

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS For FEBRUARY, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A NEW SPENSER WALKING DRESS.

Incognita hat of French grey, or pigeon's wing, formed of sarsnet, velvet, or the Georgiana cloth. Tassels and trimming of *chenille*, velvet, or Trafalgar, contrasted agreeably to the taste of the wearer. A Tuscan spenser, the same colour, formed with a round lappel, continued from the back, and round the bosom on one side, with a full flowing robin on the other; descending a little below the knee, and terminated with a rich tassel. A chemisette, with high standing collar, fastened with a brooch at the throat, the whole trimmed to correspond with the hat. The hair in loose curls; gold hoop earrings; York tan gloves; and shoes the colour of the spenser. The hat, as worn by Miss Duncan, is of pink sarsnet, trimmed with black; but the colour is necessarily changed by those fair fashionables who have selected it for a walking dress, to shades of less conspicuous attraction, amidst which the most esteemed are those mentioned in the above description.

No. 2.—FULL DRESS.

A Roxborough jacket of soft white satin, flowing open in front, and down each side the figure, in regular pointed drapery. A plain full sleeve, and short jacket flaps; black and gold Turkish ribband down the back; trimming and tassels of gold. A round train dress of the finest India muslin over a satten petticoat, embroidered round the bottom, in a light pattern of gold. The hair twisted in a fanciful form, and short corkscrew curls flowing at the temples, and in various directions from the crown of the head; a tiara of fine pearl blended with the hair, and placed rather towards the left side. One row of fine pearls forms the necklace, which is fastened in front with a diamond brooch. An armlet of hair, in the new patent plait, with a row of the finest pearl on each side; bracelets to correspond. Earrings of pearl, with a diamond in the centre. White satin shoes, with gold trimming. Fan of Italian grape, with gold

spangles, and devices in transparencies. French kid gloves.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 3.—MADAME CATALANI.

A long flowing *veste* and drapery of crimson velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and richly ornamented with a Turkish border, in gold; the drapery drawn through a *cestus*, formed of gold and sapphire, and terminated with a large gold tassel; confined in front of the right shoulder with a brooch to correspond, from whence flows another point of the vest, finished with a similar tassel. A double *tunique*, or under dress, of French net, with loose long sleeves, and round bosom, cut low, spotted, and most splendidly embroidered in gold at the bottom. White satin petticoat embroidered to correspond. A Grecian diadem, of gold, and brilliants. A square Brussels veil of the most transparent texture, lightly embroidered in gold, fixed at the back of the diadem, and flowing negligently over the left arm. Hair close cropt behind, falling in irregular corkscrew ringlets in front and on the sides. The necklace, one row of fine brilliants, set transparent, and fastened in the centre with a long square brooch of sapphire and gold; earrings to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed, and embroidered at the toes, in gold.

No. 4.—PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

A fine milled kerseymere Opera coat, of a silver grey; wrapt plain round the figure in front, and buttoned down the left side; square lapels, and rolled collar, of black velvet; deep cape à la *pelerine*; belt buttoned in front; double, erect, Vandyke frill, plaited à la *Queen Elizabeth*. Hunting bonnet similar with the coat, bound with black velvet, bows and ends in front trimmed to correspond. Hair in confined curls; amber earrings. Ridicule of crimson velvet, with gold-coloured silk fringe and tassels. Crimson velvet shoes.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS
FOR FEBRUARY.

In the period of one short month, it would scarcely be supposed that any material change can have taken place in the general costume; yet such is the changeable nature of the ever varying Goddess, that independent of Birth-day decoration, we are enabled to offer to our fair correspondents the subsequent remarks.

The fawn-colour, so universally exhibited in mantles, bonnets, and pelises, is now too common to be chosen by our first order of females; and the dove-brown, or shaded morone velvet, trimmed with swansdown, Indian mole, or grey squirrel very happily supplies its place. They are chiefly formed in large Opera coats, or Cardinal cloaks with long sleeves, and a deep coachman's cape. When composed of sarsnet, the back and collar are made to sit close to the form; and the robins to flow loose from the shoulders; which are invariably trimmed with skin.

Velvet bonnets of silver-grey, have been the distinguishing ornaments of many modern belles. The Russian helmet, or bonnet of sarsnet, or velvet, trimmed with skin, and entirely concealing one side of the face, is a new and very tasteful article; and the pointed turban is of the same novel standard.

The African robe, of grey velvet, trimmed with silver, in Vandykes, is a most elegant habiliment: with this most attractive robe is worn a tiara of silver frost-work, finished at the edge with Trafalgar trimming in silver. The apron dress, is also very elegant; it is formed of silver, or gold crape, and worn over a satin round-dress. Short frocks are seen on very young women, richly embroidered, or trimmed with lace at the bottom. Gold and silver net is worn as a drapery over white satin dresses; and the hair is confined with the same. It is impossible to conceive a costume which exhibits at once more richness and elegance.

The Spanish vest of satin, or velvet, like that given in our Mourning Dress of last Month, is much esteemed by our females of rank and fashion. It is usually worn with a petticoat of silver, gold, or embroidered muslin. Round dresses of clear muslin over white satin, trimmed round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves with a satin ribband, laid flat, representing the leopards skin, has a truly grand effect. With this dress is commonly worn a tiara of similar skin, frosted, or thickly scattered with small gold spots. Brown muslin robes, with silver or gold stars, and diamonds to correspond. Shawl dresses trimmed with Vandyke thread-lace. The Spanish spenser, of velvet, flowing in pointed drapery from the waist, trimmed with narrow gold or silver Trafalgar,

and small Tekeli cap to correspond, have each their share of fashionable distinction.

The long sleeve, is very generally introduced in evening dress, but is ever composed of the clearest materials. Sometimes of lace, patent, or spider-net, and embroidered book muslin.

Several females of taste and fashion have re-introduced the curled crop; but the general mode of wearing the hair is in loose curls in front, divided so as to discover the forehead; some form the hind tresses in several small braids, and then twist them in the form of a cable, and bring them round the temple, confining them on the right side, in a knot, with an ornamental comb; others form it in one large braid, and curl the ends, which is made to flow in irregular ringlets on the opposite side. The most distinguishing ornaments for the head are, diadems and tiaras of silver, gold, fur, or bugles. The shawl veil *à la Parisian*, is also adopted within this last fortnight, forming at once the head-dress and drapery. The passion flower, of diamonds, pearls, or foil, is a most chaste and elegant ornament.

The Madona front is entirely exploded amidst females of taste and fashion, they are now only worn by the obscure individual. We observe that the bosom of dresses are cut much lower of late, and worn with a square tucker of lace or embroidery; the back and shoulders are as much exposed as ever. The short sleeve varies little from our last; the twisted, or rucked sleeve, is also much admired for its simplicity.

Morning dresses are universally composed of cambric, or jaconet muslin, and are either made high towards the throat, with Vandyke frills of lace, or embroidered muslin, or cut low with a frock back and Flemish front; a border of needle-work at the feet, and shirt to correspond. The full plaited, or surplice sleeve, is a new and distinguishing appendage to the morning costume. The veil, or cloister cap, the flurry mob, and the cap *à la rustique*, as given in our last, very inconsistently forms a part of this habiliment. The cable necklace of pearl, or beads, the cable chain of gold, with bracelets to correspond, is considered as a fashionable and chaste ornament. We must contradict the assertion of a cotemporary writer, who tells us, "that the earring is exploded;" on the contrary, no person can or does appear in full dress without that ornament; and though not insisted on, in the morning costume, is generally seen on the female of a correct taste, in the form of an octagon, or huge ring, variously decorated. The standard for gloves, and shoes remain as given in our last, except that the toes are more round than ever, and white jean are more generally worn than kid, but satin in full dress are seen without an exception.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Description of all the Court Dresses, from personal observation.

On the 19th day of last May, our revered Queen completed her sixty-second year, the celebration of which has always been postponed, on account of its being so very near his Majesty's, and the 18th of the following January has been fixed on for the celebration. The 18th happening on Sunday, the celebration took place on Monday, the 19th.

The following were the correct dresses of her Majesty and Royal Family; and likewise of the Nobility and other Ladies who attended the Court:—

HER MAJESTY, as usual, on her own birthday, was extremely neat. Her dress was composed of brown velvet, beautifully embroidered with scarlet and white silks; draperies and bottom trimmed with rich point lace, tied up with silk cords and tassels: the mantle to correspond.—The neatness of her Majesty's dress was very much admired.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—Brown velvet petticoat, beautifully embroidered with silver; a large drapery on the right side, with a most brilliant border, with damask and other roses intermixed; a small drapery on the left side, tied up with a very rich bouquet, and bordered with Italian chains; train of brown and silver tissue. The whole had a very fine effect.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A magnificent dress of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; the right side of the dress composed of a large marking drapery, elegantly striped with gold spangles, and finished at bottom with a massy border of a Mosaic pattern, intermixed with pine leaves, richly embroidered in dead and bright gold foil, bullion, &c. the contour of which was strikingly elegant; smaller draperies in shell-work, with rich borders, completed this superior dress, which was particularly remarked for taste and effect; the whole finished with a massy border at the bottom, of foil and bullion, and looped up with superb cord and tassels. Her Royal Highness wore a robe of green and gold velvet tissue, sleeves ornamented with tiaras of gold and green, and trimmed with point lace and gold fringe.

PRINCESS SOPHIA.—A puce velvet petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with twist and spangles, over which a magnificent drapery superbly embroidered with festoons of variegated geranium leaves of gold embossed work; under the leaves was suspended an extraordinary rich drapery, with point, terminating in rich gold tassels; the robe was puce and gold velvet. The

head-dress, as usual, to correspond. The whole dress was uncommonly elegant.

PRINCESS MARY.—The same as her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, in scarlet and gold.

PRINCESS AMELIA.—An elegant fawn-coloured dress, with silver tassels. Head-dress a very fine penache of nine feathers.

DUCHESS OF YORK.—Her Royal Highness's dress was universally admired; it consisted of a white crape petticoat, the ground richly embroidered with gold spangles, in shell patterns, bordered with wreaths of oak and acorns elegantly worked, in gold intermixed with blue velvet; the drapery showered with gold spangles, beautifully interspersed with bunches of acorns, a border of oak to correspond, the pocket-holes tastefully ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels; train of blue velvet, trimmed with gold fringe, with a profusion of diamonds on the body, sleeves, and girdle.—Head-dress, penache of seven ostrich feathers, with a beautiful heron in the middle bandeau; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds; a very elegant pair of white silk shoes, richly spangled all over with gold, and ornamented with gold; the style of this dress was entirely new, and displayed great taste.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.—A purple velvet dress, with an elegant drapery embroidered with silver, and trimmed to correspond. The whole formed that elegant appearance by which her Royal Highness is always distinguished.

PRINCESS CATELICALA.—An elegant dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net, ornamented with white satin, and festoons of white beads, and finished with handsome bead tassels. Robe purple velvet, trimmed with point lace and beads.

MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.—A splendid dress of white crape and satin, richly embroidered in shells of silver and white velvet; the draperies looped up with chains of Maltese silver, and fastened with arrows. Body and train of steel-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver in shells, all of which had a beautiful effect. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF DERBY.—A white crape dress, superbly embroidered in rich stripes of spangles, with a magnificent Grecian border; the whole of the draperies trimmed with a beautiful ring chain, looped with bullion, and tied up with very large gold tassels and cord; the draperies formed of spangled crape, and uncommonly large gold zephyr; train of purple velvet, trimmed with a ring chain to correspond with the petticoat. Her Ladyship wore a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD.—Petticoat of fawn-coloured satin, covered with a crape one of the same colour, richly embroidered in the silver

oriental style; broad border, embroidered in silver oak-leaves; draperies of fawn-coloured crape, with a rich Mosaic of brilliant stars; border of silver leaves, intermixed with silver leaves looped up with zephyr trimmings and rich border and tassels; train of fawn-coloured twist, with a rich border, the same as the petticoat.—Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Countess TEMPLE.—Her Ladyship's dress was much admired for richness, elegance, and taste. She wore three yards of diamonds, valued at 90,000*l.* on her dress, besides those on her head and neck.

Countess FITZWILLIAM.—A white crape petticoat, grounded entirely over in Mosaic pattern, richly embroidered in gold spangles; a double drapery, with a rich Grecian border, fastened with gold cord and tassels; pocket-holes superbly trimmed with gold; train of brown satin, trimmed round with gold fringe; body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds; head-dress, neck-lace, and earrings of diamonds.

Countess of POMFRET.—Dress of white crape, elegantly trimmed with draperies of the same, tastefully ornamented with white satin, and loops of beads, and terminated with handsome bead, cord, and tassels.—Robe of white satin, trimmed with lace and beads.

Countess COOPER.—Wore a petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver drapery, in waves of silver spangles, with a fringe of Maltee silver ornaments. Body and train of blue velvet, embroidered with silver. Coronet head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess BARRYMORE.—White crape petticoat, elegantly embroidered with gold spangles, intermixed with satin, the pocket-holes ornamented with an entire new gold trimming, gold cord and tassels. Train of gold velvet, trimmed with gold. Body and sleeves, ornamented with point lace; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess of UXBRIDGE.—A beautiful white crape embroidered dress in drapery, with wreaths of green ivy leaves, and rich gold sprigs. The drapery edged with sable and point lace; the dress was most complete, and greatly admired: body and train of green satin to correspond.

Countess of CARDIGAN.—A most magnificent embroidered brown velvet petticoat, in draperies composed of beautiful shaded roses, with rich vandyke border; on the left side rich gold chains, cords and tassels; the sleeves, body, and train, were all correspondent. Her Ladyship's dress had an uncommon fine effect.

Lady CAROLINE WALDEGRAVE.—A rose-colour crape petticoat, with a beautiful black velvet applique drapery and borders tied up with silk cords and tassels.

Lady GRENVILLE.—Head-dress, a large beautiful ostrich plumage, the feathers most tastefully arranged, with a bandeau of ruby velvet, surmounted with a very superb tiara of diamonds; the plumage encircled by a rich diamond chain, passing over the top of the tiara; under the tiara appeared the hair in ringlets before, and fixed behind by an elegant diamond comb: round the neck was a diamond necklace, with rows of pearls, and a diamond cross: body, ruby velvet, richly embroidered in silver; the sleeves and train of the same, not embroidered, but trimmed with point lace; the petticoat, white satin, embroidered with large silver flowers, surmounted with three draperies; the first and third of ruby velvet, and the middle one of satin; all magnificently embroidered in silver, declining in a circular direction, from the top of the petticoat on the right, to the bottom of the petticoat on the left; each drapery having besides a large silver fringe. The *tout ensemble* was the most superb and tasteful we saw at Court, and could only be equalled by the graceful and elegant form of her Ladyship.

Lady WILLIAM RUSSELL.—A very rich and elegant dress; white satin petticoat with broad silver tassel fringe round the bottom; white satin draperies very richly studded with demi-beads of silver, bordered round with deep silver tassel fringe, supported and enriched with a curious snake rope and tassels of silver; train white satin, trimmed round with the same tassel-fringe; body and sleeves richly embroidered in silver.

Lady ANNE CULLING SMITH.—Petticoat of French pink crape, embroidered in broad wreaths of tulips in French pearls; train of rich French pink satin, embroidered in pearls to correspond with the petticoat.—Head-dress, bandeau of knotted pearl, high plume, pale pink feathers mounted in the military style. Her Ladyship wore a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in Brussels lace, which had quite a new effect.

Lady HAWKE.—A superb dress of violet velvet, embroidered with gold, looped up with ropes of gold beads, fastened with arrows; body and train richly embroidered to correspond.

Lady M. WALPOLE.—Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, interlined with amber sarsnet and ornamented with American roses. Train and body of rich white satin and point and silver, trimmed with swansdown. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY MAYORESS.—White crape petticoat, embroidered with gold, tied up in draperies, with rich cords and tassels; white satin body and train, with a border to correspond with the draperies. Her Ladyship's dress was neat and elegant in the extreme.

Lady CHAMBERS.—A green velvet dress, with a border of ruby and green Mosaic festooned with cords and tassels. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady C. SCOTT.—A dress of white crape and satin, embroidered with silver, and edged with lavender velvet embroidered to correspond. The body and train of lavender velvet, embroidered with silver.

Lady HAGGERSTONE.—A white crape and satin dress, embroidered with silver, and richly decorated with ropes of silver beads and tassels; drapery of ruby velvet, embroidered with silver; body and train of ruby velvet embroidered.—Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Four Ladies PERCY.—White satin petticoats, with elegant draperies of white satin trimmed with fine swansdown. Trains of white satin and swansdown to correspond.

Lady PULTENEY.—White petticoat, bordered with gold fringe, and puce velvet vandykes; elegant gold embroidered drapery, ornamented with gold and tassels; puce velvet train, trimmed to correspond.

Lady DRAKE.—Yellow and silver petticoat, ornamented with black velvet. Train black velvet, trimmed with silver, yellow sleeves, with point lace.

Hon. Mrs. ERSKINE.—A beautiful dress of violet velvet, and white crape, embroidered with silver drapery of violet velvet, covered with showers of spangles, and edged with Vandyke border of Maltee silver. Body and train to correspond.

Hon. Mrs. WALPOLE.—A yellow crape petticoat, with a rich appliqué of silver and Argus feathers, ornamented with silver fringe and tassels; train, black velvet. The beauty of the feathers, and novelty of the dress, attracted general admiration.

Mrs. WINDHAM.—A grey velvet robe, with a white satin petticoat richly embroidered.

Mrs. MANNERS SUTTON.—A white crape petticoat, richly striped and showered with gold spangles, formed in draperies, trimmed with point, and tied up with gold tassels and cord; black velvet robe, trimmed with gold point lace.

Mrs. ABBOTT.—A white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in gold sprigs; with draperies of violet velvet embroidered, with handsome borders to correspond. Train of violet velvet, the body and sleeves richly embroidered. Head-dress to correspond, with diamonds.

Hon. Miss CAVENDISH.—A white satin petticoat, with crape drapery, and a rich Mosaic embroidery of gold beads, fastened with a gold bead chain; train purple satin, trimmed with gold beads.

Hon. Miss ONSLOW.—White satin petticoat, with a crape drapery of rich Mosaic, border embroidered in gold; train to correspond.

No. XIII. PL. II.

The Three Misses MANNERS SUTTON were dressed exactly alike, in pink satin dresses, and petticoats drawn up in Turkish draperies, mixed with a profusion of large Roman pearl. The form of these dresses was so decidedly new, that with these fair wearers they attracted the universal admiration of the Court. Head-dresses formed of pearls, and five beautiful ostrich feathers.

BIRTH-DAY SPLENDOUR,

DELINEATED IN A LETTER FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

MY DEAREST JULIA!

As I yesterday forwarded you a large packet of general remarks, I shall confine this letter to an higher order of delineation, and give you a sketch of Birth-day splendour. This moment returned from St. James's, my pen (naturally the talisman of a full heart), can treat only of grandeur and effect heightened by individual loveliness—of Majesty and rank softened by the graces of condescension and elegance. I could occupy much of my time and paper, descanting on the kindness and affability with which our amiable Queen received her splendid Court; and I could employ as much more, in describing the various attractions which distinguished the royal race that followed in her train; but subjects so interesting would engage me too deeply, and beguile me from the simple purport of my letter, which is to give you a general idea of the brilliancy and grace of a Court costume. But expect not, dear Julia, that I can be minute; for, in that case, I should actually complete a pocket volume of no inconsiderable dimensions. I will, however, endeavour to simplify the chaos which is collected in my brain, and when beauty and ornament represent themselves to my mind in the individual order I yesterday beheld them, I will do all in my power to make you a sharer in the lively pleasure they afforded me. You have doubtless read with attention the descriptions given in the diurnal prints. Those that appear to be most correct, are forwarded for your satisfaction; and such as have escaped the notice of these publishers, I will here give you in detail; but I shall more effectually befriend my dear Julia, by particularizing that general style which will be the just standard and criterion for full dress during the present season. Cousin Mary (who is as much distinguished for her taste as her beauty), assures me that she has seldom witnessed a Birth-day where the general costume was more chastely elegant; and for me, to whom the scene was quite new, I was as much dazzled as interested; and equally captivated with the splendour of the dresses, as attracted by the beauty and elegance of the wearers.

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As there were many presentations, several young and lovely women appeared in white, variously designed and executed. There was not one of these costumes which the most correct taste could condemn; but that which struck me as most elegant, and which I had an opportunity of contemplating closely, for some moments, was composed entirely of white satin. The drapery of the petticoat was pointed in the most novel and tasteful style, and round the bottom, drapery, and train, was a deep and rich border of silver, *à la Grecque*, with leaves in *mosaic*. At the edge of the border was a deep and splendid tassel fringe. The waist and sleeves were thickly wrought in minute leaves of silver *mosaic*. The head-dress corresponded in splendour and taste with this almost celestial costume. It was formed of a cluster of nine feathers, *à la militaire*, placed nearly over the left eye, and ornamented at their base with the most superb *aigrette* of diamonds, and the hind tresses were confined in a twisted knot, with a rich comb to correspond. The necklace consisted of one row of the finest brilliants, set transparent, from the centre of which was suspended a cross of equal beauty and lustre, with ~~ear-rings~~ to suit. Nothing could exceed the attractive elegance of this habiliment, nor any grace of person, *that* which it adorned. The most perfect symmetry of height and size, the most correct features, animated by eyes and brows the most expressive. A profile more complete could not have offered itself to the most vivid imagination. But, my dear Julia! I must check this enthusiasm, or I shall give that space to one, which might justly be occupied by numbers, for certainly the rising nobility are very lovely; and were I to treat thus fully of personal attractions, the M—s, the D—s, the A—s, and the R—s, with a train of *et ceteras*, would equally claim their portion.

It is very singular that the papers should have omitted to notice a dress, which by its uncommon richness appeared to attract universal observation. It consisted of a petticoat of white satin, superbly embroidered at the bottom in passion-flowers, embossed with silver. The draperies were of silver crape. The train of rich amber-coloured velvet, embroidered in shaded brown and silver; passion flowers to correspond with the petticoat, and a deep silver fringe at the bottom of each. The body and sleeves ornamented with silver, and a deep fall of Mechlin lace round the bosom. Head dress, a tiara of large pearl, military plume of white feathers, tipped with amber. Necklace, ear-rings, and armlets, of the finest pearl. This dress was strikingly *nouvelle*, and possessed a splendour of effect consistent with the grand occasion on which it was worn.

I was also much attracted by a dress formed entirely of silver-grey velvet, ornamented round the train, petticoat, and drapery, with a white beaded fringe, and a fancy border of pearl, in a sort of Tuscan chain. In the centre of each link was a star of crimson foil, small spots of which were thinly dispersed in other parts of the border. This dress possessed also much singularity and beauty.

A white crape petticoat over white satin, the bottom, drapery, and pocket-holes ornamented with bunches of purple grapes and vine-leaves. Body and train of purple satin, trimmed with silver fringe. A bandeau of diamonds, and plume of white feathers. A similar dress, ornamented with the convolvulus, had each a very animated effect.

But I must not suffer to escape my notice, a dress whose singularity excited universal attention; it consisted of white crape petticoat, worn over white satin, ornamented all over with tufts of the Argus feather. The drapery was fastened up with the same in full size. The train was of crimson satin, trimmed with silver fringe; the body and sleeves thickly spangled. Argus feathers were blended with the ostrich, which composed the head-dress. I do not recollect ever to have seen feathers fixed to so much advantage as on this splendid occasion, and there is no ornament which requires so much taste and attention; for if not placed with judgment, they tend rather to disguise than adorn the wearer. The style of the hair accorded exactly with those descriptions already in your possession. No shading for the bosom was generally seen beyond the gown, which was cut every way so very low, as to expose the back and shoulders, and many fair females exhibited the bosom quite *à la Francoise*. But, in justice to some individuals, I ought to tell you, that where the robe-maker had trespassed on the bounds of modesty, I observed a piece of point lace put strait across the back, and gently gathered in the centre with a small diamond brooch, while the same soft shading was judiciously adopted for the bosom. The chaste and correct attention paid by our virtuous Queen to every thing which affects the moral purity of the nation, must have been gratified with this delicate attempt in her fair subjects to cast the veil of English decorum over a custom of Gallic obtrusion.

I confess, my dear Julia, I am sorry when I see the British female forsaking the dignity of her character. Some kind author tells us, we are formed to be imitated; and surely we would not now become copyists.

What do you think of me, my friend? Is there any danger (after all my admiration of the great and the gay) that the dear personage should

be disgraced by me? God forbid! I admire the gay world, but I adore the good! Don't be in a rage now, for I am not going to preach. No, my love, I can descend from my stilts in a moment; can skip with magic quickness from the rector's pulpit to a lady's sleeve! These same sleeves, my dear Julia, were on this day worn short and easily plain, trimmed and ornamented *même* the dress. I am sorry I cannot treat much of our favourite appendage, the bouquet. I scarcely saw three in the drawing-room suit, nor were any flowers worn in the hair. But how will our grandfathers exult, when they hear that there were not half a dozen ladies who wore rouge!—Cousin John says, he does not wish to see this hitherto animating appendage of the toilette entirely exploded. He observes, that when the vivid rays of youth have ceased to animate the female face divine, or when anxiety has cast her pale shade over the matronly brow, it is but paying a compliment to nature and society when we borrow the lustre of art; and that the error rests in the concealment, and the injury in excess! However this may be, I cannot but wish my dear Julia (with her interesting fairness) would leave off this artificial colouring. My aunt assures me it is ever a detriment to an unmarried woman; and you see that even cousin John, with all his liberality, only thinks it allowable in the old and the anxious.

I cannot better conclude this epistle, than with a description of the wedding-dress of Lady H. Villiers; for a bridal costume possesses considerable interest for us young girls who one day hope to be ranked amidst the votaries of Hymen. This dress, my dear Julia, was composed of the finest India cobweb muslin, made round with a train, and worn over a soft and highly polished satin slip; it had an applied apron in front, of the finest Mechlin lace, with which the dress was also trimmed; the back was cut very low, and the front formed square, terminated with a lace tucker, and finished at each corner of the bosom, with brooches of the finest pearl; the sleeve *à la Circassian*, or Turkish, fastened with similar ornaments; her hair was simply and tastefully confined with an arrow formed of blended diamonds and pearls; and a tiara to correspond. From the crown of the head flowed a Brussels lace veil of the most transparent fabric; her pelise was formed of a beautiful undressed glossy satin, of French white, and cut with the Chinese back; its trimming corresponding with the unique muff and tippet, was of the finest gossamer fur.

Can you conceive, my dear Julia, a pretty woman attired with more delicacy, or advantage? Let me not efface the fair image by any minor

portrait, but just tell you, that the prevailing colours at Court were, violet, green, jonquille, and pink; that borders *à la Grecque*, and Vandyke, are more distinguishing than ever; and that I am your much exhausted, but ever faithful

ELIZA.

THE LONDON SHOEMAKER.

SEE you that elegant chariot which, in rapid flight, skims like a swallow, the surface of the street? Who do you think thus drives along in this dashing style and equipage? It is a celebrated Shoemaker, an all-accomplished son of Crispin, a man of fashion and elegance, a paragon of taste—who makes ladies' shoes, of a colouring, quality, brilliancy, eloquence, and poetry, beyond all competition and description. He never speaks but in numbers—he breathes his amorous songs, takes his measures as zephyrs gather roses; the Anacreon of his trade, the Tibullus of the buskin, the Ovid of the last. This arbiter of pedal taste and ornament, barely expends 1500*l.* a-year. Is it not then an irresistible proof of the excellent order of things, when the scale of conditions is so well maintained, that a Shoemaker can drive, full speed in his carriage, through the western streets and squares of the metropolis, to receive the ladies' orders for shoes and sandals, from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a pair? Our Shoemaker is a man unrivalled for his presence of mind, and no man more eminently possesses the art of reminding a well formed woman of her own importance.

A lady of the first rank and quality, saw in the house of a devotee to fashion, some elegant shoes of various colours, shapes, and decorations, and of a physiognomy interesting beyond description. "Oh Lud!" she exclaimed to her friend, "I am delighted with your exquisite taste in the article of shoes—I am in extacy at the sight—What a beautiful pair of shoes are those fawn-coloured kid, laced on the instep with silvered leather, elastic soles and heels.—And how delightfully handsome those glossy white satin slippers and silver spangles." The inimitable Shoemaker is sent for, and attends. He is honoured with an introduction—assumes the man of fashion, and excels the courtier in politeness. "Your Ladyship has the most elegant foot and ankle in the universe, and it will be my pride to embellish the triumphant excellencies of your majestic step." The shoes are ordered for the same evening. In two hours they are brought home, and introduced as the most elegant pink satin gala shoes, with gold rosettes, whose appear-

ance in the ball-room will ravish the senses. The price only twenty-four shillings. They arrived at six o'clock, were admired till eight, put on at nine, worn until bed-time, and laid aside in the morning by the maid. Enchanted with her purchase, the lady is anxious again to appear in them. She calls for her maid, and is told the shoes are useless, having been worn out when they were taken off.—“Amazement! distraction! shocking!—Run to his house, and let me hear the loss is not irreparable.” The polished Shoemaker arrives.—“Madam!”—Oh Sir, such an accident! it is distressing beyond endurance! my

shoes torn to pieces, unfit for use!”—“Impossible—let me see.—Ah, bless me! torn sure enough, and only to be replaced by a new pair! But how has it happened? ’Tis beyond my conception.”—“Oh, Sir,” the lady replies, “consider my loss.”—“Consider, consider, why, Madam, they surely have been ill used. How long did you wear them?”—“I walked in them but two hours.”—“Walked in them, Madam, walked. Oh then, it is not to be wondered at; why, Madam, those shoes were made only to wear, and not to walk in.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fourteenth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES, daughter, and only issue of a marriage between George Prince of Wales, and Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Duke of Brunswick, (a beautiful likeness of whom, together with an original biographical sketch, was given in the second Number of this Magazine), was born January 7, 1796, at Carleton House, Pall-mall. Her Royal Highness, therefore, is in the twelfth year of her age.

The general spirit of the laws of England, though no positive statute can be cited, has intrusted to his Majesty, or the reigning Sovereign, the education of the heir, whether apparent or presumptive, to his throne and kingdoms. The King has, in consequence, superintended this important object of national interest. He has appointed, as tutor to his grand-daughter,

the Bishop of Exeter,—a prelate, whose piety, learning, and amiable manners, peculiarly qualify him for this office.

Since every thing that relates to a personage so illustrious, and of such high national consideration, as her Royal Highness, must carry with it a degree of interest, we shall conclude with a short description of the person of the Princess Charlotte.

In stature she is well grown for her age; but does not appear as if inclining to be tall. Her person is very delicately formed; her complexion is fair, her eyes blue; and the expression of her countenance is animated and engaging. Her talents are spoken of as peculiarly rare and brilliant; and it is a subject of no ordinary gratification that she has already overcome all those epidemic disorders which are incidental to childhood; and that the general state of her health is highly flattering.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN :

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 11.]

DOUBTLESS there was reason in the apology which the old fellow made in behalf of pleasure and the beautiful Lili, said the Sultan, when the usual company were met the following evening in his bed-chamber; but I own that I did not rightly comprehend what she meant by her method of life, or what sort of police that must be by which all the evils were to be prevented with which the tawny moralists have so dreadfully threatened us; this matter lies at my heart. Methinks I have done all that was possible to make my people happy; but it would be a great grief to me if, contrary to my inclination, I had made them a dangerous present.

(Your majesty may save yourself this concern, thought Danishmende.)

Well, Mr. Danishmende, continued Shah Gebal, a man is not a philosopher for nothing; what if you were to exert your wisdom in clearing up this matter?

Sir, answered Danishmende, my wisdom is at your majesty's command. But, first, I humbly beseech your permission to relate a little story.

Shah Gebal nodded a sultanic assent; and the philosopher thus began:—

“In the time of the Calif Haroun al Raschid——”

Fye, Doctor, interrupted the Sultan, this is a suspicious commencement; on hearing this calif named, one must be prepared for fairies and metamorphoses, or pretty stories of little hunchbacks, chattering barbers, profligate sons of kings, who, to crown a long course of past follies with a worthy end, cut off their eye-brows, and become calenders.

I pledge my eye-brows to your highness, said Danishmende, that neither hunchback nor calenders shall appear in my story, and that all shall happen in it as naturally as can be wished.

“In the time of the said calif, then, it happened, that a rich emir of Yemen, on his return from Damascus, in the mountains of Arabia Petraea, had the misfortune to be set upon by robbers, who were so uncivil as to hew his at-

tendants to pieces with their sabres; and, having got into their hands all the fine women whom he was conveying to town, with all the valuables he had about him, retreated into the mountains as suddenly as they had issued from them. Happily for him, the emir, at the beginning of the attack had fallen into a swoon; a circumstance that induced the robbers to content themselves with stripping him of his rich garments, and leaving him, without farther concern whether he were really dead or not, among the slain.”

Mr. Danishmende, said the Sultan, not so circumstantial; to the business, I prithee. The style in which thou hast begun is exactly that of my dear grandmother; who, as is well known, had her reasons for drawing out her tales to such an unmerciful length.

“Not to detain, then, your majesty with collateral circumstances, proceeded Danishmende, the good emir came to himself, and entered into a train of very disagreeable reflections on finding himself amidst wild and trackless mountains, without tents, without goods, without his wives and eunuchs, without cooks, and even without clothes; he, who from the first moment of his life that he could recollect, had never once known the want of any imaginable accommodation. As it is essential to the better understanding of this history, that your majesty should form a lively idea of this condition of the emir, I must take the liberty to beseech you to put yourself in his place, and consider how you would feel disposed in so difficult a situation.”

Mr. Danishmende, said the Sultan, drily, I have a great mind to spare myself that trouble, and instead of it, to make you tell me how a story-teller would like it, if I should reward him for taking the trouble to make me yawn, with ordering him to receive three hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet.

This rebuke of sultanic humour the fair Nurmahal thought so unreasonable, that she intreated the Sultan not to terrify the poor doctor with such threats as were enough to put the best story-

teller in the world out of spirits. But, as we before observed, Danishmende was not so easily discomposed.

All that I intreat of your majesty is, said he, to have the grace not to give me the promised three hundred strokes till I have made an end of my story; for indeed it is not so bad as one might be apt to suppose from the commencement.

Well, said the Sultan, laughing, tell it then in thy own way; I promise thee that I will not interrupt thee again.

Danishmende arose, threw himself prostrate on the ground before the Sultan, kissed the hem of his bed-coverlet, in testimony of his gratitude for this gracious promise; and then proceeded in his narrative.

"From all these considerations of the emir (which were too disagreeable and perplexing for its being adviseable to lay them before your majesty), he was at last obliged to take up the resolution to do what, from want of use, appeared to him very hard, namely, to put his legs in motion, and to try whether he could not find a way out of these desert mountains. The sun was descending fast to the horizon when, with a fatigue that is not to be described, he at length reached a place where an avenue presented itself between the hills, and afforded him the view of a valley more charming than even his imagination could have conceived. The sight of some well-built habitations which protruded between trees of the finest verdure, encouraged him, faint as he was, to summon up his remaining powers, in order to reach them before the setting of the sun. Indeed the whole of the way which he had passed, and that which still lay before him, was not more than a young rustic would run every day, morning and evening, without reluctance, only to give his sweetheart a kiss, but for the relaxed sinews and marrowless bones of the emir this was a prodigious labour. He was forced to sit down so often to rest and recover his breath, that it was night before he reached the gate of the nearest dwelling, which had the look of a country seat, but only constructed of timber. A delightful murmuring sound of distant music, mingled with vocal airs, and other indications of festive joy which now struck his ear as he approached these dwellings, increased the surprise he felt at finding all this amidst desert mountains. As he had never read any thing but tales of ghosts and fairies, his first thought was, whether all that he saw and heard might not be the work of enchantment. Though this idea at first raised his apprehension, yet all other considerations were soon overpowered by the sentiment of his distress. He knocked; and one of the servants coming to the door, he asked for a night's lodg-

ing, with such a strange mixture of pride and humility, that he would probably have been refused it, if the laws of hospitality had been held less sacred and inviolable by the inhabitants of these regions. The emir was shewn, with a friendly countenance, into a little hall, where he was asked to sit down on a plain but soft-cushioned sofa. In a few moments two handsome young slaves appeared, to conduct him to a bath, where, with their assistance, he bathed, was perfumed, and dressed in a simple but neat habit of fine cotton stuff, brocaded with silk flowers. That the time might not pass heavily with him, a neat female slave now entered, of as delicate a form as any he ever had in his harem, having a theorbos in her hand, seated herself over against him, and sung him a song, from the subject of which he could comprehend that the people were glad at the arrival of so agreeable a guest. The emir was more and more at a loss to know what to think of the matter; but the form and the voice of the fair slave (though he was more inclined to take her for a peri, or even for one of the howris of Paradise) left him no leisure for reflection; they, together with the friendly reception he had met with, operated so strongly on his senses, that he imperceptibly forgot all his causes of grief, and all the troubles he had gone through; and, impelled by a gentle violence, resigned himself to the impressions that were designed to be made on him.

"Though this was the wisest resolution, in his circumstances, he could adopt, it must likewise be confessed, that he found himself much at his ease. Scarcely was he dressed, but the person again appeared who had at first admitted him, and without speaking a word, beckoned him to follow. The emir was led into a spacious saloon, illuminated with numerous wax-lights, from whence, as the door opened, there issued the most agreeable odour of sweet gilliflowers, violets, pinks, jasmines, and orange blossoms. Here he saw a number of low tables, covered with fine snow-white linen, with borders of elegant needle-work; and round them were placed magnificent sofas, with cushions of the softest down. The middle of the hall swarmed with persons, young and old, of both sexes, who received him with frank and open countenances, and at the same time filled him with the most agreeable surprise by the majestic beauty of their form and gait, and by an expression of kindness and festivity diffused throughout their whole deportment. In one corner was a placid fountain, where a nymph, who reclined on a piece of rock overgrown with jasmine and moss, poured from her urn a crystal stream into a bason of black marble. The whole saloon was decorated with large festoons and wreaths of flowers which, from

time to time were sprinkled with fresh water by several young females. The whole together formed a delightful scene; but it was not the finest that presented itself to his eyes in this enchanted spot. A venerable old man, with locks of silver white, lay in the attitude of one enjoying a sound and genial repose after labour, on the upper end of the sofa; an old man the like of whom the emir had never before beheld, nor could have thought it possible for such an one to be; serenity and cheerfulness beamed from his still sparkling eyes; eighty years of a happy life had imprinted only some faint furrows on his broad and open front; and the complexion of health, like a late autumnal rose, still bloomed on his friendly cheeks. This is our father, said some young persons who were near the emir, as they led him up by the hand to the seat of the old man.

"The old man neither rose up nor made any motion significant of that design, but reached out his hand, pressed that of the emir with a force that amazed the latter, and very civilly bade him welcome to his house. Yet, says my author, there was in the first look which the old man cast upon the emir, with the civil expression of hospitable philanthropy, a mixture of somewhat that awed the stranger, though he could not well explain to himself how he felt at the time. The old man bade him take his place beside him.—"

I promised not to interrupt thee, Danishmende, said Shah Gebal; but I would be glad to know what could be mingled in the looks of the old man to produce such an effect on the emir?

Gracious sovereign, returned Danishmende, I must confess to your majesty, that I have taken this history from a modern Greek poet, who probably, according to the practice of his tribe, may have added something of his own to the truth, in order to render his picture more interesting. It was a friendly look, said he, but with a little addition of something that was neither contempt nor pity, but a gentle mixture of both; it was, continued he, the look with which a friend of the art regards the mutilated statue of a Praxiteles, mixed with something of the angry scorn with which this amateur would regard the Goth who had mutilated it.

The image is delicate, and gives much scope for reflection, said Nurmahal. Proceed, Danishmende, said the Sultan.

"In the mean time the supper was served up, at which the emir experienced a new circumstance, which, little as he was disposed to think on any thing, appeared to him the most incomprehensible matter in the world. But, before I can come to an explanation on this head, I find myself obliged to make a small digression on the character of this emir, who forms a principal

figure in this history, though in fact it is only the person of a spectator. He had been from his youth what is called a decided voluptuary, a man who knew no other end of his existence than to eat, to drink, to amuse himself with his women, and solace himself after such toilsome labour by a repose which consumed about half of the day and night, to awake again to a repetition of the same employment. To this gross sensuality he united a certain pride which was highly adapted to accelerate the pernicious effects of it; he founded it on the possession of the handsomest women, the best wines, and the most expert cooks of all Asia; but, not content with this, he aimed at being the greatest eater, the greatest drinker, and the greatest hero in another kind of bodily exercise, in which, to his great regret, he was obliged to confess the sparrow and the mole to be his masters. When a man has the misfortune to possess, with this perverse species of ambition, all the means for indulging it, he will soon see himself reduced to the necessity of having recourse to pastils of opium and biteroot, to inflammatory liquors and other provocatives. Nature never fails to revenge herself for the affronts that are put upon her, and she is commonly the more cruel in her vengeance the less pretence she has left by her bounty for the justification of our excesses. Accordingly, the emir found himself, with the purest Arabian blood, and the most robust constitution, in his thirtieth year, reduced to the wretched condition which is the middle state between living and dying, tormented by the recollections which might have elevated his pleasures, and condemned to impotent attempts to appease the wrath of nature by the secrets of art to which he was beholden for the prolongation of his existence. The skilful cooks, of whom he was so proud, had faithfully contributed all that was in their power at once to destroy his health and to debilitate the organs of sense; in proportion as the difficulty of exciting his palled appetite increased, they redoubled their destructive zeal to conquer it by the efficacy of their art. But their inventions had seldom any better effect than to make him pay by tedious hours of pain for some moments of artificial irritation.

"Our emir was astonished at finding again at the table of his aged host, that appetite which for years he had been seeking in vain. Two equally unusual circumstances, a temperance of four-and-twenty hours, and the violent efforts he had been forced to make, doubtless contributed principally to make him imagine that he was in Paradise, sitting at table with the favourites of the Prophet. Not that the number and costliness of the dishes, or a very nice preparation had the least share in producing this effect; for

there was no greater profusion than the satisfying of hunger and thirst required, with the care of leaving some choice to the taste; and in the dressing, art had no more concern than was necessary for gratifying an unspoiled palate without detriment to health. It is true, certain delicate artifices were observed, which either from their simplicity were unknown to the learned cooks of the emir, or perhaps required an attention which these important personages had never taken the pains to employ; but it was chiefly the native goodness of the viands, and a preparation to which Avicenna himself could have found nothing to object, which distinguished this repast from the magnificent and expensive poisonous compounds served up at princely tables. The emir was forced to confess that the wine, which perhaps was as old as the landlord, and the fruits which closed the entertainment, were as excellent as nature could produce in the happiest climate of the earth.

"Is all this enchantment, said the emir to himself at every instant, and what sort of an old man is this, who, with his snow-white beard, is of so ruddy a complexion, and who eats and drinks with as great a relief as if he was now just beginning to live? It was with the utmost difficulty he could restrain his astonishment; but the agreeable conversation in which all the company around him joined, with the unaffected and engaging manner in which he was addressed, made it impossible for him to reduce into any order the ideas that were floating in his brain.

"Taste this pine-apple, said the old man to him, as he offered him one of the finest of the kind he had ever beheld. The emir tasted it, and was at a loss for words to praise its exquisite taste and flavour. I reared it with my own hands, said the old man; since I am grown too old to accompany my sons and grandsons in the labours of the field, I employ myself in gardening; it affords me that degree of motion and exercise which I find necessary for keeping me in that good state of health in which you see me; and the fresh air, rendered balsamic by the pure fragrance of the flowers and blossoms, probably contributes not a little to that end. The emir had nothing to reply to this; but I should like much to have seen the pair of large eyes that he made at the old man. The old man's ordinary drink was cold water, and after meals he took three small glasses of wine; the first, said he smiling, helps my old stomach to digest, the second enlivens my spirits, and the third lowers them again. The emir, (who could drink no water, even though it were drawn from the fountain of youth) did honour to the landlord's wine. He went on so briskly, one glass after another, that he soon lost the ability to distin-

guish whether he felt, or only imagined himself to be as sprightly as the old man himself.

"After supper the man with the silver locks withdrew unperceived; and a short while after, one of his sons said:—it is the custom in our house every evening before we retire to rest, to pass half an hour in the bed-chamber of our father. A guest is never accounted a stranger here; will you accompany us? The emir acquiesced with the proposal, and to shew his politeness, desired the eldest of the ladies to do him the honour to accept of his feeble arm to lean upon.

"An apartment opened which seemed to be the temple of voluptuous sleep. A multitude of large flower-pots of ornamental forms, wafted through the whole apartment their perfumes of the most grateful odours; and a quantity of tapers concealed behind green and rose-coloured shades, composed a sort of twilight which invited the eyes to gentle slumber; the walls were hung with painted canvas, the work of a master, representing Grecian images of sublime repose: here the beautiful Endymion, enlightened by the silver lustres of the moon's descending rays; there, concealed by a solitary rose-bush, the goddess of love, about whose gently glowing cheeks a ravishing dream appeared to float; or Cupids sleeping on the bosom of a Grace. The old man lay already reclined on a couch of violet-coloured taffety, and three very agreeable ladies seemed employed in advancing his repose. One, resembling the finest autumnal day that can be seen, was seated at his head, and gently agitated the air with a fan of myrtles and roses; the other two sat lower down on either side his couch, this with a lute, and that with another instrument serving only to accompany the voice. Both played and sung in mildly modulated notes, sometimes alternately, and then together, strains breathing satisfaction and calm delight, and the life and voices of the songstresses were worthy of such airs. The amazement of the emir was now at its highest pitch; unperceived, the old man was fallen asleep on the bosom of the autumnal fair one, and the rest of the company, after having kissed one of his gently falling hands, softly stole away in reverential silence.

"What strange sort of people these are! the emir incessantly repeated to himself.

"On entering the bed-chamber that was allotted to him, he found the two boys who attended him in the bath. The sight of them reminded him of the beautiful female slave who had so charmingly chanted him a welcome to the house; and he could not come to any agreement with himself, whether he ought to be glad or sorry at her absence. He was undressed, and laid upon as soft, as elastic, as voluptuous a sofa as ever was

pressed by an emir. But no sooner had the boys slipped away than the fair female slave came in with her theorbo in her hand, a wreath of twined rose-twigs about her loosely flowing hair, which reached to the ground, and a bunch of roses on a bosom, the whiteness whereof dazzled his eyes. With silent smiles she bowed profoundly to him, seated herself in an armed-chair beside his couch, tuned her theorbo, and sang him such an enchanting air, with so melodious a voice, that the good emir, transported with her shape, with her voice, and the eighty year old wine of his aged host, forgot what he ought reasonably to have remembered, the circumstance of being wise. The beautiful-songstress had probably no commission to make one person wretched, in a house where all were happy. But, alas, indolence and luxury had banished sleep from his eyes; she had not the art of lulling the emir to rest.

A look from the Sultan, which perhaps had a quite different meaning from what Danishmende imagined, made him start. Sir, continued

he, after a short pause, to avoid falling into the error of the vizier Moslem, it shall suffice to say, that the emir had reason to think himself persecuted by all the magicians and fairies in the world. Compose yourself, said the lovely slave, with a smile which had a greater mixture of pity than of scorn or displeasure; I will play you an andante, on which you will sleep as well as the happiest of shepherds. But her andante performed not the promised miracle. The emir could get no rest, till at length the female slave, finding all her address ineffectual, thought proper to withdraw, wishing him to sleep as sound as he could."

Danishmende, I am satisfied with thy story, said the Sultan; to-morrow we will hear the continuation of it, and my treasurer shall have orders to pay thee three hundred baham-d'ors. The philosopher and the young Mirza now retired, and the gate of the sacred bed-chamber was fastened after them.

[To be continued.]

page 116.

BLIOMBERIS.

PHARAMOND reigned in France, his valour had subjected all the kings of that country. The beautiful Rosamunda shared his throne, and was even dearer to him than all his glory. The French monarch, after forty years of triumph, perceived that true happiness did not consist in vanquishing nations; and in Tournay, his capital, he devoted himself solely to the comfort of his people, his wife, and children.

Prince Clodion, his son, who had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, already had signalized himself upon several occasions. Accustomed to bear arms from his infancy, he had learned the art of war by the side of the valiant Pharamond. The name of his celebrated father, the extensive empire to which he was heir, his courage, his fine form, and particularly the courtier's well-timed flattery, had all combined to render this otherwise amiable prince extremely vain. As successful in love, as Pharamond was in battle, Clodion had acquired as many hearts as his sire had taken cities; proud of his figure, his glory, and his birth, the French prince was the handsomest, the most confident, and the most volatile knight of his time.

His sister, the lovely Felicia, had just attained her fifteenth year, and already surpassed her mother in personal beauty. This, however, was her smallest attraction; she appeared to disdain

the gifts of nature, and to value only the talents which her own exertions could obtain; she cultivated her understanding for her own pleasure, and not from the desire of appearing wiser than others. Mild and diffident, she never thought of her rank but when it enabled her to confer happiness. Felicia, scarcely out of her childhood, was the comforter of the unfortunate, the idol of her parents, and adored and respected by all the knights of her father's court.

Brittany was tributary to Pharamond, and divided into several kingdoms; that of Gannes was governed by the king Boort, or rather by his courtiers. Weak princes are always cruel; Boort had proved the truth of this, by making his daughter Arlinde perish, for having given birth to Blionberis. This princess had not been able to resist the love of Palamede, one of the most celebrated knights of that time. Her weakness cost her her life; the barbarous Boort allowed the child to live, but caused its miserable mother to be precipitated into a well, where she terminated her existence.

Blionberis, deprived of his mother, not known to his father, was brought up in the court of Boort. His education was much neglected; the country of Gannes was half uncivilized; in all the kingdom there were few wise men who knew how to read. Blionberis had attained the

age of seventeen, and knew little more than how to bend a bow, the exercise he excelled in, because he had learned it of himself. Blomberis was finely formed, his face was rather mild than handsome; his air noble and ingenuous; his heart open to affection; he was the offspring of love, and his understanding was naturally good, for no one had sought to render it so.

Blomberis had heard of the unhappy fate of his mother, and the name of his father. The renown of this celebrated hero made all the king of Gannes's courtiers tremble, and the fear of his return was the only cause of their paying any attention to his son; but these attentions importuned Blomberis, the society of these ignorant barons, who did not even know the use of arms, fatigued him; as a relief he courted solitude, and became an inhabitant of the woods, he exercised his skill on the deer and birds. Solitude made him a misanthrope, misanthropy taught him wisdom. Blomberis was only eighteen; but his reflections, and the good of never having been flattered, were equal to thirty years of experience.

The king of Boort had a son, who did not at all resemble his father; he was called Lionel, and had merited by his exploits to be admitted to the second table. On his return from England he was indignant at the large tribute which Pharamond had exacted; and, consulting his valour more than his prudence, persuaded the listless Boort to declare war against the French monarch.

Pharamond did not think his presence necessary to reduce a people so often conquered into subjection, and wishing to give his youthful son the pleasure of terminating this war, named him his general.

Clodion, transported with joy, embraced his father, and vowed that before a month he would make his entry into Tournay, in a car drawn by Boort and his son; he already shared the kingdom he was going to conquer among his favourites, reviewed his army five or six times, set out, and after fifteen days march, arrived on the frontiers of Gannes.

Lionel awaited them: the battle was long and bloody. Clodion wrought miracles of valour, but his impetuosity made him commit faults. Blomberis did not quit the brave Lionel; it was the first time he witnessed a battle, and the young warrior did not for a moment lose the presence of mind which characterizes a truly brave man; but his efforts, and those of Lionel would have proved insufficient to wrest the victory from the troops of Pharamond. Already the impetuous Clodion had broken into the centre of their army, when Lionel ran to oppose the prince, and began with him a single combat, which left the Gannois without a commander. Clodion's Lieute-

nant, an old warrior, whose hair had become white in battle, profited by this moment to assemble his different corps, gave signal for a general attack, and confident in the success of his manœuvre, advanced with a victorious air. Lionel was engaged with Clodion; the Gannois were nearly lost, no chief commanded them, their ranks were in disorder, when Blomberis, the young Blomberis, saw and prevented the danger; he threw away his sword, and took his bow, this weapon, which in his hand had always proved mortal; he chose his best arrow, eyed the French chief, and struck him where the cuirasse left a space uncovered; the old warrior fell, his troops stopped and surrounded him. More swift than lightning Blomberis flew to his battalions; and in his turn rushed on the French, broke their ranks, and dispersed them, and soon the field of battle was covered with slain.

Clodion, forsaken, trembling with shame and rage, dealt a dreadful blow at Lionel, and forcing his way through the victorious army, fled, but hero like, in a different direction from that which his army had taken.

Blomberis did not allow himself to be carried on in pursuit of the vanquished, but was occupied in keeping his troops in order; on this day he displayed the valour of a soldier, joined with the talents of an experienced general. Soon Lionel appeared, and completed the defeat of the French. Our young hero now made the carnage cease, caused the prisoners to be shewn respect, and treated them in a mild and noble manner; and as the whistling of arrows, and the noise of arms during the combat, had given him no emotions, so the laurels he had just gathered, the shouts of victory, and the soldiers' acclamation, did not make him for a moment lose that tranquillity he felt at being satisfied with his own conduct. Blomberis was only sensible to the joy of having served his country. Meanwhile the impetuous Clodion, in despair at having been beaten the first time he had commanded, fled through the plains, almost insensible with rage; his vanity had received a most poignant outrage, he dared not appear at Tournay, after having shared the enemy's country among his favourites, and having ordered the car of triumph on which he had promised to appear, drawn by Boort and his son; he resolved never to return to his father's court, until by some glorious deed he had effaced the stain his honour had received; in these sentiments he embarked for England, in search of adventures and laurels.

While he was going to display his giddy valour at the court of king Arthur, Pharamond heard of his defeat. This monarch, unaccustomed to such news, flew to avenge it; armed with that sword which had given death to so

many kings, he assembled his old warriors, and marched towards Brittany. The French, impatient to avenge their brothers, carried devastation over the states of the king of Gannes. Lionel, intoxicated with his late success, wished to meet the enemy; Bliomberis advised to retire behind entrenchments, and to await them; but the general's opinion was adopted, and the troops were ordered to prepare for battle.

It was not for a moment undecided; Pharamond had only to shew himself, all fled before him. The Gannois dragged away Lionel in their flight. Bliomberis, after having fought most violently, was endeavouring to save the troops which he commanded, but the king of France came himself and attacked them. Scarcely had Bliomberis's soldiers perceived the *fleur de lys* on Pharamond's shield, than a sudden fear seized them; they fled. Bliomberis remained alone, surrounded by enemies. "Surrender," cried the king, "it is Pharamond that demands your sword." Bliomberis disdaining to display useless courage, gave his sword into the monarch's hand, and followed him to his camp.

In a few days Pharamond had conquered all the country of Gannis. He made Boort pay all the expences of the war, left a garrison in his principal city, and kept Bliomberis as an hostage. After having thus terminated the expedition, the French monarch caused a search to be made for his son throughout Brittany; all his cares were useless, and the afflicted Pharamond returned to Tournai, accompanied by Bliomberis.

On arriving in his capital, Pharamond found joy enlivening every heart; the fame of his victory had preceded him. Rosamunda and Felicia came to meet him, surrounded by a people who celebrated the return of their beloved King. Rosamunda expected to see her son. The fresh laurels gathered by her husband could not stop the current of her tears when she found that Clodion could no where be found. Felicia shared her grief and shed tears as she embraced her victorious father.

Bliomberis while witnessing this scene of grief, reproached himself for having caused Felicia's tears. This princess's beauty made him experience an undefinable sentiment, and till then unknown: although he turned away his eyes, still against his will they fell upon Felicia. The wise, the prudent Bliomberis had lost all consciousness of his situation, when the King presented him to Rosamunda and his daughter, saying he was a prisoner to be respected for his valour: then giving him his sword, he said, "you know its use too well for it not to be returned you. The interest of the state forbids my giving you your liberty; but nothing shall detain you here but your word." Bliomberis

thanked the king, but felt confused in observing Felicia's eyes were fixed on him.

Our hero soon perceived that the princess joined, with the fairest of forms, the best of hearts, and the most cultivated mind: this discovery augmented his love. But the first time we feel this passion, we have so little hope of its being returned, that the pleasure of consuming away in silence, seems supreme happiness. Bliomberis gave way to it, trembling with apprehension of its being discovered. The court of Pharamond was an abode so much to be dreaded for him, who had never before left Gannis, who had passed his life in the solitary woods. He beheld himself transported to the most brilliant court of the universe: he dared love the daughter of a most powerful monarch, she who had disdained the vows of crowds of princes.— Could he flatter himself to be distinguished; he, the unknown son of a simple knight; he, the unhappy cause of his mother's disgrace and death; he, in short, whose only talents to please consisted in his fervent adoration of an object so far his superior.

These reflections were inexpressibly distressing to a lover, and ought to have discouraged a sage; but Bliomberis was no longer a sage. He mentally reviewed all these objections, confessed he was commencing the misery of his life; and after having been well convinced that reason prescribed him to stifle his love, resolved to give way to it, and pass his days and nights in acquiring all that he was deficient in.

From that moment Bliomberis studied the politeness and manners of the world, which render many fools supportable. He very soon acquired that outward polish so much praised, but of so little intrinsic value. With this he joined more solid accomplishments; adorned his mind, and acquired talents: love was his master; it is the preceptor under which we make the most rapid progress. In less than a year, Bliomberis became the most polished and amiable knight of Pharamond's court.

Felicia, who had remarked Bliomberis ever since he had been introduced to court, soon divined his secret: the woman the least addicted to coquetry, knows she is beloved some time before her lover is conscious of his passion. The love of this young savage had flattered the princess; but when the savage became polished, when she was certain it was for her, for her alone, that Bliomberis had taken so much pains, the timid Felicia interrogated herself how she was to act. The result of her questions was, that she need not scruple to be grateful to Bliomberis for his attention: this gratitude soon became friendship; this friendship had not existed three months before it was changed into love. The

wise princess was as yet not quite certain of it; but her reason advised her not to listen to the dictates of her heart.

When a young princess is obliged to chuse between her heart and her reason, she is sometimes long in her decision, but it is never doubtful. Felicia soon gave herself up to the charm by which she was ensnared. She received a note from Bliomeris: a love-letter is a talisman, that overthrows all the dictates of wisdom. Fear no more, youthful lovers, when your letters are read. Felicia answered Bliomeris to beg he would never write again. Bliomeris wrote a second time, to entreat her to revoke this terrible order; this granted, letters were no longer the confidants of their thoughts, they conversed together.

You who have loved, you have, doubtless, not forgotten how sweet the first moments of a mutual passion are. Each day, each hour is interesting: to-day a glance makes us happy, to-morrow we wish for more; we quarrel, we obtain; the next day we dispute again, become friends, and find ourselves more advanced than we were before the altercation. How they glide away, those delightful days that are called the season of troubles.

One day, when the lovely Felicia was going to walk in a wood near the city, she left her attendants at the entrance, and advanced alone into one of its most solitary alleys. She thought of Bliomeris; a year had elapsed since they had sworn to each other eternal love. Felicia was reading over a letter, in which Bliomeris had repeated a thousand times this pleasing oath. She fancied she heard the voice of her lover, pronouncing the words he had written. In this enchanting delusion she imprinted a thousand kisses on the letter; when suddenly a furious boar appeared, and rushed towards the princess. Where were you, Bliomeris?

Bliomeris was not far off; he had reached the favoured spot before Felicia, and, hid amidst the thickening foliage, had watched her emotions with delight. He perceived the monster, and flew to meet it; the boar reached and wounded him, but slightly, because the dexterous Bliomeris struck him at the same instant; the grass was bathed with their blood. The trembling Felicia's eyes were fixed on her lover, her heart palpitated, a death-like paleness sat on her cheek; but in a moment her fears were dissipated.—Bliomeris seized his dart, and pierced the side of the furious animal.

Felicia ran to him, seated him by her side, supported his head, and endeavoured to bind up his wound, which was but slight. The compassionate Felicia gathered some simples, which chance offered, applied these to his wound, pressed the juice from them, yet her occupation

was often interrupted by the kisses she suffered the happy wounded youth to ravish.

As soon as she had tied the first bandage, and still supported her lover, Felicia sought, in his eyes, how she could repay so great an obligation. Bliomeris gazed on her, and sighed. Chance came to their assistance.

A turtle-dove flew gently by them, endeavouring to escape from a hawk, by which it was pursued. She was going to become its prey, when her mate rushed between the talons of the ravenous bird to save his companion. The hawk left the female, and carried away the male; but Bliomeris had had time to prepare his arrow; it flew, killed the ravisher, and delivered the generous dove.

Scarcely free, he alighted on a branch opposite Felicia and Bliomeris. His faithful companion hastened to him; she caressed him, and repaired, with her beak, the disorder he had been thrown in by the cruel grasp of the hawk; she seemed to delight in smoothing his feathers, fluttered her wings around him; and soon the tender bird returned her warm caresses, and proved that love was stronger than fear.

What a scene for our lovers! Bliomeris had been as generous as the turtle-dove. Felicia was as affectionate, virtue alone could hinder her from being as grateful.

This forest, this alley, became the rendezvous of the tender lovers. The god of love, who watched over them, prevented their happiness from being suspected. Alas! none can last for ever.

During the space of two years, occupied solely with each other, the months glided away like days; time flies with hasty steps, when we love. Felicia had attained her eighteenth year, and the King, her father, announced to her that she should make a choice among the princes who solicited her hand.

What news for Felicia! She went to the forest to consult with Bliomeris: he was there to give his advice. "The time of happiness is passed," exclaimed the sorrowful Felicia: "you must no longer pretend to my hand. I ought neither to obey nor resist the commands of my father: let us depart, let us fly together, love will protect us." Bliomeris, in an agony, declared that flight was impossible, as he was a prisoner on his honour. "But if we could gain time," added he, "I hope to render myself worthy of you. I am the son of Palamede, whose name is respected even by Pharamond. My mother was the daughter of a king; my father is of the race of the sovereigns of Babylon. I will seek him, he will acknowledge me, he will himself come and ask your hand of Pharamond. And if a kingdom be wanting to obtain Felicia, nothing is impossible

to the valour of Palamede, and the love of Bliomberis."

While pronouncing these words, the fire of courage shone in his eyes. Hope enters so easily into the souls of those who love, that Felicia and Bliomberis gave way to it with transport. It was decided that the princess should assemble all those who pretended to her hand, and declare that he who, in the space of two years, should perform the most glorious feats, would be the object of her choice.

When Pharamond learned his daughter's determination, he subscribed to it with joy; and soon the price attached to Felicia's hand was known throughout France, and all the knights that could boast of royal blood, quitted the court in order to deserve it.

Bliomberis seized this occasion to request his liberty; it was granted him. Felicia was charged with this melancholy commission. What pain to separate! when they must bid adieu, and pronounce that word so cruel to lovers! what sighs, what tears! Bliomberis could not tear himself from Felicia; Felicia pressed Bliomberis's hand to her heart; they gazed on each other, they wept, and a torrent of tears made their words inarticulate, though they repeated that they only parted to meet again never to separate. Vain hope! two years are not a moment when spent in happiness, and when lovers are not to meet till the end of that term it seems to last more than life. Ah! what pain Bliomberis had to fly from the arms of Felicia; but he took a fixed resolution, embraced her, bade her farewell, pressed her hand, with a stifled voice repeated his adieu, and departed without looking back.

Obliged to conceal her tears in the presence of the ladies of the court, the wretched princess went to hide them in her chamber; there she wept, read over Bliomberis's letters, commenced them again. "Alas! he will write no more to me," said she, "I have perhaps embraced him for the last time;" this idea completed her misery; her imagination exaggerated all the dangers that menaced her lover; and, as if she had not troubles enough, she afflicted herself thinking of those which were never to happen.

Bliomberis allowed his horse to take the road he pleased. This horse had been given him by Felicia; she had caused it to be brought from

Siberia; and the courser was worthy of being offered to courage by the hands of love. He was as black as jet; a white star shone on his forehead; lighter than a bird he galloped on the sand, without leaving the print of his hoofs.—Felicia had sometimes mounted him, and had given him the name of Ebene. Ebene knew Bliomberis, and was attached to him; so true is it, that love electrifies all that approaches it.

Bliomberis, while traversing a large forest, found that he rode too quick from the object of his love; he stopped, descended from his horse, and allowing the faithful Ebene to graze, seated himself at the foot of a tree, by the side of a little stream. There he began to reflect, which he had not done for some time.

Reflection is tolerably useless in affairs of the heart; as we generally finish by acting as if we had not reflected; thus it is, at least, lost time. Inspired by the silence of the forest, the soft murmur of the stream, and above all, by his love, he sang the following lay to a melancholy tune:—

When far from thee, my tender maid,
Life seems to yield its latest breath,
'Twas love that bliss around me shed,
'Tis love that ope's the gates of death.
But ever constant, ever true,
When fate shall call me hence away,
My lips will sigh love ever new,
Thy image cheer my closing day.

Beneath this oak tree's ancient shade
I vainly courted peaceful rest;
My hours of peaceful rest are fled,
And here new torments tear my breast.
Before sad mèm'ry's tearful eye,
Gay scenes of mutual joy arose;
And the young dove's soft plaintive sigh
Awoke the strains whence sorrow flows.

The stream that rolls its waves around,
And gently murmurs thro' the vale;
The echoes of the whispering ground
Reveal thy beauties to the gale.
On nature's blooming face I see
Thy face belov'd still brighter shine;
But vain my dream, too far from me,
My bosom only is thy shrine.

E. R. R.

[To be continued.]

P134.

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE,

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

[Continued from Page 25.]

WHILE these good-natured people were thus exercising the faculties of imagination and memory, in communicating to the strangers such a mass of important intelligence, they were not less curious to indemnify themselves for their trouble by obtaining some knowledge of their affairs, nor less busily employed in attempting to investigate their circumstances; and in this obscure inquiry, the want of information was supplied by fertility of invention, and ingenuity of conjecture. Some supposed them to be persons in respectable circumstances, while others imagined that M. de Clairville was a broken tradesman, who could no longer show his face among his acquaintance, and had brought his family to that place to hide his poverty in a country retirement. Many thought that his son had been wild, and that he had found it necessary to separate him from his old companions; but the greater number conjectured that Miss had been imprudent, and that her parents had removed her into the country, with a view of breaking off her improper connections. One well-meaning lady, who pretended to an uncommon share of sagacity, declared that she had often known such things done, and that she should not in the least wonder if the young lady had made some false step; and another, ambitious of showing herself superior to her neighbours in acuteness of penetration and accuracy of intelligence, positively asserted that she had received information, in a letter from a correspondent in London, a person of indisputable veracity, one of her sister-in-law's distant cousins, that a young woman, in the street where she lived, had eloped with an extravagant young tradesman, and that, as she had been brought up by a needy uncle and aunt, they had all gone off somewhere into the country, to live on the young fellow's money as long as it lasted; and as this sagacious person assured those with whom she conversed, that her penetration seldom failed, she communicated to them her very important conjecture, that these strangers were, in all probability, the identical persons.

These surmises were no sooner expressed, than they were disseminated throughout the whole circle of the village society, and with the same rapidity, communicated to those who were the

objects of their application. The young people, especially Mademoiselle, lost all patience, and declared that they would not remain any longer in a place where detraction was the principal topic of conversation, and the chief amusement of social intercourse. M. de Palaise laughed at their impatience; and told them, that as they had made this excursion for the purpose of observing the different conditions of life, and modifications of society, they must submit to the inconveniences of the experiment, and expect to meet with some things of a disagreeable nature in the gratification of curiosity, and the acquisition of moral knowledge. "These vexatious surmises, and disgraceful tales," added he, "must be ranked among those inconveniences and dissatisfactions to which all are subject. Detraction, like death, must have its victims, and spare none. Have patience a little while, and some novel circumstance will surprize inquisitive prudery, engross attention, exercise the loquacious talents of the sisterhood, and withdraw the eye of curiosity from you and your concerns."

The observation of M. de Palaise proved equivalent to a prediction. Within a few days, the daughter of a respectable inhabitant was discovered to be in a disgraceful situation. This important and unexpected affair attracted the attention, gratified the malevolence, and excited the conjectures of the whole sisterhood. A rational view of the matter might induce a supposition that the unfortunate misconduct of a neighbour, instead of affording a feast to sneering malignity, would, in the mouth of every parent, have been a cautionary lesson to her daughter, to have furnished an occasion of pointing out the fatal consequences of levity and indiscretion. Prudence would have required, and maternal affection might have dictated such a conduct. Nothing of the kind, however, was practised among the gossips of the village; but all their inquisitive powers were exerted, and every means of investigation employed to find out who was the father of the unborn infant; whether he would make the girl satisfaction by marriage, and a thousand particulars besides, of equal importance. One said, "who could have thought it?" Another said, "who could have

thought any other?" A third said, "the little modest mix has not in the least deceived me;" another said, "that she thought the girl's youngest sister was a forward little chit; but that she, for her part, would not be the speaker of it." One elderly lady assured the company at a tea-table conversation, where the strangers were present, that the fair delinquent's mother had once in her time been reckoned no better than she should be; and another of the same description, said, that she could tell them of many pretty pranks that had, in former days, been played in that family, but that she was one who never troubled her head about other people's concerns. After this prelude she proceeded to entertain them with a very long train of scandalous anecdotes, partly of the last, and partly of the present generation, and concluded by assuring them, that there was nothing which she detested so much as to speak ill of her neighbours. And another grave and venerable matron, who had herself, in her former days, forfeited her title to rank among the vestals, closed the edifying conversation, by informing her associates, that she heard an old aunt of her's, who was a very creditable person, say, on the credit of another old lady, of as unimpeachable veracity as herself, that the grandmother of the young woman in question, was very harshly spoken of about sixty or seventy years ago, which was long before most of the company present had received existence.

The young Clairvilles listened with equal attention and disgust. They admired the retentive memory, and lamented the depraved taste of those propagators of scandal, who find a malicious pleasure in publishing the misconduct of their neighbours, and perpetuating the remembrance of those follies or vices, which ought first to operate as a warning to others, and then be pitied and forgotten.

In consequence of this afternoon's conversation, the young emigrées, with their sage Mentor, M. de Palaise, began to moralize on that strange depravity of mind which takes pleasure in telling or hearing those narratives of human weakness.

"What pity it is," cried Mademoiselle, "that conversation should so often turn on such mischievous or such trifling subjects. Where can arise the pleasure of raking out of the dust of oblivion the follies and frailties of those whose bodies are now bending under the decrepitude of age, or rotting in the silent grave."

"I suppose," said young Clairville, "that those who fabricate or publish the anecdotes of scandal, think to extenuate such of their own indiscretions as are known, or at least to prevent any suspicion of such as are concealed, and to impress on the minds of their hearers an opinion

of the propriety of their conduct, and the strictness of their morals, by their ostensible disapprobation of vice in others. I am the more inclined to be of this opinion, from observing that deviations from the path of virtue are generally the most diligently traced, and the most industriously published by those who, if we may believe the reports of common fame, have not been themselves paragons of prudence, nor patterns of chastity."

"These considerations, especially the latter," answered M. de Palaise, "have undoubtedly some weight in the minds of those who delight in scrutinizing the conduct, and exposing the vices and follies of their neighbours. When a person is conscious of some deviation from the path of moral rectitude or prudential discretion, he naturally imagines that the frequency of such violations of morality and decorum, will render them less glaring, and diminish their deformity in proportion to the increase of their number. He flatters himself that his own foibles will be less conspicuous among a crowd of similar instances, as in contemplating a multiplicity of objects, how striking soever any one might singly appear, it becomes far less observable by being in so numerous a group; or if these objects be viewed in succession, each one, by striking the eye and the mind, contributes to weaken the impression made by the preceding ones. It is thus that a person conscious of some indiscretion, and imagining the eye of observation turned towards him, naturally thinks that his own misconduct will be less noticed, and more easily excused, when accompanied with a number of parallel cases, and that every deviation observed among his neighbours will draw the public attention from him, by directing it towards the last discovered failure."

"These arguments, however," said Mademoiselle de Clairville, "are equally applicable to all situations, and the principle on which they are founded being interwoven in the moral system, and fixed in human nature, must operate equally in town and country; but our own observations have convinced us that the spirit of investigating the private concerns of others, of censuring their conduct, and calumniating their characters, is more prevalent and active in country villages than in large and populous cities."

"This," replied M. de Palaise, "is to be ascribed to the difference in the state of society in those different situations. Curiosity is so natural to the human mind, that scarcely any one is entirely free from its impulse. Every one is desirous of obtaining some information relative to subjects, either of an important or trivial nature. Where the former are wanting, the lat-

ter mutually attract attention, and thus trifles become interesting."

The young Clairville here interrupted the sage instructor—"Permit me, Sir," said he, "to mention a remark which I have frequently made in the course of our excursion: the legends of superstition, the tales of scandal, and all the farrago of absurdities that occupy the minds and exercise the tongues of the people with whom I have of late so frequently conversed, are generally reprobated as the topics only of female gossips, and on that account are denominated old women's tales; an expression which seems to indicate their peculiar and exclusive appropriation to that class of beings; but to my exceeding great surprize, I have generally found the same ideas equally prevalent, and the same subjects of conversation equally common among the men as among the other sex. Their notions are absurd, and their conversation, for the most part, as uninteresting; and the male and female gossips appear, in this respect, to differ only in sex. In their mutual associations they are perfectly similar, and both may be included in one general representation."

"This, my dear Sir," returned M. de Palaise, "ought not to excite your astonishment: Nature has made no difference in the male and female intellect. The mental endowments of the latter are in no respect inferior to those of the former sex; and where any such inferiority ex-

ists, it is the result of education and habits of life. From a difference in these originates all the disparity in intellectual powers that can be observed between the two sexes, and which is no longer discoverable when similar circumstances, or equal opportunities, have called female abilities into exertion, and given expansion to their ideas. Females have made a distinguished figure in every situation of life, as well as in every department of science and literature; and you are not ignorant that the number of those who have been eminent for their talents, as well as their virtues, crowd the page of history. In native vigour of mind, and in understanding, one sex cannot claim any advantage over the other; and your own observations in this place, may convince you, that where the education of both is nearly equal, and the habits of life strikingly similar, their ideas will be confined within the same circle. Absurd ideas, and scandalous reports, indeed, are held up to ridicule by their appropriation to old occurrences; but although custom has established this kind of phraseology, we are only to consider it as a figurative mode of expression, indicative of mental debility, or moral profligacy; for in this signification of the term, there are old women in breeches as well as in petticoats; and indeed it is not easy to determine which are the most numerous.

[To be continued.] / 31.

THE CRUSADES.

Few expeditions are more extraordinary than those which were undertaken for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks by the Crusades. They took the name of Crusaders, or Croises, from the cross which they wore on their shoulders, in gold, silk, or cloth; in the first crusade all were red, in the third the French alone preserved that colour, while green crosses were adopted by the Flemings, and white by the English; each company likewise bore a standard on which was painted a cross.

If we consider the great number of Europeans who were engaged in them, or their long and obstinate perseverance in the same design, notwithstanding numerous hardships, losses, and defeats; and if we reflect upon the important consequences with which those enterprises were attended, both to themselves and their descendants, the history of the crusades, including a period of one hundred and seventy-five years, from A. D. 1095 to 1270, will be found to deserve particular

regard, and to be connected with a right understanding of the feudal system.

From the æra of the crusades may be traced the diffusion of several kinds of knowledge, and from the communication of the western with the eastern nations, arose a succession of causes, which with different degrees of influence, or with more or less rapidity, contributed to introduce order and improvement into society. Judea, or the Holy Land, was the highest object of veneration to the Christians of the middle ages; there had lived the Son of God, there he had performed the most astonishing miracles, and there he had suffered death for the sins of the world. His holy sepulchre was preserved at Jerusalem; and as a degree of veneration was annexed to this place, nearly approaching to idolatry, a visit to it was regarded as the most meritorious service which could be paid to Heaven, and it was eagerly frequented by crowds of pilgrims from every part of Europe.

If it be natural to the human mind to survey those spots which have been the abodes of illustrious persons, or the scenes of great transactions, with delight, what must have been the veneration with which the Christians of those times, the ruling passion of whose mind was religious enthusiasm, regarded a country which the Almighty had selected as the residence of his beloved Son, and the place where that Son had shed his precious blood to expiate the sins, and accomplish the redemption of mankind. The zealous travellers who made a pilgrimage to Palestine, were long exposed to the insults, extortions, and cruelty of the Infidels; but at length their complaints roused the Europeans to attempt their expulsion.

THE FIRST CRUSADE FROM A. D. 1095 TO 1099.

Peter, surnamed the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Picardy, was the most zealous and indefatigable promoter of this first expedition; he was a man of acute understanding, and keen observation; in the garb of a pilgrim he had visited the holy sepulchre, and had noticed the insults and hardships to which the Christians were exposed. He brought letters from the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Pope Urban II. in which their sufferings were described in the most pathetic terms; and the Christian states of Europe were exhorted to redress their grievances, and retaliate upon their Infidel tyrants, from an apprehension that the Turks, more ferocious, and more subtle than the Saracens, were aiming at universal empire. The ambassadors of the Greek Emperor, Alexius Comnenus, represented in the council of Placentia, to the numerous bishops and clergy there assembled, the imminent danger of their master, and his capital, from the vicinity of the Turks.

The Pope afterwards, in a great council held at Clermont, enlarged upon the same topics, and stated, that the desire of the Turks for empire could only be satisfied with the conquest of the whole world. The indignation and ardour of persons of all ranks were excited, and they resolved to commence the expedition to the Holy Land without delay. Peter the Hermit, with sandals on his feet, and a rope round his waist, led the way; a great number of devotees, chiefly peasants, neither furnished with necessities, nor regulated by discipline, followed his steps; their ignorance magnified their hopes, and lessened the dangers of the undertaking. In the forests of Hungary and Bulgaria, many of them fell a sacrifice to the indignation of the inhabitants, provoked by their rapine and plunder. A pyramid of bones, erected by Solyman, the Emperor of the Turks, near the city of Nice, marked the spot where many of those who penetrated farther

than their companions, had been defeated; and of the first crusaders very great numbers are said to have perished before a single city was taken from the Infidels. These misfortunes were so far from extinguishing, that they rather tended to increase the enthusiasm of the Christians. The most eminent chieftains of the age, renowned for their prowess in arms, engaged in the crusade without delay. Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Brabant, a descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne, with his two brothers, Eustace and Baldwin, Hugh, Count of Vermandoes, brother to the King of France, Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, King of England, Robert, Count of Flanders, Steven, Count of Blois, one of the richest and most powerful princes of that age, the number of whose castles equalled that of the days of the year, were the leaders of the French, the Norman, and the English forces. Adhemar the legate of the Pope, and Raimond, Count of Thoulouse, took the command of those who went from the south of France, Lombardy, and Spain; Bohemond, and his cousin, the accomplished Tancred, princes of the Norman race, were accompanied by several nobles of that province; they were followed by their numerous adherents and vassals, whose services were either prompted by zeal and attachment to their respective lords, or purchased with rewards and promises.

Their principal force was cavalry, chiefly composed of gentlemen invested with the honour of knighthood. When their collected forces were mustered upon the plains of Bithynia, the knights and their martial attendants amounted to 100,000 fighting men, completely armed with the helmet and coat of mail. The princess Anna, the daughter of the Greek Emperor, compared their numbers, but much in the style of Eastern exaggeration, to locusts, to leaves of trees, or the sands of the sea. Constantinople was at that time the largest, as well as the most beautiful city in Europe; it alone retained the image of ancient manners and arts; it was the place where manufactures of the most curious fabric were wrought, and was the mart of Europe for all the commodities of the East; the seat of empire, elegance, and magnificence, was appointed as a general rendezvous for all the crusaders.

Several contemporary writers were witnesses to this singular assembly of different nations, and they have given a lively picture of the characters and manners of each people. When the polite natives of the metropolis of the East speak of the northern warriors, they describe them as barbarous, illiterate, fierce, and savage; and they sometimes inveigh against them with great severity, and relate instances of their violence in

terms not unlike those which preceding historians had employed in describing the incursions of the Goths and Vandals, when they overturned the Roman empire. On the other hand, the crusaders, while they despised the effeminate manners and unwarlike character of the Greeks, were surprised at the wealth and magnificence of their metropolis.

The progress of the crusaders was attended with many flattering instances of their success; they took Nice, at that time the capital of the Turkish empire, the seat of Sultan Solyman in Asia Minor, and they defeated him in two pitched battles. After crossing mount Taurus, they besieged Antioch, a place of great strength. Before the capture of that important place, many of their troops were lost, by famine, and after it, many perished by pestilence; but undismayed by these misfortunes they continued their zealous career. The lofty walls of Jerusalem at length struck their eyes; and as soon as they beheld this hallowed object of their affections, they raised a general shout of joy, and then devoutly fell prostrate on their faces, and kissed the ground whereon the Redeemer of mankind had deigned to tread. The city was strong both by nature and art, and defended by the Saracen Caliph of Egypt, at the head of a garrison well appointed, and more numerous than the Christian army.

Forty days were employed in the siege, at the end of which they took the city by storm; in the ardour of rage and victory they put multitudes of Jews and Turks to the sword; and such was their thirst for the extirpation of the Infidels, that according to the candid account which Godfrey himself gives of the transaction, so great was the slaughter of the enemy in the Temple of Solyman, that his men stood in blood above the ankles. They then walked with naked feet in solemn procession to the holy sepulchre, there to return thanks for so great a victory. The Arabian writers assert, that they continued the massacre of the Turks, in the adjacent country, for several weeks together, and assembling all the Jews, burned them in their temple. The Latin historians are very far from contradicting these statements, nor do they relate any instances of clemency on this occasion. On Robert, Duke of Normandy, declining the honour, Godfrey of Bouillon, the most worthy of the champions of Christendom, was proclaimed King of Jerusalem. In imitation of his Saviour, he was crowned with thorns; he rejected the appendages of royalty, and contented himself with the modest title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre (1099). Many of his companions returned to Europe; and his short reign, which continued only one year, did not give him time to establish his new kingdom.

The conquests acquired in this first crusade were comprised within the small territory of Jerusalem, the dominion of which lasted rather longer than fourscore years; the principality of Antioch and Edessa, extending over Mesopotamia, possessed by Bohemond, and retained about forty years; and the Tiberiad, assigned to Tancred. Encouraged by such delusive prospects of establishing a Christian empire in the Holy Land, the Pope and the clergy continued to recommend this sacred war with increased ardour. It was still represented to the people as the cause of God and of Christ, in which death would confer the merit of martyrdom, and paradise would be equally the reward of defeat or victory.

THE SECOND CRUSADE, A. D. 1147.

Forty eight years after the deliverance of Jerusalem the second crusade was undertaken.—St. Bernard, famed for his eloquence and piety, and the great influence which he obtained amongst the people, flourished at the beginning of the twelfth century; armed with the authority of the Pope, Eugene III. he fanned the flame of military fanaticism with a voice which was in every place obeyed without delay, he called the nations to the protection of the holy sepulchre. The fame of his pretended miracles and predictions removed every doubt of success from the minds of his credulous hearers; insomuch, that all who were able to bear arms were eager to participate in the glory of this warfare. Bernard was invited by the bishops and nobles of France, to become a leader in the expedition, which he so zealously recommended, but the Pope would not allow him to accept the flattering office.

The event proved him more fortunate in advancing the interests of the church than in the success of his projects, or the fulfilment of his predictions. The court of Rome profited by his labours, and canonized his memory. Conrad III. Emperor of Germany, and Louis VII. King of France, were the principal leaders in the second crusade; from the hands of Bernard they received the cross, with assurances, that he had authority from Heaven to promise them victory. Their cavalry was composed of one hundred and forty thousand knights, and their immediate attendants; and if even the light armed troops, the women, and children, the priests and monks, be excluded from the computation of their effective forces, their number will amount to four hundred thousand souls. Manuel the Emperor of the Greeks was accused by his own subjects of giving intelligence of the plans of the crusaders to the Turkish Sultan, and of providing them with treacherous guides. The conduct of the Christian leaders was dictated by no sound policy, or vigorous

co-operation; instead of endeavouring to crush the common foe by a pre-concerted attack at the same time on different sides of his territories, Louis of France had scarcely passed the Bosphorus when he was met by the returning Emperor, who had lost the greatest part of his army in a battle on the banks of the Meander. The King of France advanced through the same country to a similar fate, and was glad to shelter the relics of his army in the sea port of Satalia. At Jerusalem these unfortunate monarchs met to lament their sad reverses of fortune. The slender remnants of their army were joined to the Christian powers of Syria, and a fruitless siege of Damascus was the final effort of the second crusade.

THE THIRD CRUSADE, A. D. 1190.

The great Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, encouraged by the inactivity or weakness of the Christian princes, re-conquered the kingdom of Jerusalem, and after a siege of fourteen days took the holy city itself, and planted upon its walls the banners of Mahomet. He treated Sybilla the Queen, a descendant of Count Baldwin, and her consort, Guy of Lusignan, his captives, with kindness, and allowed his Christian prisoners their liberty on condition of paying a moderate ransom. By the report of these disasters, the zealous princes of Europe were again roused to arms, and Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, and Phillip Augustus, King of France, resolved to retrieve the honour of the Christian arms. They were reinforced not only by the fleets of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, but with the warriors of Flanders and Denmark, remarkable for their lofty stature, and the use of the battle-axe. With Lusignan at their head they besieged the city of Acre, thirty miles to the south of Tyre, and about seventy from Jerusalem.

The siege, which continued for two years, was remarkable for nine battles fought by the united Moslems of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, and the Christians in the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel. The camp of the Christians was wasted by famine, and Saladin heard with joy that the Emperor of Germany had died on his march. The English fleet, assailed by a violent storm, was driven on the coast of Cyprus. Isaac Comnenus, the despot of the place, pillaged the stranded ships, and threw the sailors into prison; but the gallant Richard took ample vengeance for this act of inhumanity, he attacked the plunderer, who opposed his landing, took him prisoner, and loaded him with chains, he entered Lomisso his capital by storm, and conferred the command of the island upon Guy of Lusignan, the expelled King of Jerusalem. At length, however, the fleets of Richard and of Phillip, cast anchor in the bay of

Acre, and they had the joint honour of taking the place. A capitulation was granted, on condition of a ransom of 200,000 pieces of gold, the deliverance of 100 nobles, and 1500 inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the genuine cross of Christ. The delay in the execution of the treaty, inflamed the rage of the conquerors, and three thousand Turks are said to have been beheaded, almost in the view of the Sultan, by the orders of Richard.

Soon after the surrender of Acre, Phillip quit-
ted Palestine, and Richard Cœur de Lion had the chief command, and added the cities of Casarea and Jaffa to the kingdom of Lusignan; he led the main body of the Christian army at the battle of Ascalon against Saladin and his numerous host. The two wings were broken in the beginning of the fight, by the impetuous Sultan, but Richard renewed the attack with admirable intrepidity of conduct, and turned the fortune of the conquest to a complete victory. He advanced within a day's march of Jerusalem, and intercepted a caravan of seven thousand camels. Roused by a report that Jaffa was surprised by Saladin, he sailed for the place, and leaped first on the shore; the Saracens and Turks fled before him in wild dismay. On the following morning they returned, and found him carelessly encamped with only seventeen knights and three hundred archers; regardless of their numbers, he sustained their charge, and grasping his lance rode along their front without meeting a single adversary who dared to oppose his career.

In the course of this active campaign, some circumstances occurred to soften the rigour of hostilities, even presents were exchanged by the courteous warriors; and snow and fruit, were given by Saladin, and Norway hawks were exchanged for Arabian horses. The health of both Saladin and Richard began to decline, and each wished to return to his own dominions.

Richard especially, was eager to depart for Europe, as the perfidious Phillip, in violation of his solemn oath, had taken advantage of his absence to invade Normandy, then a province of England. A treaty was concluded, on condition that Jerusalem, and the holy sepulchre, should be open without tribute, or molestation to the Latin pilgrims, that the Christians should possess the sea coast from Jaffa to Tyre, and that for three years and three months, all hostilities should cease.

The English monarch informed Saladin that he might depend on his return to the Holy Land to try his fortune once more. The Sultan, with a degree of courtesy which would have done honour to the most refined age, replied, that if it must be his misfortune to lose that part of his dominions, he would rather lose it to the King of England than to any other monarch in the

world. The death of Saladin, not long after, inspired the Christians with no small exultation, as he had obstructed the career of their conquests more than any General that had opposed them. He was exemplary for his piety and his temperance; his drink was water only, and he wore a coarse woollen garment; during his last illness he ordered a shroud to be carried through the city, while a cryer went before the procession, and proclaimed with a loud voice,—"This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, Sultan of the East."

As Richard Cœur de Lion was on his return home, he was shipwrecked near Aquileia. He travelled in the habit of a pilgrim, but the liberality of his expences betrayed him, and he was thrown into prison by Leopold Duke of Austria, whom he had offended at the siege of Acre.—This sordid prince sold him to the Emperor Henry the Sixth, who had taken offence at Richard's alliance with the King of Sicily. The place of his captivity was carefully concealed by his enemies, but it was discovered by Blondel, a provincial bard and minstrel, who had shared his friendship and his bounty; having travelled over many parts of Europe to learn the fate of his beloved master, the active Blondel at length gained intelligence, that in a certain castle in Germany, a noble prisoner was confined, and closely guarded. The gates of the castle were barred against him, but he was determined to try an expedient for making the desired discovery: he chaunted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed, partly by Richard, and partly by himself; and, to his unspeakable joy, when he paused, the second part was continued by the royal captive. This discovery is said to have led to his release. Vain were the remonstrances of the bishops of Normandy to the Pope in his behalf, exhorting him to draw the sword of St. Peter against the Emperor, for doing violence against one of the soldiers of the church. And as ineffectual, for some time, were the spirited letters of Eleonora, the mother of Richard, to the Pope.

The mercenary Emperor at last, not influenced by the Pope's threats of excommunication, but by the offer of a large ransom, restored Richard to liberty A. D. 1194, after a captivity of a year. Pierced by an arrow at the siege of the castle of Calais, his death happened about five years after, A. D. 1199. His formidable name is said to have been continued in proverbial sayings in the East. It was used for sixty years after by the Syrian mother, to silence her child; and the rider was wont to exclaim to his starting horse, "Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?"—The Arabian historians have added to his fame, and mention him as one of the bravest champions of the Cross.

The exploits of the crusaders, and especially of Richard Cœur de Lion, may be thought to resemble the marvellous stories of romantic times, yet, what has happened in our own days, and even upon the spot where Richard displayed his valour as a warrior of the Cross, may be adduced as a strong proof of their truth. Before the walls of Acre, the Turks have again witnessed the persevering intrepidity of Britons; for there "the dauntless seaman," with his brave associates in danger and glory, stopped the progress of a French army, and compelled their leader, baffled, and astonished at courage, not surpassed even by the crusaders of Britain, to desist from his darling enterprize, and abandon the conquest of Syria.

THE FOURTH CRUSADE, 1202.

The French, commanded by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, in alliance with the Venetians, embarked in the fourth crusade: they espoused the cause of the young Alexius, the son of the deposed Emperor Isaac. Constantinople was taken by the inferior army of the crusaders; and the timid usurper, basely deserting his fair daughter, Irene, and his subjects, carrying away much treasure, privately retreated through the Bosphorus. The old Emperor was restored to his throne, only to be again loaded with chains by Alexius Ducas, a relation, who put him and his son to death, and assumed the Imperial purple. With the consent of the tumultuous populace, the Latins, to revenge these atrocities, again attacked the city; and such was the terror of the Greeks, on their approach, that Nicetas, one of their historians, relates, that the thousands of troops, who guarded the Emperor's person, fled at the approach of a single French hero. The conquerors, unmoved by the solemn procession and abject supplications of the Greek priests, indulged in the licence allowed to those who take a city by storm, except the effusion of blood. They divided from a common stock the gold, silver, silks, velvet, furs, gems, and spices, and other treasures of the most splendid city in the world (1204). They profaned the sacred vessels and ornaments of the churches by common use, melted down the beautiful antique statues of brass into money for the payment of the troops; and, in the true spirit of the age, reserved the heads, bones, crosses, and images of their saints, as the most precious trophies of their conquest. The Greek provinces were divided among the victorious crusaders of Venice, France, and Lombardy. Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, who had taken a most active part in the enterprize, was proclaimed Governor of Romania, and ended at Constantinople his glorious life. Five Latin Emperors, of the houses of Flanders

and Courtenay, succeeded to the Imperial throne, and Constantinople was for sixty years in possession of the Latins.

Few of the conquerors recollected their original solemn engagement to succour Jerusalem, and only those repaired thither who could gain none of the spoils of the Greeks. Some of the Imperial family of the Comneni preserved the wreck of the empire, and founded two small kingdoms, one at Nice, in Bithynia, the other at Tribisond, between the sea and Mount Caucasus. They took Villehardouin, Prince of Achaia, prisoner, and thus deprived the Latins of their most powerful vassal.

The Genoese took part with the Greeks, and some Greek peasants engaged in a stratagem to admit a party of soldiers by a secret way into the city. They succeeded, set it on fire in four different places, and caused Baldwin, the affrighted emperor, precipitately to fly with Justinian the patriarch, and some of his friends (1261.) Michael Palæologus, with the empress his wife, and their little son Andronicus, entered the city in solemn procession, on foot, by the golden gate, and gained the throne. He caused Alexius Cæsar, his General, by whose address and bravery he had recovered it, to be carried in triumph. He wore a crown scarcely inferior to the Imperial diadem, and his statue was placed upon a lofty pillar.

THE FIFTH CRUSADE (1207.)

This furnished, at its commencement, another instance of the Christians assuming the badge of the Cross, not against Infidels, but against those who professed the same faith with themselves. Innocent the Third, who established the inquisition, and to whose legate, John, King of England, resigned his crown, instigated Simon de Montford, at the head of a great army, to extirpate the Albigsés, who were stigmatised as heretics. He likewise excited Andrew, King of Hungary, and John de Brienne, to make a crusade to Egypt, where their camp was inundated by the crafty Sultan; and they were happy to capitulate, for a secure but disgraceful return to Europe, on condition of not invading Egypt for eight years.

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH CRUSADES (A. D. 1249, AND 1270).

The two last crusades were undertaken by

Louis the Ninth of France, commonly called St. Louis, as he was canonized after his death. He was a prince eminent for his love of justice, and his strict impartiality in adjusting the claims of the neighbouring states, who, from his well-known honour, frequently appealed to his decisions. His virtues, however, were clouded by the fanatical spirit of the times, and the ardour with which he twice encountered the Infidels, was by no means inferior to any of his predecessors. With a fleet of 1800 ships, and a well appointed army of 50,000 men, he made an expedition to the coast of Egypt. At the first assault he took Damietta, but this was the only trophy of his conquest, for advancing along the banks of the Nile, his troops were harassed by the Egyptian galleys, and the Arabs of the desert. They intercepted all provisions, and his army, reduced by sickness and famine, were obliged to surrender; all who could not redeem their lives by service, or ransom, were inhumanly massacred, and the walls of Cairo were covered with Christian heads. The king was loaded with chains, but the conqueror, a descendant of Saladin, sent him a robe of honour, and ransomed him and his nobles, on condition that Damietta should be restored, and a vast sum of gold should be paid. The King of France, with the relics of his army, was permitted to embark for Palestine, where he passed four years without being able to efface the impression of his military disgrace.

After a repose of sixteen years, he undertook the last of the crusades. He steered for the coast of Africa, accompanied by his three sons, his nephew, and the great lords of his court, either to punish the King of Tunis for interrupting the free passage of the Mediterranean, or to convert him to the Christian faith. On the barren sands of Africa, his army, sinking under the heat of a burning sun, was quickly reduced to a small number, and the king expired in his tent. His brother, the King of Sicily, arrived soon after, and saved the relics of the gallant crusaders from destruction. His son Phillip, named the Hardy, defeated the King of Tunis; and, after making a truce, in which it was stipulated that the Moors should pay a double tribute for fifteen years, and the Christian missionaries be allowed to preach in his dominions, which were conditions imposed to save the honour of these crusaders, he returned to Europe.

HISTORY OF BELISE.

A STORY FOUNDED ON WELL KNOWN FACTS.

MR. EDITOR,

If the following story, in which I formed a party, be worthy of insertion in your valuable Magazine (and I think I may presume from its very superior quality, its interest, and authenticity, that it cannot be objectionable), you are welcome to make what use of it you choose. The names are, of course, fictitious; but many will recognize the facts. I am, &c.

BELINDA.

In the county of Devon lived a lady, whom, for particular reasons, I shall call Belise. Her father was a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a man of birth and ample estate. She was an only child, and this was the first misfortune of her life. Her parents, with a blind fondness too usual with such children, indulged her from earliest infancy in every wish, and thus encouraged in her that sickly delicacy of mind which was of so fatal consequence to her future happiness. Her next misfortune was the loss of her mother, when she had scarcely attained her twelfth year. Belise upon this event left school, whence she was called to the consolation of her father; and his affection would not suffer her to return.

A governess was taken into the house, and every master of eminence in every elegant accomplishment engaged to attend her. With advantages like these, the most inferior talents might have become respectable; but the quick mind, the lively imagination of Belise, her ready wit, and prompt conception turned these opportunities to the best account.

In the neighbourhood of Belise, and within a few miles of her house, lived two gentlemen, who, by the death of their fathers, had obtained an early possession of their estates. These were the chief candidates for her favour. Her father had referred them to Belise herself, informing them that the education he had given his daughter enabled her to chuse for herself, and that, wherever that choice might fall, it should be confirmed by his consent. With this candid answer, the gentlemen began their addresses, and exerted themselves to gain her good opinion. Belise had some difficulty to decide between her lovers. If Lysander had the better wit, Acasto had the better person; if Lysander had more of the manly character, Acasto had more of that suppleness which enabled him to assume the tone

of every one with whom he conversed. In the wit of Lysander there was an acuteness which inspired something of dread; Acasto was gay and trifling, easy to his own faults, and indifferent to those of others: Acasto, in short, was the more agreeable lover, but Lysander seemed best suited for the husband. As Belise and myself have walked up the lanes, we would often dispute on the different qualities of the two lovers. One day, however, a circumstance happened which determined her choice. As it marks the singularity of her character, and has something strange in itself, I will relate it.

One morning as we were walking before the house, and conversing as usual on their separate merits, the caprice took me to speak in favour of Acasto, in order to judge how the heart of my friend was disposed.

"Well, for my part," I exclaimed, "were I to determine, Belise, my choice should fall upon Acasto."

"But he is so great a coxcomb," she replied.

"That is, my dear," returned I, "he has so much of that gaiety and good humour which please the generality of our sex, and is so unusual among men; and if the greater part abuse it, it is that they want talents to reach it. It is a customary kind of policy to affect to despise what they have not the power to attain. It is an artifice that saves our credit, and converts our incapacity to acquire a quality into the seeming virtue of despising it. Shew me any man," I continued, "with the gifts of a coxcomb, who has not become a coxcomb. Moreover, if we may believe the moralists, those marriages are generally the most happy where the parties are most alike—where there is most harmony of temper and most similitude of pursuit. Now let me ask you, my dear, what can more resemble a woman than a coxcomb?"

Belise laughed, and added, that I had pleaded the cause well. "And here," she cried, "comes your client—demand your fee."

We were now joined by Acasto, who, dismounting, and leading his horse, begged we might continue our conversation, and enquired into the nature of it.

"Certainly," replied Belise; "we have fallen into an argument upon which of two qualities a rational preference should be grounded—wit and good-humour are the subjects. This lady has taken the part of good-humour, and I have

been defending wit. Pray what is your opinion, Sir?"

"Why, with your pardon, Madam, I must pass over to this side of the house; this lady's preference, I confess, is mine. The value of any quality must be rated according to its utility in life—in other words, according to its effect in promoting our happiness. Now, who will deny that good-humour does more to promote this end than all the wit in the world? The happiness of domestic life, the pleasures of society and conversation, depend entirely upon this quality; and there are thousands who, with very moderate pretensions to intellectual distinctions, diffuse joy and life around them by the mere possession of this homely gift. But here comes Lysander to give his sentiments."

Lysander having joined us, was informed by his rival of the nature of our conversation; and I thought, upon mentioning the dispute between wit and good-humour, he appeared as if he understood the meaning of the argument, which had escaped his more shallow rival. He seemed to perceive that his mistress was comparing her two lovers, and endeavouring to weigh, by their own assistance, their different qualities.

"I confess," said he, in giving his opinion, "my preference is for what you are pleased to call wit, but which, with your permission, I will change into understanding. And you must give me leave to remark an error. In setting wit on one side, and good humour on the other, you seem to have adopted as a principle that there is a kind of natural incongruity between them, and that they cannot be mixed together in the same person. A very common error; but there is no such natural distinction. There are many who have been equally known for good understanding, and to use a vulgar expression, for good tempers. There is a difference, indeed, between the insipid good-nature—a blind instinct of a fool, and that higher kind which marks the man of understanding. A man of good-nature will, indeed, relieve any distress which is immediately presented to his eyes, but he will relieve it in a common way. A man of understanding will sometimes step out of his way, and will do things of which the other would have never thought."

Lysander had scarcely finished, when a poor woman, apparently the wife of a soldier, came up to us, and asked alms. She had a fine child with her, but both mother and child, though it was a cold wintry day, were so thinly clad, that they seemed sinking beneath the inclemency of the season. Acasto, with his usual good-nature, gave her some loose silver. She next applied to Lysander, who, to our astonishment, pulling off his great coat, threw it over the woman and her

infant, and giving her some money, desired her to hasten to the next town, as he foresaw a fall of snow. The woman took her leave, but had proceeded only a few steps, when excess of fatigue brought her to the ground. Acasto ran and assisted her, and the woman presently continued on her way. Lysander, as soon as he saw her fall, without seeming to go to her assistance, or telling us his intention, walked to the house of Belise's father, which was not far distant from the road where we were walking. We were at a loss to know what he intended, when in less than a quarter of an hour we saw him return in his phaeton; and bowing as he passed, and telling Belise that he dined with her father, he proceeded onwards, and soon reached the woman and child. He instantly took them up, and having no servant with him, drove off himself. Acasto and myself laughed, but Belise appeared serious, and in a short time pensive.

In truth, it was this singular and half ludicrous circumstance that determined her choice. Her mind, which had all the warm enthusiasm of romance, was sensibly struck by a singularity like this; and her heart was, from this day, decided in favour of Lysander. He soon perceived her preference, and pursued her by his importunities into an acknowledgement of his being an accepted lover. As his family and fortune were unexceptionable, the choice of the daughter was confirmed by the consent of the father: in short, the day was soon fixed which was to give him Belise for ever. In the meantime, the success of his rival was soon visible to Acasto, and he saw it with an indifference which even astonished those that best knew the easiness of his temper.

As Belise and myself were one day walking, Acasto perceived us from a distance, and instantly rode up.—"I am come," said he, taking Belise's hand, "with a dire intent."

"How so?" said Belise.

"Why to put you to the rack, Madam. In short, I have now a business of some importance."

At this I was preparing to leave them. He stopped me.

"Nay, Madam, it may concern you too," said he.

I waited to hear him.

"Pray may I ask your sentiments," he continued, "on the conduct of those ladies who gratify their vanity at the expence of their lovers' peace—who, while positively engaged to one man, give a tacit encouragement to a hundred others, whose too favourable opinion may have put them in the way of being so fooled?"

I saw Belise bite her lips at this remark, which was evidently levelled at herself. She assented,

however, to the observation, and with as admirable address as candour, added—"I not only agree with you, Sir, but were I myself in that situation, I mean, had I two lovers, and had determined in favour of one, the other would have but to ask my sentiments, and my acknowledged preference for his rival should put an end to his future hopes."

"Thank you, Madam," said he; "I acknowledge your principle, and I now claim it. Will you be pleased to answer me a plain question?"

Belise, well knowing what was coming, blushed, but replied firmly that she was ready to answer him. In short, she acknowledged her preference for Lysander. Acasto rallied his own ill luck with great good humour and wit; and Belise, with an inconsistency but too common among our sex, seemed really disconcerted at the easy indifference with which her rejected lover bore his dismissal.

In a few weeks after this, Belise and Lysander were married. For some time they realized the expectations that had been formed; and, as their good qualities deserved, enjoyed the highest portion of domestic felicity. Acasto continued to visit them, and nothing was talked of throughout the country but the long friendship and steady harmony of the rivals—a friendship that held out against their clashing pretensions in the course of so long an address to the same woman. But this astonishment was soon dissipated, this mutual confidence soon destroyed, and all their domestic happiness, in one rash moment, and by one foible, equally in the character of Lysander and his wife, lost for ever.

Lysander, with all that manly firmness and constancy of mind which constitute a marked character, had one foible—that of a warm and impetuous temper. In spite of the curbing restraints of his stronger reason, this heat would at times break forth; and if inflamed by the least opposition, rage with a fury that left all decorum far behind—a cast of mind very common; and as to its effects on the happiness of ourselves and others, more truly pernicious than any passion whatsoever. Every other vice is attended by some temptation; something is gained, or at least proposed to be gained, and the consciousness of criminality is assuaged by the reflection that if something is lost in peace, something is acquired in profit. But the passionate man is vicious only to his own cost; he works industriously the misery of himself and those around him, and his sacrifice of self-esteem is not compensated by any returning advantages.—This foible of her husband was truly painful to Belise, as the long indulgence of her parents had formed her mind to a more than common sensibility. She herself, however, was not without a foible, of equal danger

to her own and her husband's peace. This was a kind of haughtiness of mind which, when supported by consciousness of right, disdained to yield, and paid too little regard to the opinions of others. To this was added a lively and unrestrained resentment of any treatment she imagined unjust. In these foibles the source of their subsequent misfortune was found.

Acasto, as I have said, continued to visit at their house, and Lysander admitted him with his usual confidence. In giving the character of Acasto, I have described him rather as a coxcomb, than as having any thing mischievous in his designs. He had a levity, however, which is frequently as dangerous as vice, and not unusually leads into it. His love for Belise was not diminished either by her marriage or her cruelty; and though he carefully concealed it from others, and even endeavoured to hide it from himself, the flame yet lived, wanting only opportunity to burst forth, and burn with stronger vigour than ever.

The openness of Belise, and a certain playfulness in her temper, which made her addicted to railery, and therefore easily pardoning it, unfortunately encouraged these imprudent sentiments in Acasto; and he found himself daily more confirmed in his dishonourable passion. He struggled for some time with his principles, which, though not naturally vicious, were yet too weak to maintain the contest; and in a kind of despair of his own virtue, he surrendered himself up to the sweet delusion.

Lysander, though not addicted to jealousy, was yet a little displeased with some symptoms he perceived in his friend. His suspicions did not rest here, but were soon increased by a trifling incident,

Belise was fond of plays, and this humour would often lead her to declaim and act a favourite part with Acasto. It happened one day that Acasto, according to some passage he was performing, had thrown himself on his knees before Belise, when the door on a sudden opened, and her husband entered. Acasto in great confusion endeavoured to rise; and as the situation had some awkwardness, Belise blushed as she explained it. Lysander said not a word, but left the room. Belise was irritated by this unjust suspicion; and in subservience to that fatal foible, that pride of mind I have mentioned before, disdained submitting to explain, where she was conscious there was nothing to defend.

Lysander, as is customary with men of his passionate cast, construed this haughtiness of his wife into disgust of himself, and disdained with equal pride, to seek that conviction which was not voluntarily offered. Thus was their mutual happiness sacrificed to a false pride and a mis-

taken delicacy: each considered it a point of honour not to be the first in submission.

Acasto still continued his visits, and both husband and wife, from the same stubborn principle, still continued to receive them as before. From this time, however, a coolness arose between the couple, and terminated shortly in that sure forerunner of wedded misery—separate tables and beds. The maid, who was immediately attendant on the person of Belise, was a French girl, and had all that spirit and zest of intrigue which distinguish that kind of creature. She soon penetrated into the love of Acasto, and the groundless jealousy of her master: and when she had made the discovery, she determined to turn it to account. For this purpose she would contrive to meet Acasto, and beginning an artful conversation with him, endeavoured to make him believe that the indifference of Belise was but pretended, and that she was more favourable to him than he imagined: moreover, that the change in her husband's conduct towards her had worked some change in his favour. The girl, however, with an admirable artifice, had taken care not to ruin her part by overacting it; and in what she reported as having seen, or heard from her mistress, had said nothing which could appear too contradictory to the known modesty of her lady. This gave her words a degree of credit, which the common sense of Acasto would otherwise have refused them; and his ardent love rendered the deception the more easy, as it was thus made the more pleasing. In short, he suffered the girl to persuade him to write to his mistress, and she herself undertook to deliver the letter.

Having written a billet, he put it into the hands of this confidante, and accompanying it with a purse, entreated her to execute the commission with care and secrecy. The girl promised every thing, and departed. She had scarcely left him, when he remembered, in his perturbation, that he had forgotten to seal his letter. This, however, gave him little concern at the time; but you will soon see that this trifling circumstance was of more serious consequence than the letter itself—it confirmed a suspicion into a belief.

The girl had no sooner departed with the letter, and undertaken to deliver it, than she began considering with herself how she could best execute her trust. Something was necessary to be done; she had received one large bribe already, and expected to receive many more. She was too well persuaded of the virtue of her mistress to attempt at once delivering it into her hands; not but that she entertained hopes that the love and merit of Acasto might at length soften this rigid virtue, and render her services,

at some future time, as acceptable to Belise herself as they were now to her lover.

Being wrapt in these thoughts, she had entered the house, and passed on to her mistress's room. An open drawer on her lady's dressing table happened to catch her eye; at that moment she heard a step, and in mere despair of any other expedient, she threw the letter into the drawer, where it could not fail to meet the attention of her lady. She had not, however, the confidence to wait the effect of her scheme, but hurried out of the room. At the same moment her mistress entered; she was preparing for a morning visit, and happened to go to another table, and in the hurry of preparation, and her carriage waiting, she did not discover the billet.

Lysander happened at this time to be writing some letters in the next chamber, when, wanting a seal, and not having his own at hand, he stepped into Belise's room to seek her's. Going up to the dressing-table, his eye caught the open letter; he seized it with great agitation, and hastily retired to his own room. Here he locked the door, and tore open the letter. Its contents were as follows:

TO BELISE.

"And are you then at last, my Belise, less insensible to my love? Have I at length touched your heart, and will my passion be rewarded by your pity? Will you add one greater proof? I cannot see you at the house of Lysander. Need I give any further explanation? Your's,

"ACASTO."

Lysander, blinded with jealousy, was now confirmed in his suspicions. They were still more increased by an incident I have mentioned: Acasto had forgotten to seal his letter, and his messenger had gratified her curiosity by reading it. She was employed, indeed, in this, when, hearing the step of her mistress, she had thrown it into the open drawer.

Lysander knew that his wife had but that moment left the room, and that no one but himself had since entered it. This unhappy concurrence of circumstances put the matter beyond doubt. His wife, therefore, had seen the letter—the letter itself acknowledged some prior favour, and with a confidence that could only arise from the most liberal encouragement, requested an appointment. Lysander was convinced.

At this instant a sudden thought struck him. He remembered that his wife was gone to pay a visit; this corresponded, he thought, with the request in the note. He had no room for doubt—his jealousy was blown into a flame. He loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the road to Acasto's house.

In the meantime Belise was proceeding to

to pay the visit I have mentioned. It happened by one of those unfortunate accidents, which almost confirm us in the belief of fate, and a certain and necessary destiny, that Belise was actually on her way to visit the sister of her lover.

Belise was not ignorant of her husband's jealousy, and her friends had often remonstrated with her, and amongst them myself, against an intimacy with Acasto's sister in the present complexion of affairs. But her unhappy foible, the pride of innocence, made her disdain all appearance of concession, and rather increased the frequency of her visits to this lady. She defied all censure, from an assurance of its groundlessness; and being supported by a conscious innocence, would stoop to no submission. She was now, therefore, in the very house of Acasto, and her carriage remaining at the door.

Lysander, who had pushed his horse to its full, goaded on by jealousy and revenge, arrived at the avenue leading to the house the moment Belise, in her carriage, stopped at the gate. He saw Acasto come to the door, take her hand, and conduct her within. This was enough. He perceived a lad at a distance, whom he beckoned to him, and dispatched with a message to Acasto. It was—"That a strange gentleman desired to see him on business of importance."

Acasto, surprised at this singular message, came, directed by the boy, to the entrance of the avenue. Lysander, in the fury of his passion, immediately collared him, and presenting a pistol in one hand, held in the other the fatal billet. He then retreated a few paces, and levelling his pistol, fired it, desiring Acasto to do the same. The shot wounded his rival, who, irritated by pain, discharged his own pistol. The ball entered the heart of Lysander, who fell dead upon the spot!

In the meantime, the affrighted lad who had

conducted Acasto, seeing the violence of the gentlemen, had fled to the house, and spread the alarm. The sister of Acasto, hearing that the stranger, for the lad knew not Lysander by any other name, had presented a pistol at her brother, hurried to the place in great terror, followed by Belise, who was yet ignorant of the dreadful event. They arrived the moment Lysander fell; and Belise in that moment recognised her husband, and sprang forward instinctively. Belise, too confounded as yet to comprehend the extent of her misfortune, attempted to raise him up, but found that he was dead! She gave a shriek of madness and horror, and fell senseless beside him!

Endeavour now to present to your mind the horrid scene! The sister of Acasto stanching the blood which flowed from her brother's wound—Lysander dead, and his wife, to all appearance so, beside him—the pistols lying in the road, and a whole parish, for the people were fast collecting, surrounding the spot!

I will here conclude my history. I will only add, that Belise remained for some years in a state of perfect insensibility, almost approaching to idiotism. Her senses, however, were at length providentially restored; but as they brought her to the full perception of her misfortune, I have sometimes thought the loss of them would have been more tolerable. She still retains her grief, and will often wholly seclude herself from society, and spend the day in tears. Acasto likewise felt sensibly his misfortune in having murdered his friend by his own hand; and, to dissipate his grief, and give time for the story to die away, he fled to the Continent. He is now a sincere penitent, and has lately returned; but his former gay spirits are lost, and he sometimes experiences the distraction of a mind wholly possessed by melancholy.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 15.]

CHAP. IX.

Of Fashion.

THE celebrated Dr. Young has admirably depicted the divinity to whom all ages and all ranks render servile homage, who even finds means to bow the neck of wisdom to the yoke of folly, by the threat of ridicule; that divinity whose power has never been disputed by infidels, whose worship is every where established, who reckons temples in every region of the globe, but whose metropolis is chiefly at Paris and London.

It is truly astonishing that this prodigious power of opinion, which successively proscribes whatever it once approved, should oblige us to bend the knee before the idol which it will so soon overthrow; should cause us to-day to think that form graceful which yesterday appeared ridiculous.

Women are perhaps too lightly accused of inconstancy; we impute to them as a crime a

taste with which we have perhaps inspired them; this inconstancy which, it is true, they carry to excess, with respect to objects of ornament or dress, reflects more severely perhaps on our levity than on theirs. They are afraid to appear the same, because they are rather distrustful of our constancy; they renew themselves, as it were, every day, in order to furnish fresh reasons for our homage; they attempt to fix us by our inconstancy itself, and are well aware that they must proceed by leaps and bounds, to keep pace with the heart of man.

I cannot venture to affirm that this motive is the only cause of the instability of the fashions, many other causes are sometimes combined with it, and are less flattering for our sex; but let us preserve at least, if possible, the happy illusion, which frequently forms the most genuine portion of our pleasures.

For my part I am fully convinced that when the men become less frivolous, the women will be less inconstant. The object of women is to please, and their nice discernment gives them a perfect knowledge of what is calculated to afford us pleasure. The means they employ are therefore deduced from our particular inclinations, as the bait which conceals the perfidious hook is always adapted to the taste of the fish which is intended to be caught. If women make mistakes, it is not in the theory, but sometimes, as we shall presently see, in the execution; they draw false conclusions from a true principle.

Some authors have sung the praises of fashion, considering it in an economical and political view; they have beheld in it an interesting and productive branch of commerce, a real gold mine, advantageous to all the states that can work it with skill, an increase of luxury necessary for the general circulation—but these writers are mistaken.

Much, both of good and bad, has been advanced concerning luxury, and were we to collect all that has been said of it by its partizans and its enemies, we should find that the arguments in its favour are perhaps inferior in strength to those that have been produced against it; but we have already treated of the luxury of the sex, and therefore it is not in that point of view that we shall now consider fashion.

In our enquiry concerning fashion, we shall examine only the tyrannical power which it exercises over us, and which, as I have already observed, fascinates our eyes to such a degree as to cause us to discover charms in objects which we had condemned, and to make us despise what once appeared enchanting—a foible of a most extraordinary nature, and which has at all times been an object of censure.

It is universally admitted, that no nation are

such abject slaves to this tyrant as the French. This brings to my recollection a very curious caricature. A painter had represented the different nations of the world in the costume of their respective countries; but the Frenchman was naked, and had a bundle under his arm; underneath the painter had written these words, "As this man changes his fashion every moment, we have given him the stuff, that he may get it made up in any fashion he pleases."

The artist probably borrowed this idea from an Italian book, printed a great many years ago, in which is related the following anecdote:—A fool walked stark naked through the streets carrying a piece of cloth under his arm; being asked why he went without clothes, as he had materials for making them, he replied, "I am waiting to see when the fashions will stop, because I will not have the cloth made up into a dress which in a short time I should not be able to wear, on account of some new fashion."

This love of change is of very ancient date in the neighbouring kingdom of France; Montaigne reproaches his countrymen with it, and it is of the French that he says, "I complain of their particular indiscretion, in suffering themselves to be so exceedingly duped and blinded by the authority of present usage, as to be capable of changing their opinion and ideas every month, if it should so please custom, and of judging so differently of themselves; when they wore the busk of their doublets at the breast, they produced forcible reasons for maintaining that it was in its proper place; a few years afterwards, when it was removed down to between the thighs, they ridiculed the former fashion, as absurd and not to be endured. The present mode of dress cause them immediately to condemn the former, with such unanimity that you would say, it must be some kind of madness which thus deranges their understandings; because our changes are so sudden and so rapid in this respect, that the invention of all the tailors in the world would not be able to furnish novelties enough."

What would Montaigne say were he to come to life again, and to see to what a pitch this ridiculous love of novelties, this general propensity for change, has arrived, were he to behold his countrywomen engaged in varying without any other motive than that of variation; dressing to-day in a different manner from what they did yesterday, not to appear better, but merely for the pleasure of appearing otherwise; abandoning a handsome costume, not to make way for one still more handsome, but to adopt one which nobody ever saw before!

But Fashion has extended her empire in France in a very different manner. Not content with dictating laws to the Graces, with prescribing the

fashion of our clothes, the colour of the stuff, or the number of the folds that should be made in the bosom of a coxcomb's shirt; she has likewise subjected the arts, sciences, language, nay even diseases, and the art of curing them, to her invisible power. It would be a mark of extreme vulgarity to make use of a medicine which is out of fashion; and those who have had the misfortune to commit such an error, may, indeed, congratulate themselves on their cure, but they must not boast of it.

It would be extremely curious to compare the annals of medicine for the last two hundred years. No journal, perhaps, bears so perfect a resemblance to the *Journal of Fashions and Modes*. In the latter, we see caps and dresses successively replaced with fresh caps and dresses; in the *Medical Journal*, we find systems and processes replaced by other systems and other methods of cure. Thus we have seen hot baths in fashion, and then cold baths, which, in their turn, have been proscribed, and made way for the return of hot baths. We have seen bleeding become the universal remedy, and soon afterwards it was unanimously agreed that it killed a great number of patients. Water was, for a length of time, a cure for all diseases; and a celebrated Doctor now tells us, that wine has cured patients, who would certainly have died, had the physicians come in time to prescribe medicines for them—a fine confession truly in the mouth of a physician! During a long, and, indeed, too long a period, purgatives were administered; fashion then caused emetics to be substituted in their stead. The transfusion of the blood, emetic wine, electricity, magnetism, galvanism, inoculation, bark, and Indian chesnuts, phosphorus, ice, gelatine, vaccination, &c. &c. have alternately been praised to the skies, as all-healing remedies. To-morrow will give birth to some new process, just in the same manner as *La Belle Assemblée* will furnish us with new hats and new dresses. In both the one and the other of these journals you see the system of the day universally extolled; and presently as universally decried. In the one you see the handsomest fashion last the shortest time, precisely because it is handsome, because every one adopts, and because it is not genteel to be like every body else; in the other, you see the simplest remedy soon decried, because it is within every one's reach; because all would adopt it, and it would derogate from the dignity and prosperity of the medical art. In *La Belle Assemblée*

the fashion of the day is always the only one admitted by good taste; in the *Medical Journal*, the system of the day is the only one avowed by science; and yet each day sadly witnesses the lie given to the oracle of the preceding; each day our fair milliners seduce us with new fashions, and each day our grave doctors terrify us with new processes. I beg pardon, gentlemen, but I was thinking of forty-eight glasses of water! forty-eight!*

I could multiply the features of resemblance which cannot subsist between the *Medical Journal* and *La Belle Assemblée*, but I should be accused of attempting to make an injurious comparison between the Graces who handle gauze and the Fates that hold the thread of our lives. I shall, therefore, be silent while the reader listens to the testimony of a physician—an authority, which, on such a subject, is not liable to suspicion.

"The sciences (says he), which, it would be supposed, from the grandeur and dignity of their character, ought never to bend to the yoke of fashion, are nevertheless unable at all times to preserve themselves from its influence. Medicine itself pays her tribute; not satisfied with enthusiastically extolling many new remedies, most of which are destitute of virtues, while the rest are rather prejudicial than profitable; not content with giving celebrity to doctors, whose history would furnish an excellent paragraph for the chapter of usurped reputations, it is likewise necessary that her influence should extend even to the most scientific combinations of physiology. Thus organic diseases have become fashionable; they are now to be met with wherever you go. Those of the heart are most in vogue, especially among the fair sex; and though they are all reputed mortal, by medical men, yet well authenticated instances of them have been seen to end very happily in a natural accouchement."

* The writer here alludes to a celebrated Bath physician, who recently prescribed forty-eight glasses of water a day as a cure for the gout, if I recollect right.

(To be continued.)

SABINA;

OR,

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

*[Continued from Page 19.]*SCENE IV.—*Cruelties towards Slaves; Carmion pares the nails; anxiety to have handsome hands and nails; Latris lets fall the case of the Mirror.*

WHILE this was passing, Donna Sabina had not been idle, or, to speak more correctly, she had found means to keep half a dozen of slaves in full employment about her person. We left her under the hands of her skillful hair-dresser. Nape had fortunately tied the bow in front, and completed the structure of a head-dress, which the rigid Tertullian so justly denominates enormous protuberances of hair pinned up and plaited together. And during all these preparations and decorations, there had as yet, a circumstance considered as a variety and almost miraculous, been no pins thrust into the arms and bosom of the busy Calamis, nor had the scourge been applied to the back or shoulders of the wretched Psecas or Latris.

It should be observed, that a cruel and sanguinary humour was the ordinary disposition manifested by Roman ladies of distinction at the toilette. Accustomed, from their early years, to the murderous fights of gladiators, or of animals at the amphitheatres, and to the bloody flagellations* of their slaves at home, they revenged, in the morning, on their attendants, every disappointment, and every vexation experienced during the preceding day or the past night. Woe to these unfortunate creatures if the love-letter was not delivered in due time, if an assignation in the Temple of Isis was disappointed; or if the mirror, alone a stranger to flattery, exhibited to the Donna, at the first look in the morning, a red nose, a fresh pimple on the chin, or other

traces of nocturnal orgies and debaucheries!—Her attendant damsels might then be as attentive as they would, they might possess the dexterity of the Graces and of the Hours, still they were sure to pay, with blood and tears, for the ill humour of their guilty mistress. It was, therefore, prescribed by the regulations relative to the custom of these much to be pitied servants, that while they were engaged in the dressing-room, and at the toilette of the Domina, they should appear perfectly naked down to the breasts,* that they might be ready to receive any chastisement she thought fit to inflict, even with scourges of plaited wire, and to the ends of which were fastened pieces of bone or balls of metal. Whatever the Domina had in her hand, in the first emotion of passion, was converted into an instrument of punishment. The long and sharp-pointed needles, described in the second scene, was particularly convenient implements of torture for the miserable slaves. Nothing was more common than for the Domina to pierce the hair-dresser with these in the arms and breasts, if she had the misfortune, at that moment, to excite her displeasure. Hence the advice of the master, in the "Art of Love," to females, not to behave with petulance and cruelty to slaves, while at the toilette, if their lover happens to be present:—

But no spectators e'er allow to pry,
Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;
To view the flowing honours of her head,
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.

* Let it only be recollected, that in every numerous family, there were particular slaves whose sole occupation consisted in scourging their fellow-slaves. They were denominated *Lorarii*. Instead of these, many Roman ladies (unless Juvenal has been guilty of exaggeration) employed, for these executions, the public flagellators, whom the Romans comprehended in the general term, *carnifices*, and whose business it was to inflict the cruel scourgings which preceded capital punishment, by way of torture, and paid them a regular annual salary for their trouble.

* That the most voluptuous effeminacy is capable of entering into horrid league with the most refined cruelty, has, in modern times, been demonstrated by the many furies of the guillotine and monsters of terrorism in the French revolution, such as Lebas, Carrier, &c. as also by that infernal novel, *Justine*, by the reading of which, as Retif de la Bretonne asserts, Danton used to excite his diabolical thirst of blood.

But let her look, that she with care avoid
 All fretful humours while she's so employ'd;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
 All that her woman does, who does her best.
 I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
 And scratches, with her bodkin or her nails,
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must
 mourn,
 And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

And in one of his love-elegies, in which he praises the beautiful hair of his Corinna, the poet expressly mentions, as a proof of his sensibility and tenderness, that the slave who dressed her hair, had never been thus barbarously treated on his account: "It was soft and pliable," says he, "bending into a thousand forms. Never did it give thee pain while dressing; nor did the pin or the teeth of the comb ever pull it out. Your maid never suffered while she was dressing it, for this operation was often performed in my presence; yet never did the arm of your Cypassis betray any marks of wounds from the hair-pins."

Sometimes the mirror itself, which first betrayed the neglect of the trembling hair-dresser, was thrown at the head of the culprit. Marshal describes a scene of this kind in the epigram addressed to Lalage, under which name he addresses one of these female furies at the toilette: "Of all her ringlets of her head-dress, one only slipped from under the pin. Lalage throws the mirror which shews her this mischance, at her unfortunate attendant. She tears her hair, till at length the unfortunate Plecusa falls beneath redoubled blows at her feet. Cease, Lalage, to adorn your mischievous hair; let not the hand of a slave again touch your insensate head. Let the scorching salamander crawl over it, let the razor despoil it, and let your head henceforward appear as smooth as the surface of your mirror."

It was, nevertheless, a favour which called for their gratitude when the slaves received this chastisement from the hand of the Domina. Far more cruel was the punishment, when, in her anger, she directed it to be inflicted on the wretched culprit by a female brought up to this employment, and kept for that particular purpose. In this case, they were immediately seized, without mercy, and bound, by their twisted hair, to a door-post or a pillar, and lashed on their bare backs, with thongs cut from ox-hides, or knotted cords, till the mistress pronounced the word "Enough!" or, "Go!"

A scene of this kind is delineated by the Roman satirist, Juvenal, with such energy and expression, as not to leave the slightest doubt of its truth. He says, of one of these ladies, "With tyrannic fury she storms and rages in
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the palace, as did formerly the despots of Sicily. If she has privately received a letter from her lover; if she has made an assignation to meet him in the garden of Cæsar, or in the shady grove of favouring Isis, the trembling Psecas enters, with dishevelled hair, and naked to the waist, to arrange the head-dress of her mistress. 'Ha! why is that lock too high?' and the scourge instantly punishes the atrocious crime. And what fault has then Psecas committed? Can she help it if the mirror shews an ugly pimple on the nose of her rigid mistress? Yet Psecas must bleed for it. A second trembling slave takes her place, and curls and plaits the Domina's ringlets. Next to her stands an old woman, who was once expert at dressing hair, but is now removed to the distaff. She first gives her opinion, and after her the other slaves, who form an extensive circle, are heard according to their age and offices. A trial for life and death could not be held with more solemnity than this consultation upon the head-dress of the lady, which is mounted up, story after story, into a formidable tower.

What a revolting scene! but we shall not think it improbable, if we recollect what modern travellers, and eye-witnesses, have related concerning the ladies of the north, who cause the most painful punishments to be inflicted on their female attendants for the slightest offences; or how the unfeeling Creoles maltreat their negro slaves in the West Indies, almost without any occasion. From all that we already know of our Donna Sabina, she was capable of renewing such a scene at her toilette as often as the least cloud of ill-humour threw a gloom over her brow; and it was, perhaps, owing only to the dexterity and attention of Cypassis, and to the welcome visit of the flower-woman, Glycærium, that the Donna was this day rather milder and better tempered than usual. And yet I am under some concern for poor Latris, whose office it is to hold the mirror. Though the hair-dressers have withdrawn to give place to another class of attendants on the toilette, yet she is not relieved from her troublesome employment.*

* Many an imperious lady, even at the present day, takes particular delight in keeping her servants, for half an hour together, in the most unpleasant positions. Let the reader but recollect the lady-author, who used to write at night, made one of her chambermaids hold the inkstand; and obliged the poor creature to remain in that posture, even when she herself was overpowered by sleep.

(To be continued.)

ON THE STRUCTURE OF LANGUAGE;

OR,

RULES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

[Continued from Page 13.]

THE preceding examples shew the importance of attending to the position of adverbs. Whenever they are placed at a distance from the noun they are intended to qualify, ambiguity will necessarily ensue.

The position of relatives is not of less consequence to the clearness of a sentence, than the position of adverbs: *relatives should adhere to their antecedents*. The disposition of the relative pronouns, *who, which, what, whose*, and of all those particles which connect the different parts of speech, is of the utmost consequence in language. It seldom happens that the sense is brought out clear, when a relative is remote from its antecedent; but even where the meaning is intelligible, we always find something awkward and disjointed in the structure of the sentence, when relatives are out of their proper place. "This kind of wit," says an author, "was very much in vogue among our countrymen, about an age or two ago; *who* did not practise it for any oblique reason, but purely for the sake of being witty." We are at no loss about the meaning here; but the construction would evidently be mended by disposing the circumstance, "about an age or two ago," in such a manner as not to separate the relative *who* from its antecedent *our countrymen*; in this way: "About an age or two ago this kind of wit was very much in vogue among our countrymen, *who* did not practise it," &c.

The following passages are far more censurable: "It is folly to pretend to arm ourselves against the accidents of life, by heaping up treasures *which* nothing can protect us against but the good providence of God." *Which* always refers grammatically to the substantive immediately preceding; and that, in the instance just given, is "treasures." The sentence ought to have stood thus: "It is folly to pretend, by heaping up treasures, to arm ourselves against the accidents of life, which nothing can protect us against but the good providence of God."—"We no where meet with a more pleasing or glorious show in nature," says Lord Shaftsbury, "than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, *which* is wholly made up of those different stains of light which show themselves in clouds of a different situation."

As this sentence stands, it is the sun which is affirmed to be "made up of those different stains of light;" an affirmation which the succeeding part of the sentence proves to be foreign to his lordship's meaning. This whole sentence is so ill constructed, that there is no possibility of connecting the relative with its antecedent, but by giving the sentence another form. A letter now before me, from a school-girl, contains the following passage: "This little performance was composed by M. d'Egville, for the purpose of showing off some of the *best dancers* in the school, *who* had built much upon the credit he should acquire by it." Here the relative *who* appears to relate to the *best dancers*, until we arrive at the pronoun *he*, which points out the relative's real antecedent. The sentence ought to have been arranged thus: "This little performance was composed by M. d'Egville, *who* had built much upon the credit he should acquire by it, for the purpose of showing off some of the best dancers in the school."

With regard to the relatives, it may be farther observed, that obscurity often arises from the too frequent repetition of them, particularly of the pronouns *who, they, them, and theirs*, when we have occasion to refer to different persons, as in the following sentence of Tillotson: "Men look with an evil eye upon the good that is in others, and think that *their* reputation obscures *them*, and *their* commendable qualities stand in *their* light; and therefore *they* do what *they* can to cast a cloud over *them*, that the bright shining of *their* virtues may not obscure *them*." This is altogether careless writing. When we find these personal pronouns crowding too fast upon us, we have often no method left but to throw the whole sentence into some form by which we may avoid those frequent references to persons who have before been mentioned. To have the relation of every word and member of a sentence marked in the most distinct manner, not only gives clearness to it, but makes the mind pass smoothly and agreeably along all the parts of it.

Having shewn the necessity of attending to the arrangement of words, I shall proceed to demonstrate that equal care should be exercised with respect to the disposition of circumstances,

and of particular members. *Circumstances should be so distributed in a sentence, as to demonstrate at first sight to what fact they relate.* An author, in his dissertation on parties, thus expresses himself: "Are these designs which any man, who is born a Briton, in any circumstances, in any situation, ought to be ashamed to avow?" From this disposition of the words "in any circumstances, in any situation," we are at a loss to know whether they relate to "a man born in Britain, in any circumstances, in any situation," or to that man's "avowing his designs in any circumstances, or in any situation into which he may be brought." If, as is probable, the latter were intended, the sentence ought to have run thus:—"Are these designs which any man, who is born a Briton, ought to be ashamed, in any circumstances, in any situation, to avow?" The following is another instance of a wrong arrangement of circumstances: "A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor." One would think that the search was confined to the sea-shore, but as the meaning is, that the great stone was found by the sea-shore, the period ought to have run thus: "A great stone that, after a long search, I happened to find by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor."

In constructing a sentence we should be careful not to crowd too many circumstances together, but rather to intersperse them in different parts of the sentence, joined with the principal words on which they depend. For instance: "What I had the opportunity of mentioning to my friend, some time ago, in conversation, was not a new thought." These two circumstances, "*some time ago*," and "*in conversation*," which are here put together, would have had a better effect disjoined, thus: "What I had the opportunity, some time ago, of mentioning to my friend, in conversation, was not a new thought."

The correspondent members of a sentence should be brought into as close contact as possible. The following is an example of the wrong arrangement of a member: "The minister of state, who grows less by his elevation, like a little statue placed on a mighty pedestal, will always have his jealousy strong about him." Here, so far as can be gathered from the arrangement, it is doubtful whether the object introduced, by way of simile, relates to what goes before, or to what follows. This ambiguity is removed by the following order: "The minister of state, who, like a little statue placed on a mighty pedestal, grows less by his elevation, will always," &c.

Nothing should be suffered to intervene between a verb, or assertion, and the subject to which it refers; or between any word connected together in the thought. Although the grand source of a

disorderly style is the wrong collocation of adverbs, relatives, circumstances, and members of a sentence, it is not the only one. The relatives which subsist between the inferior parts of speech must be properly demonstrated, by arrangement, if we would express ourselves with accuracy. Writers who needlessly multiply words, and crowd a variety of particulars into one sentence are perpetually disjoining all the connectives. Lord Monboddio furnishes many instances of this, in his "Account of the Origin and Progress of Language." I have selected the two following:—In the first, speaking of puns, he says, "They gave great offence to many, and sometimes, I believe, did much mischief, for it was not unlikely that his *pun*, (when speaking of Octavius, he said, that the young man was *laudandus, ornandus, tollendus*,) upon the word '*tollendus*,' cost him his life. No one can read this sentence without perceiving that the words in italics ought have been joined, as "his *pun* upon the word *tollendus*." In the following instance, the verb and its nominative are so remote from each other, that on arriving at the former, we have to travel back to find what it refers to. "I cannot, at present, recollect any one instance of a Roman who, from *tedium vite*, low spirits, weak nerves, or whatever other name we choose to give to the effects of intemperance, or the indulgence of pleasure without any moderation, art, or economy, destroyed himself." The sentence should have been written thus: "I cannot, at present, recollect any one instance of a Roman who destroyed himself," &c. for then the verb would have immediately followed its nominative. The following passages from Addison are transgressions against the same rule: "For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed, by that gloominess and melancholy of temper, which are frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and extravagancies, to which others are not liable." Here the verb or assertion is, by a pretty long circumstance, separated from the subject to which it refers. This might have been easily prevented, by placing the circumstance before the verb, thus: "For the English are naturally fanciful, and by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which are so frequent in our nation, are often disposed to many wild notions," &c. "For as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other be applied," &c. Better thus: "For as, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, no mortal author knows to what use, some time or other, his works may be applied."

This appears to be a proper place to observe, that when different things have an obvious relation to each other in respect to the order of na-

ture or time, that order should be regarded, in assigning them their places in a sentence; unless the scope of the passage requires to be varied. The conclusion of the following lines is inaccurate in this respect: But still there will be such a mixture of delight, as is proportioned to the degree in which any one of these qualifications is most conspicuous and prevailing. "The order in which the two last words are placed should have been reversed, and made to stand *prevailing* and *conspicuous*. They are *conspicuous*, because they *prevail*. The following sentence is a beautiful example of strict conformity to this rule. "Our sight fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action, without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyment." This passage follows the

order of nature. First, we have the variety of objects mentioned, which sight furnishes to the mind; next we have the action of sight on these objects; and lastly, we have the time and continuance of its action. No order could be more natural or exact.

These, and the examples given before, show how the sense may be obscured by an irregular order of the parts of a sentence. A little attention to the rules which have been laid down, will prevent similar faults occurring in the style of those who may be desirous of expressing themselves with perspicuity, accuracy, and elegance; and since there are none who will deny that the attainment of these properties is desirable, there are few, it is presumed, who will deem the pains requisite to acquire them too great an exertion.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON ASTRONOMY.

From a Work published in the last Month by the justly celebrated Mrs. BRYAN, entitled, "Lectures on Natural Philosophy, the result of many years' experience of the facts elucidated," the following extract is made. It is a lecture on Astronomy; and we doubt not but it will prove acceptable to such of our female readers as are ambitious of that scientific knowledge which is at once elegant and useful.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM EXPLAINED, &c.

SO grand, beautiful and sublime, is the whole scheme of the universe, that it requires the association of all the most elevating ideas to raise the mind to a pitch of thought capable of conveying even the weakest impression of its astonishing excellence! yet the assimilating power of science enables us to calculate many of its sublime effects, and to view and understand its resplendent beauties and most powerful energies, with ease, satisfaction and conviction.

Aided by mathematics, we venture to speak with certainty of the sizes, distances, periods and motions of some of the heavenly bodies, though far removed from our familiar inspection. The solar system was first established by Pythagoras; and since revived by Copernicus, after the exuberance of genius had been corrected by the infusions, and modified by the restrictions of science. That the motions of the heavenly bodies excited the attention of the earliest ages we may readily believe; for the necessities of human nature must have naturally led men to

contemplate the aspects of the sun and moon for different times and seasons, in order to regulate the affairs of agriculture and domestic employment. The results of these early investigations excited an increasing curiosity in the breasts of intelligent men, and led them to contemplate the fixed stars, the influence of which was then much considered and accredited. But science being incompetent to enable men to ascertain either the sizes or distances of the stars, they are only distinguished by their different apparent magnitudes; and by being grouped into constellations, and characterized by names, either of particular observers of these beautiful luminaries, or adapted to different events in profane history. This arrangement was particularly useful to navigation before the use of the magnet was discovered.

In the centre of the solar system is placed the sun, like the father of a family, surrounded by bodies dependent on his emanations, called planets; one of which is our earth. Mercury is situated nearest the grand luminary; next

Venus; then our Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, or Georgium Sidus.

Three other planets, lately discovered, have not yet been introduced into astronomical tables; yet I must not neglect mentioning them. Of these, the two first discovered are called *Piazzi* and *Olbers*, after the names of their discoverers; or, as they are otherwise called, *Ceres* and *Pallas*. The former of these planets was discovered on the first day of the present century—namely, January 1, 1801, by *M. Piazzi*, astronomer, at Palermo in Sicily; and the latter on the twenty-eighth March, 1802, by *Dr. Olbers*, astronomer, at Bremen in Germany. Both of these planets appear extremely small, like telescopic stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude. They move in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter, and in some parts of their tracks they approach very near to each other; and, what is singular in our observations of these planetary bodies, their orbits cross each other; the planet *Olbers* coming nearer to the sun than *Piazzi* in the perihelion, or near part of their orbits; but going off to a greater distance than the latter in their aphelion, or further part of their orbits; this singularity is owing to the great eccentricity of the orbit of *Olbers*, which is equal to one-fourth part of its mean distance, while that of *Piazzi* is but about the twenty-eighth part of its mean distance from the sun. The other planet was discovered, September 1, 1804, by *Mr. Harding*, astronomer, at the Observatory at Lilienthal, near Bremen, in Germany. It appears very small, like a telescopic star of the eighth magnitude. Subsequent observations have determined some of its phenomena. Its period is four years four months; the inclination of its orbit between 13° and 21° . Its mean distance from the sun three hundred millions of miles.

The periodical time of *Olbers* is found to be four years seven months and ten days: and that of *Piazzi* but very little different. The sizes of these planets are variously stated by different astronomers. Taking the apparent diameter at second and a half, the real diameter may be about one-seventh of that of our earth, or one-half that of the moon. From *Dr. Herschel's* observations they appear to be much smaller; namely, the diameter of *Piazzi* about one hundred and sixty-two miles, and that of *Olbers* only ninety-five miles. He also considers them of a different species from the other known planets, and calls them *asteroids*; as in the clearness of their light they resemble the other planets and stars, while in their size and motion they resemble the comets.

Some of the planets have satellites, or moons, belonging to them; performing revolutions round a centre, between themselves and their

primaries, and also revolving with them round the sun. Our earth has one moon; Jupiter, four; Saturn, seven; and the *Georgium Sidus* six, already discovered. From the benefits derived from the influences of the moon on our earth, we naturally infer, that the satellities of the other planets perform the same essential and salutary offices to the respective worlds connected with them.

To afford a rational solution of the globes, and the problems to be performed by them, I shall state the circumstances which confirm us in the belief of the sun being the central body of our system; and of the planets, and their moons, or satellites, shining only by reflecting the light of the sun: also, show how the rotation of these bodies on their axes is ascertained, and explain the causes of eclipses. It is evident to our senses that the earth and the heavenly bodies move round each other. The revolving bodies move in an unresisting medium, on which account these motions are continual, and always regular. It is impossible, by the sense alone, to ascertain which of these has the quickest, and which the slowest motion; or which moves exterior, and which interior, in respect to another; because the atmosphere revolving with the earth, renders that motion insensible to creatures on its surface; for the earth has no motion independent of its atmosphere. Hence, as our senses are insufficient to determine the fact, we must call in the aid of our judgment, which may be confirmed by reasoning on known truths. Notwithstanding the possibility of the earth moving round the sun, yet as we cannot perceive that it does so by sensible effects, to establish that fact, we will compare this circumstance with effects perceived in familiar instances, and confirmed by undeviating laws.

Suppose a large ball placed on one extremity of a stick, and a smaller one on its other extremity; to place the whole in such a manner that we may give it a revolving motion round the centre of gravity between the balls, we must duly balance the two balls, by placing their centre of gravity on a point, or pivot. It is evident to reason, that the centre of gravity of these two unequal bodies must be nearer to the larger than to the smaller one. It is a known law in motion, that revolving bodies connected together by an intervening agent, as the sun and planets really are by attraction, must move round a centre; and that centre be nearer to the larger than to the smaller bodies.

The sun, from his magnitude, balances all the bodies which circulate round him; and these bodies are all connected with that luminary by the power of gravity. It must be obvious to every one, that the sun, being the largest of the

bodies constituting the solar system, must perform his revolution nearer to the common centre of gravity than any of the others.

The centre of gravity between the sun and all the planets is not more than the sun's semi-diameter from itself. Thus, by familiar observations, and easy inferences, we are able to establish the sublime and important fact—that the sun is the central body of our system.

That the planets shine only by reflecting the light of the sun, is evident in the effects perceived of the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury; and also of the moon that accompanies our earth, and the satellites of Jupiter; which never appear bright but when so situated that they receive the sun's rays.

The moon performs her revolution round the centre of gravity between herself and the earth, in a plane inclined to the earth's orbit.

That the planets are globular bodies actual observations have determined. As thus: by the aid of glasses we are able to discern spots on some of these bodies: and the different appearances of the spots at different times have been such as must arise from viewing them on the surface of a globular revolving body; namely, their appearing broader than in the centre, in respect to our sight, than when approaching to our central situation, or near to the sides of the revolving body. These effects are most evident on the sun and moon; by which observations the time of the rotation of each of these bodies on its axis is determined. The circular figure cast by our earth in its shadow, as proved at the time of an eclipse of the sun, have indisputably established this fact. The fixed stars, as they are called, from their being stationary in respect to our observations of them, always appearing at nearly the same points in the heavens relatively to each other, furnish us, by their apparent diurnal revolution (which is produced by the real motion of our globe on its axis), with the time of the entire rotation of the earth; for by the observation of the situation of a certain fixed star on one evening, and its return to the same spot the next, this is ascertained. The sun is so distant from us, that he appears stationary; yet even his motion can be estimated, by our observations of certain spots on his surface.

Having endeavoured to establish the facts of the sun being the centre of the system, and the planets shining only by his light, I shall proceed with the subject of motion.

All bodies revolving on an axis exert a force from their centre, which force is increased in proportion to the greater distance of any part of such bodies from that centre. These effects of the centrifugal force being applicable to the nature and configuration of our earth, we infer

that it is greater at the equator than at the poles: and hence it is, that the equatorial part of our earth is larger than any other; which postulatam has been established by actual mensuration and the law of pendulums. The application of the latter to ascertain this circumstance, arose from the motion of this instrument being accelerated by an increased force of gravity, and retarded by its weaker impressions. Hence we infer, that as a pendulum vibrates slower at the equator, that part must have its gravity counteracted by some power, which power is found to be the centrifugal force; this counteracts in a degree the effects of gravity at the equator, and also enlarges that part of the surface of our globe.

In recurring to the other circumstances of the solar system, it becomes necessary to mention certain bodies that are perceived by us at irregular intervals, called comets; but of which no positive theory is established: for neither their periods nor distances are actually ascertained; though calculations have been made of the length of the orbits of some of them, and the time of their revolutions, by observations taken of the velocity with which these bodies move in certain parts of their orbits. However, we may suppose the orbits of comets to be very long ellipses, because these bodies are sometimes far beyond our sight, and at others approach very near to the sun, moving with great velocity in their nearest approach to that luminary. From the known laws of motion, and of centrifugal and centripetal forces, we know that all the planets revolve in elliptical orbits, and must therefore be sometimes nearer to the sun, and at other periods further removed from their grand vivifying principle. This change of distance we perceive in respect to our earth, for in winter the sun subtends a larger angle with it than in summer; accordingly, the sun must be nearer to us in the former season than in the latter; but this difference is so small, compared with his absolute distance from us, even in our nearest approach to his splendid animating orb, that no diminution or augmentation of either heat or light is perceived, in consequence of this change of distance.

Let us for a moment leave the small part of the universe to which we belong, and extend our view within the confines of the ethereal expanse; where suns innumerable resplendent shine, animating other planetary worlds that circulate round them. This idea is too grand for our circumscribed comprehensions to appreciate; but the fact is established by the evidences of our senses, and confessedly manifested to us by our reason, which perceives and judges of one thing by another. God has created nothing in vain; and these beautiful luminaries appear like our

sun: therefore we naturally infer, that they are suns like that which animates our system, and created for the same wise and beneficial purposes.

The stars appear of various sizes to us; but whether this arises from any real difference of size in them, or only from their being situated more or less remote from our earth, we cannot determine; for we have no means of ascertaining their distances from our globe, not being able to form an angle with any of them; yet we have the best reason to believe that they are placed at different distances from it. The planets being sometimes nearer to the sun than at others, their orbits must be elliptical; for the centripetal force, or attraction of the sun, acts with greater or less power on them, as they are nearer to that luminary, or further removed from it. Were these bodies constantly acted on by two equal forces; or did the centripetal, or that force which draws them towards the sun, exactly balance the centrifugal, or the force that impels them from that centre; these bodies would revolve in a circle: but Providence has so ordained, that these circulating worlds should be at different distances from the sun at different periods, by causing sometimes the centripetal force to be greater and sometimes less than the centrifugal; and hence it is the planets vary in their distances from the sun in different parts of their orbits.

How fitly formed—how duly balanced, is this wondrous system! Each planet has its appointed station and direction, and implicitly obeys the laws prescribed by God Omnipotent!

Endless the wonders of creating power
On earth; but chief on high: through heav'n
display'd
There shines the full magnificence
Of Majesty divine; refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his
train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.

'Tis true, the mind is lost in the magnificent survey of innumerable worlds, impelled by divine command, and revolving in the bosom of immensity. The grand survey of the universe,

taken in its aggregate magnificence, certainly imparts the most elevating thoughts, displays the profoundest evidences, and affords the most sublimely glorious spectacle of creating Wisdom!

The varieties in the soil, climates, and the elementary parts which characterise our globe, are perfectly adapted to the necessities of animal, vegetable and mineral natures, in their different constitutions and species: of this, natural history furnishes the most striking instances, replete with evidences of the wisdom and benevolence of the great Creator!

Whether we examine the minutest works of creating Power, or soar into the regions of expanded ether, all things emit the purest rays of Divine Intelligence! Did then the wise beneficent Creator of all the wonders we contemplate mean we should behold them without understanding the lesson they impart? Certainly not. He meant that the excellency of his works, made evident to our senses and comprehension, should be understood, and duly appreciated. Then surely to pass them unheeded by, must bespeak either gross ignorance, or want of grace in his creatures; for

The elements and seasons all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves—the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active.

Endless is the theme of universal love; for infinite is the scheme of Providence, unconfined by human laws, by human conception! The small portion of the works of Divine wisdom and beneficence, the perfection of which is immediately within our view, strikes us with wonder, love and awe!—A perfection so complete, so surpassing human reason, that to attempt to understand all its energies would destroy the limited powers of created man; therefore those things that we cannot appreciate, we must admire at a due distance; conceiving, from what we do see, the glories that for wise ends are now hidden from our sight!

ON HERALDRY.

ORIGIN OF ARMS, OR COAT-ARMOURS.

BLAZONRY, Heraldry, or the heraldic science, is the art of displaying, or explaining, in proper terms, all that belongs to coats of arms, and of marshalling, or making up new ones when required.

Arms, or coats of arms, are, first, ensigns, or marks of honour: secondly, hereditary; thirdly, made up of fixed and determined figures and colours; fourthly, taken up in the beginning according to the fancy of the first bearers, and afterwards, either granted or confirmed by sovereign princes, as a reward for military valour, a shining virtue, or a signal public service, and which serve to denote nobility and gentility; and, lastly, to distinguish families, states, cities, dignities and societies, civil, ecclesiastical, and military.

Thus Heraldry is the science of which arms are the proper object, or subject matter; but yet they differ much both in their origin, and antiquity. Bara, Favin, and some others pretend that arms have been in use from the beginning of the world; Segoin traces them up to the times of Noah's sons; and after, Diodorus Siculus says, that Osiris, surnamed Jupiter, son of Cham, who had been cursed by his father Noah, being banished from the tents of Shem and Japhet, raised an army under the command of his three sons, Hercules, Macedon, and Anubis: that Osiris bore as a mark of royalty and sovereignty, a sceptre insigned at the top with an eye; Hercules, a lion rampant, holding a battle-ax; Macedon, a wolf; and Anubis, a dog, which was the rise or origin of armorial ensigns; others place it no higher than the times of Moses and Aaron. Sir George McKenzie, a famous Scotch armorist, refers it to the patriarch Jacob, who, blessing his sons, gave them marks of distinction, which the twelve tribes of Israel bore on their ensigns; and Dr. Brown, in his *Vulgar Errors*, says, the scutcheons of the twelve tribes of Israel, as they are usually described in the maps of Canaan, &c. are generally conceived to be the coats, and distinctive badges of their several tribes; so Reubens is conceived to bear three bars wove; Judah, a lion rampant; Dan, a serpent trowed; Simeon, a sword impale, the point erected, the ground whereof he says is the last benediction of Jacob, and quotes Gen. chap. xxix. Numbers, chap. ii. to prove that many years after, in the benediction of Moses, that the twelve tribes had their distinctive banners, "every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with

the ensign of their fathers house." Judah is compared to a lion by Jacob; "Judah is a lion's whelp;" the same is applied to Dan by Moses; but Heralds have determined that the distinction between the coats of the two is, that the lion appropriated to Judah, was a lion couchant, or dormant, according to the letter of the text "*recumbens dormisti ut leo*," he couched as a lion; and concludes that although an uncertainty of arms, appropriated as above to particulars, seems manifest, yet he makes no question of their antiquity, and mentions the shield of Achilles, and of many other Greeks; and (according to Vossius) the crow upon Corvinus's head was but the figure of that animal upon his helmet, as examples of the antiquity of coats among the Greeks and Romans.

Others deduce their use from the heroic, or fabulous times; because in Homer and Virgil we find that their heroes had divers figures engraved on their shields; some place it under the empire of the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, grounding their opinion on Philostrates, Xenophon, and Quintus Curtius; others, without any foundation, pretend that Alexander the Great regulated armorial ensigns, and blazonry. Father Monet places their rise under the reign of the Emperor Augustus; others during the inundations of the Goths and Vandals; and others again, ascribe the methodizing of coat-armours to the Emperor Charlemaign. Chorier, in his History of Dauphine, observes, that the Gauls had bucklers called *tires*, which covered their whole bodies, and on which every combatant caused his proper marks to be depicted whereby he might be easily known by his fellow soldiers; for which he quotes Pausanias: and this, according to Chorier, was the true origin of the bearings of noble families. The same author rightly says, that it would argue a great deal of ignorance to believe that the Romans were wholly strangers to ensigns or marks of honour; but that it would shew little less to maintain, that they had any proper mark to distinguish each family. That they were not ignorant of Heraldry appears from Nonius Marcellus who says "that the Heralds or *Feciales* declared war, or proclaimed peace, among the Romans, and it was not lawful to make war until four of them had demanded satisfaction for the injury received, and declared war upon the refusal, throwing into the enemies country a tagged spear, dyed in blood, and burnt at the end." He also says, that they consisted of a hundred and twenty in number, and that

K. Numa established a college of them under a commander named Pater Patratus; and Tit. Liv. lib. i. mentions the ceremony used at the creation of that commander; and of the Heralds he says, that they touched their head and hair with vervain, with which they were also crowned when they performed their office, that they might be known, and distinguished, and that they carried a rod of office which was exactly resembling Mercury's *caduceus*, with two serpents twisted.

Spelman pretends that the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, brought them first from the north into England, and from thence into France. Others assert, that armorial ensigns are natural and common to all nations in the universe, grounding their opinion on what Joseph Acosta, a Spanish writer, relates, that the antient Incas, or kings of Peru, bore a rainbow and two snakes in their arms; and those of Mexico, a hand holding many arrows of reeds. Another author says,

that he has seen a Chinese scutcheon, charged with a panther, in a field Or.

After a great variety of sentiments, all that can be said, with any solidity or certainty, is, that in all ages men have made use of figures of living creatures, or other symbolical signs, to distinguish themselves in war, to denote the bravery and courage either of their chief, or their nation, and even to render themselves the more terrible to their enemies; and Plutarch in his life of Marius, observes that it was for that purpose, the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*, the antient inhabitants of the countries now called Jutland and Lower Saxony, bore the figures of fierce beasts on their shields, &c. and that those various figures were used either as ornaments to their bucklers, and helmets, or as ensigns and standards, to know one another, and to rally after engagement.

[To be continued.]

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

[Continued from Page 40.]

To examine the first dawnings of imitation, those uncultivated and untaught efforts of natural genius, is amusing and interesting; the specimens are often curious, and mark the characters of the people. Such disquisition may lead us to trace, with greater certainty, the different styles adopted amongst various nations, and in different ages, with respect to dress, buildings, and the arts in general, which have been materially influenced by, if not originally derived from, the peculiar genius, disposition, or character of the people in their primitive state.

As man had occasion for images of different objects, he doubtless made use of the most obvious helps to acquire their shapes; when the thing itself could not be applied, and thus traced upon the wall or floor intended to be adorned, other means were tried: shadow, which distinctly gives the form of bodies, it is natural to suppose, might suggest the most ready method of obtaining a likeness. And we have, at this day, artists, as they are called, who can go little farther than mechanically to reduce into a smaller compass, the outline thus taken. Pliny and Quintilian derive hence the origin of design.

The former affirms, "that a young woman, struck with her lover's resemblance, thrown distinctly on the wall by a lamp, drew the outline." The latter relates that a Shepherd thus obtained the likeness of a sheep; the method was obvious, and such instances, no doubt, repeatedly occurred, possibly long before the two which are

above recorded. Such were the first rude efforts. Egyptian hieroglyphics are, perhaps, the most antient specimens now extant; these are simple outlines; other arts had made considerable advances, while this remained in its infancy; the mind was either not at leisure to attempt embellishment, or else it required a higher degree of cultivation to produce that improvement of which the art was susceptible, than to mature many of the sciences. But when the enlightened genius of Greece rose to its meridian splendour, arts, as well as arms, attained the pinnacle of perfection. If we might judge of their painting, which has perished, by their sculpture, which is happily preserved to us, or by the eulogia of history, their excellence if ever equalled, has never been surpassed. That the moderns however have carried painting still farther may be presumed, when we recollect the small catalogue of colours they possessed, and the ignorance they betray in perspective.

The attention of Grecian artists was principally, if not wholly, attached to those subjects which engaged the passions and affections of mankind; to enrich their temples, to represent their demi-gods, their heroes, and those heroic actions, the sublime themes of their poets and historians, were, with them, the chief objects for the exercise of their exalted powers. The valuable remains, handed down to us, of that celebrated age and country, exhibit the most exquisite skill, directed by the profoundest judg-

ment in representing the human figure, and all subjects that could be fixed under the artists' eye. Either these important studies, entirely engaged their pursuit, or the difficulty of accurately delineating those innumerable objects which compose the general views of nature, of catching all their variations, in form and colour, in light and shade, might deter them from so arduous an attempt; and thus these views became the latest subjects of painting after the revival of the art. The human figure as they could fix, they could study, and glorious was the result of their study! grand the designs of their artists, inspired by the conceptions of their poets! accurate their attention to nature! to nature in her most vigorous, most beautiful state; by judiciously combining every perfection they discerned, the pieces they produced were perfect! but to paint the sun rising in gilded radiance, or setting with refulgent majesty, was reserved for the pencil of a Claude.

To the antients then we must have recourse for those models which are the standard of perfection, and which will most eminently assist in studying the human figure, or forming the historic group, and in pursuing that idea of excellence which they ever had before their eyes.

Various causes have contributed to introduce at different periods, other species of representation. When assiduous practice, the spirit of research, and studied or fortunate discoveries, had rendered the mechanical part of the profession more attainable, and when the taste and genius of the times afforded less encouragement or fewer occasions for the pencil of history,

efforts were made to please the nation with subjects less elevated, but more immediately interesting; to hand down to posterity the valuable portrait of some distinguished patriot; to present to distant nations, the countenance of that hero, who had saved his country in the day of danger; to preserve, in an antient family, the resemblance of an illustrious ancestor; to pourtray the historian, the poet, or the actor, who had instructed or delighted the public; or the parent, relative, or the friend who was dear to the individual; these were desirable and laudable objects of painting; and hence portrait painting arose. This requires not all the excellencies of history, but it requires excellencies of a different kind, and not less difficult to attain. The desire of the patron, and the inclination of the artist, led the latter to attempt every subject that could gratify opulent vanity, or exercise industrious ingenuity. The favourite houses, horses, and hounds, were desirable objects to the one; to the other, the stately grove, dismantled tower, and rustic homestead afforded subjects interesting, delightful, and happily adapted for the pencil; the patron paid for all. By degrees a taste for landscape prevailed; which, though less dignified, is not less difficult than either portrait or history: perhaps as many excellencies are necessary to be combined to reach perfection, in the one as in the other; and perhaps it will be found, that considering the number who have followed this line, in which mediocrity is easier to be attained, a smaller proportion of the artists have eminently distinguished themselves.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC.

[Concluded from Page 38.]

ON THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE.

CONCERNING the question, whether a learner ought in general, and often, to play with accompaniments? it must be observed, that though judiciously composed, and well performed pieces, with accompaniments, have a fine effect, they can be used only for the enjoyment of playing, and not for the learning of it.

To shew this, it need only be considered, that the most simple and most easy pieces for the piano-forte consist at least of two parts, one for the right, and another for the left hand; and that more complicated ones contain harmonies, which on other instruments would require two or more performers. To read such pieces, in two staves of the notes, and to execute them as neatly and exactly as if every part was done by a se-

parate performer, is difficult; and this difficulty is increased, and multiplied, by the necessity of attending to the accompaniments when used, and of going on with them in strict time.

When therefore a learner plays with accompaniments, he feels a certain constraint and anxiety which makes him pass but superficially over all that he finds difficult, or omit those notes chords, and parts of passages, which he is afraid to encounter. And such a manner of helping himself in difficulties, together with the improper application of the fingers attending it, becomes habitual, and materially injures a learner in fine playing, under the false idea of improving his acquirements in time.

All the greatest masters of the piano-forte therefore agree, that a person can learn true play-

ing only by playing without accompaniments. And it will be found, that only those professors of other instruments, who either have no feeling for a finished performance in general, or are unable to show it on the piano-forte, are constantly fiddling or fluting to the lessons they give on that instrument. The consequence of which is, that their attendance only *sounds* well, but is of little service; and that their pupils generally remain unacquainted with the best compositions for the piano-forte, as well as with a fine and finished performance on that instrument.

But when a person has learnt a piece so well, that he can with certainty and facility execute every passage of it, there is not the least impropriety in his playing it with accompaniments. And nothing can in that case be more emulating, and more improving in taste, than his being accompanied masterly, on a violino obbligato, provided the accompaniment leave him at the same ease as if he played by himself.

The question, how long a learner should practise every day? is also important, as we shall now endeavour to shew. For though it seems to be generally thought, that the more one practises the better it is, reason and daily experience tell us, that there depends more on the *quality* of such practice, than on the *quantity* of it; and that if a person practises longer than he can pay strict attention to what he plays, it is not only useless, but often does more harm than good, by leading to a careless and unattentive playing.

Infants of four or five years therefore, though (according to the method explained at page 37 of our last Number), they make a regular beginning, and imperceptibly learn to play by notes, yet they ought not to be made to practise by themselves; and when they are animated to play to a parent or friend, it should last no longer than they are found doing it with proper attention, and with pleasure or satisfaction to themselves, though they may be called to the instrument as frequently as it can be done without letting them feel it a trouble.

Children of six and seven years, may be tried if they can regularly practise a short time by themselves, when pieces are given them that are strictly calculated for their capacity; and in that case they may be allowed from a quarter to half an hour, twice a day, besides their playing occasionally to their friends, to shew their improvement.

From eight years and upwards, the time of practise may be gradually increased, according to the leisure which learners have between their other employments, and to the perseverance which is found in them, till it comes to an hour, both in the morning and afternoon. But young ladies who learn music only as an accompanish-

ment, cannot be expected to exceed that time of daily practice; though it would be improper to prevent them to practise as much as they like, if they wish to become proficient in playing.

Concerning the question noticed before, whether it is good for a learner to be long about the same piece, or not? it is certain, that as long as a person takes instruction, his principal object is to improve, and to become perfect as soon as possible, though he also wishes to find as much enjoyment in it as he can.

It is therefore equally wrong, to indulge a learner with a great variety of pieces that are not calculated to produce a regular improvement, or to let him set about pieces which are yet too difficult for him, and which, (if he can overcome them at all) require too long a time to be learnt sufficiently perfect. And a judicious master will be particularly careful in selecting for his pupil pieces, by which he can make a quick and regular as well as entertaining progress, without being troubled too much with the same piece.

An occasional suggestion, which follows from the above question is:—whether a learner may be suffered to play by heart, or not? Concerning this it must be observed, that the capacity of remembering a piece, so as to be able to play it by heart, shews two good qualities, viz. a fine memory, and a true musical feeling. To discourage such qualities entirely, would be cruel. But to prevent their being misapplied, by neglecting the playing from notes, in playing too much from memory, it is expedient to introduce a new piece as soon as the former one is sufficiently practised, and thus to keep the learner's attention constantly employed, which leaves no room for his dwelling too much upon former exercises.

The above are the outlines of a proper method, according to which the art of playing the piano forte should be taught, or learnt, in general. And we now proceed to the second principal object pointed before, viz. to the *performance itself*. In regard to this it must be observed, that there is a great difference between mere vulgar, and finished playing; between playing only mechanically right, or with taste and feeling; and between shining only in some trifles of fashionable playing, or being an able and judicious performer in general. These particulars therefore we shall still give some consideration.

Concerning the first, or the difference between mere vulgar and finished playing, it is certain that the same attention should be paid to it as to what is better or worse in all the other branches of a fine and polished education. For a clownish pronunciation, vulgar phrases, ungrammatical sentences, and a scrawling hand, would be thought very unbecoming in the speaker.

ing and writing of a genteel person; and the same impropriety would be found in a slovenly dress, stamping walk, and so forth. Ladies or gentlemen, therefore, should be as particular in the choice of the pieces they play, as they are in the books they read, in the pictures they hang up in their rooms, and in the quality and fashion of all that belongs to their wearing apparel. And their performance of them should be as neat, tasteful, and elegant, as every thing else about them. This, if it is strictly attended to from the beginning, is not so difficult as it may appear; and in the course of some time it becomes as natural as writing a neat hand.

But it is not enough to play only mechanically right, though the performance be ever so clean, distinct, and rapid, a person of taste and feeling in other respects, should also play with taste and feeling. For to play without feeling, has the same effect as reading in a language we do not understand; and though we may pronounce every word right and distinctly, it will make no impression on the hearer. Yet we may play with

feeling and still without taste, as we shall endeavour to shew on a future occasion.

The last particular pointed out before, is, the difference between shining only in some trifles of fashionable playing, and being an able and judicious performer in all respects. That fashion often insists upon trifles, more than upon what is important, will be allowed. When, therefore, a great performer introduces something new, it becomes fashionable, though it consists only in trifles; but the true art of playing will always remain independent of such things, in a similar manner as the rules of harmony will probably never be derived from the laws of fashionable modulation.

The two greatest and most celebrated professors of the piano-forte now in this country, are Mr. J. B. Cramer, and Mr. Woelfl, whose distinguished merit is sufficiently known and acknowledged; and the only junior one we venture to mention immediately after them, is Mr. George Kollman, who has already been noticed at page 602 of our former Volume.

ON PNEUMATICS.

[Continued from Page 33.]

ON THE ELASTICITY OF AIR.

AIR is compressible and elastic. It is compressible, because it may be made to occupy considerably less space than it naturally fills; and elastic, because it possesses a certain spring which causes it to expand when the force that confined it is removed.

If a very small quantity of air be tied up in a bladder, when it is held to the fire the sides of the bladder will gradually distend, till it is completely inflated by the elasticity of the included air. From this, and other experiments it has been inferred, that fire is the cause of the elasticity of air.

The elastic power of air may be demonstrated by many amusing experiments. If a bladder, containing a small quantity of air, be placed under a weight, and both be put under the receiver of an air pump, on exhausting the air out of the receiver, the small quantity pent up in the bladder will distend with such force, by its elasticity, as to raise up the weights which are laid upon it.

If a piece of thin bladder be tied over the mouth of a glass bason, when it is placed under the receiver, the air within the glass will begin to expand as soon as that under the receiver

begins to be exhausted by the action of the air pump, and the bladder will presently burst.

Those who have not a proper apparatus for making experiments of the preceding kind, may, by the humble means of a phial and small tube, or a tobacco pipe, produce a sufficient effect to satisfy themselves of the elasticity of air. Fill a phial about half full of water, insert one end of the pipe in the fluid, and let the other project about an inch above the neck of the bottle; then close up the pipe in the neck with sealing wax, so that air may not escape from the bottle. After the machine is completed, blow strongly through the tube, and the elasticity of the air, which is compressed in the upper part of the bottle, will so far overcome the resistance of the atmosphere or exterior air, as to force the water out of the pipe some inches in height, till the density of the interior and exterior air becomes equal. When the water is exhausted below the end of the pipe in the bottle, it may be supplied by sucking the tube with the lips, and instantly stopping the aperture of the pipe with the finger; then immerse the end in a bason of water, and when the finger is removed it will flow into the bottle. For a part of the air has been drawn out of the phial by the lips, that which remains is less dense than the

exterior air, so that the pressure on the surface of the water in the bason overcomes the resistance of the rarified air within the bottle, and forces the fluid up the pipe, till the gravities of the interior and exterior become equal. As heat distends the volume of air by imposing a superior degree of elasticity, if the phial be held near the fire, or even warmed by the heat of the hand, this will increase the elastic force of the air, and cause a small discharge of water from the neck of the tube.

All bodies contain some proportion of air, and it is continually endeavouring to exert its elasticity. Fruits and vegetables have their pores filled with air. If a shrivelled apple be placed at the bottom of a vessel of water, and then covered with a receiver, on exhausting the air from the latter, several streams of air will issue from the apple, and increase in quantity as the exhaustion of the receiver increases. The apple, at the same time, will change its appearance; for the air it contains being no longer confined by any external pressure, will swell out its parts and fill up all the wrinkles, giving it the semblance of a fresh gathered apple. If air be re-admitted into the recipient, it will force back into the pores of the apple that which had escaped, and the distended parts of the apple will shrink, till it again exhibits its former withered appearance. An apple contains so much air, that were it all to be given out to the stomach at once, when this fruit is eaten, the coats of the stomach would be distended till they burst.

In the doubling of the film at the large end of an egg, there is enclosed a small quantity of air. Take a new laid egg, and make a hole in the smaller end, place it with that end downwards in a wine glass; then put both under the receiver of an air pump. On working the pump, the air in the upper part of the egg feeling less pressure from the atmosphere, will begin to distend by its elasticity, and when the process of exhaustion is completed, within the recipient, it will force the whole contents of the egg through the hole at the bottom of the shell. On allowing the air to return to the receiver, the parts of the egg will re-enter the shell.

The operation of cupping commences with holding a small glass, resembling a bell in shape, over the flame of a lamp or candle, till the air within the glass is so rarified that scarcely any thing of it remains. The glass is then

applied to the part affected, and a partial vacuum having been produced in the former by the action of the flame, the air under that part of the skin which the glass covers, feeling no longer the pressure of the atmosphere, exerts its spring, and in so doing swells out the skin which confines it. The skin is then pierced with a lancet, and the operation ends.

Fish have within them a small bladder of air, which they can contract or dilate at pleasure. By contracting it they become specifically heavier than water, and sink; by dilating it they become lighter, and rise. This power, however, is lost when the pressure of the atmosphere on their bodies is removed; for then the air contained in this vessel exerts its elasticity, and the fish is constrained to mount to the surface. In proof of this, put a carp into a vessel of water, then place the vessel and its contents under the receiver, exhaust the air, and the carp will float on the surface of the water without the power to descend; for the exterior pressure being taken away by the action of the pump, the air within the bladder of the fish acquires such power of expansion, that the animal can no longer exert a power of contraction, but is constrained to remain on the surface of the water to its great pain.

On the air's susceptibility of being compressed, and its prodigious expansion when the compressing force is removed, depend the structure and uses of the air-gun. In this instrument a quantity of air is so condensed, that on the power which confined it being taken away, the air by its elasticity, projects a bullet as far as it would be carried by gun-powder. The simplest constructed air gun is formed like a common gun with a single barrel, and the condensed air is contained in a brass ball that screws on below the lock. The ball is filled with air by means of a syringe, and is furnished with a stop-cock. The bullet is made to fit the barrel very exactly, and is rammed in like the ball of a musket. Each gun is furnished with two brass balls which are capable of containing air sufficient for twenty discharges. The gun is charged by turning the cock, which fills a small chamber at the but end of the barrel with condensed air. By pulling the trigger a valve is opened, when the condensed air rushes in behind the bullet, and drives it out with such violence as to force it through an oak board, half an inch thick, and at the distance of twenty-six yards.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

PALESTINE.*

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy
view'd?
Where now thy might, which all these kings
subdu'd?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Might, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wot of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dew, that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy;
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-wing exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Tho' Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Tho' weak and whelm'd beneath the storms of
fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;

* Having been favoured with a private copy of this admirable Poem, it had long been our intention to insert it in our Magazine; many circumstances, however, have delayed it, till at length it has been announced for publication in a Collection of the Oxford Prize Poems. Our Readers perhaps will not think it even now too late; they are therefore presented with it entire.

Tho' thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill;
The grot, where, by the watchfire's evening
blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom
bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres
shine,

The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What tho' no more for you the conscious gale
Swell the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Tho' now no more your glittering maris unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Tho' not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian Plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding
gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
 Arabia's parent, clasped her fainting child;
 And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
 Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:
 My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
 And southward throws her half-averted sight.
 For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
 A dreary waste of undistinguished woes:
 See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
 Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine;
 'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
 And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
 Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
 Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering
 reed;

And their's the soil, where, curling to the skies,
 Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice.
 While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
 Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
 Through the wide world in hopeless exile stray,
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
 In dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their
 Lord,

Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd!
 If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
 And fluent Jordan sought his trembling source;
 If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine!
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main?

For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?

O feeble boast of transitory power!

Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
 Not such their hope, when through the parted
 main

The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
 Not such their hope, when thro' the fields of night
 The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light:
 Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
 Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
 In rude array, the harness'd Amorite:
 Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
 The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd:

The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
 And God's own darkness veil'd her conscious
 height:

(He, cherub borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)

Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite

His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?—

Awe-struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,

Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's
 fate,

And such the glories of their infant state.

—Triumphant race; and did your power decay?

Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?

No;—by that sword, which, red with heathen
 gore,

A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;

By him, the chief to farthest India known,

The mighty master of the ivory throne;

In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her
 foes,

Victorious Salem's lion banner rose:

Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,

And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.

—And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind

Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd;

Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,

And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew;

To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—

The powerful sigil and the starry spell;

The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,

And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.

Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,

And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.

In frantic converse with the mournful wind,

There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd;

Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wonder
 ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such the faint echo of departed praise,

Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;

And thus their fabling bards delight to tell

How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;

Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increase,
 Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.

When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,

And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;

Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,

Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;

Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,

Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.

Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state

The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;

And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Ey'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,

Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return:
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul!

Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the sky,

Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;

Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant king!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes: let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel his blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'er-spread!

Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!

Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—

Weep for your country, for your children weep!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.

Then Judah rag'd, below'd of heaven no more,
With steamy carnage drunk and social gore:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,

And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam 'th' ensanguin'd plain,

And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty flight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in myriads of carnage roll'd;
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride:
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Behis the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen;
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head,
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came:
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers nor the host so dread
By northern Brenn, or Scythian Timur led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien
advance,

Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions
stand

Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's ge-
nerous blade!

Yet sainted spirits of the warrior deed,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the
fight,

Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide conquering Edward, lion Richard hear!
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arms, in heart the same,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,

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Th' Apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject
shore

To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless Seaman stood:
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's
might.

Oh day of death! Oh thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower
The way cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has
made;

Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords
away.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form?
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun, nor moon they need,—nor day, nor
night;—

God is their temple, and the lamb their light;

O

And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient
home?

On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.

Hark! white-rob'd crowds the deep hosannas
raise,

And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;

Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain pro-
long;

"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,

"Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the
grave!"

REGINALD HEBER.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

THE foreign news of the last month consists of little else than contradictory reports from the seat of war. For many days it was believed that the Russians had utterly defeated the army of Napoleon, and that the French were retreating homewards: the authority of these reports was mostly contained in private letters, and the delusion was too agreeable not to be cherished in a manner which precluded a fair examination of the circumstances. At length, however, all doubt has been cleared up on this subject.—The Russians, in having repelled a desperate attack made upon them, may at least lay claim to a greater success than the French who were foiled in their enterprise; but as the former have not thought it prudent to advance, or bring on a general battle, the situation of the latter cannot be said to be much deteriorated.—In a word, the armies are mostly in the same positions which they occupied six weeks ago.

The most important domestic intelligence of the month, is the formal abolition of the Slave Trade by the House of Lords.

The next is the system of finance, of which we shall give a short explanation.

1. The sum required for our annual expenditure, (exclusive of course of the interest of the National Debt, as charged upon the Consolidated Fund) is taken by the Minister at £32,000,000. He estimates the annual produce of

the war taxes at.....20,000,000

There remains, therefore, to be raised—

annually.....12,000,000

2. This 12,000,000 he proposes to raise by an annual loan to that amount, the interest to be paid from the war taxes. Twelve hundred thousand pounds is to be taken from the produce of the war taxes for this,—of which six hundred thousand is to pay the interest of the Loan, and six hundred thousand to contribute a fund for its redemption. By the operation of compound interest the Minister calculates that this Sinking Fund will redeem the Loan in fourteen years.

3. Twelve hundred thousand pounds being thus taken from the produce of the war taxes, one

of the chief branches of the Ways and Means for the support of the current expenditure, it will be necessary to supply this deficiency. For this purpose, the Minister intends to have recourse to a Supplementary Loan to the amount of the deficiency. The interest of this Loan, in the first year, will not reach 60,000*l*. In the second, the Loan being 2,400,000*l*. the interest will be proportionate. In the third year, it will proceed in the usual ratio.—This interest, in the process of his plan, the Minister calculates to supply by the expected increased productiveness of the present taxes. For the first seven years, it will be supplied by the annuities which are now falling in, and which, of course, relieve so much of the present revenue as is now employed to pay them. For seven years, therefore, no further taxes will be required upon this head.

5. This process of borrowing 12,000,000*l*. annually, and taking 1,200,000*l*. annually from the war taxes for its interest and Sinking Fund, is to be continued during fourteen years, in which time the whole produce of the war taxes, 20,000,000*l*. will be pledged.

6. At the end of the 14th year, the Sinking Fund of the first Loan will have redeemed that particular Loan, and of course have relieved the one million two hundred thousand pounds, hitherto employed as its interest and Sinking Fund. The former process is then to be continued. Twelve millions are to be borrowed on the pledge of part of the war taxes, relieved by the extinction of an expiring and liquidated Loan. And the deficiency of the war taxes is to be supplied in the same manner, as in the first fourteen years, namely, by a Supplemental Loan.

7. Should Peace return in the lapse of any of these years, the sum required for the Peace Establishment is estimated so low, that the Minister has pledged himself that the war taxes shall be removed in the moment in which Peace shall be declared.

We cannot here but observe, that this appears to us the most doubtful part of the new system, and that which has been least explained.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, February 3, a new Comic Opera, in one act, was performed at this theatre, called *Roberto l'Assassino*. Although the Opera is usually supposed to be merely a vehicle for music, yet the story of this short piece is by no means without interest. The scene is supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Seville, and *Roberto* is the captain of a formidable banditti in an adjoining forest. *Astolfo*, who is the lover of the daughter of *Alberto*, leads his soldiers to the attack of the robbers. *Lisetta*, his mistress, follows him, and falls into the power of the robbers, but is rescued by her lover. When *Roberto* and his gang are brought in chains to the palace of *Alberto*, *Roberto* is discovered to be his son, and *Lisetta* is united to *Astolfo*. *Alberto* is consequently reconciled to both his children, and the robbers are pardoned. *Fagotto*, a servant that follows *Lisetta* in her elopement, affords a considerable degree of entertainment by his terrors at meeting the robbers.

The music of this Opera is by Trento, and has considerable merit. Naldi, in the character of *Roberto*, both acted and sung extremely well. Siboni and Signora Perini were also much applauded, and one of their duets was loudly encored. Rovedino supported the comic part of *Fagotto* with considerable humour as well as musical abilities. At the close of the piece there was, however, some disapprobation expressed, which we conceive to have been principally occasioned by the length of the act. As the Opera was performed, it was certainly long for a single act.

The Serious Opera, *La Semiramide*, or rather the magical attraction of Madame Catalani, drew on Saturday night, the 14th, the customary throng, and afforded the customary banquet of delight and wonder. The boxes, indeed, were not quite so full, nor the attendance in them, quite so early, as we understand them to have been on former occasions; but the pit was full to overflowing, half an hour before the rising of the curtain; and the performance of the sole individual who can be regarded as any object of attraction in this Opera, was such as fully to justify the curiosity she has inspired.

In reviewing the merits of this performer, it is natural to draw some comparison in one's mind, from the recollection of recent examples of operatical excellence. In this point of view Billington and Grassini are the singers that come into most immediate contact with Catalani; and, in

the opinion of many, we understand, the former of these is regarded as a successful, and even a triumphant rival.

We shall not deny to Mrs. Billington, the praise of unequalled brilliancy of voice and execution; and if the feelings of patriot partiality could interfere with such a question, we should, perhaps, be as forward as any of our contemporaries, to exult, that even in the mere sensual accomplishments of the opera, an English performer can maintain a successful competition with the most idolized proficients of the school of Italy. But justice obliges us to declare, that if in this brilliancy (of which Catalani is not deficient), Mrs. Billington remains unequalled, yet this is the only particular in which the competition can be at all sustained. As an actress, Mrs. Billington cannot even be named; and, for our own parts, we confess, that in every thing dramatic, our eyes expect their gratification as well as our ears; and that the total deficiency of our country-woman, in all that relates to the decors and verisimilitude of the scene, occasioned us to regard even Grassini as her successful rival.

To confine ourselves, however, for the present, to the mere comparison of powers of voice; we must admit, that we have never before witnessed such an assemblage of various excellence, such richness of tone or primitive melody—such compass in the scale, such complete command of all the intermediate notes and intervals, such power of minute gradation, and of abrupt and rapid transition, such variety of those expressive modulations, which (without interfering with, or absolutely depending upon, the mere harmonic arrangement of the notes), render the intonations completely descriptive of all the varieties of sentiment and feeling; in short, such range of voice, such exquisiteness of tone, such pathos, and such judgment, we have never known united in one individual.

If, upon these grounds, we are disposed to prefer Catalani to Billington, it will easily be supposed that we have grounds enough for a like preference over the other competitor, whom we have mentioned. Grassini had *pathos* indeed, both of voice and deportment: but she was always pathetic; and, in many parts of her respective characters, which required very different expressions, could neither divest her voice, her looks, nor her action, of that air of affliction or melancholy dignity, which she so finely personified. She was, indeed, a fine actress; but if,

in some particulars, she surpassed Catalani in this point of view, there are more, we think, in which Catalani surpasses her. The dramatic powers of this latter are certainly much more varied, if not more impressive.

One thing, indeed, detracts, in a considerable degree, from the dramatic excellence of this actress—we mean that sort of *half-convulsive* and *half-affected smile*, which, in the more difficult parts of her songs, perpetually obtrudes itself; even where the sentiment requires, and her voice is imparting, expressions of the most exquisite pathos and distress.

Two other particulars in the manner and management of this singer, deserve particular notice, and claim our most unequivocal approbation, namely, the peculiar address with which, by the tension of the mouth, and the minute, but decisive action of the upper lip, she contrives still further to vary the modified tones of the larynx and internal organs, and occasionally to impart to particular notes, a sort of expressive and pathetic tremor; and the judgment by which she prevents the too rapid distention, and consequent labour of the chest, by suddenly closing the mouth, either by means of the lips or of the contact of the tongue and teeth, during the pauses, or rests, after particularly exhausting efforts. This practice (so contrary to vulgar apprehension), which we recommend particularly, not only to singers but to actors also, both for their own convenience, and for the sake of certain obvious effects, first struck our notice in Madame Grassini, who (probably from superior necessity for husbanding her physical powers,) carried it to a much greater extent.

To reason upon this topic would lead us into some long, though curious details; and we have already extended this article to an exorbitant length.

DRURY-LANE.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Under this title a new play was produced on Wednesday, January 28. It is attributed to Miss Lee, author of *The Chapter of Accidents*, a comedy which has kept possession of the stage upwards of twenty years.

The characters of *Jacob Gawekey* and *Bridget* have been the materials upon which our most popular dramatists have worked, but without approaching to the originals; and the more serious parts of this Comedy have been the source of pillage and imitation with as little success.

The plot of this piece was meagre and common-place. It consisted of four parts, which had no connection with each other, and not the least claim to novelty or interest in themselves. For example, *Sir Harry*, a gay young rake, who

had married an Italian Marchioness, runs away from his wife, and falls in love with a sentimental young lady, who is attached to another. The Marchioness puts herself into breeches, and follows her husband to England. It is this foolish disguise which puts the plot in motion. The young lady, the object of *Sir Harry's* attentions, happens to be the friend of his wife, and produces a re-union, by making an *Assignment* with *Sir Harry*, and surprising him with his Lady. The Banquet repents, and the Lady is satisfied.

This is the leading feature of the plot; the other *under stories* are equally trite and unnatural:—A young Lady, of immense fortune, and great accomplishments, discloses her love for her guardian to his face; though the guardian is a man of fifty, a stiff old Peer, dressed in the Windsor uniform, and a star. *Somerville*, the natural son of this Peer, falls in love with a sentimental Miss, of the name of *Emma*, whom, in the usual style of romance, he prefers to *Lady Laura* and her wealth; and an old widow, who apes youth, and whose vanity is to be taught to ride, to sing, and dance, like a boarding-school girl, is thrown in, together with a drunken Admiral, as make-weights to these foolish plots.

That all these elements have long been floating in the atmosphere of a circulating library we scarcely need tell our readers. There is nothing which can make the least pretension to invention in either of the stories, and, the worst of it is, there is neither grace nor skill in the combination.

The general character of this play was, a sickly sentiment, a pedantic humour, virtue out of place, common situations most ungracefully placed upon stilts, and absolutely nothing of life and manners.

The patience of the audience was exhausted in the second act; and though the play, by the dexterity of Wroughton, was procured to be heard out, it was unanimously dismissed at the close.

On Tuesday, February 3, a new Dance, composed by Mr. D'Egville, and entitled *Emily; or, Juvenile Indiscretion*, was performed at this theatre, between the Opera and Afterpiece, for the first time. The pantomime outline of this *bagatelle* is partly borrowed from Fielding's farce of *The Virgin Unmask'd*, with alterations, to give it an appearance of novelty. It was supported with much grace and agility by Joubert, Montgomery, Mrs. Sharp, Miss Gayton, and the whole *Corps de Ballet* of the house, and graced with some elegant decorations. But, perhaps, the chief attraction was Mademoiselle Parisot, who introduced a *pas seul*. The Ballet itself, of two acts, was however so tediously long, occupying an hour and a half in the representation, that the audience was tired and disgusted before the fall of the curtain.