which practice is founded; and this farther satisfaction will result, the accurate investigation of any particular subject will delightfully facilitate improvement in whatever may afterwards come under consideration; while a superficial rambling over the extensive field of art, will leave few lasting impressions on the mind, will produce a knowledge scarce worth the trouble of collecting, because inadequate to any purpose beyond puerile amusement. The prevalent pursuit of the present day is landscape; but what other than puerile amusement for grown people, or absolute ridicule to an artist, can arise from looking over the hasty little sketches of gentlemen who never learned, who have totally forgot, or who never attend to the first rudiments of drawing?

Beautiful they are called, because the objects truly were beautiful; free, because made in a hurry, made in ten minutes, in a post chaise, possibly *en passant*, perhaps in a shower of rain; should an artist make a sketch in such haste as to be intelligible only to himself, he would put it into form before he exhibited it as a specimen of Gothic architecture, picturesque scenery, or faithful portraiture of some interesting spot. If a gentleman artist should be an M. D. L. L. D. F. A. S. or F. R. S. or be any ways connected with the editor, printer, or publisher, of some periodical publication, his beautiful *little bits* infallibly fall into the hands of an engraver; who if, unfortunately for his own ease, he knows any thing of drawing, will be perfectly bewildered in the intricacy of delineation; or if, happily, he knows nothing about it except what he may have collected out of a sixpenny drawing book of perspective, the prints may possibly, even in this case, have an advantage of the drawing, by some two of the lines being parallel, and some three, if not more, being drawn to the same point somewhere or other; but the public unfortunately must, in either case, be presented with views of edifices, which the hand of time itself, assisted by the most barbarian ravages (which avowedly produce the most rude, rough, and picturesque effects), could not render as rude, irregular, and confused, as the beautiful original sketches. Hence to draw like a gentleman, has now ceased to be a recommendation.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH SYNONOMY.

THE impossibility of writing with accuracy and precision, without a due attention to the specific import of words, having been demonstrated in the lecture on "The Stricture of Language," a list of the principal reputed synonomies, may not be unacceptable to the generality of the readers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Sensibility, tenderness.—The first relates to sensation, the last to sentiment.

Tenderness is the natural state of the soul, sensibility is its disposition to receive impressions. One attaches by kindness the heart that is sensible; the heart that is tender attaches itself. Tenderness loses none of its force by being always in action; but the vivacity of sensibility is impaired by frequent excitement.

Demonstration of friendship, testimonies of friendship.—Demonstrations of friendship are frequent in society, the testimonies of it are rare. The first is confined to the exterior; professions, caresses, anomalous attentions are demonstrations of friendship. They indicate attachment, but do not prove it. The testimonies of friendship are so many irrefragable proofs of its existence; they are actions prompted by the unfeigned interest which the heart takes in the concerns of another, and which have the advantage and happiness of the person in view. A perfidious friend may not be wanting in any of the demonstrations of friendship, but it is only the real one who furnishes testimonies of it.

Firmness, constancy.—Firmness is the steady resistance which a strong mind opposes to the temptations that assail it. Constancy is an uniform attachment to the same objects. He who is firm, can neither be seduced by pleasure, nor intimidated by danger: neither the allurements of glory or of riches; neither the fear of disgrace, of hardships, of torture, or even of death itself, can shake the resolution which his judgement and his conscience approve. The constant are not affected by variety; the same inclination draws them always, and equally, towards the same thing. In the time of difficulty and danger, the man of firmness is sustained by his courage, and determined by his reason: the man of constancy has no guide but his heart; he has always the same wants.

Realize, effect, execute.—These verbs agree in expressing the accomplishment of something which was intended, but they announce it under different circumstances. To realize, is to accomplish that which appearances have induced us to hope. To effect, is to accomplish that of which

the expectation was excited by some promise on which we relied. To execute, is to accomplish that of which a regular plan had been traced out. Thus we speak with propriety of realising hopes, of effecting arrangements, and of executing designs.

Forbidden, prohibited.—Both these words denote something which is contrary to an order, or to the law; they differ in this, that it is human laws which prohibit, but divine laws which forbid. Idolatry is forbidden, smuggling prohibited.

Discredit, decry.—The last attacks the reputation; the first the credit. One decries a woman in accusing her of indiscretions; one discredits a man of business, in reporting him to be ruined. One decries an ambassador, in saying that he is not entrusted with the usual powers; one discredits him, in saying that he is destitute of judgment or honour. The jealousy of some authors prompts them to decry others, in order to discredit their opinions.

Irresolution, indecision.—We are irresolute in cases where taste or sentiment is to determine; we are undecided when it is reason that should guide us. The irresolute are not sufficiently affected by any object to feel a decided preference for it. The undecided want a motive sufficiently powerful to determine their choice. Indecision proceeds from a want of judgment; irresolution from a deficiency of sensibility. We sometimes decide upon measures which we have not resolution enough to carry into effect; and we sometimes resolve to adopt those, on the policy of which we have not decided. The irresolute want a stimulus; the undecided require instruction. To determine the latter, we must have an authority over the mind; to determine the former, we must have an influence upon the soul.

Metaphor, simile, allegory.—A metaphor is a simile expressed in an abridged form. An allegory is a metaphor continued. A metaphor is a figure founded entirely on the resemblance which one object bears to another: thus we say of a minister, whose wisdom and talents have greatly benefited his country, that he is the *pillar* of the state. A simile or comparison requires more words: we employ a simile when, speaking of such a minister we say, that he upholds the state, like a pillar that supports the whole edifice; or, that he is a pillar to the state. The words *as* or *like*, are the signs of simile. An author who indulges himself much in the use of metaphor, sometimes carries it so far that it becomes an allegory.

To extol, to praise.—We extol a person in order to procure him the esteem of others, or to extend his reputation. We praise him to testify the esteem which we ourselves feel for him. To extol, is to attribute to the object a great many qualities which it may, or may not possess. To praise, is to express our admiration of some excellence that is apparent. One extols a man's character; one praises his conduct.

Misfortune, accident, disaster.—These words all announce some distressing event; but misfortune applies particularly to the events which affect the interest. Accident regards what happens to the person. Disaster has a more extensive application. It is a misfortune for a man to lose his friend or his property. It is an accident for him to fall and be hurt. It is a disaster to be suddenly disgraced in the world. One says, a great misfortune, a cruel accident, a frightful disaster.

To invent, to discover.—One invents something new, by the force of imagination; one discovers, by research, something which has been concealed. The one marks the fecundity of the mind, the other its penetration. A physician and a philosopher trace effects till they discover their cause. A mechanic is continually exercising his invention. Sir Isaac Newton made many valuable discoveries; Sir Richard Arkwright has produced many useful inventions.

Indolence, supineness, laziness, negligence.—Indolence, proceeds from a deficiency of sensibility; supineness, from a deficiency of ardour; laziness, from a deficiency of activity; and negligence, from a deficiency of care. Nothing moves the indolent; they are without passions and without impulses. It is difficult to animate the supine; they proceed slowly and faintly with whatever they attempt. The love of inaction renders the lazy indifferent to all the advantages which they might reap from exertion. The negligent attend to nothing; they forget all that they are enjoined, and are incapable of doing any thing with exactness. Indolence enfeebles the powers of the mind. Supineness dreads fatigue. Lazinesss huns trouble. Negligence creates delays, and profits not by opportunities.

Coward, poltroon.—A coward recedes; a poltroon dare not advance. The first does not defend himself; he is deficient in valour. The second attacks not; he is deficient in courage. We must never recur upon the assistance of a coward, or the support of a poltroon.

Declare, discover, manifest, reveal, disclose.—All these words indicate the communication of something previously unknown; but the word declare, implies a communication made with a design; to discover, is to show, either from design or inadvertence, something which had been concealed; to manifest, is to render evident what was before doubtful; to reveal, is to make public what we are bound in honour to conceal; to disclose, is to mention the name of a person who

has done something of which he is unwilling to be thought the author. Criminals frequently declare their accomplices. Confidants sometimes discover the secrets with which they have been entrusted. Truth often manifests itself in defiance of the efforts which are made to suppress it. Confessors have been known to reveal the confessions of their penitents. We should be careful to have no witnesses of that which we are afraid to have disclosed.

Ability, capacity —These words, though often confounded, in writing and discourse, are significant of two different powers of the mind. Ability, is the power which enables us to *act*, capacity, that which enables us to *receive*. The former may be strong or weak; the latter extensive or contracted, shallow or profound. We may perceive a great disparity in the capacity of girls at school, but it is not till they become women that we can form a proper estimate of their abilities.

To pray, to supplicate.—To pray any one to accord us what we ask, does not mark a desire so lively, or a want so urgent, as to supplicate. We pray a friend to render us any trifling service; we supplicate the King, or some one in authority, to redress our wrongs.

Weak, weakness.—A man of good understanding may have weaknesses, a man without any understanding is weak. Nature or education may have made us weak, we want the power or the courage to be otherwise; but our weaknesses are voluntary, we will not resist them. A weak man continues so all his life; but the weaknesses of youth seldom adhere to old age.

Acquirement, acquisition, attainment.—These words agree in expressing something which has been obtained either by chance or labour; but in precise language they are appropriate to different objects. Thus we say, the acquirements of study, the acquisitions of fortune, the attainments of morality.

Malice, malignity.—These words are synonymous in expressing an evil quality of the mind, their difference is marked by the object at which they aim. Malice seeks less to injure than to give pain. Malignity delights in traducing characters and subverting happiness. Malice is cunning in devising ways to mortify its object. Malignity, more deep, more skilled in dissimulation, is active in projecting measures to ruin it. Malice attacks the vanity, malignity the happiness; and while the former seeks but to damp enjoyment, the latter aims at annihilating it. Malice, however, when it has long operated in the mind, loses every hour something of what distinguished it from its sister vice, and imperceptibly advances towards conversion into malignity.

[*To be continued.*]

ON HERALDRY.

[*Continued from Page* 142]

As for arms, or coat-armours, they are so called because they are generally borne on arms, on the shield or buckler, on the coat of arms, in banners and persons; and because it is principally in war and tournaments (which are feats of arms), that they had their first rise.

The definition we have given of arms is made up of several branches, which shall be briefly explained.

In the first place, arms are marks of honour, that is, of nobility, or gentility and virtue; because they must owe their origin either to military valour, consummate ability and prudence in the management of public affairs, or to some eminent quality.

Secondly, arms are hereditary, and descend from father to son, down to the remotest posterity, which distinguish them from symbolical figures, formerly borne by ancient heroes, generals of armies, and soldiers; and which, as we have said before, were only either national or personal distinctions.

Thirdly, arms are made up of figures and tinctures, or colours, fixed, limited, and determined; which also distinguish them from symbols, hieroglyphics, emblems, and devices; and herein, properly, consists the very essence of the heraldic science.

Fourthly, It cannot be denied, that arms were at first taken up according to the fancy of the bearers.

But then, in the fifth place, since blazonry was methodically settled and confined within rules, arms have either been granted or confirmed by Sovereign Princes; that is, when Princes ennobled private persons, as a reward of their bravery or virtue, they either bestowed upon them arms, if they had none before, or preserved and confirmed to them, with some alteration and addition, those they already had. By these means, in the sixth place, arms are become the true marks of nobility, or gentility; because, in all civilized nations, the Sovereign is the fountain of honour.

Princes having wisely considered, that the illustrating those who had performed signal services to the state, either in peace or in war, was a powerful incentive to others to imitate them, rewarded the merit of the first by distinctions of honour, and at the same time restrained the wanton and unlimited use of arms. Heralds having, in all ages, as I have shewn before, had the superintendancy over all matters of honour, nobility, and chivalry; the framing of the rules or laws of blazonry, and of regulations for bearing of coat-armours, was committed to their care, in order to preserve them to those that had a just title to them, and to take them from those who wrongfully assumed them. But, notwithstanding these precautions, many abuses have been, and still are, committed and connived at, in this matter, in all nations.—Lastly, arms serve to distinguish not only private families, but also states, empires, kingdoms, provinces, cities, communities, companies, societies, and dignities, ecclesiastical, civil, and military; for which reason, they are divided into several species.

To complete this concise system of heraldry, it is necessary to explain the numerous terms made use of in the science, as now settled and determined. We will begin with the points of the escutcheon.

These points, by armourists, are used to determine exactly the position of the bearings they are charged with, and the knowledge of these points ought to be well observed; for the same figure, in the same tincture, borne in different points of the escutcheon, renders those bearings as so many different arms; for it must be observed, that the use of these points is to mark the difference of coats exactly; for example, arms having a lion in chief differs from one having a lion in base. Next, distinctions of houses, these inform us how the bearer of each is descended from the same family; they also denote the subordinate degrees in each house from the original ancestor, viz. first house, for the heir, or first son, the label; second son, the crescent; third son, the mullet; fourth son, the martlet; fifth son, the annulet; sixth son, the *fleur-de-lis*.

Second house.—The crescent, with the label on it, for the first son of the second son; the crescent on the crescent for the second son of the second son of the first house, &c. By the tinctures or colours, is meant that variety of hue of arms common both to shields and their charges: the colours generally used, are red, blue, sable, vert, purpure, yellow, and white, termed *or* and argent, are metals. These colours are represented, in engravings, by dots and lines, as represented in Debrett's Peerage. *Or* is expressed, as above, by dots; argent, is plain; gules, by perpendicular lines; azure, by horizontal lines; sable, by perpendicular and horizontal lines crossing each other; vert, by diagonal lines from the dexter chief to the sinister base point.

Furs are of different kinds, and represent the hairy skins of certain animals, prepared for the linings of robes of state, and anciently shields were covered with furred skins: they are used in coats of arms, viz. ermine, is black spots on a white field; ermines, is a field black with white spots; erminois, is a field gold with black spots; vair, is white and blue, represented by figures of small escutcheons arranged in a line, so that the base argent is opposite to the base azure. Potent counter—potent, is a field covered with figures, like crutch-heads, as in Debrett's plates.

[*To be continued.*]

POETRY.

ALL THE TALENTS!

The following extract is taken from this celebrated Pamphlet.

POLYPUS. Health to the King! the more I think, I give
This heart-felt utt'rance—*May our Monarch live*!

SCRIBLERUS. Now long live Sh-r-d-n! a nobler soul
Heav'n never form'd since worlds began to roll.

POLYPUS. Fix'd thoughts on Sh-r-d-n 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying every week;
And pict'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastic features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs dispose,
The short-liv'd lip and evanescent nose;
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars,
The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.
Now calm he lives and careless to be great;
Now deep in plots and blust'ring in debate.
Now drinking, rhiming, dicing, pass his day,
And now he plans a peace, and now a play.
The magic wand of eloquence assumes,
Or sweeps up jests and brandishes his brooms;

A giant sputt'ring pappy from the spoon,
A mighty trifler and a sage buffoon.
With too much wit to harbour common sense;
With too much spirit ev'n to spare expence;
To tradesman, Jockey, porter, Jack and Jill,
He pays his court—but never pays his bill.
By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
Divinely eloquent or beastly drunk;
A splendid wreck of talents misapply'd,
By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call;
The pride, the shame, the boast, the scorn of all!

SCRIBLERUS. Well, W-ndh-m, sure, on upright aims is bent.

POLYPUS. So upright, that they hit him in descent.
O that the King wou'd dub him but a Lord,
To sit like S-dm-th, silent in reward!
For, spite of all his efforts and our pray'rs,
Heav'n never meant the man for state affairs.
Plan-mad, and am'rous of th' unfruitful moon,
Give W-ndh-m *Wilkins'* wings—an air-balloon;
Let him blow bubbles (Newton did the same),
Or, like bland *Darwin*, winds and seasons tame;
But thin-spun theories, a rushing mind,
Imprudent, injudicious, o'er-refin'd,
Are failings far unfit a realm to guide—
Without sound reason, all is vain beside.
A perfect juggler in his plans of state,
He lays a system down, with solemn prate;
Cries "*hocus pocus*! prithee mark—look on;"
Then turns about, and *presto—whip*—'tis gone!
Plan after plan the sad enthusiast moves,
The patient House winks, smiles, and disapproves.

In ill-pair'd tropes our Secretary talks;
Mud and the milky way alike he walks;
And fondly copying democratic aims,
'Twixt high and low poetic banns proclaims;
Now peas and pearls upon one chain compels;
Now couples Hercules with cockle-shells;
Adroit with gilded frippery to gloss,
The brittle temper of his mental dross.
Thus Irish D-yle, loquacious as a nurse,
Tells ten bad stories to bring round a worse;
His studied jests from merry *Miller* draws,
Entraps a laugh and poaches for applause.

Smooth to perplex and candid to deceive;
Alike expert to wed a cause and leave;
A slave to method, yet the fool of whim,
Good sense itself seems emptiness in him.
In pompous jargon or low wit it hides,
And very gravely makes us split our sides.
Dull when he ponders, lucky in a hit,
The very *Sal Volatile* of wit;
Thro' the dark night to find the day he gropes;
He thinks in theories, and talks in tropes.

SCRIBLERUS. Cou'd Wh-tbr-d catch a spark of W-ndh-m's fire—

POLYPUS. To deeds more dang'rous Wh-tbr-d might aspire.
But as it stands, our *Brewer* has not *Nous*,
To lead the mob, or to mislead the House.
See how the happy soul himself admires!
A hazy vapour thro' his head expires;
His curls ambrosial, hop and poppy shade,
Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.
Slow, yet not cautious; cunning yet not wise;
We hate him first, then pity, then despise.
The plodding dunce, a simular of wit,
Lays up his store of repartee and bit;
His brain bedeck'd with many a nice conceit,
As bills of Op'ra hang on butcher's meat.
The pains he takes to seem a wit, forgive.
It is the Dunce's sad perogative.
For fit is he th' affairs of state to move,
As Q——y, who lisps his toothless love.
Puft with the Pride that loves her name in print,
And knock-kneed Vanity with inward squint;
Laborious, heavy, slow, to catch a cause,
Bills at long sight upon his wits he draws,
And with a solemn smartness in his mien,
Lights up his eyes and offers to look keen.

LINES,

Upon seeing a beautiful Infant sleeping on the bosom of its Mother.

UPON its native pillow dear,
The little slumb'rer finds repose,
His fragrant breath eludes the ear,
As zephyr passing o'er a rose.

Yet soon from that pure spot of rest,
Love's little throne! shall you be torn;
Time hovers o'er thy downy rest,
To crown thy ruby brow with thorn.

Oh! thoughtless! couldst thou now but see,
On what a world thou soon must move,
Or taste the cup prepar'd for thee
Of grief, lost hopes, or widow'd love.

Ne'er from that breast thoud'st raise thine head,
But thou would'st breathe to heav'n a pray'r
To let thee in thy blossom fade,
And in a kiss to perish there.

ON BLINDNESS.

AH! think, if June's delicious rays
The eye of sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's beamless days
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom;

Ah! think, if skies, obscure or bright,
Can thus depress or cheer the mind;
Ah! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,
What mournful moments wait the Blind.

And who shall tell his cause for woe,
To love the wise he ne'er shall see;
To be a sire, and not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee;
To have his feeling daily torn,
With pain, the passing meal to find;
To live distressed, and die forlorn,
Are ills that oft await the Blind.

When to the breezy uplands led,
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
While round him breathes the scented thorn;
But oh! instead of Nature's face,
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd;
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
'Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light,
Bows to the earth where all must rest;
Ah! think, when life's declining hours
To chilling penury are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah! think what woes await the Blind!

TO CLARINDA.

To me, sweet Clarinda, delightful and dear
Were the home grac'd by thee, though unlovely and drear
The prospects that hemm'd in the dwelling;
Though Winter approach with his mantle of snows,
And cold is the north wind around us that blows,
Yet glad is the heart, with thy presence that glows,
And that love's warmest impulse is swelling.

Though vagrant my mind when Clarinda's away,
And these eyes when thou'rt absent in idleness stray,
Deem me not of the infidel number:
Love shall pilot each wandering fancy to rest,
And 'mid night's drearest solitude steal to thy breast;
And these eyes, which not bent on Clarinda, not blest,
Seal soft in a heaven of slumber.

The pleasure in dreaming of thee can surpass
The frail fair's pleading charms, and the friend toasting glass,
'Mid the jollity Bacchus assembles;
But when present, love reads its reward in those eyes,
Where are seen both the colour and hope of the skies,
And reclin'd on thy bosom the world away flies,
There happiness triumphs and trembles.

Then his day-beams of fire, Sol from Cancer may dart;
Not less ardent the Summer that reigns in this heart,
And this truth pray Clarinda remember—
If we'd husband the bliss from our Summer that streams,
Recollect we can only have sunshine by gleams,
And then, though less ardent, still brilliant the beams
That shall shine on our age of December.

Q.

SONG.

From Mr. CAREY's *Amatory Poems, just published.*

WHEN Colin first spoke of his amorous smart,
And told me that kissing could cure,
And hugg'd me, and called me the girl of his heart,
Why, I thought he was joking, for sure, for sure,
I thought he was joking, for sure.

When he woo'd me with sighs to consent to his bliss,
Where the pink and the jasmine allure,
I thought, to myself, while he stole a soft kiss,
Was it that that he wanted, for sure, for sure?
Was it that that he wanted, for sure?

When with tears, at my feet, for compassion he pray'd,
His anguish I could not endure;
Yet I laugh'd at the comical figure he made,
And cried, 'You are joking, for sure, for sure!'
And cried, 'You are joking, for sure!'

But, oh! when he found that I pitied his case,
And needs must consent to his cure;
He lock'd me so fast in a tender embrace,
That I thought I was dying, for sure, for sure;
I thought I was dying, for sure.

THE BARD.

ON Irthling's smooth and verdant plains,
A Bard, infirm and poor,
Pathetic tun'd his warbling harp:—
Alas! to tune no more!

"Flow on thou sweet and purling stream—
"Some future bard may stray
"Upon thy beauteous flow'ry banks,
"And pour the mournful lay.

"Here genius first inspir'd my breast
"The tuneful harp to play;
"And oft the echo, sorrow's note,
"On Zephyrs bore away.

" Misfortune's sons are ev'ry where
" Disper.'d in ev'ry clime;
" And pen'ry's offspring fills the earth,
" Attendants on the Nine.

" These often pierc'd my youthful heart
" With sad affliction's throe;
" And cheerless press'd my weary thoughts
" Beneath a weight of woe.

" Now steal away ye trembling notes!
" And glide in melting strains:
" The sun of life is setting fast—
" A feeble ray remains.

" Farewell ye gay and pleasant scenes,
" Farewell thou murm'ring wave,
" Adieu ye bonny daisies white,
" I hasten to the grave!"

Reclin'd upon the dewy grass,
His arms asunder spread;
He clos'd his wild and flashing eye
Among the silent dead.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

In this sequester'd calm, 'tis sweet
To hear the sky-lark's earliest song,
The purple light of morn to greet,
These dewy paths of health among;

To mark the slanting sun-beams gleam
On groves and hamlets, spires and trees;
Dimly to trace the winding stream,
And catch the music of the breeze.

When from the sun's meridian rays
The sick'ning herds to shelter fly,
These moss grown seats and winding ways
A shade congenial shall supply.

Here let me wander, when at night
Dead silence holds her awful reign,
When the red beam of ev'ning light
Slumbers upon the peaceful plain;

Or when the wether's tinkling bell
Swells on the ear, from distance borne,
The owl sails by, and through the dell
The beetle winds his tuneful horn.

Sounds such as these inspire the soul
With rapturous visions, soft and fair,
The woe-fraught scenes of life control,
And soothe the anguish of despair.

Oh ——— ! oft may Spring renew
These scenes thy presence makes so dear!
Autumn oft steep thy flowers in dew,
And Summer love to linger here.

Though Winter frown, 'tis but a day
'Till laughing Spring resume her reign,
So joys and griefs our bosoms sway,
And heartfelt pleasures banish pain.

TO ELIZA.

Let lighter bards in sportive numbers play,
Weave the gay wreath, and join the choral lay;
Round Pleasure's altar fading chaplets twine,
And deck their temples with the madd'ning vine;
My chaster Muse selects for Fancy's dream,
A dearer object, and a worthier theme.
For thee, Eliza, mistress of my soul,
The artless lines, untaught, spontaneous roll;
For thee, that yet in mem'ry's pious lay,
Its long forgotten vows my soul may pay.
Oh! form'd to please (if Beauty's self can please),
Oh! fraught with candour, elegance, and ease!
If yet thy breast its pristine warmth retain,
If yet thy footsteps tread my native plain;
Oh! while thy friend, thy more than lover strays,
Remote from thee, in folly's dubious maze:
Shall not remembrance, to his wounded heart,
Her balms disperse, her magic art impart?
Oh! while the scoff, the proud contemptuous sneer,
Distress his feelings and assail his ear;
While bigot pride, the friend of schoolmen hoar,
And ignorance attack with barb'rous lore;
Oh! say, my fairest, shall not hope display
Her orient star to cheer my weary way,
My soul revolts, it sickens at the sight,
And turns to other realms its hasty flight:
To thee it turns, now more than doubly dear;
Thy voice shall soothe me, and thy smile shall cheer;
For yet, methinks I see, with pleasure warm,
Thy face benignant, thy enchanting form.
And oft as mem'ry charms the tedious hour,
Oft as fair hope exerts her genial pow'r,
Once more I strike with renovated fire,
Obedient to thy call, the patriot lyre.
That lyre so long at careless distance flung,
Its notes forgotten, and its chords unstrung,
With songs of other times again shall cheer,
Though far from thee, its master's raptur'd ear;
Once more in Cambria's vales, unheard so long,
The hayad blythe shall hail the plaintive song.

SONG.

Hence Jealousy, Discord, and Sorrow;
But welcome Worth, Friendship, and Love!
Let grey-beards and fools dread to-morrow,
We then ev'ry torment may prove:
To-day let us push round the glasses,
That quench every spark of keen woe;
And drink to true Friends and good Lasses,
To them ev'ry pleasure we owe.

Since joys in this wide world of madness,
Are mingl'd with troubles and fears,
Poor mortals should never court sadness;
Man's life is but shorten'd by tears.
Long, long may we push round, &c.

For me, while life's purple stream 's flowing,
No care shall e'er furrow my brow;
The fickle blind goddess well knowing,
To Worth, but not Wealth, will I bow;
And merrily push round, &c.

Since thinking creates but vexation,
And partly leads only to strife,
Contentment, whatever my station,
Be thou my companion thro' life:
Then cheerful I'll pass round the glasses,
That quench ev'ry spark of keen woe;
And drink to true Friends and good Lasses,
To them ev'ry pleasure we owe.

VERSES,

Written by a Gentleman, on seeing the last flower in the drawing-book of his Daughter, who suddenly lost her sight by an injury received in the optic nerves.

HERE, hapless maid, here end thy playful pains;
Nature hath shut her book—thy task is done.
Of all her varying charms, what now remains?
To smell the violet, and to feel the sun.
In liberal arts thy youthful hands did grow,
Quick moving at thy better sense's call;
That better sense is gone—their task is now
To twist the yarn, or grope the friendly wall.

O! fate severe! earth's lesson early taught,
That all is vain, save Virtue, Love, and Truth;
We own it all that through life's days have wrought—
But thou hast learnt it in thy morn of youth.

Pupil of Heav'n thou art; compute thy gain
When dullness loads thee, or regret assails;
All is not gone, for Faith and Hope remain,
And gentle Charity which never fails.

Love now shall glow where Envy might have burn'd,
And every eye and every hand be thine;
Each human form, each object undiscern'd,
From borrow'd organs thou may'st still divine.

But thy great Maker's own transcendent form,
His love ineffable, his ways of old,
His perfect wisdom, and his presence bright,
"Thine eyes, and not another's shall behold."

L. B.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

FRENCH THEATRE.

MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

As every thing which relates to the theatrical art cannot fail to entertain a British reader, we have thought proper to present to the public a translation of a new play, which was received with great applause on one of the Paris stages. It is composed by L. B. Picard who has already distinguished himself by the pieces which his muse has produced, as well as by his talents in acting, which, in the comic line, without ever descending to low buffoonery, have left him few rivals. The title of the play is, *Maids to be Married*; and the scene in the house of Mr. Jaquemin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JAQUEMIN, an opulent country gentleman, father to Louise and Therese, and the guardian of Agathe and Pauline.
SAINVILLE, his guest.
CORSIGNAC, Sainville's friend.
LEDOUX, an elderly gentleman to whom Agathe is promised.
AGATHE DE PERMONT, twenty-six years old.
PAULINE, her sister, twenty-one ditto.
URSULE ROUVIGNY, a neighbour, twenty-three years old.
LOUISE JAQUEMIN, eighteen ditto.
THERESE, her sister, sixteen ditto.

ACT I.

Therese. Great news my friends, I have an important secret to reveal.

All. What is it? tell us quick.

Therese. A bachelor is to-day expected here.

All. A bachelor!

Therese. A young handsome man from Paris, with five hundred a year and an only son!

Agathe. Indeed!

Louise. But how could you learn———.

Therese. You know my curiosity, my father is not very prudent, as he owns it, anger or joy make him betray himself. Just now he received a letter, which filled him with pleasure, a few words escaped from his lips, which made me wish to know more; by degrees my cunning made him speak more than he meant, and I guessed the rest. He has ordered the apartments in the little pavillion to be got ready, and to-day the young man comes.

Ursule. He is going to be your father's guest, I perceive.

Therese. To be sure he is.

Ursule. 'Tis plain he comes on your account.

Louise. Why not on that of his wards? Since Agathe and Pauline had the misfortune of losing their parents, my father, who was appointed their guardian, has acted by them with the same affection as by his children. Is it not true Agathe? He has accustomed us to love you as a sister; has he not Pauline?

Pauline. Yes; our guardian is the best man in existence. It is not his fault if my sister has been a maid these five-and-twenty years. How many excellent matches has he not proposed to her, which she has all refused to finish, by listening to Mr. Ledoux, quite an old man!

Agathe. Five-and-twenty did you say, Pauline, I am scarcely twenty-four; but take care you do not follow my example: I was too proud, you are too romantic; I wanted a faultless being, and you are waiting for a stroke of sympathy. But as to my marriage with Ledoux, it is not yet over.

Therese. I understand you; this new comer changes your projects, and as for our handsome neighbour, she is sorry that we should have such a guest, as there is no doubt that he is intended for one of us.

Ursule. I sorry! no my friends be just; our relations esteem each other, and live together as good neighbours ought to do; we are all born in the same place, I have been educated in a boarding school in town, Agathe and Pauline by their mother, till her death; when they became your companions, and lived beneath your roof; during three years I have never ceased to visit you, and it is hard you should now doubt of the sincerity of my friendship.

Therese. Yes, yes, it can never hurt a maid to frequent a house which contains four young ladies, for it is always filled with suitors.

Louise. You are too severe, Therese.

Therese. And you too good, Louise, you do not dive into the secret intentions of other people. I do not mean, however, to call it a crime in her to think of matrimony; it is very natural, for all our conversations dwell upon it; the word matrimony itself is so charming, that it is impossible to hear it pronounced without emotion.

Ursule. True; but I never would think of it at the expence of my friends. It is I who have engaged Agathe not to reject the addresses of Mr. Ledoux, though he be far from deserving her Like Pauline, I am fond of reading, and if I prefer serious works to her novels, still I have as great a wish of inspiring also a strong passion in the bosom of a man. My mother who looks upon me as a little girl, will not permit me to meddle with the affairs of the house, like you my dear Louise, and yet I should like very much to command and rule in my turn; but lord bless me, I am so good natured, so, little addicted to slander, and such a foe to noise and perfidiousness that certain young ladies took advantage of it, to lay their own scandalous observations upon my account. No, no, my friends, when a person is fortunate enough to have studied literature and philosophy——be happy, my dear companions, get good husbands, and I will share your felicity, I live for friendship alone.

Agathe. Excellent girl!

Pauline. She is a model of sensibility.

Therese (*aside*). Treacherous flatterer!

Ursule. And thus my little Therese——

Therese. Little! do not treat me as a child, I beg, at the age of seventeen!

Louise. Seventeen, my sister, you are not yet sixteen.

Agathe. It is strange how young people wish to make themselves appear older.

Louise. But we have lost sight of the main object. You say then, Therese, that my father expects to day a young visitor.

Agathe. From Paris?

Pauline. Handsome?

Ursule. Rich, and an only son?

Therese. It is a pleasure to give you any information, you do not forget it; but hark! my father comes, try to make him speak in your turn.

Enter JAQUEMIN.

Jaquemin. Good morning to you all; has Therese imparted the news to you? The son of an old friend of mine, Mr. Sainville, is on the way to my house.

Ursule. Sainville! his father was also acquainted with my parents.

Jaquemin. He was; I saw a good deal of the young man when I was at Paris last.

Therese. He comes to get a wife?

Jaquemin. What is it you say? your fancy has already taken its flight.

Therese. Be not angry, dear father, you are so fiery, but then you are so easily appeased.

Jaquemin. To get a wife! he comes to buy an estate in this province.

Therese. Ah! you wish to keep your secret; but I am sure you told him you had four young girls in your house.

Jaquemin. Well, what then?

Therese. He wants to make a choice.

Jaquemin. He has not thought about it—there is no such thing in contemplation—I approve of matrimony; Sainville is a very good fellow, and far from throwing any obstacle in the way—I should be delighted with—but as to making a choice—At last, my dear Agathe, your marriage is nearly settled with Mr. Ledoux, a respectable notary; he is a man of fifty, but blessed with a robust state of health; his fortune is not

considerable, but he possesses an economical mind. You refused the young man, and it is not my fault if——

Agathe. You know very well, that at any time I am sure of having Mr. Ledoux.

Jaquemin. I believe it will be more wisely done to rest contented with him. As to Pauline, would such a match suit her taste, when settled beforehand, with equal fortunes, no strange adventures, no obstacles to conquer; she requires something more uncommon, more romantic, some sudden burst of sympathy, and a handsome but pennyless youth to raise him to affluence.

Pauline. A single moment may suffice to awaken that powerful sympathy.

Jaquemin. Yes; but I am a strange sort of a guardian, exactly the contrary of what you see in plays and romances; I think myself too old to fall in love with my ward, am too honest to keep her fortune, and too good natured not to obey her will; as to Ursule, I have no right over her, and Therese is too young.

Therese. Never mind me, dear father, I am more open than you, you conceal your secret, and I will reveal mine, my choice is made.

Jaquemin. Indeed! and who is the happy object.

Therese. You are well acquainted with him, and favour him with your love, though you scolded him pretty well and often enough when he was here. Before he returned to college we vowed eternal love.

Jaquemin. Oh! my nephew; I should be very sorry to oppose such a reasonable passion; it is lucky we have time enough to think of it!

Therese. Provide for my eldest, I will wait.

Jaquemin. Louise is the only one whom in my opinion, he would suit: she is eighteen, good, handsome, and like her mother, who watched over her education, not too learned nor too ignorant; it is she who instructed her sister, and directs the internal concerns of my house with economy and prudence; and I am sure the praises I bestow upon her are too just not to be re-echoed by every one present.

Ursule. You are very right, Mr. Jaquemin.

Therese. Yes, my dear father, because she is neither envious, wicked, nor a coquette, my sister fancies such characters are not in existence; and whilst I exercise my talents for raillery upon others, she assists and advises them without flattering or deriding their weaknesses. With me alone she is sometimes severe, but it is quite natural, I am like her own daughter.

Jaquemin. How happy I should be to settle her according to her deserts.

Louise. Since my most tender infancy I have been so accustomed to love and obey you, that I have no other will than yours. Whatever husband you will present to me I will accept, fully persuaded that your choice will be calculated to promote my happiness.

Jaquemin. My dear girl—but I know nothing of Sainville's intentions, except that he wishes to marry, and that it is possible that finding himself in the company of four young ladies ——— for though I no longer reckon Therese, since she has vowed eternal love to her cousin, I must not omit our neighbour.

Ursule. I beg your pardon, I must give up all pretentions.

Jaquemin. Why so? if he should suit you, and fix his choice upon you, I should have no objection to employ my influence to further the match. But the only motive of my coming here was to ask you to treat the son of my friend as you ought.

Therese. You need not fear, father.

Jaquemin. All his acquaintance were very respectable, and his most intimate one was a young gentleman from Bordeaux, a Mr. Corsignac, who though he has lost the accent of his country, still preserves all its liveliness and humour.

Therese. Mr. Corsignac?

Jaquemin. Will you not fancy now, that he is also destined for one of you. I hope that new connexions will not have altered Sainville's amiable disposition, but above all things do not let him see that you think he is come to look for a wife.

Therese. Oh, certainly not.

Jaquemin. You need not laugh, I repeat it again—his only intention is to buy an estate.

Therese. Very well.

Jaquemin. I am going to meet him, and shall soon see you again: make my compliments to your cousin, Therese, in your next letter, for I doubt not that you correspond with him. It is strange that out of five girls, the youngest alone should have a lover. [*Exit.*

Therese. Excellent! He meant to say nothing, and has disclosed the whole.

Agathe. It is plain, that buying an estate is no more than a false pretence.

Ursule. His intention is to marry.

Pauline. It is; and my guardian leaves him a free choice amongst us.

Louise. Yet it seems that he wishes Mr. Sainville should fix upon me.

Pauline. Very natural in him; he prefers his daughter ——.

Ursule. And yet he does not put me out of the question, I who am neither his daughter nor ward.

Therese. But you are too nice not to refuse willingly to enter into competition.

Ursule. Why so?—Oh! you are right, when the happiness of my friends is interested in ——.

You may be sure that he must pay the most marked attentions before I ——. But hear me patiently; we may say, without being vain, that we are all handsome enough, it is probable that more than one will fall in love with him; as for me, I will avoid it; but, at all events, let not love destroy the friendship which till now has joined us together. Let us always be frank and open; and if it be the will of fate to make us rivals, let us still remain faithful friends.

Pauline. Admirable! thy words, Ursule, fill my soul with enthusiasm; it seems as though Miss Howe was herself addressing me.

Agathe. I heartily agree with you; and am determined to turn my old suitor, Mr. Ledoux, off this day.

Louise. Beware not to act too rashly, my dear Agathe, you know not this Sainville; he may, perhaps, have the same defects as those whom you have refused.

Agathe (aside). I repent severely not having passed over the defects of men before these little girls grew up to womanhood.

Therese. You have taken a fine resolution, provided you could keep it; I depend upon Louise, but there are very few women capable of such self-denial.

Ursule. As for me, I am sure I shall keep my word, and promise to give my companions a true account of the state of my heart.

Agathe. I promise the same.

Pauline. I swear I will unfold all my thoughts.

Therese. Permit me not to enter this confederacy; but first, according to my father's determination, Louise has more right to Mr. Sainville than either of you.

Ursule. Very true.

Agathe (low to Ursule). What do you say now?

Ursule (low to Agathe). Never mind; it is only to flatter her.

Pauline (low to Ursule). What! do you espouse her cause?

Ursule (low to Pauline.) Can you think I would hesitate between you both? *(aloud.)* Yonder comes Mr. Ledoux, Agathe's favoured lover.

Enter Mr. LEDOUX, *with a nosegay in his hand.*

Ledoux. Ladies, I wish you a good morning. *(To Agathe.)* Will you permit me to present you these flowers?

Agathe. Lillies and narcissus! Oh, what a strong smell! I cannot bear it. Give them to Ursule.

Ursule. I am not fond of flowers, Sir; but Pauline likes them very much.

Therese (aside). Poor man! how he is bowled about!

Ledoux (to Pauline). Shall I?

Pauline. I, Sir, do not deserve so great an honour: Louise will accept them with pleasure.

Therese. I expect him soon.

Ledoux (to Louise). Will you be so good —.

Louise. With a great deal of pleasure, Sir; and I am much obliged to you.

Ledoux. Will you add to your kindness, by telling me how I have offended Miss de Permont?

Agathe. Sir?

Ledoux. Yesterday I still flattered myself you would not disdain my addresses.

Agathe. There is nothing that can authorize your boldness, Sir.

Corsignac (behind the scenes). Mr. Jaquemin is gone out, you say, but the ladies are at home, that is the most important point; the ladies alone have brought me hither.

Louise. What do I hear?

Therese. A young man! quick, quick, ladies, to your posts; it is he!

Agathe. He probably followed the winding path.

Louise. My heart palpitates.

Pauline. So does mine.

Agathe. And mine.

Ursule. And mine.

Ledoux. What can be the meaning of all this?

Enter CORSIGNAC.

Corsignac (to servant). Stay behind, I will introduce myself. You behold, amiable ladies, a young man, whom the fame of your beauty has attracted here, and who leaves for you, without the least regret, the pleasures of the metropolis.

Ursule. He seems very lively.

Agathe (aside). He is young, at least.

Pauline (aside). Is the decisive moment come, the burst of sympathy?

Therese (aside). Is that he?

Louise. You are welcome, Sir; my father is gone to try to meet you.

Corsignac. To meet me—I thought I should have reached this place before my letter; but, what increase of happiness! I expected only four beauties, and there are five.

Therese (pointing to Ursule). This is a neighbour of ours.

Corsignac. Who would not shame the family. You, fair maid, who welcomed me so kindly, are Mr. Jaquemin's daughter.

Louise. And this is my sister, Sir.

Corsignac. Here are therefore the two charming wards; this gentleman is probably an uncle; perhaps the father of the handsome neighbour.

Ledoux. Her father, Sir.

Theresa. You are mistaken, he is a young man of this country.

Corsignac. Indeed! a young man!

Ledoux. No, Sir; I have no pretensions to youth.

Corsignac. I saw Mr. Jaquemin very often during his abode at Paris; a very pleasant man, a good father, and a kind guardian; we often walked together, and he spoke of his four girls with such warmth, that I, who in general believe that praise is exaggerated, wished to ascertain with my own eyes the truth of his assertions.—I come, behold, and admire you, and find already that his most enthusiastic descriptions were far from equalling the reality.—(*To Louise.*) What innocence, what modesty in her looks! (*To Therese.*) What archness in her smile! (*To Pauline.*) What a sentimental and romantic countenance! (*To Agathe.*) What noble pride in these bright eyes!

Ledoux. This man will delay my marriage, I am afraid.

Corsignac. And, as though this house were not dangerous enough for the tender-hearted knights, who seek for hospitality beneath its roof, a young and lovely neighbour joins her charms with those of the other enchantresses of this abode.

Therese. He does not forget any one.

Ledoux. What bombast!

Pauline. What choice of expressions!

Louise. I wish he was more modest, and less affected.

Corsignac. What do you say, amiable ladies?

Thérese. I say, Sir, that my father is coming with another young man.

Ursule. Another!

Louise. I am glad this is not Sainville.

Ledoux. I am not fond of so many young men here.

Pauline. Heavens! I thought I began to feel something stirring in my heart in his favour.

Therese (*to Corsignac*). I guess who you are.

Corsignac. Indeed!

E. R.

(To be continued.) p. 269.

DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday, April 9th, a new Comedy, the production of Mr. CHERRY, of his Theatre, was performed for the first time, and since repeated, entitled, "*A Day in London*;" in which were employed the principal comic strength of the house.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jack Melange,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Captain Import,	Mr. DE CAMP.
Sir George Dapple,	Mr. RUSSEL.
Mr. Bouvere,	Mr. H. SIDDONS.
Sir Sampson Import,	Mr. CHERRY.
Briers,	Mr. RAYMOND.
Issachar,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Ponder,	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Jones,	Mr. PALMER.
Serjeant O'Sullivan,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Farmer Sickle,	Mr. DOWTON.
Willow,	Mr. BARTLEY.
Lady Mary Import,	Miss DUNCAN.
Mrs. Sickle,	Miss MELLON.
Jane,	Miss BOYCE.
Maria,	Mrs. KAY.
Dolly,	Mrs. SCOTT.
Bar-maid,	Miss TIDSWELL.

FABLE.

On the opening of the piece, *Mr. Sickle*, a rich Gloucestershire farmer, arrives in London, and at the inn encounters an old friend, *Mr. Briers*, a hop-merchant in the Borough, to whom he recounts the motive of his visit to the metropolis, from which we learn that he has married a second wife, a young woman, whose vanity and ill-temper have banished his son and daughter, and in search of whom he has undertaken his present journey. The farmer conceives he has some clue to the retreat of his danghter, as she was brought up with her foster-sister *Lady Mary Import*, who is now married and resides in London. *Briers* promises to assist him in his search, and offers every friendly interference. *Mrs. Sickle*, who is of a romantic turn, supposing her husband to have journied into Westmoreland, takes this opportunity of visiting London, under the protection of young *Willow*, a platonic Cicisbeo; but arriving at the same inn, she is surprised by her husband, and left fainting in the arms of her pretended friend, while the farmer flies the scene, doubtful of the evidence of sight. The farmer's son, *Edward*, has found an asylum in the service of *Sir George Dapple*, an extravagant young man of fashion, whose affairs are in the hands of Jews, brokers, and money-lenders; while *Jane*, his daughter, meets the protection of her generous foster-sister. *Sir Sampson Import*, a banker and a city knight, has entered into a second marriage with the daughter of a ruined peer, without a portion—a woman of benevolent mind and polished manners. The old knight, proud of his choice, wishes her to be the object of universal admiration, and, by opening his doors to men of fashionable levity, gives frequent opportunity for calumniating report. The farmer's wife is removed by young *Willow*, from the inn to a private lodging, where he throws off the mask of friendship, and assumes the professed lover. Deceived in the confidence she had placed in him, and indignant at his advances, she flies the house, and rushes into the street, imploring protection, which she receives from the very step-son whom

her conduct had driven from his father's habitation. In this dilemma she is encountered by an Hibernian Serjeant, who had just returned from the house of *Sir Sampson*, whither he was dispatched on the business of his Captain, nephew to the knight. *Jack Melange*, a generous eccentric, offers pecuniary assistance, which is rejected by *Mrs. Sickle*; in which he is surprised by *Briers*, of whose daughter *Melange* is a professed admirer. *Briers* misconstrues the motives of *Melange*, and enters the house in search of *Willow*, determined to demand satisfaction for the injuries of the farmer. *Mrs. Sickle*, here accepts the good offices of the Serjeant, who conducts her to the house of *Sir Sampson*, where she is most honourably secreted and protected by *Lady Mary*; from which circumstance several embarrassments arise, to the injury of this generous woman's fame, which ultimately involves *Captain Import* in a duel with *Melange* and *Sir G. Dapple*; but chance placing the two latter parties in the power of *Lady Mary*, she prevents their meeting until proper explanation restores them to their former friendly intercourse. *Mr. Bouvere*, the partner of *Sir Sampson*, proves to be the younger brother of *Lady Mary*, who, on his return from the Indies, had adopted that mode of observing his sister's conduct, on which (the affinity unknown to her) he often ventured to comment with an asperity displeasing to her feelings. The piece concludes with the rescue of *Sir George's* estate by the generous interference of *Melange*, with a conviction of the purity and honour of *Lady Mary*; the marriage of *Jane* and *Captain Import*, of *Melange* and *Maria*; and the reconciliation of the Farmer and his Wife. Throughout the play there are several episodical characters and situations. The general design of the piece is to shew the inconvenience and distress that often arises from matches of unequal years; and that the best actions cannot insure us the good opinion of the world, if accompanied by a careless levity of conduct.

It is with sincere regret that we cannot speak so favourably of this play as we could have wished. It is, in truth, not worthy of the talents and reputation of Mr. Cherry.

The general contrivance of this play is extremely defective; the fable does not subsist in any unity or singleness of action, but is composed of a variety of incidents, heaped together without much grace or order,—and which, whilst they keep the fable perpetually on the move, have no tendency to confine it within the due and orderly stages of a regular action; like a ship in a calm, there is plenty of motion, but no progress.

Mr. Cherry seems to have fallen upon a wrong idea with respect to fable. It is not made by an abundance of incidents, but by a few, strictly belonging to, and supporting it, in some main, and (as often as can be) single action. The vehicle being once settled in its due stages and proper speed, should not be hurried beyond it. After a certain degree of velocity has been obtained, it is not by clapping two supernumerary horses to a carriage, that you accelerate its progress.

The characters are much too numerous in this play. There is quite a mob of dramatic personæ, without discrimination of character, or nicety of selection. The language, however, is occasionally entitled to great praise; and is better than what we expect to meet with in most modern plays.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday the 16th, was presented a new Ballet, entitled *The Ogre and Little Thumb*. It is from the common Storehouse of our modern dramatists, the "*Tales of Mother Bunch*," and is chiefly founded on the old fable of the Seven League Boots. Puerilities of this kind have no other merit, than as they become the vehicles of splendid scenes, and ingenious machinery. The Public, for some time past, have been contented to be pleased with them, and the Managers have found their justification in the profits attending these spectacles. Unfortunately, however, the caprice of the town is not always lasting; and on Thursday night this little Ballet encountered a severe opposition, and, in the theatrical phrase, was next door to damnation. Some alterations have been made since, and it is now performed with more success.