

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1807.

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### EMBELLISHMENTS.

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1. A Portrait of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.
  2. FOUR WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAITS in the Fashionable Costume of the Month, two of which are finely coloured.
  3. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Dr. CALCOTT.
  4. A new and elegant PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.
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*On the first day of July, with the next Number of this Magazine (being the Eighteenth),  
will be published the*

## SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

Which will conclude the Second Volume of this Work, with the expiration of the  
Half-Year.

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THIS Number will proceed upon the Plan of that which was published on the first of January last, and which gave such universal satisfaction; but the CRITICAL PART will be much improved in arrangement, copiousness, and extent; a greater variety of Books will be introduced,—indeed, none of any public notoriety, or pretensions to literary fame will be omitted. The classification, moreover, will be more perfect and comprehensive, and the Proprietors trust that, in every sense, it will form a material improvement on the last.

### THE EMBELLISHMENTS,

The Proprietors having resolved to exert themselves to their utmost power, in order to make their SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER the greatest desideratum of their Work, have at length the satisfaction to announce that they have succeeded to the extent of their wishes, and are prepared to present, with their SUPPLEMENT, an Embellishment of a rarity, value, and interest, which has never been attempted in any similar Work.

The Embellishment prefixed to the SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER is

### AN HISTORICAL PICTURE,

COMPOSED OF PORTRAITS.

The subject is the “Memorable introduction of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER of RUSSIA to the QUEEN of PRUSSIA at BERLIN”. It consists of SIX WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAITS; and has been Engraven from the celebrated Picture now at BERLIN. The Portraits are the most finished and accurate Likenesses of these distinguished Personages; and few of them (indeed none as whole lengths) have as yet been made public in this country. They are as follow:—

1. THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,—A Whole Length.
2. A DISTINGUISHED LADY OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT,—Ditto.
3. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,—Ditto.
4. THE KING OF PRUSSIA,—Ditto.
5. PRINCE LOUIS OF PRUSSIA, who was killed in the battle of JENA,—Ditto.
6. PRINCE FERDINAND, his Brother,—Ditto.

This Print has been Engraven in a most beautiful manner, by BURKE, and would sell singly in the Print Shops for *Fifteen Shillings or a Guinea*.

The Subscribers are requested to give orders for the SUPPLEMENT to those who supply them with the regular Work. The earlier the Order the better Impression will be obtained.



Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1807.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF  
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Seventeenth Number.

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NAPLES AND THE SICILIES.

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MARIA CAROLINA, the present Queen of Naples, was born in the year 1758, at Vienna. She is the daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, a Queen celebrated, at one period, in every quarter of the globe, for the heroic intrepidity with which she supported a contested succession to her crown and paternal dominions, and at length triumphed over such of her own subjects as revolted, and reduced the most powerful states of Germany to sue for, and receive peace at her hands.

In the reign of Maria Theresa, a species of policy first received its birth in the Court of Vienna, of which the object was to embrace, in one grand family association, all the crowns and kingdoms of Europe; and, by superadding the obligations of marriage and the sanctity of blood to the treaties that were formed between them, to endeavour to establish a reciprocity of common interest, and the necessity of a permanent and mutual faith.

The Court of Maria Theresa was filled with Jesuits; she was a Romanist, in the most bitter sense of the term; and though, but for the assistance of many of the Protestant Princes and Communities of Germany, she would never have been established in her hereditary dominions, she nevertheless, continued to look upon them all with an invincible dislike, and meditated a persecution against them, whenever she should possess the power.

It was with this view, principally, that she assiduously laboured to form alliances with the most powerful Catholic Princes of Europe, and the objects of her ambition were fully crowned with success.

She had lived to behold her daughter, Maria Antoinette, Queen of France.— Her son became Grand Duke of Tuscany, and King of the Romans, elect, in her life time; and her daughter, Maria Carolina, was married to Ferdinand, King of Naples, in the year 1768, many years before the death of the Empress Theresa.



The elder sister of the Queen of Naples had been originally betrothed to Ferdinand; but she died before the marriage took place. A singular incident, previous to her being contracted to the King of Naples, is related of this Princess, which is worth preserving.

One night she was summoned by her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, to attend her to the Royal Chapel contiguous to the palace. Ignorant of what was intended by this solemn appointment, the young Princess obeyed her mother's summons, and was conducted by her into the family vault of the Emperors of Germany. It had been splendidly illuminated on the occasion. The Queen was habited in deep mourning, and surrounded by a cluster of Jesuits. She took the young Princess by the hand, and leading her round the vault, pointed out to her the various coffins and tombs in which were interred the remains of her ancestors:—"You here, my child," exclaimed she, "behold the ashes of those illustrious Princes, who have supported by their courage, and the wisdom of their government, the fame and honour of the House of Austria. They were Princes who have kept up the succession of the Roman name and glory untainted and undiminished to the present period; and whilst the influence of their example shall remain, the star of the House of Austria will never set. They owed their reputation and success to their regard for our holy religion, and their pious cares of the priesthood."

The Jesuits here nodded assent, and, as the Empress was somewhat fatigued by her exertions, they took up the oration, which they continued much in the same strain.

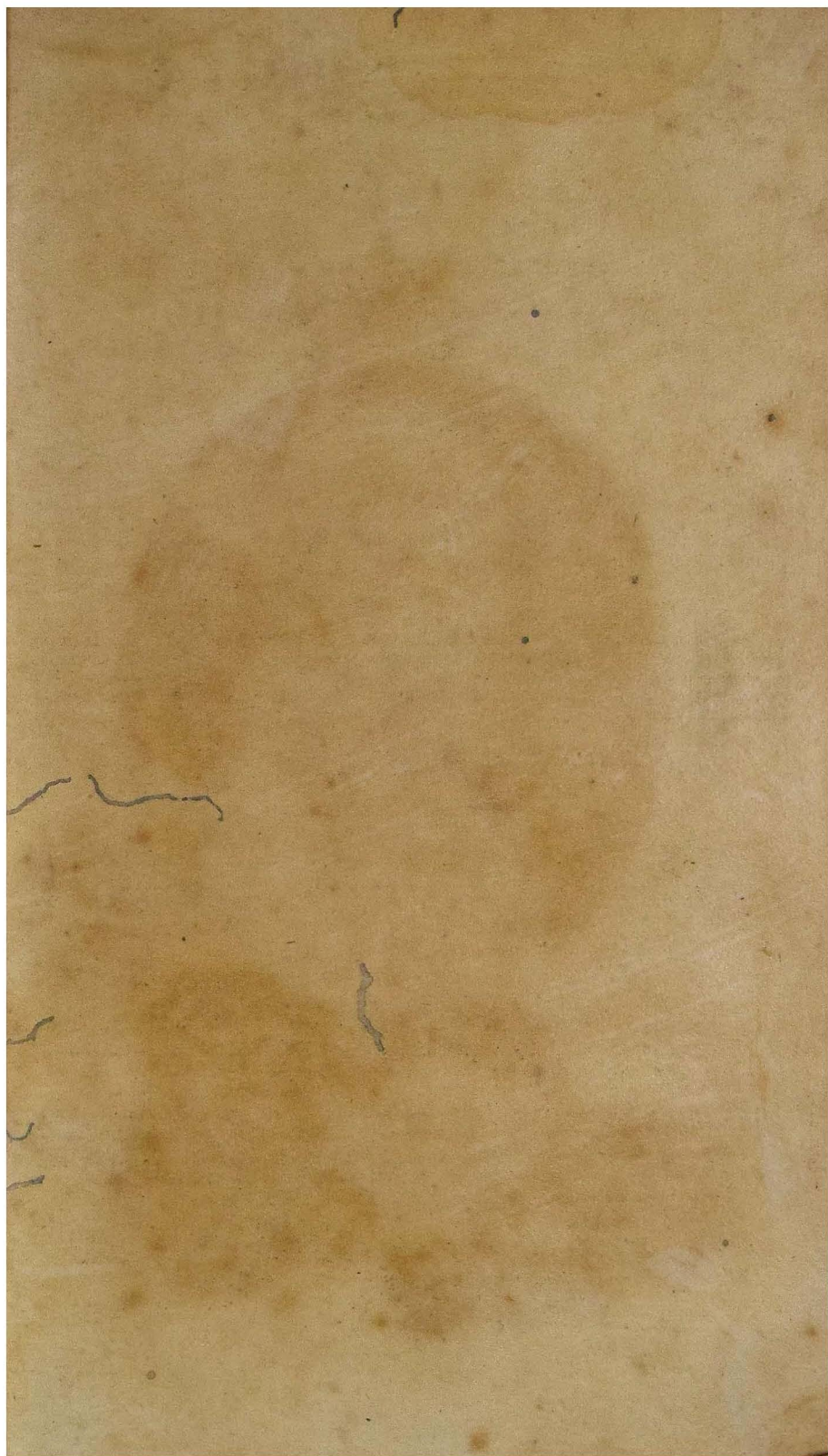
The young Princess remained silent; her Majesty at length revived. She now turned to the various sepulchres and niches in the vault, in which were deposited the remains of the female branches of the Austrian House—"And here, my child," she continued, "are the female ancestors of our family; emulate their virtue, their dignity, the unblemished chastity of their lives, and the prudence of their domestic conduct. As the example they left was not lost upon me, let it make the same impression upon you; and add to it, the

constant recollection that you are the daughter of Maria Theresa—consider what you owe to such a mother, and that the world will expect from you no less virtue than discretion."—After continuing some time longer in a style of similar exhortation, her Majesty closed the scene, and the procession marched back to the palace.

If this adventure of mock grandeur and solemnity had thus terminated, all would have been well. Maria Theresa had only acted her part, and the young Princess had received her lesson; but unfortunately a cold, caught from the dampness of the vault, threw the young lady into a violent fever, a few days before she purposed to commence her journey, in order to join her destined husband, the King of Naples. Her death was the result of this illness, and the alliance, for the present, was put an end to. The grand object of the Empress's ambition was not thus to be frustrated: she had another daughter; Ferdinand had seen neither; and was, of course, alike indifferent to both.—Maria Carolina, therefore, stepped into the place of her deceased sister, and, though only in the fifteenth year of her age, was immediately contracted to the King of Naples. Ferdinand himself had scarcely exceeded his sixteenth year; of the Bourbon family, brother to the King of Spain, and cousin to the King of France, his descent was the most illustrious of any of the Princes of Europe. His education had been greatly neglected; but his natural understanding was good, and his heart uncorrupted. In an age, therefore, when learning, by the example of a Frederick of Prussia, was abused to the worst of purposes, in sapping the foundations of religion and morals, and, under the affectation of philosophy, spreading a general unbelief in the doctrines of Christianity amongst the nations of Europe, it was perhaps better for this Prince, that he escaped the tutelage of those who would, doubtless, have replaced ignorance by infidelity.

When the contract of marriage was definitively settled between the two Courts, it seemed to follow next in course, that the parties should be brought together.—Accordingly, in the spring of the year









Her Majesty The Queen of Naples.



1768, her Royal Highness Maria Carolina left Vienna for the kingdom of Naples, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, and his wife, the Grand Duchess. Ferdinand met the royal party at Casserta, where he had a palace to receive them. Casserta is about sixteen miles from Naples.

The young Princess had been instructed by her mother in the manner in which it would be decorous for her to receive her husband. The King of Naples, therefore, no sooner advanced to salute his destined bride, than she immediately fell on her knees, and, in a kind of Oriental supplication of a husband's love, bowed her face to the ground. The King was confounded; he raised her up, but the embarrassment of both parties was not speedily got over. The marriage was immediately celebrated; and Casserta was, for some time, a scene of gaiety and hospitality.

It is necessary that we should here pass over a considerable interval. The King and Queen had been married four years without having any family. His Majesty, and all the priests in the kingdom, put up their prayers, night and morning, to Heaven, for an heir to the throne of Naples. Ferdinand was so desirous of posterity, that he would frequently break out into a kind of angry expostulation upon this subject; and one day, in conversation with Sir William Hamilton, he observed, that there were three miracles which seemed to occur in his reign. Upon being interrogated what they were, he replied,—"I am young, and have no children." This is the first.—The second is, "The Jesuits are dissolved, and there is no finding where they have concealed their hordes." And my last and greatest prodigy yet remains,—"Tanucci, my minister, is old, and will never die."

The Queen of Naples had been extremely well educated, and had imbibed a great deal of the harmless levity and cheerfulness of the French manners, in the Austrian Court. The Neapolitans are naturally solemn and austere even in their

libertinism. "They are a people," says a celebrated writer, "who indulge more in the luxuries and forbidden pleasures of life, than any other nation in Europe; and yet," he adds, "they will sin with the moroseness of a hermit, and the gravity of a philosopher. Pleasure they have reduced to a business; and, like every other employment, they conceive it must be followed with a steady and serious temperament of mind, or its objects can never be obtained."

The Queen, undoubtedly, very much improved the general manners of the Neapolitan Court. She made Naples, particularly, pleasant to all strangers; the slightest introduction was sufficient, and the reception was always in proportion to the merits of the individual. A constant intercourse was kept up with France, in which kingdom, her sister, the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, was adored as a divinity.

She had been married four years, when she was brought to bed of a daughter.—From that period her Majesty's family increased yearly, and she at length produced sixteen children to the King of Naples. She had four daughters before she had one son. Her eldest daughter was married to the present Emperor of Germany; she died, in child-bed, a few weeks since.

In the delightful climate of Naples, one of the chief pleasures of the Court was in short expeditions to the surrounding country, in which they were generally accompanied by the nobility and foreign ministers resident at Naples. The year was mostly divided in the following manner:—On the fourth of November the King and Queen usually come to Naples, where they continued during the Carnival, in the months of January and February. In the spring they removed to Casserta. The summer was again passed at Naples, on account of the fine air of the sea; and the autumn was always spent at Portici.

[To be continued.]



## MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

STEPHANIE FELICITE DUCREST, sister of the Marquis Ducrest, chancellor of the late Duke of Orleans, was born in the province of Burgundy, about the year 1744, and was married before she had attained the age of fifteen to Brulart, Count de Genlis and Marquis de Sillery. From her entrance into the world, she was distinguished by an agreeable person, pleasing accomplishments, and a shrewd observation of mankind. It was these qualifications that procured her the acquaintance and the friendship of some of the most distinguished geniuses, who, thirty years ago, like brilliant constellations illumined the horizon of France. From the virtuous Buffon, in particular, she experienced an affection that might almost be denominated parental.

Notwithstanding her rank and her talents, which so well qualified her to shine in the sphere of fashionable life, her love of study induced her to shun the courtly circle and the haunts of dissipation, that she might devote herself entirely to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. One who was so well acquainted with the value of mental acquirements, could not be indifferent on that subject, with regard to her offspring. Accordingly, at the age of thirty years, an age at which most females of her rank and pretensions are desirous only of figuring in the fashionable world, Madame (then the Countess) de Genlis shut herself up in the convent of Bellechasse, that she might complete the education of her daughters, and initiate in the rudiments of science, infants who were still in their cradles.

These were the children of the late Duke of Orleans, who had committed to her the superintendence of their education. How well qualified she was for the office, her numerous works on that subject sufficiently attest. It was during the period of her retirement at Bellechasse, a period of fifteen years, that she gave to the world those works which have placed her in the rank of the most distinguished modern writers. The "Theatre of Education;" "Adelaide and Theodore;" "Annals of Virtue;" "The Tales of the Castle;" and other works, amounting in the whole to twenty two volumes, successively issued from her indefatigable pen. The object of all these publications was the same. To instruct the minds and at the same time to improve the hearts of youth, by works calculated to interest and amuse, was the laudable aim of Madame de Genlis; and to this she devoted every moment of leisure left her by the important duties of an office which she conscientiously discharged.

Such were the occupations of Madame de Genlis, till the commencement of a revolution, so pregnant with horror, not only to her native land but to a great portion of the civilized world. On the convocation of the States-General, in 1789, foreseeing that the circumstances of the times were likely to be productive of terrible convulsions in the state, she was anxious to withdraw from the scene of action, and formed the resolution of removing with her pupils to Nice. From this measure, sanctioned by their relatives, she was diverted by the representation, that it would weaken the interest of the house of Orleans; and she was so strongly attached to her pupils, that no consideration of personal advantage or security could induce her to abandon them. "I had educated the young princes," says she, "without any pecuniary reward, or receiving any appointment on that account; and having been in possession of a considerable hereditary fortune for two years, I might have been perfectly independent had I wished it; but I loved the children as if they had been my own. I could not prevail upon myself to quit them; the eldest had yet two years to spend with me; to have left him at this period, would have been at once to sacrifice his education, and the work of so many years.—I remained."

She, however obtained a promise, that she should be allowed to visit England, when the constitution should be settled.

Accordingly, in October, 1791, she set out with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and two other children, and arrived without accident in England. Having first spent three months in Bath, they repaired to Bury, and there resided three quarters of a year. From this place they made several excursions to different parts of England, during the summer of 1792. On their return from Derbyshire, in the beginning of September, she found a letter waiting for her from M. d'Orleans, containing a positive injunction to return immediately to Paris, on account of the decrees at that moment passing against emigrants. No sooner had Madame de Genlis reached Paris, than she delivered her charge into the hands of their father, and immediately resigned her place; but the day after their arrival they were all declared emigrants, and received orders to leave Paris in less than forty-eight hours, and repair to a foreign country.

"While we were thus treated," says Madame de Genlis, "the Convention received intelligence of the taking of Namur by my son-in-law, M. de



Valence; a few days before they had applauded those relations which gave an account of the behaviour of my pupils, the two sons of M. d'Orleans, who distinguished themselves in the army by their valour. My unfortunate husband, after much useless labour, successfully executed an important mission with his usual ability. On his return from this mission, he was to have waited for me at Calais, and we were to have returned together. Having been absent from Paris two months, he was imperfectly acquainted with the last decrees concerning emigrants; but he knew that a terrible change had taken place in the general spirit of the Convention. O that he had yielded to my earnest intreaties! He was, however, determined to remain at his post, and he defended to the last moment the rights of humanity and justice!"

As she was denied repose in her own country, Madame de Genlis wished to return to England; but M. d'Orleans would not allow his daughter to go thither. He begged her to accompany her pupil into Flanders, which was not then under the dominion of France. He added, that he only wished her to conduct his daughter to Tournay, there to remain with her three weeks or a month, till he could find a person to supply her place. On these conditions, Madame de Genlis consented to accompany the young lady, not as a governess, but as a friend.

On her arrival at Tournay, she prepared for her departure for England. Three weeks afterwards, she gave in marriage her pupil, and adopted daughter, Pamela, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but as the person promised by M. d'Orleans had not yet arrived, she was prevented from proceeding with them to England as she had intended.

About a month after their departure, Madame de Genlis was apprized of the dreadful catastrophe which terminated the life of Louis XVI. and on this occasion she received a letter from her husband, M. de Sillery, which began in these words:—"I send you my opinion in print; you will see, that in voting for the confinement of the king during the war, I frankly say that he merits not death, and that we have no right to judge him. I have followed the dictates of my conscience, and I know well that this opinion, announced so freely, is in fact the decree of my own death." In answer to this letter, she wrote by a trusty messenger, again entreating him to leave France; but he repeated his former declaration, that he would never desert it; adding, that every thing he saw made him more and more indifferent about a life which the misfortunes of his country rendered odious to him. He therefore remained, though he might have fled; and though he could easily have concealed him-

self, when he knew that he was included in the proscription of the sanguinary Robespierre, yet he voluntarily delivered himself up to prison, whence he was very soon conducted to the scaffold.

On the day of the King's death, M. de Sillery wrote to his wife, desiring her to take care of herself, to leave Flanders, and to retire either to Ireland or Switzerland. With this advice she could not immediately comply, on account of the illness of Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

From Tournay, Madame de Genlis went to Bremgarten, where, through the interest of M. Montesquieu, she obtained an asylum for herself, her niece, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in the Convent of St. Clare; here they passed for an Irish family, whom the dangers of war deterred from going home to their native country.

At Bremgarten Madame de Genlis passed a year in the greatest retirement, paying the same attention as ever to the education and the happiness of her beloved pupil, from whom she concealed the tragical fate of her father, which happened during this period.

Having come to the resolution of quitting Bremgarten, her first care was to provide another asylum for Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She prevailed on that young lady to write to her uncle, the Duke of Modena, to entreat that he would receive her in his territories; but he replied, that he was prevented by political reasons from complying with her request. She learned soon afterwards, that the aunt of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the Princess of Conti, resided in Switzerland, and was then at Friburg. To her she then persuaded her pupil to apply, and the princess promised at the end of a month to take her niece under her protection.

The moment at length arrived at which she was to part with her beloved pupil, for whose sake she had subjected herself to so many difficulties and dangers. The manner in which this separation is related by Madame de Genlis, is too honorable to the feelings of her heart to be omitted in this account. "The Countess of Pons St. Maurice, now arrived from the Princess of Conti, to carry away Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I knew the day before her arrival, that she would be with us the following morning, but I had concealed it from Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who thought she had yet a fortnight to pass with me. When she went to bed, I embraced her in the anguish of my heart, as I was determined to avoid bidding her adieu, and consequently this would be the last time I should see her. I kept her half an hour upon my knees, and I never felt before how much I loved her. Next day, which was the 11th of May, a day I shall never forget, I did not



open the shutters, but dressed myself without any noise, and found Madame de Pons waiting for me in the parlour. I gave her every necessary direction for the treatment of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She already knew that the unfortunate young lady was ignorant of her father's death, and I convinced her of the impropriety of acquainting her with it for some time to come. After this conversation I shut myself up in my chamber, and sent my niece to tell Mademoiselle d'Orleans, that as I knew Madame de Pons would arrive in the morning, I had set out at break of day and had gone to the fir-wood, about a mile from Bremgarten, with only one servant. The grief of Mademoiselle d'Orleans was inexpressible. Mine was excessive; it is impossible for me to describe it. In about an hour I heard her come down stairs; she stopped at my door, the key of which she was told I had carried with me. I heard her sobbing violently. Certain that she was going to leave me for ever, I was ten times tempted to open my door that I might see her once more, that I might clasp her in my arms, and mingle my tears with hers. But she could not have supported such a scene. She went from my door—she departed. I heard the carriage set off—none but a mother can conceive my feelings at that moment.—Beloved child! who was entrusted to my care at the age of eleven months, and during sixteen years and a half, had scarcely ever been out of my sight but twice; on one occasion for a month, and on another for a fortnight; who never would quit me during so many years; who, notwithstanding her youth, was in truth my friend; from whom I kept nothing secret, and who has given me so many proofs of her gratitude and of her love! I shall ever cherish towards her the sentiments of the tenderest of mothers; the cares of which office I have already had, and the feelings of which I shall ever retain."

Notwithstanding the sincere attachment, which Madame de Genlis had conceived for the nuns of Bremgarten, the departure of her pupil, which she so pathetically describes, rendered the convent completely odious to her. She accordingly made preparations for leaving it with her niece, the only one of her pupils who now remained. They set out on the 19th of May, 1794, and first repaired to Holland, where she left her niece in safe and virtuous hands, and then proceeded to Altona.

After a residence of nine months at Altona, where she was perfectly unknown, Madame de Genlis left that place, and at Hamburg joined her niece and her son-in-law, M. de Valence. With them she settled in the duchy of Holstein, at the village of Silk, about fifteen miles from

Hamburg, in a farm, of which M. de Valence undertook the management. Here she led a life of the utmost tranquillity and retirement, and resumed those literary pursuits which had experienced such a long interruption. In this retreat she composed or completed several works, principally novels; amongst which may be enumerated, *Rash Vows*, *The Rival Mothers*, *The Little Emigrants*, and *The Knights of the Swan*. Here, likewise, she published an account of her conduct since the revolution, in answer to the calumnies which had been circulated against her.

Madame de Genlis continued to enjoy the sweets of retirement at Silk, till, in the year 1800, she was permitted by the French Government to return to her native country, to which she was still bound by the ties of maternal affection. She flew to the embraces of her daughter, her grand-children, and the friends who still remained true to her; and since that period she has resided at Paris. Having lost the whole of her ample property by the revolution, she now subsists by the honourable exercise of those talents, which it has been one of the principal objects of her life to cultivate and to improve.

Many attempts have been made by anonymous libellers, probably jealous of her fame, to blacken the moral character of Madame de Genlis.—Whatever may be her failings—and what mortal is without them?—this we may, at least venture to assert, that her total want of ambition; her disregard of private interest; the goodness of her heart, of which many striking traits may be adduced; her exemplary attention to the duties of the important office confided to her; the maternal attachment she manifested to her pupils; and her invariable solicitude for the promotion of virtue and consequently of human happiness, are qualities which would do honour to any character; and establish a powerful claim to universal admiration and respect.

As a writer, Madame de Genlis has undoubtedly displayed abilities of the very first order, in those departments which she has particularly chosen. Her works for youth are alike fascinating and instructive; they inculcate the principles of the purest morality; they breathe the sentiments of the most rational piety, and lead the juvenile mind, in a manner that is irresistibly attractive, to the love and practice of every social virtue. It cannot then be surprising, that they should be read and admired in every country to which the knowledge of letters has penetrated; and that their author should be placed in the rank of those writers who, by their talents, have conferred the most signal benefits on mankind.



## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

## THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 118]

THE morality of thy—how is he called? is an excellent morality, said the Sultan to Danishmende; I have slept so soundly at it! But now I should esteem it a favour if, as I have no inclination to sleep, thou would bring thy story to a conclusion, without any more morality.

Danishmende answered as became an humble slave, and thus proceeded with his narrative:—

“These, said the old man, putting up his tablets are the maxims by which we live; we imbibe them, as it were, with our mother's milk, and by example and habit they would be a second nature to us of themselves, even if they were not so perfectly conformable to nature as they are. Can you any longer be astonished that, at the age of fourscore, I am still capable of partaking in the pleasures of life? that my heart and my senses are still open to every gentle emotion; that my eyes still love to dwell on beautiful forms; and that, though nature has denied to my age some particular gratifications, which I neither despise nor miss, I am satisfied with the enjoyment of those which she has left me; in short, that the last stage of my life is like the evening of a fine day, and at least in this particular I resemble the sage, who (to repeat the expression of our lawgiver) drinks of the cup of pleasure to the dregs: and I swear by this enlightening eye of nature, our common parent, that to my latest breath, if I have but the strength for it, I will drain the last drop from the dregs themselves!

“The old man said this with such an agreeable vivacity, that the emir was obliged to smile; but there was too much dissatisfaction and envy lurking under this smile to be of any advantage to his countenance in the sight of a daughter of nature.

“The remainder of our system of legislation, added the old man, which concerns our police, I had better reduce to your comprehension by a description of our habits of life and our manners. Our little nation, which consists of about five hundred families, lives in a perfect equality, as we need no other distinction than what nature

herself, who loves variety, has made among mankind. The attachment to our constitution, and reverence towards the aged, whom we regard as the preservers of it, are sufficient for the maintenance of tranquillity and order among us, the fruit of harmonious principles and inclinations. We consider ourselves all as one sole family, and the petty misunderstandings that may arise among us are the quarrels of lovers, or like the transient differences of affectionate children. Our festivals are the only assembles we know; our whole nation then assembles before the temple of the Graces, and under their eyes all causes are decided by our elders, and all common covenants made.

“We feed and clothe ourselves with our own products, and the few things we want we receive from the neighbouring bedouins in exchange for our superfluities. The care of the flocks and herds is consigned to our youth; from the twelfth to the eighteenth year all our lads are shepherds, and all our maidens shepherdesses; for this seemed to the wise Psammis to be the natural employment of the age of passion and nicer sensibility. Agriculture employs the men from the eighteenth to the sixtieth year; and gardening is left to the aged, who are relieved of its toilsome labours by the youths. The culture of silk, the weaving of that and cotton, the nurture of flowers, and the whole business of housekeeping belong to our wives and daughters. Each family lives together so long as the common dwelling is capacious enough to hold them, and the paternal estate sufficient to maintain them; when these will no longer suffice, a young colony is instituted, which settles in a neighbouring vale. For the Arabs (whose protection we purchase by a moderate tribute, and who seem to respect nature the more in us as it would be of little benefit to them to exterminate us) have made over to us a larger parcel of land than we can people in several centuries to come. Our lawgiver judged, with good reason, that it was

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necessary to the preservation of our constitution always to remain a small nation; he therefore enjoined us to hold from time to time a trial of our youth; and to send those who evinced uncommon capacities, a restless spirit, a propensity to ambition, or even only a desire to see the world, to some city of Egypt, of Syria, of Yemen, or Persia, where they would easily find an opportunity to produce their talents and to make their fortune, according to the way of speaking among those nations. By this method we lose every ten years a considerable number of young people; but it likewise often happens, that, at least in age, they return, in order to end their lives in the only city of refuge possessed by beautiful nature perhaps in the whole earth; and when they have undergone a very severe kind of quarantine, and we are certified that the health of our souls and bodies has nothing to apprehend from them, they are admitted with pleasure. Several of them have brought back with them considerable riches, which are laid up in a place continually open, and known to our whole nation, for such public exigencies as may arise, without ever exciting a thought in any one of appropriating a part to himself of what belongs to all. Our children, from the third to the eighth year, are generally left to themselves, that is, to the education of nature; from the eighth to the twelfth they receive as much instruction as is necessary for being happy as members of our society. When their perceptions and judgments are sufficiently regulated for conceiving our constitution to be the best of all possible institutes, they are learned enough; every higher degree of refinement would be useless to them. On entering his fourteenth year, every qualified youth receives the laws of the wise Psammis; he makes a vow, before the statues of the Graces, to observe them faithfully; which vow he repeats in his eighteenth, when he is married to the girl he loved in his condition of a shepherd; for love alone is the basis of our marriages. In his thirtieth year every one is obliged, in addition to his first wife, to take a second, and in his fortieth a third, unless he can produce sufficient reasons against it, of which we have no instance. This precaution is necessary, because the natural proportion between the number of youths and maidens is considerably diminished by the sending away a part of the former. We have slaves, both male and female, but more for pleasure than from any other views of utility. We purchase them in their infancy from the bedouins; an unblemished form is all that we look for in them. We educate them as our own children; they have the same enjoyment of life with ourselves; their children are free, and they themselves are so from the moment they are desirous to leave

us. They differ from us in nothing but their dress, which is more ornamental than ours, and the only prerogative which we reserve to ourselves over them is, that they wait upon us when we indulge in repose, and their principal business is to give us satisfaction.

"All our amusements are natural and artless; and all our accommodations bear the marks of simplicity and moderation. We enjoy the blessing of perpetual peace, and a liberty which perhaps is an advantage for us alone, as we know not its abuse. We enjoy the pleasure which nature has connected with the satisfying of the wants of life, with love, with rest after toil, and with all the social instincts, probably in a higher degree than other mortals; we rejoice longer and more completely in existence; we know but few of the infinite multitude of their plagues and vexations, and even those hardly more than by name. Accordingly, we willingly resign to them their real or imaginary prerogatives, their pomp, their debauchery, their insipid pastimes, their industry in being troublesome to each other, their discontents, their vices, and their diseases. Why should we envy them the arts, by the boundless refinement whereof they render their feelings so delicate that they no longer feel; or the sciences, without which we are comfortable enough for raising the secret envy of the most learned of them all, if he were to know us? We are so far from entertaining such an envy, that every attempt that any of us should make to improve our constitution, or to enrich ourselves with new arts and new wants, would be punished with perpetual banishment. I myself, added the old man, have passed several years of my life in travelling over a great part of the earth; I have seen, observed, and compared; when I was weary of it, with what transports did I thank heaven that I knew of a little corner of the world where it was possible to be happy without molestation! With what ardour did I fly back to the abodes of innocence, and peace! It is true, our nation is, in comparison of all others, a tribe of decided voluptuaries; but so much the better for us. Are we to blame for not resisting all the powers of nature in her intentions to make us happy?

"Here the old man ended his discourse. The sun being now very high, he conducted his guest into a covered saloon, shaded by the thick interwoven branches of lofty chestnut trees. Scarcely had they seated themselves here on a sofa which went round the walls, than the old man was surrounded by a numerous offspring of children, who, like clustering bees, swarmed about him, to welcome his return, and to share in his caresses; the youngest of them were brought by amiable mothers, among whom there



was not one who, in her simple and charming negligence of ornament, with the wide sleeves thrown back from her snow-white arms, and her playful boy leaning on her slightly covered bosom, did not present a beautiful picture of the goddess of love. The emir, at this moving spectacle, forgot a number of questions which had occurred to him during the narrative of his host, who had resigned himself entirely to the pleasure of amusing himself with the children of his children. The contrast of advanced age with infancy, mitigated by the rejuvenescence of the one, and the caressing tenderness of the other, and by a great number of smaller shadings, which are better felt than described; the healthy and cheerful looks of this old man, the brightening of his venerable brow, the silent raptures which sparkled through all his features at the sight of so many happy beings in whom he beheld himself multiplied; the affectionate complacency with which he bore their restless vivacity, or with which he let the least of them, in the arms of their lovely mothers, play with his hoary beard; all together formed an animated picture, the sight whereof was a better proof of the goodness of the morality of the wise Psamnis, than the most ingenious arguments could have done. The emir himself, much as the impetuous sway of gross sensuality had suppressed the nobler sentiments of nature, felt at this scene his hardened heart grow tender, and a transient gleam of pleasure sparkled in his visage; a pleasure like the flashes of celestial fires, which, suddenly striking on the dark abyss, give the condemned spirits a transient view into the everlasting abodes of love and bliss, to make the torment of their despair complete."

"The original from whence I have taken this narrative, continued Danishmende, here breaks off abruptly, without giving any farther account of the emir's sojourn amongst these happy people. Some scholiasts say, that, in a burst of rage at the distressing comparison of their condition with his own, he threw himself headlong from the summit of a rock; but another, whose authority has incomparably more weight, affirms, that immediately on his departure from the children of nature, he entered into the order of dervises, and, in the sequel, under the name of Sheik Kuban, acquired the reputation of being one of the greatest moralists in Yemen. He distinguished himself, it is said, chiefly by the lively pictures he used to make of the deplorable consequences of an unbridled sensuality; the force and truth of his delineations were greatly admired, and none, or but very few, who had the talent of guessing what sort of a visage was hid behind

the mask, could comprehend how he was able to paint so well. He might have been useful if he had stuck to this; but from disgust and despair he was unable to confine himself within the bounds of discretion. He stood forth as the declared enemy of all the joys and satisfactions of life; without distinguishing the natural and prudent use, from the self-punishing abuse of them, he described voluptuousness and joy as fatal syrens, decoying the poor traveller by the sweetness of their voice, in order to suck the marrow from his bones, to gnaw the flesh from his carcass, and when they can get nothing more from him, to throw away the remains for worms' meat. He described the love of pleasure as an insatiable passion; to hope to set bounds to it, said he, would be just as wise as for a man to nurse a hyena in his bosom, in hopes to make him tame and good natured. Under this pretext he enjoined the necessity of eradicating the sensual appetites. Even the pleasures of the imagination he pronounced to be dangerous snares, and the refined gratification of the heart and mind, an artfully prepared poison, the compounder whereof deserved to be punished in everlasting flames. This senseless morality, the fruit of his corrupted juices, of his exsiccated brain, and the perpetual remorse which possessed his gloomy soul, he preached so long, took so much pains, by numberless sophistical arguments to make evident to himself, that at last he succeeded in bringing himself to think that he was fully convinced of it. He now imagined it to be pure charity, which prompted him to endeavour to render all men as unhappy as himself; and when his disease had attained to its highest pitch, he finished by arraigning the supreme Being of the derangement of his imagination and reason, and depicting the creator of good, whose immensely extended energy is life and bliss, as a cruel dæmon, who was offended at the joy of his creatures, and whose wrath could only be appeased by a total abstinence from pleasure, by sighs and tears, and voluntary mortifications.

"Many other memorable things are related concerning the consequences of this misanthropical morality, and of the artful use which the dervises, fakirs, talapoins, bonzes and lamas, in all parts of Asia and India made of it; but I should, after all, only relate things which have been long known to the Sultan, my lord, and to the whole world (though the world is apparently not a whit the better for it), and there is a time to begin, and a time to leave off, say the wise Zoroaster."

[To be continued.]

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AN ESTIMATE  
OF THE  
GENIUS AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE.

THE following singular conversation took place some years since, at M. Duclos's, on the genius and writings of Voltaire.

Several learned men having met at the house of the late M. Duclos, Secretary to the *Academie Française*, the universal genius of Voltaire was praised. A celebrated German jurist entered at the moment when several were exclaiming aloud on the unbounded extent of Voltaire's genius. The German joined his voice to their's; a small scruple, however, arose in his mind.—“Yes,” said he, “Voltaire was a man universally learned: poetry, moral and natural history, mathematics, medicine, and criticism, every thing fell within his grasp. It is a pity he should have been so deficient in the code of jurisprudence. Whenever he begins to speak of legislature, politics, or justice, I do not know how it happens, but his pen is bewildered, and his genius seems suddenly to abandon him. I will not believe that it is on this account he has so often spoken ill of our Grotius, Puffendorff, and your Montesquieu, who were a little better skilled in these matters than himself. But this observation is a mere trifle, and Voltaire is an universal genius.”

“Yes,” cried a celebrated mathematician, “nothing escaped him, and posterity will not be able to credit that so many productions can have flowed from one pen. Our descendants will imagine that there have been several men of that name, and, thanks to him, the intellectual world, like the fabulous one, will have its mental Hercules. What a pity it is that he ever wished to meddle with mathematics! for, between ourselves, I entreat you will not repeat it, he is but a schoolboy in geometry, witness his “Elements of Philosophy according to Newton.” Notwithstanding this, every one must allow that Voltaire never was equalled; no, a more extensive or universal genius never existed.”

M. de Miran, one of the company, then said, “Voltaire's enemies may do what they will, they can never succeed in wresting from him the palm of universal merit. What a man! how delightful is his pleasantry! I am indebted to his writings for the happiest moments of my life; they amuse, they enchant me, whenever I read them. He treats every subject with equal wit and grace. The collection of his works is a real Encyclopædia. What a pity it is that he should not be as successful in natural history as he is in light subjects! for it must be allowed that he knew

little of this, and you must own that I am a pretty competent judge, having made it my particular study. With this exception, our author certainly is a prodigy. Never did any man succeed in so many different styles; and he is with the greatest truth acknowledged an universal genius.”

An English historian who had not yet spoken, and who had been deeply reflecting, replied, “I agree with you, that Voltaire is a man who never had his fellow. Our country has not yet produced so great, so universal a genius. Pope cannot be compared to him: He unites the merit of Otway, Swift, Addison, and Bolingbroke. But why would he write history! his style is indeed charming, but I am forced to say that he has not adopted the right manner. Epigrams, reflections, and alterations of facts.—Oh! we write history quite differently from him. Our authors never sacrifice truth to beauty. Voltaire was wrong in cultivating that kind of literature; but in other respects he is truly superior, indeed, almost divine. You will never have a wiser philosopher, a more acute critic, or agreeable reasoner. He is, indeed, truly charming!—In a word, he is an universal genius.”

“I am enchanted,” exclaimed M. Borden, a physician, renowned for his profound knowledge and talents, “I am truly enchanted to hear an Englishman render justice to Voltaire, in a manner so honourable for our nation; but, Sir, will you permit me to observe to you, that our author is not so unequal and frivolous in history as you seem to believe. I have verified the greatest part of the facts, he relates without proof or quoting the sources from which they are derived, and I assure you I have succeeded in discovering the truth of them; that is to say, I have found authorities capable of supporting them, which prove at least that Voltaire has not invented them. It is my opinion that if he be weak in any thing it is not in history, but in medicine, the formation of man, and the animal constitution of our species; for he is almost always wrong when he wishes to reason on this subject. But is he obliged to know as much as those who are physiologists by profession? Such a reproach would be invidious, as he excels in so many other sciences, I conclude that my observation will not detract from Voltaire's being considered an universal genius.”

“What, gentlemen, while each of you are celebrating the muses' favoured child, shall I observe a guilty silence,” cried an Abbé, who was



a theologist, and aspired to become a member of the French Academy!—"I ought, and will also give him my tribute of admiration. It is my opinion that Voltaire unites in himself the talents which have immortalized Aristotle, Plutarch, Cicero, Tacitus, Sophocles, Anacreon, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, and the two Plinys. Thanks to his works, our language will become classical, like that of the Greeks and Romans. He has one merit which distinguishes him from the philosophers that have preceded him, which is to have had the skill and courage to take the veil from the eyes of prejudiced bigots. Lucian on this subject is but a school-boy when compared with him. No one has ever handled the weapon of ridicule with more address than he; and you will allow this to be the most efficacious remedy against errors. Happy would it have been if he had remained silent on the subject of religion! When he wished to practice reasoning, he has unfortunately fallen into mistakes which have not been overlooked by our learned theologists; they have even made him many bitter reproaches, and after having made a particular study of the ancient tongues, I am compelled to agree with them that Voltaire has not the smallest knowledge of Hebrew, that he does not understand Greek, and that he has not derived his critical observations on Abraham, David, Moses,

Solomon, the prophets, the laws and the morals of the Hebrews, from their original source: I even doubt whether he had read the works of the fathers of the church whom he so often quotes. But how was it possible that so sublime a genius could descend to these dry and barren studies! His enemies will say that he should not reason on what he did not perfectly understand, or that he ought, however, to have better chosen his extracts; but I would answer them, that Jupiter had his weak moments, and that transforming himself into a bull, did not make him cease being master of the gods. Voltaire, though sometimes he forgot himself, did not cease to be Voltaire; that is to say, the model of wits, learned men, philosophers, poets, historians, and, in short, of all kinds of literature."

A comic poet, a lyric poet, and an erudite, who were also present, were going to speak in their turn, when some of the listeners looked at each other, and burst into a loud laugh. It was time, or else the universal genius would soon have dwindled into nothing.

M. Duclos, who out of politeness had allowed them to speak, broke up the meeting, saying, he hoped the company would never repeat the conversation they had just heard, or that he had joined in the laugh.

E. R.

## HUMOURS OF ELECTIONS.

### A HINT FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

"HEY DAY! What is the matter? Behold all the marks of invasion, or a civil war! Windows broken, doors demolished, sign-posts pulled down! Here stands a man with a broken arm, and yonder go two or three more with bruised faces and black eyes! Prithee, what have you been about?"

"*Lectureering*, Sir," answers an elderly man, to whom I addressed my inquiry.

"*Lectureering*—what do you mean by that, good man?"

"Why, its going about to be made a *Parliament man* on; and he that gets the most votes carries the day."

"But I do not see the connexion, my honest friend, between choosing Mr. A. or Mr. B. for your representative, and demolishing your town, or knocking one another on the head."

"Don't you? Why then I can tell you, *Meister*," says the old gentleman, with a smile of contempt aimed at my ignorance, "these great fokes makes us little fokes drunk, and

when we are drunk we fight, and when we fight we do mischief, that's all."

"The greater fools you to make yourselves such beasts."

"Nay, as to the matter of that, I think you great fokes, ought to know better than to set us together by the ears, to serve their own turns."

"And I think you ought to know better than to be set together by the ears by them."

"Lord, Sir, if you could get your belly full of vittels and drink for nothing, and money given you into the bargain, you would now, I'll warrant you. There is the *White Lion*, and *Greyhound*, and *Blackamore's Head*, has been open for these three weeks *successfully*. Ale was given away by pails full. You might go in and eat and drink till you burst again, at any time, and nobody would take no notice like."

"So then you are fond of the diversion, I find."

"Alack-a-day, Sir! I have lived in the town, and paid scot and lot thirty-one years and three



quarters, come Christmas next: I've polled for eleven *Parliament men*, and have had my swill of ale and a broken pate every time, thank God."

"So I see these worthy gentlefolks first make beasts of you, and then claim the honour of being your representatives; that's curious enough. But pray tell me what these *Parliament men* are good for when you have them."

"Good for, Sir! bless your heart, good for! Why if it was not for them we should all be over-run with *Papishes* and *Presbyterians*, God knows."

"And what harm would they do you?"

"Lud, Sir, how you talk! why they would knock us on the head, if we did not wear wooden shoes, and go to the *Pantile* house!"

"So you knock one another on the head to prevent these calamities!"

"Aye to be sure. Thof I an't now the man I was, I'll fight for Old England as long as there's a drop of blood left in this old carcase of mine; and I'll stand up for the Church too, agen all the *Presbyterians* sons of b——s in the nation, as long as my name's *John Plodder*, that I wul; I'll be d——d if I don't!"

With this pious exclamation honest John broke from us rather abruptly, and joining some of his associates at a little distance, raised a laugh upon us as we passed them.

Although the description of this ludicrous scene may afford a momentary amusement, yet no man who wishes good to individuals, or is a true lover of his country, can seriously reflect upon scenes of a similar nature, so frequently repeated, without the utmost abhorrence. The people, when they are thus assembled for electing a representative, may justly be deemed not only one part of the Legislature, but the most important part. From them, governors derive their power; and, for their benefit alone, all good governments are instituted. And when their superiors in fortune, or in education and understanding, take advantage of the indigence and dependent state of the lower class of people, or of the ignorance of uncultivated minds, and thus seduce or impel them to prostitute the right which nature and our excellent constitution have put into their hands, they are guilty of an attempt as base in its motives, as it is ruinous in its consequences.

The election of representatives in parliament, is the most important act in which the community at large can possibly be engaged. Nay, it is the only public act in which they have authoritative concern; and the issues of it remain irremediable for a space of time, long enough, at some critical periods, to ruin a whole kingdom. Surely then constituents ought to be well instructed in the nature of this their power,

and taught how to direct it to the general good! And yet, where shall we find this disposition in those who are able to instruct them? On the contrary, is there not, almost universally, a disposition to deceive and abuse? Are there any instances in civil society, of immorality, chicanery, and absolute villainy, equal to those manifested in the conduct of our elections? I must confess my astonishment at finding such a contrast in the human breast, as these periods discover. Those, who perhaps are of decent and honourable deportment in all the concerns of private life, seem at such seasons to glory in acting the parts of deceitful knaves; and without pretending to a dispensation from any Pope, mutually consent to be guilty of as much accumulated wickedness at these carnivals, as the most indulgent Pope ever had the insolence to pardon.

But, do virtue, honour, integrity, change their lovely natures when the cause becomes national? or, can those vices which are execrated in the individual, become the ornament of a partisan? Can those dishonourable acts, which would disgrace the perpetrator in his own circumscribed sphere, where their influence is merely local, become less culpable in proportion as their malignant effects are extensively diffused? Or, is virtue such an irksome restraint upon men, that they shall be glad of an opportunity to give their conscience a respite, a schoolboy's holiday, and seize the occasion, when a regard to character is suspended, of giving a loose to the natural propensity of their minds?

Whatever be the cause, it is enough to amaze those who retain any portion of their native simplicity, and strike horror into the minds of such who still feel the workings of common humanity, to consider what desperate means are employed to answer the most trivial purposes! To reflect how many an honest, sober, diligent mechanic, has degenerated into an indolent vagabond, or been corrupted into a perjured villain, in consequence of the reigning dissoluteness of these seasons! How many worthy and industrious families have been threatened with immediate ruin, or actually turned adrift from their habitations, simply as sacrifices to the puerile ambition of an insignificant individual, who, it is highly probable, is not of half the consequence to the public weal, as the farmer, the weaver, shoemaker or tailor, whom he seduces, depraves, or overwhelms with misery!

And for what is all this violent commotion? Wherefore this temporary civil war? Why must contention, hatred, and irreconcilable animosities be let loose upon a borough or a county? Is it not to determine some absurd point of honour between the leaders of contending parties?



Where the importance, and perhaps the very names of the rival candidates, are lost in the contest of their lawless abettors? \* Or is it not to return some supple animal who buys, that he may sell you? who fawns, that he may betray? who, like the fox in the fable, persuades you to let him mount on your shoulders, that he may leave you in the pit? Is it not eventually to oppress the people who gave the servile suppliant his political existence; and to enslave the constituents whom he is chosen to protect?

Not only do facts evince that this invective is innocent of slander, but the *argumenta a priori* will corroborate its truth. It is not to be supposed that any constituent, or his partizans, will commit these vicious actions from virtuous motives; that they will ruin the people to save the nation; break down the first laws of humanity, the love of peace, of sobriety, of integrity, out of zeal for the commonwealth; and do their utmost to subvert our Constitution, that they may share in the honour of making laws intended for its preservation.

I know but one circumstance which can aggravate the iniquity of this conduct, and that is, when a Peer of the realm engages directly, or indirectly, in the contest. This is such an insolent infringement upon the common rights of mankind, as ought never to pass without exemplary punishment, were it possible to bring those to condign punishment who deem security a law, and claim a privilege to act ignominiously from the very splendour and dignity of their character! For can there be a more ignominious conduct than for a nobleman, who in his own right is one branch of the legislature, meanly to encroach upon the rights of the other? To lavish his wealth in corrupting the principles of an unthinking freeholder, and influence him in the choice of a representative, part of whose office it is to watch over, and restrain the abuse of that power which his rank necessarily bestows? Can there be a more shameful solecism, than for one who is deemed *first* in the class of *gentlemen*, to exert his influence in the appointment of a person who is to be a defence against *his own encroachments*? and break through the best barrier of the constitution, that a creature of his own may be elected as a guarantee of it? The severest laws against the open invaders of another's property, or poachers of their favourite game, to which these personages ever gave their suffrage, ought, according to the *Lex Talionis*, to be returned upon themselves!

\* In a contested election for a certain Borough, numbers of the electors, not knowing the names of the candidates for whom they gave their votes, distinguished them by calling them, *the Duke of X's man—Lord Z's man, &c.*

I must confess, that when I behold these *Right Honourables* sport with the liberties of mankind, and aim at grasping all the power and influence in the kingdom to themselves, I cannot forbear, in the warmth of my resentment, reducing the metaphorical language of Shakspeare's gardener, to its more literal interpretation:—

“Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,  
“That look too *lefty* in our commonwealth;  
“All must be even in our government.”

RICHARD II. *Act 3.*

Should it be thought that I am too warm upon the question, I answer, that there are some things of too serious an import to bear a smile; that there are some actions, of which, although they entitle a man to a seat in Bedlam, the villainy shall yet exceed the folly! And in these cases, the indignation of every one who feels in any respect correspondent with the nature of his subject, must rise superior to his love of ridicule.

“*Omne animi vitium tanto conspectus in se  
“Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat ha-  
“betur.”* JUVENAL.”

But to return to our plebeians.

Were I to follow the natural train of the argument, I should only urge what has been repeated times innumerable—I should of course bewail the inequality of representation, the absurdity of boroughs almost without inhabitants, appointing delegates to maintain their rights, while the rights of thousands and tens of thousands remain defenceless. I should lament that the choice of the representatives of a populous and flourishing nation should be confined to so few, and often to such foul and unworthy hands. I should vainly desire that vice would correct itself, and that those who are naturally disposed to abuse their power, would be the first to reform this abuse. Yet I cannot forbear wishing that every individual in the nation felt the injury of being excluded from a share in the legislature, and sought some constitutional and effectual method of redress. For without a voice, either in the Parliament itself, or in the choice of a delegate, their dearest privileges may be bartered away for a paltry bribe, or a can of ale! In short, one class of men is totally at the mercy of another! And if this bear any part in the definition of a slave, those who form one of these classes are slaves, though for the present they feel not the chain!

But although a radical cure for this dangerous disease is not much to be expected, and perhaps could not be accomplished without such violent convulsions as might greatly endanger our political constitution, yet I think some considerable palliative might be administered.



Is there not reason to believe that great numbers, perhaps a majority of the freeholders, wanton with the liberties of their fellow-citizens, merely through gross ignorance, or culpable inattention? That they have the most confused ideas of the office of a representative in Parliament? That, although the welfare of the whole nation ultimately depends upon their decisions, yet they know as little of the matter as *John Plodder*, who thought that a parliament man was to guard him, some how or other, against Papists, Presbyterians, and wooden shoes.

I would therefore recur to the idea which was first suggested, that some proper method might be adopted, fully to acquaint the electors with the nature and importance of their power at such interesting periods; that they ought to be instructed in the common liberties of mankind, the general principles of Government, and the design of all civil society.

Would it not be highly meritorious in those who retain any sparks of public spirit, and are patriots indeed, to draw up a plain and clear summary of the privileges and duties of an elector, to be put into the hands of every freeholder in the kingdom, particularly at the eve of a general election? Ought not these electors to be informed that *they* are at such times the representatives of others—that they stand in the place of thousands—that perjury is not the only vice of which they can be guilty, for they must at the same time be aiding and abetting oppression—that the choice of a man avowedly unqualified, either from the known want of capacity, or of public or private virtue, or from his being already the servile minion of the court, is also a crime of the first magnitude—that *they* are responsible for the measures that man shall espouse; and that if the nation be ruined by the choice of unworthy members, which is the danger of the present times, the ruin of the whole empire rests with *them*.

Nor would such friendly and patriotic admonitions be seasonable to the lower class of electors alone, but many of their superiors might also profit by them. For is it not notorious that while the one are thus easily reduced or deterred from voting with impartiality, the others, as easily and unthinkingly, enlist themselves on the side of the seducers? Or do they not fall into the opposite extreme, and treat with the utmost indifference a concern in which the interests of the whole state are embarked? Are there not thousands whose character and fortune entitle them to a very respectable and lawful influence in the constitution, that are restrained by indolence or pusillanimity, from giving their suffrage at all? Or otherwise, do they not consider the election of a candidate as a matter of

personal favour rather than of public trust? and attend infinitely more to partial recommendations, and family connexions, than to the political principles, or the honour and probity of the party whose cause they espouse.

The character of *John Plodder* is, we fear, very similar to that of the ignorant freeholders in general, who barter away every thing that is valuable for a treat at an inn. As a sample of this class, in higher life, an old Baronet, whom we may call *Sir Indifference Wealthy*, may serve.

I dined lately with this gentleman, who is really a worthy individual, and, if possible, still more respectable for the goodness of his heart, than for the excellence of his dinners. But he seems to have the public spirit of an oyster; and to be as inattentive to every national question as his faithful dog *Tray*, that is borne down with years, indolence, and fat.

While we were at table, I endeavoured to rouse the old gentleman from his lethargy, by expatiating with some vehemence upon the absurd and iniquitous manner in which elections were conducted.

"Pshaw! It's a customary thing," says the knight.

He voted at a late election for a man whose character, both public and private, was very exceptionable, merely because their lands lay contiguous; and he thought it would have been an unneighbourly action to vote against him.

"It is a customary thing," said he, as he helped himself to some turbot.

"Its being so customary," said I, "is one grand subject of my complaint.

"I don't see much in it," quoth he, "it always was and always will be so."

"I answered, that I could not help seeing a great deal in it; and that if his assertion were true, there was but a gloomy prospect for the nation.

"Aye, you croaking politicians are always foreboding evil. Why, we live as well now as ever we did," quoth my host,—and helps himself to another slice.

This may not always be the case, Sir, supposing it admissible for you to judge of the state of myriads, by the plenty which your ample fortune affords you. And permit me to observe, that if your predecessors had been as indifferent to the common interests of mankind as yourself, it might not have been in your power to have lived as at present: and were every man of influence to be governed by the same supine maxims, your posterity will never see turbot or turtle at the tables of any but priests, placemen, and pensioners; who will riot in luxury by grievous taxes on their estates, if not by an iniquitous confiscation of the whole."



His mouth was full, and he was silent.

"The more the evil is customary, the more it is increased and multiplied, Sir Knight. The repetition of a vice, ever so many times, can never change it into a virtue; though our familiarity with it may render us inattentive to its nature or consequences. It is a customary thing also for the total absence of a public spirit, and a general corruption of manners, to destroy a nation; and shall any, from this shallow consideration, sit easy in the prospect of its dissolution?"

"I cannot make that out," said the Baronet. I was going to assist him; and was collecting in my own mind the links of the chain between the universal depravity and final ruin of a state. But he saved me the trouble. For having finished his turbot, he poured out a bumper of claret; and after he had testified his religion, loyalty, and public spirit, by drinking Church, King, and Constitution, he threw himself back in his great arm-chair, and fell fast asleep.

## A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

AT a little distance from the small city of Zevikau, is a plain which still bears the name of *The Field of the Swans*, a name which, an ancient tradition informs us, it derived from a large lake which it formerly contained, and which was called *The Lake of the Swans*. The waters of this lake had the marvellous property of restoring youth and beauty to the females who bathed in it; but unhappily it exists no longer, or bloom of Arcassia, or lily paste, might be advertised in vain. To such, however, as are disposed to waste useless regrets on this subject, it may be some consolation to learn, that the wonder-working virtue of this precious lake could be proved by none who were not descended from the fairy tribe. All others bathed in it without effect: they lost not a year in appearance, they left not a wrinkle behind them.

Prior to the disappearance of the Lake of the Swans, there lived, in a grotto near it, a pious hermit, named Bruno. His reputation for sanctity was very great in the neighbourhood; but, though curiosity had been very active in endeavouring to discover from whom he was descended, or whence he came, all that related to him, prior to his appearance in this country, remained an impenetrable secret. His hospitality and cheerfulness, however, made him generally beloved; and the simple inhabitants of the surrounding mountains resorted to him for advice or instruction in all their little concerns.

Age had enfeebled the limbs of the venerable Bruno, and bleached his once jetty locks, at the period when he is introduced to the reader. He was no longer able to cultivate the little garden which, with his own hands, he had formed before his grotto; and he earnestly desired a companion who would supply his place there, and cheer his lonely hours by rational conversation. Such an one he had vainly sought among the individuals that he occasionally beheld, and had nearly renounced the hope of

finding, when, chance threw the treasure in his way.

While he was one evening performing his devotions, a youth, in the uniform of a soldier, presented himself at the entrance of the grotto, and, with a touching humility, craved permission to pass the night in his solitary dwelling. His pale cheek and hollow eye announced extreme fatigue; while a countenance manly and prepossessing, quickened in Bruno's bosom the impulses of humanity. He placed before the youth such refreshment as his grotto afforded, and prepared a bed for him by the side of his own.

The following morning put him in possession of Freidbert's little history, which contained no very striking particulars, but was related with a simplicity that evinced a guileless mind. The foster brother of the beautiful heiress of a wealthy nobleman, Freidbert had lived on terms of familiarity with her, which had inspired in both an ill-fated passion. It was discovered, and Freidbert had been compelled to enter the army. The insolence of an officer in his regiment had provoked him to resent it by a blow; and to escape the severe punishment annexed to his offence, he fled; since when he had wandered about, concealing himself in woods during the day, and pursuing his unsettled route during the night; but having tasted nothing for the last twenty-eight hours, he felt so exhausted that he resolved to entreat the compassionate aid of the individuals of the first solitary habitation that presented itself.

The good hermit invited his young guest to spend a few days with him in his retirement, an invitation which was thankfully accepted. This period, short as it was, enabled Bruno to discover in the youth a mind so witless yet so intelligent, a sensibility so lively, and a disposition so grateful and obliging, that he conceived the design of retaining him to enliven the remainder of his days. Freidbert readily embraced the proposal

II



made him; and changing his uniform for the habit of a holy man, applied himself assiduously to render his benefactor all the good offices in his power.

Spring rapidly passed away, and the summer solstice arrived. As this period approached, Freidbert perceived his patron to be unusually agitated. He often walked for hours on the brink of the Lake of the Swans, and commonly returned more pensive than when he set out.— Suddenly, however, he discontinued these promenades, and daily dispatched Freidbert thither, charging him to look carefully whether there were any swans near it, and to observe their flight and their number. He listened to Freidbert's report with the deepest attention; but finding that he continued to return without bringing any account of their appearance, he grew more agitated and dejected; lost his appetite, ceased to sleep, and exhibited every appearance of a man hastening rapidly to the grave.

One evening, as Freidbert was perambulating on the borders of the lake, he suddenly perceived a flight of beautiful swans. They approached the lake, and hovered for some minutes, as in playfulness, round it. Freidbert, who, while he wondered how the appearance of those birds could be connected with the repose of his patron, was rejoiced to have their arrival to announce, flew to the hermitage with the welcome intelligence. Bruno received it with transport; he ordered Freidbert to go to a neighbouring town to purchase some articles for a luxurious supper; and displayed, on his return, some bottles of the richest wine. During their repast, he frequently expressed his joy at the arrival of the swans, and not only drank copiously of the luscious beverage himself, but made Freidbert do so also. The liquor soon began to manifest its effects by exhilarating the spirits of the serious Freidbert, while those of Bruno rose to a pitch which astonished his young companion. All memory of his age, of his infirmities, of the gravity suited to his situation, seemed lost; and, with the gaiety of youth, and a warm temperature, he expatiated on the pleasures of love, spoke like a voluptuary of the effects of beauty, and even sung songs in illustration of its powers over the heart.

Freidbert, who, though animated and exhilarated by the wine, was nevertheless perfectly himself, testified by his expressive looks the surprise and curiosity which this extraordinary change in his benefactor excited. Bruno perceived the sentiments which respect restrained him from uttering, and thus addressed the youth:

“Young man, thy faithful services for eight months have given thee a claim to my confidence which I ought not to delay to satisfy.— Know, then, that it is love, not devotion, which

from a far distant country impelled my steps hither, and fixed me in this dreary solitude. Listen attentively to what I am going to say, and thou wilt at the same time learn the history of the lake, of this lake whose tranquil bosom at this moment reflects the tremulous beams of the bright luminary of night.

“In my youth I acquired an extensive reputation for courage and gallantry. My country was Switzerland, my family that of the Counts of Kybourg. I was devoted to pleasure and to love, to gratify which passion I violated every sacred duty. In an amour, which infatuated my reason, I discovered that I had a rival, a dangerous and seducing one. Maddened by the conviction, I resolved on his destruction, which I speedily effected. In consequence I was obliged to fly to Rome, to obtain absolution from the Pope. He granted it, but only on the condition that I joined the crusaders who were on the eve of departing for Palestine; and that, if I fell in the enterprise, my fortune should devolve to our mother, the church. It was absolutely necessary that I should purchase absolution on any terms; I therefore complied with the best grace possible, and embarked on board a Venetian galley. We had reached the Ionian sea when a terrible tempest overtook us. The waves swelled to the clouds; our little bark became their sport, and was threatened every instant with destruction; it was driven by the winds near the isle of Naxos, and running foul of some rocks split into a thousand pieces. Little accustomed to swimming, I escaped death I know not how; my tutelary angel supported me above the water till I reached the coast, where a number of the inhabitants, who had witnessed the wreck of our vessel, were collected to render what assistance was in their power to such of the crew as might come within their reach. They treated me with kindness, and as soon as my quality was known at the court of Naxos, I received an invitation from Prince Zeus to make my appearance there.

“I went, and for the first time saw the beautiful, the graceful Zoe, his wife. Her form was of Grecian mould, and so exquisitely proportioned was every part, that Zeusis need have copied nothing from any other could he have beheld her when composing his celebrated picture; she realized all that has been said by the poets of the fabled beauty of the goddess of love. The first glance lighted in my breast a flame which annihilated every idea not connected with her. No other beauty that I had ever seen seemed worthy to inspire admiration; I forgot the object of my voyage, I could think of nothing but how to communicate my passion to my fair enslaver, and dispose her to regard it favourably. I distinguished myself at the tournaments by



carrying away every prize, and acquired a renown which cost me little labour; for the Greeks, become effeminate, no longer retain ought of that activity, vigour, and address, which characterized their famed ancestors. I sought by a million of those attentions which commonly succeed with women, to recommend myself to the seducing Zoe. I made a friend of one of her attendants, who took care to inform me before hand how she was to be dressed at each fete of the court, and her colours were always those of my scarf, and of the ribbons which ornamented my helmet. She adored music and dancing. When she repaired in an evening to take the air on a noble terrace that overlooked the sea, I frequently surprised her with a serenade, or a ballet executed by dancers whom I had hired from the Morea. I employed the first artizans of Constantinople to supply her with every thing that could flatter her vanity, or gratify her taste; they were sent to her without the least hint of its being by my order, but I took care that she should not be ignorant that I was the author of these gallantries. If thou hast any experience in love, Friedbert, thou wilt know that all these assiduities, which the insensible regard as of no importance, are hieroglyphics which convey a great deal where they are understood, they have a sense, and a signification, as determinate as the letters and the words in our ordinary language. The language of love is a sort of symbolical language, and two persons who understand it, may converse in the presence of the ignorant without betraying ought of their sentiments.

"The muteless testimonies of my regard, which found their way into the very chamber of the princess, spoke so strongly in my favour, that I presently remarked with transport the eyes of this charming woman singling me out in the crowd of courtiers that surrounded to offer her their homage. In meeting mine they teemed with an expression of tender gratitude for my attentions, which penetrated to the inmost recesses of my soul. I became more bold; and through the medium of my secret friend I ventured to solicit a private interview; it was at length granted, but did not take place. Another and another time was appointed, yet some little circumstance or other never failed to frustrate my high-raised hopes. Sometimes it was the princess who could not find an opportunity to steal to the place named for our meeting; sometimes I found that pointed out by herself inaccessible; in short, the demon of jealousy watched the beautiful Zoe with such unremitting vigilance, that I found it impossible to procure a sight of her but in the presence of the whole court. My desires, far from being blunted by these reiterated disappointments, became more

vehement; like a lion which the want of nourishment has rendered furious, my passion rose beyond controul; it was a kind of internal rage, a sort of devouring fire which seemed to consume my very vitals; my cheeks lost their colour, my limbs their activity, and my knees trembled like the flowers which are agitated by the wind. In this frightful state how much did I want a faithful friend, in whose bosom I might deposit my griefs, and whose suggestions might pour the balm of hope into the cruel wounds of my heart.

"I was in this desperate condition when I one day received a visit from Theophrastus, the physician of the prince, who had ordered him to attend me. I held out my hand for him to feel my pulse, but said at the same time, that I believed his skill could not save me from the grave to which I was not unwilling hastening. He smiled, and thus replied:—'Imagine not, noble Cavalier, that I came to ascertain the state of your body, and prescribe for its relief, as would an ordinary practitioner; your health is borne away on the wings of love, it can return to you by no other conveyance.'

"I was excessively surprised to find my secret known to Theophrastus. I knew him to be very skilful, but I was ignorant that he could so well read hearts. I concealed from him nothing of that which it seemed he already knew; and I added in a melancholy tone,—How can that which has deprived me of health give it me back again? Can Zoe ever be mine, and can I live without her? Nothing remains for me but to die, and it would be a cruel effort of your art to endeavour to prevent it.

"You must, you shall live," returned Theophrastus, "and since love without hope is more terrible than death, abandon not this first of blessings. There is nothing new under the sun; that which has happened may happen again. The old Tithonus little dreamt that he should ever be the husband of the beautiful Aurora. When the shepherd of mount Ida played on his pipe to his sheep, did he think he should one day carry off the beautiful Helen? What had Anchises to boast of more than you, and yet the goddess of beauty preferred him to the valiant god of combats?"

"It was thus, by employing science and philosophy, that the compassionate physician sought to banish despair from my heart, the despair which, like a subtle poison, was rapidly undermining my existence. I listened with avidity to the consolation which he poured on my ear, and their effect was more powerful than could have been the most successful remedy of his art. I presently regained my health, and recommenced with ardour my amorous pursuit.



"It appeared to me to be more successful than before. Theophrastus was become my intimate friend, the confidant and interpreter of every wish. The beautiful Zoe was enabled to deceive the vigilance of her spies, and I obtained, at last, the interview which I had so long and so ardently desired. It took place in a bower in the garden of the palace. Transported with the condescension of my charming mistress, I precipitated myself at her feet; I pressed with transport against my lips a hand soft and white as the down of the cygnet, and I was on the point of avowing the flame which her beauty had lighted up in my breast, when several men rushed from behind a thicket, and seizing me before I could make any resistance, effectually baffled all my efforts to get free. The suddenness of this attack, and the sight of me in the custody of the ruffians, made so sensible an impression on the princess, that the roses fled from her cheeks, her limbs lost the power of sustaining her frame, and uttering a dreadful cry, she sunk senseless on the earth. In this situation they compelled me to leave her; I was torn from her, and from being an instant before the happiest of mortals, I became the most wretched.

"At the distance of a stone-throw from the island is a stupendous rock, surrounded on every side by the sea. On the summit stands a strong tower, which, formerly was a temple consecrated to Bacchus, where the heathens worshipped this fabled divinity. The prince of Naxos had converted it into a prison destined to be the grave of those who were unfortunate enough to be sent thither; and the rock instead of echoing hymns in praise of the god of wine and pleasure, resounded with the cries of the wretches who were left to famish with hunger.

"I was tied down in the boat which conveyed me to this horrible place, and fettered while I ascended the rock. A large gate unclosed to receive me, then shut, never, never more to furnish me a passage. The profound obscurity that reigned around, the cadaverous smell that rushed on my olfactory organs, the groans of dying victims, all announced to me that I was in the regions of death. In advancing I stumbled sometimes over a skeleton, sometimes over a corpse half-putrid. In a transport of despair I called upon death to free me at once from the accumulated horrors of my situation. His brother, insensibility, answered my call; in my struggles with the ruffians I had received several blows on my

head, which, at length plunged me into a temporary forgetfulness of my misery.

"On recovering my senses I perceived a faint light beam on the walls of my prison; I raised myself to discover whence it proceeded, and beheld a basket with a lamp in it attached to a cord, which seemed to have been let down from the roof of the tower. An irresistible impulse carried me towards it, when, to my astonishment, I saw the basket filled with eatables of various kinds, and some bottles of wine of Cyprus, as also a bottle of oil for keeping in the lamp.

"Though the light shewed me all the horrors of the place in which I was enclosed, this seasonable supply was such a proof that I had still a friend who was both willing and able to serve me, that my spirits and my courage revived, and seizing some of the viands, I devoured them with an appetite as keen as if I had been at the most sumptuous repast.

"Some days elapsed, at least I imagined so, for as day and night were alike excluded my prison, and I was left to my fate, I had no means of measuring time with accuracy. At length I heard a noise over my head. It was the first sound that had reached my ears since my fainting fit, and I listened for a repetition of it with mingled hope and apprehension. It might be my unknown friend, or it might be some emissary of the prince dispatched to anticipate the effect of famine.—All was again silent, and I was beginning to fancy I had imagined a sound, when the reality again arrested and fixed my attention. It seemed nearer than before, but was still so distant and so faint, that it was impossible to conjecture from what it proceeded. At length I distinguished the footsteps of a man, descending to my dungeon. It instantly struck me that I ought to put out my light, lest should it be an enemy, the discovery that I had a friend might prove fatal to my benefactor; I had already seized it for this purpose, when the dread of being again left in darkness made me pause. There was no time, however, for deliberation, the step was at the door of my prison, the key was put into the lock, and at that instant I extinguished the lamp.

"Imagine my situation during the minutes that preceded the appearance of the unknown. The key turned with difficulty, it was some minutes before the lock could be withdrawn from the receiver; the door, however, was at last opened, and I beheld.—Theophrastus."

[To be continued.]

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## THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 197.]

## CHAP. XI.

*Brief History of the French Fashions till the time of Henry IV.*

"OUR forefathers" says La Bruyère, "have transmitted to us, together with the knowledge of their persons, that of their garments, their head-dress, their arms offensive and defensive, and other ornaments of which they were fond during their lives. The best acknowledgment we can make for this kindness is to behave in the same manner towards our descendants."

We are about to fulfil, in some measure, the wishes of La Bruyère in giving a rapid sketch of all the most entertaining particulars relative to the French fashions from the earliest periods of the monarchy, to the present time.

This work being peculiarly dedicated to the fair sex, I shall treat only of the costume of the women. This, indeed, forms but a small part of what might be said on this vast subject; but it is the only portion that is directly adapted to the object we have in view. We shall see that the empire of fashion has, as I have already observed, ever been subject to the most extravagant caprices; that the most ridiculous fashions have always had the longest duration, and been the most frequently revived. But why should I make reflections which will spontaneously present themselves to every reader! I shall here content myself with acting the part of a faithful historian.

We know but little respecting the history of the costumes during the early ages of the monarchy; few works treat of this subject, and few monuments exhibit their fashions. Besides, it may be asserted that in this particular, monuments are not always a sufficient authority; for if ancient artists took the same licence as those of modern times, they probably worked from imagination in the performances which they have handed down to us. It is, therefore, impossible to come at the truth on this interesting subject without combining monuments with historical relations, and in particular with the sumptuary laws enacted from time to time.

It appears that in the first eight centuries of the French monarchy, the dress of the women underwent little alteration; at least, we have no authorities to enable us to state positively what changes it might have experienced.

The dress of the twelfth century seems to have been a simple tunic, fastened with a girdle, a

mantle,\* and a veil. Such is the costume exhibited by the monuments of that time. From the girdle was suspended a purse the form of which was exactly like that of the *ridicules* of the present day, and in which the women kept their money. This purse was called *escarcelle*. Under Louis IX. about the year 1226, the princesses his daughters wore petticoats of such length, that, when they walked, they were obliged to hold them up before. Under Philip IV. (1286) they adopted the stomacher, which was afterwards retained by the nuns. But, let us pass, at once, to the conclusion of the fourteenth century; for it is not till then that we are able to follow the different changes which took place in dress.

Under Charles V. about 1364, the dress of widows resembled that formerly worn by the nuns; the females who were intended for the convent assumed the habit of widows, which afterwards became the dress of the order, and as it underwent little variation, it transmitted from age to age, the costume of the reign of Charles V.

Some monuments still extant afford an idea of the fashions of that time. In a drawing belonging to a manuscript in the library of the Celestins at Paris, representing the anointing of Charles V. I have remarked females with a head-dress resembling that which was in fashion in the age of Louis XIV. and which is well known by the appellation of *Coiffure à la Ninon*. I have

\* During the reign of Louis VIII. the mantle became the distinguishing mark of married women. The circumstance which gave rise to this distinction was as follows:—Toward the end of the twelfth century many women of pleasure, in rich habits and dressed like ladies of the first rank, often mingled with the most respectable females. It was then customary to kiss one another in church when the priest pronounced the words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*. It happened one day that the queen, deceived by the dress, kissed a common woman, under the idea that she was a married lady. Being informed of her mistake, she carried her complaint to the king, her husband. The monarch, in consequence, forbade prostitutes to wear the mantle, which then became the distinguishing mark of married women.



found the same head-dress in several monuments of that period. It was not, however, the only one. They likewise wore prodigious bonnets exactly in the shape of a heart, in which the head appeared to be enchased, while the point was formed by the chin.

Let us proceed to the reign of Charles V. (1380) a reign that proved so fatal to France. Queen Isabel of Bavaria, young, beautiful and galant, displayed a luxury, unknown to former times; no queen had ever before appeared so richly dressed. She first introduced the fashion of naked shoulders and neck. Under Charles V. we have seen heart-shaped bonnets in vogue; the two uppermost extremities of this heart were gradually lengthened, till, at last, they formed a kind of horns that were truly ridiculous. Hear what Juvenal des Ursins says on this subject.—“The women ran into great excesses in dress, and wore horns of wonderful length and size, having on either side, ears of such monstrous dimensions that it was impossible for them to pass through a door with them on. About this time the Carmelite Cenare, a celebrated preacher, exercised his talents against these horns.”

The women of those days likewise wore gowns with slashed sleeves, which hung down to the very ground; they had caps strengthened in front with pieces of leather and hoops of whalebone, to give them more consistency: above this kind of funnel, figure to yourself a head surmounted with two huge horns, and pads with prodigious ears, and you will have a correct idea of the ladies of that age.

It must not, however, be imagined that this head-dress was worn by the generality of women, I should think that then, as at present, the most ridiculous costumes were more especially adopted by those who courted distinction. They disguised themselves in proportion to their rank and dignity; and if monuments have handed down to us many ridiculous costumes, the reason is, because painters and sculptors usually perpetuate only the portraits of distinguished persons. Were it necessary, I could support my opinion by the example of many ancient monuments.

During the same reign sugar-loaf hats began to grow numerous. To these were fastened veils which hung more or less low, according to the quality of the wearer.

These hats, I say, began to grow numerous, but I am not able positively to assign the period when this fashion originated. It appears to have been first imported from England; the earliest monument on which I find this head-dress, is a miniature in an ancient manuscript copy of Froissart, representing the entry of Isabel, Queen of England, and sister of Charles the Fair, into

Paris; that princess wears a peaked head-dress, of extraordinary height, trimmed with lace that floats in the air.

Under Charles VII. (1422) the women resumed their collars and bracelets. “Agnes Sorel,” says M. Marie de Saint Ursin, “added to these the use of earrings;” but that custom was of a much older date, for a medal represents Brunelfaut with pendants in her ears. All that can be said is, that the taste for jewels was carried to a pitch of madness; and though luxury had arrived at such a height, yet so ignorant were they, says Millot, of the conveniencies of life, that during the severe winter of 1457, the gentlemen and ladies of the court, who durst not ride out on horseback, were drawn about in barrels.

It appears that during this reign sugar-loaf hats were the prevailing fashion. It must not be supposed that this costume was ever ridiculous; when it was not carried to extravagance, it was simple and even extremely agreeable; it sometimes consisted of a flat pad, and upon this a turban of moderate height, flat and not pointed at the top. In Mountfaucon’s “Monuments of the French Monarchy,” may be seen an engraving representing this fashion, which is more simple and handsomer than many which have been since adopted. The rest of the costume, in the same engraving, is consonant with the principles of good taste. It is a robe displaying the shape to perfection; and those who would take the trouble to consult the print in question, and to compare it, without prejudice to the dress of the last hundred years, will undoubtedly admit that this costume of the fifteenth century is infinitely more agreeable; nay, with some slight modifications, I think that our skilful fashion-mongers might turn it to great advantage.\*

\* This fashion was actually revived some years ago, through the means of Mademoiselle Contat. That celebrated actress, in 1786, performed the part of *Maitame de Randan*, in the *Amours de Bayard*. She was obliged to assume the dress of the reign of Francis I. and was highly delighted with the head-dress of which I am speaking. All the ladies thought it so noble and so elegant, that the fashion of caps *à-la-Randan* soon became general; but they afterwards made such alterations in it as destroyed its noble simplicity. The cap *à-la-Randan*, says the author of the *Cabinet des Modes*, was a kind of turban encircled with a bandeau of white muslin, or cambric, embroidered with gold, the crown of which, likewise of white muslin or cambric, rising in the form of a sugar-loaf, was surrounded with large bands of the same stuff, ornamented with gold fringe; a veil fastened to the top of the crown fell very low.



But as the women gradually augmented the height of their peaked head-dresses, this fashion became, at length, excessively ridiculous. This is not the only time we shall have occasion to remark that a ludicrous effect is produced by exaggeration, and that the handsomest fashion becomes a caricature, when carried to the extreme.

Hear what a contemporary writer says of these *hennins*, for this was the name given to that kind of head-dress:—"Every body was at that time very extravagant in dress, and that of the ladies' heads was particularly remarkable; for they wore on their heads prodigious caps, an ell or more in length, pointed like steeples, from the hinder part of which hung long crapes, or rich fringes, like standards."

We have seen that in the preceding reign the Carmelite, Cenare, declaimed against the ladies' horns. This order appears to have paid particular attention to the head, for we find another Carmelite, called Thomas Conecte, preaching vehemently against the *hennins*. But, alas! the poor monk was ill-requited for his zeal; his fate was truly melancholy, for he was burned alive at Rome, six years afterwards, in 1440, as a heretic.

"This preacher," says Paradin, the author quoted above, "held this fashion in such abhorrence, that most of his sermons were directed against this kind of head-dress, which he attacked with the bitterest invectives he was capable of devising, launching out into the severest animadversions on such females as wore these dresses which he called *hennins*. Wherever Brother Thomas went the *hennins* durst not shew themselves, on account of the hatred he had sworn against them. This had an effect for the time, and till the preacher was gone; but on his departure, the ladies resumed their horns, and followed the example of the snails, which, when they hear any noise, speedily draw in their horns, and afterwards when the noise is past, suddenly erect them to a greater height than before. Thus did these ladies, for the *hennins* were never larger, more pompous, and more superb than after the departure of Brother Thomas.—Such is the effect of warmly contending against the obstinate prejudice of some heads."

It was found necessary at this period to heighten the door-ways, as they had been widened in the preceding reign, on account of the horns. Thus, as Montesquieu observes, the architects were obliged to renounce the rules of their art, in the dimensions of the entrances to apartments, in order to proportion them to the head dresses of the women.

High head-dresses at length disappeared, but only to make their appearance again at different

periods more ridiculous than ever; so true is the observation, that the most extravagant fashions are those which have always been preferred.

In the first years of the reign of Louis XI. (1461) the women retrenched their enormous trains, and their sleeves which swept the ground, and adopted extremely short gowns, which they adorned with borders of extraordinary breadth. Becoming weary of head-dresses a yard high, they passed, as is commonly the case, from one extreme to the other, and reduced them to such a degree that the women appeared as though their heads were shaved. Under Louis XI. silk and velvet were reserved for princes and persons of the highest rank.

The reign of Charles VIII. (1483) gave rise to less ridiculous fashions. The women renouncing the ridiculous taste to which they had been so long enslaved, composed a head-dress of their hair, and wore gowns of white satin; such was the dress of the queen on her wedding day. On the death of that king, his wife, Anne of Bretagne, assumed a black veil, which she never afterwards laid aside. The ladies of the court adopted from coquetry, and perhaps also from a motive of adulation, what was only a sign of grief. They all took the black veil; but this dismal colour was soon happily relieved by red and purple fringes with which these veils were adorned. This fashion soon extended to the wives and daughters of tradespeople, who, going still farther than the ladies of the court, enriched the veil with pearls and gold clasps. The court ladies then had recourse to particular distinctions; the duchesses wore a coronet, with trefoils and a feather, while countesses assumed a coronet encircled with pearls, and a feather.

It was about this time that France began to seize the sceptre of fashion, which she has never since quitted from her grasp, to cause her tastes to be adopted throughout Europe, and to send to foreign courts all that belonged to female dress. Anne of Bretagne, wife of Louis XII. (1498) loved splendour; she drew females to the court. This gave rise to coquetry, the desire of pleasing, and rivalry, which led to superior elegance in apparel, and a less modest fashion of dress.

But it was in the reign of Francis I. (1515) that gallantry and splendour in dress were carried to a higher pitch than they had ever been before. The women began to turn up their hair; Queen Margaret of Navarre, his grand-daughter, frizzed the hair at both temples, and turned back that in front; that princess sometimes added to this head-dress a small cap of satin or velvet, enriched with pearls and precious stones, and ornamented with a tuft of feathers. This was both handsome and tasteful; nevertheless, there were still seen some high head-dresses, which from time to time



sought to obtain the preference, but the moment had not yet arrived. It is to the reign of Francis I. that we must assign the origin of the most ridiculous fashion that ever spoiled the shape of women. I allude to those farthingales which afterwards changed their form and name, and have been handed down to our time by the appellation of hoops.

The farthingale was a kind of petticoat extended by hoops, which grew larger and larger towards the bottom, so that the body of a woman, from the waist to the feet, resembled a bee-hive. We are told that the first woman who wore a farthingale was desirous of concealing the fruits of indiscreet love. Be this as it may, Claude of France, wife of Francis I. is the first female represented by our monuments with this ridiculous petticoat.

During the reign of Francis I. luxury kept constantly encreasing, in spite of the proclamations by which he prohibited the wearing of gold or silver stuffs, and other articles. Under Henry II. it no longer knew any bounds, though that king had renewed the edicts of his predecessor, and had even extended them for the express purpose of repressing the luxury of women. But what can the will of a king effect against the volcanic genius of a woman! The history of France too often exhibits weak monarchs governed by an imperious woman; it too often presents the spectacle of an empire convulsed by the influence of females. Under Henry III. Catherine de Medicis set the example of the most unbounded luxury. That voluptuous and intriguing princess, who daily invented new pleasures, produced a change in dress, having affected another in manners, and for the first time paint was introduced into France by Italians invited to the court.

It was at this period that the hood, or *chaperon*, became more fashionable than ever. This fashion continued for a great length of time; and how could it have been otherwise! it was a mark of distinction. A sumptuary law gave the exclusive permission to ladies of the court to wear the chaperon of velvet. The rest of the sex indemnified themselves for this cruel exception by wearing it of cloth; it was still a chaperon, but still a velvet chaperon was to them an object of the highest importance. Accordingly, La Boursier, midwife to Mary de Medicis, long solicited the favour of wearing a velvet chaperon, which she at length obtained by an express order of the king.

The men then wore small hats with very low

crowns, adorned with a feather; and what is remarkable, the women adopted the same kind of head-dress. A portrait of Margaret of France, the third and youngest daughter of Francis I. executed by Corneille, a painter of that age, represents her with a hat exactly resembling that of the king, her brother.

It would appear that fans were at this period in high estimation, for women of the highest rank caused themselves to be painted with fans in their hands; I shall mention, from among many others, only the portrait of Claude of France, daughter of Henry II.

Under Francis II. a singular custom was introduced among the men; they imagined that a portly belly gave to its owner a majestic appearance, which exceedingly contributed to increase his personal merit. Those who through the niggardliness of fortune, were unable to procure by internal means that corpulence which conferred so just a claim to respect, endeavoured to supply the defect by external appendages; false bellies were made, and the art of the tailor made amends for the emptiness of the kitchen. The women conceived, that this fondness of the men for large surfaces, might probably be extended still farther; and the fashion of great rumps immediately sprung up. This fashion lasted three or four years, and nothing was seen but false bellies and rumps. The most singular circumstance is that the women placed such confidence in the power of these posterior phenomena, that they totally neglected the aid of all their other attractions. They even concealed the face, probably that the attention of the men might not be diverted in any manner whatever from the new kind of charm which they held forth to their admiration. It was, in fact, at the same period, that the custom of covering the face with a kind of black mask, called *loup*, originated among the women. This practice was still in vogue in the time of Henry III.

The reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III. exhibited few variations in the costumes; we only observe that the farthingales had increased to such a circumference, that Charles IX. was obliged to fix a standard for them; by the 146th article of the edict of Blois, in 1560,—“It is forbidden to all women to wear farthingales more than an ell, or an ell and a half in circumference.” But the edicts of kings never produced a stronger effect than the sermons of Carmelites, and the farthingales kept increasing in their dimensions.

[To be continued.]



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PETER NIEUWLAND.

MR. EDITOR,

As you have given in your Fourth Number an account of the poet Beronicius, the following biographical sketch of another extraordinary man may not be unacceptable. It is taken from a Dutch publication of Professor Van Swinden, who also wrote his funeral oration.

PETER NIEUWLAND was born in the year 1764, in a village near Amsterdam; his father was a master carpenter, who understood arithmetic and Euclid, and had a tolerable collection of good books.

He soon perceived that his son had no relish for the play-things suitable to his age; the child was only to be amused with prints and their explanations. After his mother had for some time diverted him with a book containing fifty figures, and had repeated to him the Dutch verses in stanzas of six lines, which were under each, she one day heard the child, who was then three years old, repeat the whole fifty stanzas in the order the prints were shewn to him, without missing a syllable.

At five years of age, young Nieuwland had read the whole Bible; two years after, his mind was full of the knowledge he had acquired by reading all his father's books of history, travels, Dutch poetry; he had made notes of the remarkable events, the characters of those men who had distinguished themselves, and the properties of animals and plants of which he had read; every thing was strongly imprinted in his memory; he also wrote verses in which the sparks of poetical fire already appeared.

To this genius for poetry he united a decided talent for mathematics. At eight years he perfectly understood the famous theorem of Pythagoras on the right-angled triangle.

At nine years old he was examined by Professor Eneas, as to his mathematical knowledge, and performed operations which astonished the Professor, who asked him if he could tell how many cubic inches a little wooden figure on a clock contained? "Yes," said the boy, "if you will give me a piece of the wood of which the image is made." Why? "I shall reduce it to a cubic inch, and compare its weight with that of the statue, and then I shall be able to answer pretty exactly."

Every body now began to talk of the carpenter's son; all the learned men in Holland came to see him. Among others were Jerom de Bosch, and his brother, who requested the father to per-

mit them to educate his child in their house. He was nine years of age when he left his father's house.

He applied himself to all the sciences, and succeeded in all; *Belles-Lettres*, history, and philosophy, soon became familiar to him; he learned mathematics by his own genius, with hardly any instruction, and applied them to physics, mechanics, and astronomy. He soon surpassed his teacher, Professor Van Swinden, and the disciple was as much superior to the master as the master had been to the disciple.

His memory was prodigious; he turned over the leaves of books, read, as it were, two pages at once, and afterwards repeated the contents. All mathematical problems were solved by heart; geometrical figures, and algebraical characters were always in his mind; he made his calculations in the streets, in numerous companies, and amidst all the tumult of Amsterdam.

He learned languages with the same facility; besides his native language, Dutch, he perfectly understood Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, and German, and could read Spanish, Portuguese, and Swedish books. It is unnecessary to remark what an immense advantage this knowledge was to him.

He possessed all the requisites of a great poet, a lively imagination, a perfect knowledge of nature, of history, of the best poems, and lastly, of his mother-tongue. He translated into Dutch verse, before he was nineteen, all that the Greek and Latin poets have said on the state of the soul after death; and he imitated the style of Homer, of Pindar, of Anacreon, of Theocritus, and of Virgil.

With all these brilliant qualities, he was modest, and of the most pure and gentle manners; full of respect for the Supreme Being, and humble in prosperity.

Such an amiable man deserved a good wife; he found a young woman who was handsome, lively, tender, and sensible. He married her; she died in child bed, at the age of twenty-two, and her new-born daughter only survived her two days.

He was obliged to quit Holland for sometime, to assuage his grief for her loss (he wrote an elegy on her in Dutch verse, which was printed at Amsterdam in 1792), and went to Gotha in Saxony.

Here his whole time was spent in the study of astronomy; after a few months' stay he returned to Amsterdam, and was by the Admiralty appointed one of the Commissioners for determining

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longitudes at sea, and for revising marine charts, which required all his astronomical knowledge, and to this he applied as if he had never done any thing else.

Soon after he was appointed lecturer on mathematics, astronomy, and navigation, at the public college.

After having filled this office with great applause during six years, he was chosen professor of natural philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, hydraulics, and civil and military architecture at the university of Leyden.

He devoted himself with indefatigable zeal to the instruction of those pupils who were entrusted to his care. He was incessantly occupied in studying every thing that had been written on natural philosophy in all the languages, and likewise soon made himself master of the theory of chemistry.

He was not only an excellent teacher of the sciences to his pupils, but also as excellent a guide for their good conduct, inspiring them by precept and example with a love for virtue and morality. He had for them the solicitude of a father, conversed with them as with his equals,

and always knew how to make himself respected. Accordingly, no Professor has been more sincerely regretted, no pupils have more honoured the memory of their master; he was soon taken from them. Nieuwland died in 1794, aged thirty years and nine days.

He published twenty-two works; the first is a volume of Dutch poems, printed in 1788; 2. on the relative value of the different branches of human knowledge; 3. on the state of sciences compared with that of the *belles lettres*; 4. the love of one's country regarded as a religious duty; 5. on sensibility. The others are on different branches of mathematics, astronomy and navigation, of which the last was published in 1793.

During his last illness he arranged all his papers, and amongst them a parcel was found, containing all his diplomas, titles, acts of installation, &c. on the cover of which he had written:—

*Hamlet.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Horat.* Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that.

## THE MASK.

### A TRUE STORY.

COUNT T——, chamberlain of the Duke of B——g, lost, by a sudden and violent fever, his young, beautiful, and amiable consort, with whom he had lived scarcely a year in uninterrupted conjugal felicity. This heavy affliction reduced him to the brink of despair. He himself was still young, rich, respected by many, envied by more, distinguished by his rank, and in a still higher degree by the favour of his sovereign; had he but signified his pleasure, all the young females about the court would have been ready to offer him their hands. This, however, afforded him no consolation. Notwithstanding his illustrious descent, he was so unfashionable as to possess a heart susceptible of the most tender and generous feelings. He now shunned all the brilliant circles, and while he suffered the Prince very often to go unattended to the theatre and to the chace, he confined himself almost entirely to his own house. There he frequently shut himself up for half the day with his sorrows and a portrait of his beloved wife, in a small lonely closet. When he quitted this retreat he conversed with not more than two or three of his most intimate friends; in company even with them he was often visibly absent, and listened with anguish in his heart and a smile upon his countenance, when they sometimes

advised him to keep up his spirits, and to seek some diversion.

In this manner several months passed away; the carnival arrived, and to him that period of amusement was as destitute of pleasure as any which had preceded it; he seemed to have bidden an eternal adieu to every enjoyment.

The prince at length grew weary of his long dejection. In the mean time many courtiers had endeavoured, perhaps purely from disinterested attachment to his serene highness, to fill the place of the negligent favourite, and had also occasionally indulged in satirical reflections on the gloomy melancholy, and extravagant tenderness of this new Orpheus, whose only cry was,—Eurydice! Eurydice! Their sarcasms and their designs were alike unsuccessful; a stern look from the Duke had always instantly checked the brilliant current of their humour. The Prince was seriously concerned for a man whom he had known from his youth, and with whom, though he had studiously avoided interfering in the affairs of government, he could nevertheless converse on many other subjects besides the last stag with sixteen branches that had been shot, or the latest opera-dancer; he therefore resolved himself to attempt his cure.



"Chamberlain," said he once to him when Count T—— had not appeared for two or three days at court, "the tenderness of your love for your wife is not only honourable and praiseworthy, but in the present times it is truly exemplary; but as she is dead, and it is impossible to recall her from the grave, you should not for her sake fall out with all the living. Many of the latter, and myself in particular, have a just claim to your affection, and yet many weeks pass away in which I cannot even obtain a sight of you."

"The most flattering reprimand, your serene highness, that I ever received! pardon me, however, if a slight indisposition——"

"Yes, your looks, my dear Count, attest that you are indisposed; but probably you have brought this indisposition on yourself by your incessant grief, your watchings, weeping, and continual confinement at home. Tell me how you have liked this carnival, how many balls you have been to?"

"To confess the truth, your highness, not to one."

"I thought so; and can you then wonder that you are unwell, at the same time that you refuse all medicine! The day after to-morrow I shall give a masquerade, and that at least I hope you will go to."

"If your highness commands it."

"Excellent! so you would stay away from that too? You know that I am not fond of using the word *command*, and least of all with you, but I shall fight you with your own weapons. Therefore, Sir, I request this condescension of you, and shall expect you at eight precisely."

The chamberlain bowed, and promised to obey. All the necessary preparations were made for the masquerade; half the town of B—— equipped themselves, with joy, for the occasion. The third evening a great number of masks appeared in the capacious hall of the palace, which was magnificently lighted. The Prince, with all his court, graced the assembly. Count T——, who was almost always near the Duke, and very often engaged in conversation with him, strove to appear, at least, somewhat more cheerful than usual. Rather more than two hours had elapsed when, still near the person of the prince, and fatigued with continually walking about, and perhaps also from secret disgust, he reclined a few moments against the cornice of a stove that was in the centre of the hall, and which afforded the most advantageous view of the whole gay and motly throng.

He had not been there long before a female mask that passed twice or thrice close to him drew his attention; it was a black domino with a white mask which completely covered the whole

face. She walked quite alone; she had nothing particularly remarkable in her dress, though it was perfectly neat and new, nor any thing glaring or splendid about her person; but in her tall, elegant figure, in her step, air, and movements, the Count imagined that he discovered a great resemblance to his deceased wife. At length she reclined against a pillar exactly opposite to him, and equally unconcerned about the crowd and the bustle around her, seemed to fix her eyes upon him alone. An unaccountable anxiety took possession of his soul, and overpowered by involuntary curiosity, he looked stedfastly at the figure. The Prince observing him change countenance, at length inquired what was the matter.

"O nothing, your serene highness, nothing at all; I only saw yonder a mask that interests me. I should like to know who it is."

"Why not address her then? you are at liberty, Count, to go and come back as often as you please; it gives me satisfaction to see you take an earnest in something."

The chamberlain followed his advice. But the mask, though it was impossible she could have heard what had passed in a whisper between them, seemed to anticipate the intention of the Count, and purposely to avoid him. Scarcely did he advance towards her before she quitted her station, and took refuge in the thickest of the crowd; the farther she removed, the more eager was Count T—— in the pursuit; every one instantly made way, as may easily be conceived, for the favourite of the Prince. At last she could no longer avoid him without evidently giving offence. He addressed her with one of the usual masquerade questions, which, perfectly unmeaning in themselves, signify nothing more than,—"Mask, I do not know you, but should like to hear you speak." Her reply was as short and indifferent as his question. These few words, however, startled him; he fancied that the voice exactly resembled that of her whose image was still ever present to his mind. He suppressed his astonishment, and again addressed her. She answered all his questions with the utmost politeness, but always in a certain melancholy tone, which corresponded but too well with that of his own mind. At length he offered her his arm to walk about the hall; she accepted it; but when she took hold of him, though very gently, an inward tremor thrilled his frame. In despite of this sensation he proceeded. "Why, beauteous mask," said he, "do you touch me with so timid a hand? perhaps my proposal to conduct you may not be agreeable?"

"On the contrary, it is most agreeable; you, Count, are the only person in this hall to whom I could say so."

"Your politeness puts me to the blush.—"

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Have we ever been in each other's company before?"

"Yes, often; both here and in other places; masked and unmasked."

"You must know me then?"

"O yes."

"Intimately?"

"I once flattered myself that I did; now I hope so still more than before."

"And do I know you?"

"Most certainly you do?"

"Extraordinary!—And your name; might I not be permitted to know that?"

"You might; but the knowledge of it cannot now be attended with any advantage, but would rather prove injurious to you."

"Injurious! your name injurious!—Can any name prove injurious to me? Incomprehensible! impossible!"

"But yet too true! You are here for the purpose of diverting yourself; a single word from me might awaken the most painful sensations."

Such was the commencement of a conversation which every moment grew more interesting and more obscure for the unhappy Count, which filled his heart with inexpressible anxiety, and which, nevertheless, he could not prevail upon himself to break off. He turned the conversation to various long past occurrences of his life; the mask knew them all with a precision and accuracy that nothing could surpass; nay, she even recalled to his memory many a little trait that he himself had forgotten. At length he began to speak, with an inward tremor, of the felicity he enjoyed in the conjugal state. The mask was silent, or replied only in monosyllables. Her voice seemed to become fainter. When the Count urged her to tell him, whether she knew any thing relative to this subject, she exclaimed, "Why should I tear open wounds which still bleed in my own bosom? You are sensible, Count, deeply sensible of what you have lost. But as you have again made your appearance here, you seem already to be looking round you for consolation and oblivion." He thought that, on these words, she would have disengaged herself from him, but he held her too firmly.

"By all that is sacred!" cried the Count, and in a louder tone than was suited to such a place, "I will not let you go! Incomprehensible woman, who are you? and whence come you?"

A motion with her right hand towards heaven served instead of an answer, and seemed to say, "From above."

The Count could scarcely restrain the tumult of his feelings. Seating himself with her in a corner of the hall, lest they should excite the

notice, and become the butt of the company, he employed all the powers of his eloquence, and summoned to his aid all the promises he could think of, to prevail on her either to tell him her name, or what would be still more agreeable, to unmask. She long refused, or rather kept silence. At last, when he conjured her by all that is sacred on earth or in heaven, and if she had ever loved, by the object of her affection, she answered, but still not without apparent reluctance: "Well, your request shall be granted. I will unmask, but not here. If you know of any safe and retired apartment in the palace, and still persist in your curiosity, conduct me to it." He instantly rose. "But, I fear, Count," continued she, "or rather, I am certain that you will repent your obstinacy." Instead of replying, he offered her his arm.

They departed. One out of the suite of apartments that ran the length of the hall, was opened without hesitation for the favourite of the Prince. They entered; the mask first looked round to see whether they were alone. Having satisfied herself on this point, she once more asked her conductor, if he wished to see her real countenance. "Yes, yes; I implore it as the greatest of favours." "Be it so!" She removed the mask, and Count T—— sunk as if thunder-struck upon the floor, for he beheld—a death's head.

How long he remained in this condition cannot be stated with accuracy. To the care of the Prince he was, probably, indebted for his recovery, before it was too late. He had kept an attentive eye upon his favourite. His long *habileté* with a mask that nobody knew, the warmth of their conversation, or rather the warmth with which the Count engrossed almost the whole of it to himself; the lively interest he took in this person, which caused him to forget all that was passing around him, excited no small degree of astonishment in the Duke. His surprise was increased to the highest pitch, when he, at length, saw them both walk straight away from the hall. Gladly would his serene highness have ascribed it to a cause which is said not unfrequently to occur at masquerades; for then he would have heartily rejoiced at the cure of grief so profound. Such a change he, however, thought too sudden; the air of the conversation appeared too grave, and so open a departure from the company too incautious. That the Count had retired for the night without paying his respects to the Prince, was not to be supposed.

As Count T—— had now been absent for some time, and did not return, the Prince began to be seriously alarmed; he made more particular inquiries, and was informed that they had gone



into a certain apartment and shut the door. He went thither; and after calling to no purpose, opened the door, and beheld the Count extended in the middle of the apartment, with all the appearances of death. Surgeons and attendants were instantly summoned to his aid. All their efforts to restore animation were long ineffectual. At length, when the Count came to himself, and seemed somewhat recovered, the Prince urgently intreated him to disclose the cause of the accident. The Count gave a faithful narrative of the whole affair. The Duke was in the utmost astonishment, and would have suspected that the Count was delirious, had not his pulse, and the testimony of the medical attendants, refuted such an idea. Nay, the Prince himself had, with his own eyes, beheld at least some part of this extraordinary occurrence. The strictest inquiry was now made for the mask. Nobody had seen her go away, or even come out of the room; and yet she was no where to be found. All the hackney-coachmen that were drawn up before the palace, all the gentlemen's servants, were interrogated, none of them had driven or attended her. At last, when they were all tired of inquiring, two chairmen came forward. They had, they said, been called about an hour before to take up a female domino, who came out of a back door of the palace. Being asked where they had set her down, they at first hesitated to tell; but when further urged, they replied: "At the church-yard." They added, that the mask had directed them to stop there; that when she was set down, she put an old ducat, covered all over with mould, into one of their hands; that she then went to the church-yard gate, which she opened with a single touch, and quickly shut it again after her. What afterwards became of her, they knew not. As far as their terror and astonishment would permit them to observe, she had sunk into the tomb on the right hand, as she there vanished from their sight.

In the very spot, described by the chairmen, was the family vault of the Count. There his deceased consort was interred. The door of the vault was next morning found open. No farther traces could be discovered; and in spite of repeated inquiries, nothing more was ever heard or seen of this mask.

It is easy to conceive that this event, when it became known—and it could not but be known the next morning to every child in B——, produced an uncommon sensation; and it is in the nature of things, that very different opinions should be formed concerning it. The multitude took it for an actual apparition; another, and not an inconsiderable portion, assuming an air of profound wisdom, came to no decision at all;

and a few imagined that something of human artifice must be at the bottom.

They justly observed, that a spirit would not have wanted a couple of chairmen to carry it away. "If," said they farther, "the spirits of the departed were actually permitted to appear to the living; if they could, on such occasions, assume the former body, with all its clothing and appurtenances, still this apparition was highly censurable. What was it intended for? A visit of punishment. How had the Count deserved it? Or, was it a friendly visit?—In this case, neither time, place, or manner, could have been worse chosen; and it would prove that, on the other side of the grave, people behave still more inconsistently than they, alas! so frequently act on this side of it."

The sentiments of this last class were certainly the most rational; but unfortunately the virtuous Count had too much warmth of feeling, and too little strength of mind, to adopt them. He was thoroughly convinced that his wife's spirit had actually appeared to him, for the purpose of admonishing him never to forget her.—He now withdrew, still more rigidly than before, from all diversions, and indulged still more freely in his sorrow and his love of solitude. No persuasions, no remonstrances had any effect. His health, already impaired, received a severe shock from the fright, and still greater injury from this mode of life. It continued on the decline. Before a year elapsed, symptoms of a confirmed consumption appeared; and towards the conclusion of the second he expired. On this event, the apparition was again, for a time, the subject of conversation; after which, it was again forgotten, at least for a considerable interval.

About twenty-five years afterwards, an elderly lady of honour, the Baroness U——, was gathered to her right noble and illustrious ancestors. She made, as it is called, a very edifying exit; and, by her will, bequeathed a legacy of fifty dollars to the church and schools.—Soon after her interment, a story, to which she had herself given occasion, by a confession made on her death-bed, began to be whispered in the higher circles. The substance of it was as follows:—

"Count T—— had been in her youth the first, and, it might be said also, the only object of her affection. Encouraged by herself, he had, for some time, professed himself her admirer, and possessed her favour in the fullest measure. On her side she was perfectly serious, but probably he was no the same on his; for, in a few months, he suspended his assiduities, and soon afterwards publicly courted the hand of the lady who became his wife. This conduct



was thought extremely natural by the rest of the fashionable world, and Baroness U—— alone deemed it an heinous offence. With a heart deeply wounded at his inconstancy, she at first made some attempts to recal her unfaithful lover; but, as they all proved ineffectual, she had secretly vowed to take the most signal revenge. To effect her purpose with the greater security, she displayed in her exterior so much serenity and composure, that her acquaintance, and even the Count himself, were deceived by it. A new lover was received by her with the utmost cordiality, merely for the purpose of strengthening the delusion, and at length, she even succeeded in gaining the confidence of the newly-married Countess T——.

“ Thus she continued to be intimately acquainted with all his domestic circumstances; she had always watched for an opportunity for revenge, but had never been able to find one that satisfied her. On the death of the young Countess, which certainly was unexpected, but not unwished, her hopes of regaining his heart revived for a few days. But, as his affliction would scarcely deign to bestow on her a single look, as he had entirely broken off all intercourse with her, as well as with many others, this fresh injustice, his grief, and the masquerade, gave birth to the idea of practising a little deception, in order to increase the acuteness of his pain. Having rather more *embonpoint* than the late Countess, she had compressed herself with a pair of tight-laced stays; and in every other particular, had imitated that original as closely as possible. His imagination, the mask itself, and the tone of their conversation, made amends for many deficiencies. As she had appeared at an early hour at the masquerade, in a totally different dress, had purposely spoken to several persons, and even taken off her mask for a few moments close by the Prince and his favourite, it was impossible that the Count, on her appearance in her second dress, should have

any suspicion of her. The death's head was a mask under the exterior mask. She had previously taken for granted, that terror would prevent the Count from examining it very closely; but in the worst case every one of her expressions was susceptible of a two-fold explanation. She had long been acquainted with the apartment, a tapestry-door, and a back stair-case close by it. Imperceptibly to himself, she had easily led the Count impatient for the discovery. Her woman, her only confidant, and who had taken care of her from her youth, offended by the Count for refusing to procure her son a place about the court, had been her assistant in this business. This woman, with a pick-lock, opened the church-yard gate, where she ordered the chairman to set her down; and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the horrors of the place, waited for her there with her first dress. She had returned to the masquerade before the Count was found. From that moment it was next to an impossibility that she should be suspected; and so little apprehension did she feel on that subject, that she stood close by one of the chairmen when he was obliged to repeat his wonderful story to the Duke. Her plan of revenge had succeeded to the utmost of her wishes, nay, almost still farther. Her woman, the only depository of her secret, had long been dead; but for her own part, she found it impossible to leave the world without first unburdening her heart by an upright confession.”

Such was the account that was given of the occurrence. It is not impossible that rumour, which seldom fails to make additions to such a story, may have altered many little circumstances. It affords, however, a sufficient explanation of every thing that, at first, appeared almost inexplicable; and whoever thinks that the revenge of the Baroness U—— was carried too far, let him recollect this important truth, that in woman, slighted love thinks no danger too formidable, no revenge too cruel.

## JOURNEY TO MONT BLANC;

### AND GENERAL REFLECTIONS ON MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRIES.

I HAVE explored many mountains in Europe and America, and am the more confirmed in the opinion, that all the descriptions given of these stupendous monuments of nature are exaggerated, and the last trial I have made has not shaken but strengthened my belief. I visited the valley of Chamouny, which the works of M. de Saussure have immortalized, but I think it would not appear so enchanting to the eyes of a

poet as to those of a mineralogist. My intention, however, is only to lay before my readers the reflections that have started in my mind during my journey, and my single authority is not powerful enough to draw down the indignation of those whose sentiments are different from mine.

When I left Geneva the sky was cloudy, but it grew fairer as I reached Servoz; from thence



the snowy top of Mont-Blanc alone is seen, it is called the Dome. I afterwards crossed the passage *des Montées*, and entered the valley of Chamouny; thence, whilst I passed beneath the Glacier styled *des Bossons*, its lofty pyramids were descried through the dark foliage of firs and larch trees. This Glacier has been compared, on account of its white appearance, and the lengthened shape of its crystals, with a squadron of ships sailing; I will add, to render the comparison more exact, in the midst of a gulph, the shores of which are lined with green forests.

I spent the night in the village of Chamouny, and the next day repaired to the Montanvert; the weather was most delightful, and afforded me a clear prospect of the objects around me; when I reached its top, which is in reality no more than one of the roots of Mont-Blanc, I perceived what is improperly termed, the Sea of Ice.

Let my readers fancy they behold a vale, the cavity of which is entirely filled up by a river; the mountains which surround it are composed of rocks which hang over this river, such as the needles *de Dru, du Bochard, des Charmoz*. At a distance the vale and the river are divided into two branches, the one extends to the foot of a high mountain, called the Giant's Neck, and the other to the rocks *des Jorasses*. At the other extremity there is a declivity towards the valley of Chamouny; this declivity, which is nearly vertical, contains the portion of the sea of ice, commonly called the Glacier of the Woods. Let them now suppose, that through the sudden intensity of the cold, this river has been entirely frozen, and the summits of the neighbouring crags have been crowned with ice and snow wherever the granite was shaped so as to detain the rain-water or the falling snow, and they will have a faithful picture of the Sea of Ice and the scene around it. It is not, as may be seen, a sea, but a river; the Rhine, for instance, as the *Glacier des Bois* is a faint imitation of its fall at Laufen.

When I walked over the Sea of Ice, its surface, which from the top of the Montanvert seemed every where equally smooth, proved, on the contrary, to be rough and filled with angular elevations of the same shape as the irregular rocks which tower all around; and the whole appeared an excellent white marble relief of the neighbouring mountains.

Let us now speak of those great monuments of nature in general.

There are two ways of viewing them; with clouds, or in an unclouded sky; for these are the two most marked features of the Alps.

In the first case, the scene becomes more animated; but obscurity and confusion hinder us from grasping the whole of the landscape.

Clouds throw the most fantastic vestments

over the rocks; I observed above Servoz a naked and rugged peak, around which they had flung a sort of toga, so as to give it the appearance of an ancient Roman Senator. In another direction a cultivated spot was revealed, while a cloudy zone bound the middle of the mountain, the craggy tops of which, rising above the dark rolling mists, presented to my eyes the most faithful images of chimeras, sphinxes, heads of Anubis, and almost all the monsters and divinities of Egypt.

When the clouds are impelled by violent blasts, the summits of the rocks seem to fly rapidly and conceal themselves behind a moveable curtain; by turns they are exposed to our sight, and by turns they are snatched away from our observation. Now in the midst of bursting vapours a small verdant spot is descried, as though it were a green island suspended in the sky; and now a majestic peak, slowly piercing through the accumulated mist, like a phantom gliding through the darkness of night, unfolds itself to our eyes. The saddened traveller hears the howlings of the wind through the forests of pines, the roaring fall of the torrents that rush down from the Glaciers' bed, and sometimes the sudden thunder of the bounding avalanches, and the hissing scream of the terrified marmote, when she has perceived the hawk of the Alps sailing watchful through the sky.

When no cloud loads the atmosphere, and the whole amphitheatre of the mountains displays itself before us, one single striking feature can be observed; it is that which their summits present in the pure ether which surround them; for in this case the acuteness of their lines and exactness of their planes cannot be equalled by any object in the vales below. Rearing aloft their angular brows beneath the blue transparent vault of heaven, they appear at a distance like immense specimens of metals, coral trees, and stalactites, carefully laid by the hand of the Father of Nature, beneath a vase of the brightest crystal. The inhabitants of these Cantons try to find some likenesses between these lofty irregular ridges, and animals and things which they are in the habit of beholding, and thence come the appellations of the *Mules, the Charmoz, or Chamois*, which they bestow upon them; as well as those borrowed from religion, such as *les Sommets des Croix, le Rocher du Reposeir, le Glacier des Pelerins*; which prove that if man be continually awake to the sense of his wants, he delights to strew every spot with the pleasing remembrances of the comforts he has received.

As to the trees which grow in these regions, I shall mention the pine, fir, and larch alone, because they form the chief, and nearly the only decorations of the Alps.



By its majestic stature, the pine recalls to our minds the noble architecture of the ancients; its branches imitate, by their disposition, a pyramid, and its trunk a lofty pillar: it sometimes also assumes the shape of its native rocks; and I have often mistaken it, when growing in the hollows of the rocks, for some lone towering peak clothed in a sable garb. On the other side of the pass of Balme, when I descended from the Glacier of Trient, I descried a forest composed of the finest pines, firs, and larch, that ever spread their gloomy foliage over the ground. Every tree among this giant tribe bears the weight of several ages, and their proud monarch, without being carefully pointed out to travellers by their officious guides, would, by its prodigious height, reveal its own greatness. It is a fir, the trunk of which might, without any addition to its length, form the mast of the largest man of war. He alone has been spared by the bolts of heaven and the cruelty of man, while all his subjects are covered with scars; the head of the one has been torn by the lightning, while another still rears aloft a blasted brow, the arms of this one have been lacerated, while the foot of that is blackened by the fires lighted by shepherds. I remarked two young twins starting from the same root; they were both of the same height, and the same shape, but the one was full of vigour and the other withered. At this sight these pathetic lines of Virgil recurred to my memory:—

“Daucia, Laride Thymberque, simillima proles,  
“Indiscreta suis, gratusque parentibus error  
“At nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas.”

Pines indicate the solitude and barrenness of mountains; they are almost the only companions of the poor Savoyards, and their fate is nearly alike; they both grow and die unknown on the summit of inaccessible rocks, and their posterity follow the same course. The rustling of pines, when caused by a light wind, is praised by sylvan poets; when it is violent it imitates the roaring of the sea, and the astonished traveller often fancies he hears the raging ocean thundering in the midst of the Alps. The smell produced by pines is aromatic and pleasing; it is particularly so to me, because it greeted my senses as I approached the shores of Virginia at a distance of forty miles from land. It always awakens in my mind the remembrance of the new world, which was announced by mild balmy gales of its pure sky, and the shining seas, where the perfumes of the distant forests wandered on the wings of the morning breeze; and as every link of the chain of memory leads us to another, I feel once more the pangs of regret and hope which assailed my heart, when leaning pensive on

the side of the ship, I thought of the country I had left, and the deserts I was going to inhabit.

But to return to my opinion of mountains in general; it appears evident to me, at least, that as there can be no sublime landscape without an horizon formed by hills, or lofty rocks, by the same reason, no spot can please the eyes and the heart, when it is confined and deprived of the splendid effects of perspective. This is the case with the interior of mountains; their ponderous masses ill suit the faculties of man, or rather the weakness of his organs.

Sublimity is generally looked upon as the chief characteristic of mountainous landscapes, and it consists in reality in the grandeur of objects; but if it can be proved that this grandeur, though existing, does not fall within the grasp of our glances, how can it produce sublimity?

It is the same with the monuments of nature as with those of art; in order to enjoy their beauty we must be placed at a just distance from them, else their shapes, hues, and proportions are confounded together; but when in the midst of mountains, the field of our optics is too confined, we touch the objects, if I may be allowed to say so, and their dimensions lose their exactness. That this is true is proved by the frequent mistakes we commit as to elevation and distance; let those who have explored these regions declare whether Mont Blanc seemed very high from the valley of Chamouny? It often happens that an immense lake among the Alps appears reduced to a narrow pond; that while you fancy a few steps will suffice to lead you to the top of a hill, it requires three hours of incessant exertion; a whole day is sometimes not long enough to reach a spot which your deluded eyes beheld as close before you. And thus the grandeur of mountains, so often celebrated by poets and travellers, is not real, but consists mostly in the fatigue it occasions you, while the landscapes are far from equalling the idea you had formed.

But notwithstanding they lose their sublimity when the spectator is too near, their gigantic masses crush the ornaments which nature strewed over them; and thus, through the effect of contrary laws, every thing shrinks among the Alps beneath the standard of expectation. Were the trees which clothe the mountains much taller than those which adorn the plain, the rivers and torrents more considerable, they might present a more striking and awful spectacle to the sight of man; but this is not the case. The frame of the picture is enlarged beyond all proportion, whilst the rivers, forests, villages, and flocks retain their own diminutive size; all relation is therefore torn asunder between the whole and its component parts, the stage and its scenery. The plane of the mountains being always ver-



tical, becomes a sort of scale, ever seen, to which the eye, unconsciously, refers every object, and is astonished at finding them so small. The loftiest pines, for instance, are scarcely visible along the sides of a steep elevation, where they remain like as many flakes of soot; the traces left by the abundant rains look like parallel streaks of a yellow colour, and the widest torrents, the highest cataracts, like inconsiderable springs of water, and sometimes like blue mists.

Those who have been happy enough to perceive diamonds, topazes, and emeralds, on the surface of the glaciers, have been much more fortunate than I, for my imagination has never desecrated such treasures. The snow of the glacier *Des Bois*, mixed with the dust of granite, assumed no other appearance than that of ashes; and the Sea of Ice may, in several places, be mistaken for lime quarries; its crevices alone feebly imitate the effect of the prism, and the parts which lie against the rocks resemble exactly the green glass with which bottles are made.

The white draperies of the Alps form a disagreeable contrast with the objects which surround them, and which they darken; even the blue vaults of the sky change their pleasing hue for a black gloomy tint; and it is in vain we hope to behold striking accidents of light upon the snow; the colours which it assumes are not seen by the persons on the spot. The splendour with which the setting sun crowns the summit of the Alps of Savoy is contemplated by the inhabitants of Lauzanne alone, the observer placed in the valley of Chamouni, is unable to catch a single glimpse of the glorious spectacle; he sees, as though through a narrow funnel, a small portion of a dark blue sky, and the spot on which he stands is scarcely ever enlightened by the beams of the king of day.

In order to be better understood, I will make use of a plain comparison: the painter requires a canvass, to exercise his brushes; in nature, the sky is the canvass which contains a landscape; should it not appear in the picture, the effect vanishes away, and all is confusion. Mountains, when we are too near, snatch the greatest part of the sky from our sight; their summits are not at a sufficient distance from each other, they overshadow each other, and increase the darkness which generally lurks within their cavities: and let those who doubt the truth of my assertions examine the works of the most celebrated landscape painters, and they will find, that rocks are usually thrown in the back ground of the painting, while woods and vales are foremost.

Moon-light alone restores to mountains their wild grandeur and sublimity; for its effect consists in enlarging the size of objects, isolating heavy masses, and softening away the gradation

of colours which join the different parts of a picture together; it is then the outlines of edifices seem sharper and more determined, their structure bolder and loftier, and the white streams of light contrast more strongly with the lines of shade. This is the reason why the noble Roman architecture, like the outlines of mountains, appears so grand when silvered over by the beams of the moon.

It is the custom with travellers to be entranced with admiration at the prospect of the vales of Switzerland; but it must be acknowledged that almost all their beauty depends upon comparison. Tired with wandering over barren wastes and rocks covered with a reddish sort of lichen, our eyes rest with pleasure on a spot where vegetation is alive, and spreads her green mantle. But in what does the verdure of these valleys consist? In a few withering willows, and some acres of barley and oats, which grow with great difficulty, and ripen late, and in a few wild trees which bear a rough sort of fruit. If a lonely vine put forth its blossom, in a warm recess, sheltered from the blast of the north, and exposed to the fostering heat of the south, it is pointed out as an astonishing instance of fertility. As soon as we climb up the neighbouring rocks, their stern and marked features hinder us from paying attention to the miniature beneath; the cottages are scarcely visible, and the cultivated fields look like the compartments of a chess-board.

Much is said about the mountain flowers, the violets gathered at the foot of glaciers, the strawberries which blush in a bed of snow; but these are imperceptible wonders which produce no effect; the ornaments are too small for such gigantic masses.

I must be a very unfortunate being, for I could see, in the celebrated *chalets*, changed by the burning imagination of J. J. Rousseau, into enchanted retreats, nothing more than wretched hovels, filled with the dung of herds, perfumed with the smell of cheese and sour milk, and inhabited by unhappy mountaineers who look upon themselves as banished from the haunts of men, and long for the hour of descending into the vallies.

Small dumb birds, fluttering over the gathered ice, sometimes a few ravens and hawks, are the only living beings that enliven these wastes of snow and stone, where, were it not for the falling drops of rain, no other motion would for the most part be perceived. Happy are we, when the wood-pecker foreboding a storm, shrieks wildly from the bosom of a forest of firs! and yet this token of existence renders the appearance of death, which surrounds us, more visible and more frightful. The Chamois, wild goats and white rabbits, are almost entirely destroyed, and



even marmots are become very scarce, so that the poor Savoyard boy's only treasure is nearly exhausted. Wild animals have yielded the summits of the Alps to herds of cows, that, like their masters, regret the verdure of the plain.

It remains now to speak of the sentiments which arise in our breasts while we rove among mountains; and according to what I have felt, they are painful. I cannot taste any joy when every thing around me proclaims the fatiguing exertions of my fellow creatures, and their incredible toils, which an ungrateful soil refuses to repay with harvests. Mountaineers who experience the disadvantages attendant upon their situation, are more sincere than travellers, for they call the vales, the good country, and do not assert that rocks, the sterility of which is not melted by their most laborious cares, are the most sublime and excellent productions of nature. The attachment they feel for their mountains proceeds from the mysterious relations which the Almighty has created between our sufferings, the object which gives them birth, and the spots where they first stung our hearts: it is the result of the tender remembrances of their infancy, the first emotions of their breast, and the sweets, and even the sorrows they tasted beneath the paternal roof. The child of solitude, grows more serious through the constant habit of suffering; the unfortunate mountaineer dwells with more interest upon the limited incidents of his existence; and the love he fosters for his country, ought not to be attributed to the beauties of the land he inhabits, but to the concentration of his ideas, and the little extent of his wants.

But mountains, it will be said, offer pleasing retreats for those who delight in indulging in soft or melancholy reveries; as for me, I think it is difficult to tear off our attention from the fatigue we undergo, especially when every step must be cautiously taken. The man whose mind would be wandering through the mazes of imagination, while he ascends the Montanvert, might, like the Astrologer of the fable, who while he studied the stars above his head, could not see what passed at his feet, fall into some precipice.

Far from feeling any congenial love for mountains, poets have at all times longed for some sequestered and shady vale, in order to court the inspiration of the muses. Let us listen to Virgil's opinion of the subject.

"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes  
"Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius."

He first wishes to rove among the fields, *rura mihi*, he seeks the cool sequestered vallies, the banks of rivers, not torrents, *flumina amem*, and the forests where in inglorious ease he might spend his days, *sylvasque inglorius*. These forests were

to be composed of oaks, elms, and beech trees instead of gloomy firs; for in the last case he would not have said,

"Et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ."

And where does he wish this valley should be placed? in a spot teeming with interesting remembrances, and equally celebrated by traditions, the muses, and history. He would have little cared for the vale of *Chamouny*, the glacier of *Taconay*, the small and great *Jorasse*, the needle of *Dru*, and the rock of the *Tele-noire*.

But should we implicitly believe Rousseau and those who have inherited his erroneous notions and not his eloquence, when we reach the brow of a mountain our nature would suddenly be changed. "On their towering summits," he exclaims, "our meditations assume a more sublime cast, more fitted to the objects we behold; we feel a sort of delight neither too violent nor sensual. It seems that when we rise above the dwellings of man, we cast off all low terrestrial passions;—and I believe that the storms of the heart would soon be quelled, were we to fix our abode here."

I heartily wish this were the case! how sweet it would be, to stand out of the reach of sorrow when exalted a few acres above the level of the plains! but the soul of man is not the slave of climes or situations; and a heart oppressed with grief, sinks beneath its weight on the highest places, as well as in the humble vallies. Antiquity, which we may always quote when the truth of a sentiment is to be judged, represents mountains as the retreats of misery and desolation. If Julie's lover forget his woes amidst the rocks of the Valais, Eurydice's husband feeds his grief on the Thracian hills; and notwithstanding the talents of the author of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, the voice of his hero will not resound through future ages, as long as the lyre of Orpheus. *Cedipus* also carries the load of his misfortunes to the desert top of *Cytheron*. But from a still nobler source we may derive convincing proofs of what I have advanced; the Holy Scriptures, in which the true nature of man is better unfolded than in the works of our modern philosophers, show us the sons of misery, the prophets, and our Saviour himself, seeking the shelter of the mountains when the hour of affliction arrived. Jephtha's daughter implores her father to grant her the permission of weeping her virginity among the hills and rocks of Judea, before her life should be sacrificed; and it was on the mount of Olives, that our Redeemer drank the bitter cup, containing all the sorrows and tears of men.

It is worth remarking, that even in the pages of a writer who stood up as the champion of morality, we still find some traces of the genius of the age in which he lived. This supposed chang-



of our intellectual dispositions, according to the spot we chuse to inhabit, forms a link of the system of materialism, which Rousseau pretended to attack. The soul was reduced to the state of a plant, yielding to all the variations of the surrounding atmosphere, and pointing out its tranquillity or agitation, like a common barometer. And how was it possible for J. J. Rousseau to be sincere in what he wrote on the salutary influence of high places, when he dragged amidst the mountains of Switzerland, his boisterous passions and calamities?

In one case alone they can spread over our minds a calm oblivion of the troubles that attend our mortal existence; it is when we shrink from the world to consecrate our days to religion. An hermit, whose life is devoted to the service of humanity, who delights to meditate in silence on the greatness and power of his God, may find joy and peace amongst desert rocks; but it is not the tranquillity of the scenes around him which softens the turmoil of his heart; it is, on the contrary, the serenity of his soul, which extends a veil of calmness over the regions of storms.

A sort of natural instinct has always led men to send forth their prayers to the Almighty from elevated spots; when nearer the sky it seems as though our supplications winged their flight more rapidly, and through a lesser space, to the throne of God. The ancient patriarchs offered their sacrifices on mountains, and, as though they had derived one of the attributes of the Divinity from the altars on which they presented their gifts, they called the Lord, the Most High.—Christianity retained a few traces of this manner

of worship; our hills were formerly crowned with monasteries and old abbeys; and from the bosom of a corrupted city, the being who hurried away to commit a crime, or launch on the ocean of folly and dissipation, desisted, as he lifted his eyes from the ground, the altars of his offended God, frowning at a distance revenge upon him, or inviting him to repentance. The cross displayed afar the standard of poverty to the eyes of the wealthy and luxurious, and inspired them with ideas of suffering and pity. The poets, who derided those abodes of piety, though often tainted by superstition, must have been possessed of a cold heart, and false judgment, unable to feel and distinguish what field they opened to the exertions of genius.

But this leads me to opinions and sentiments which are entirely foreign to the main question; after having so severely criticised mountains, it is but fair I should finish by saying what truth will allow me to do in their favour. I have already observed that they are necessary, to complete the beauty of a landscape, and that they ought to form a chain in the back ground of a picture. Their hoary heads, naked sides, and gigantic limbs, which appear hideous when viewed too near, become sublime, when in a misty horizon their shape is softened, and they are clothed in robes of golden light. We may add that they supply the springs of rivers, afford a safe asylum to liberty far from the grasp of oppression, and set boundaries to the overwhelming torrent of war and invasion.

E. R.

## BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF MOZART.

THESE Anecdotes may interest not only lovers of music, but also all those who study mankind, who follow the species in all its varieties, and who, above all, delight in considering it in that singular class of beings, whom nature, by bestowing on them that conformation of organs from which genius results, destines to something more than to eat, drink, sleep, kill time, bustle in pursuit of fortune, dignities, favour, and gross and vulgar pleasures.

The celebrated composer, Mozart, belongs to this privileged class. He possessed its peculiar organization, its ardent and noble passions, its inventive mind, its simple manners, and its weaknesses.

John Chrysostome Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart,

son of a book-binder at Augsburg, was a musician and sub-director in the chapel of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. He published, in 1756, an elementary work in German, on the most rational method of teaching the violin, which was reprinted in 1770. In the earliest childhood of his son, he perceived in him a decided propensity to music. At four years old the elements of that art became the chief amusement of his infancy; a year after, the little Mozart composed minuets and other light pieces of music, which he played, and which his father noted under his direction, in order to excite his emulation. In a short time he joined to this study others which appertain to a good education; he was particularly attached to that of calculation. These did not, however, impede his progress in music. His father surprised him



one day, composing a concerto for the harpsichord; he examined it, and found it according to the rules, but so difficult that nobody could play it.

In 1762, the Mozart family went to Vienna; the young virtuoso was already so expert that his father was desirous of his being presented to the Emperor. He was so, with his sister, four years older, and who showed an early and prodigious talent on the harpsichord. They performed with unbounded applause before the Imperial family. The celebrated Wagenseil was then at that court. The infant Mozart, who already knew enough to prefer the approbation of a great master to every thing, asked the Emperor to permit him to attend: "He ought to come, he understands it."—Francis I. commanded Wagenseil's attendance, and he was seated near the harpsichord. The child, more animated than intimidated by his presence, played one of his concertos, and begged him to turn over the leaves. We are not to forget that this child was only six years old!

At this age he began to study the violin; in a short time he was as expert at this instrument as he was at the harpsichord.

In the following year (1763) the family made a more extensive excursion; he was equally admired at all the electoral courts, and afterwards at Paris, where he played concertos on both the fore-mentioned instruments. He played on the organ, in the king's chapel at Versailles. He, and his sister, were heard at Paris with enthusiastic rapture. The portrait of the father and of his two children were engraven. Mozart, aged seven years, there composed and published his two first works, one dedicated to Madame Victoire, and the other to the Countess De Tessé.

In 1764 they arrived in England, where they had an equal success. These two children then began to play on two harpsichords, dialogued concertos; they were admired by the greatest masters, among others by the celebrated Bach. Mozart, in the same year, composed and published in London six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen.

They returned to France in 1765, and then went to Holland, where they were equally well received by the Stadtholder and by the public.—In 1766, Mozart composed at the Hague a symphony for a grand orchestra, on the installation of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, who was then, at eighteen, become of age.

He returned to Germany, and the Elector of Munich proposed a musical theme to him, to be resolved on the spot. He performed this in presence of the Elector, without violin or harpsichord, played it, and struck the whole court with astonishment and admiration.

Returned to Saltzburg, after an absence of three years, young Mozart gave himself up with renewed ardour to the study of composition. In 1768, at Vienna, where his sister and he had performed before the Emperor Joseph II. he composed the music of the mass for the inauguration of the church of the Orphan-house, and although he was only twelve years old, directed that solemn music in presence of the Imperial court.

Towards the end of 1769, Mozart the father, set out for Italy, with only his son. He was there as much admired as in Germany and in France. He was not permitted to leave Milan till he had engaged to return thither, and compose the first opera for the carnival of the year 1771.

At Bologna, the famous Father Martini lavished on him the most flattering testimonies of esteem and even of admiration. He gave him the most difficult subjects for *Fugues*, and this child of fourteen years old, developed them with so much art, and executed them with such precision, that the learned master, and the able professors who were assembled to hear him, were struck with astonishment, and transported with pleasure.

After having caused the same sensation in Florence, he arrived at Rome on that day in the holy week when in the Sixtine Chapel the famous *Miserere* was performing, which it was prohibited under pain of excommunication to copy, or to suffer to be copied. Aware of this prohibition, he went with his father to the chapel, where he listened with such attention, that on his return home, he writ out the whole piece. On the following Friday, it was performed a second time; during the performance he held his manuscript in his hat, which was sufficient for him to make some corrections. This anecdote made much noise at Rome. He sang this *Miserere* in a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the principal singer who had sung in the chapel acknowledged it to be faithful and complete.

He went to Naples, and after some stay he returned to Rome, when the Pope, who wished to see him, created him a knight of the golden militia (*aurata militia*). On going back to Bologna, he received a more flattering distinction. After the proofs required, which he satisfied with an amazing promptitude, he was shut up alone, and a subject for four voices was given to him, of a difficulty proportionate to the idea which was entertained of his talents; this he completed in half an hour; he was in consequence unanimously chosen a member of the philharmonic society.

His engagements recalled him to Milan. On the 26th of December, 1770, two months after



his arrival, and under fifteen years of age, he gave his *Mithridates*, which was performed fifteen following nights. In order to form a judgment of his success, it may be sufficient to be informed that the manager immediately entered into a written agreement with him, that he should compose the first opera for the year 1773. This was *Lucius Sylla*, which had no less a run than *Mithridates*, and was represented during six and twenty consecutive nights. In the interval of time between these two compositions, he wrote in 1771 at Milan, *Ascanio in Alba*, for the marriage-festival of the Archduke Ferdinand; and in 1772, at Salzburg, among other works, he composed *La finta Giardiniera*, (the sham female gardener) an opera buffa; two grand masses for the chapel of the Elector of Bavaria; and on the arrival of the archduke Maximilian at Salzburg, a cantata, or serenade, entitled, *Il re pastore* (the shepherd king.)

In 1775, he had attained to the highest degree of his art; his glory was spread throughout Europe, and he was only nineteen. In 1777, he made a second trip to Paris with his mother. He there had her loss to bewail, which made his longer stay in that capital insupportable: besides which, the then state of vocal music only permitted him to compose for instruments. After having given a symphony at the *Concert Spirituel*, and a few other pieces, he returned to his father in 1779.

In the following year he fixed his residence at Vienna, where he entered into the service of the emperor. He remained always attached to that court, notwithstanding he had no reason to be satisfied with its generosity, and in spite of the advantageous proposals which were made to him by other courts, especially that of Berlin.

He married Constance Weber, a young woman

of a respectable family, by whom he had two children.

After having filled Germany, and in some measure Europe, with the productions of his genius, he died in 1792, hardly turned of thirty-six.

His most noted operas are: *The Rape of the Seducer*; *The Marriage of Figaro*; *Don Juan*; *All do thus*; (*così fan tutte*) *The enchanted Flute*; *The Director of Shows*; *The Philosopher's Stone*; *The Clemency of Titus*; and *Idomeneus*.

His instrumental music, as well for the piano forte as for other instruments, and his symphonies and concertos for grand orchestras, are well known. The chapels in Germany are enriched with a great number of his compositions. His *Requiem*, which was composed during the anguish and pangs of the disorder which caused his death, and which is regarded as his master-piece, is preserved with a kind of religious veneration.

This was the brilliant career of Mozart as an artist. We shall add a few interesting details of his character and private life: striking, from that species of originality which pleases so much in celebrated men, or engaging, from the simplicity, the goodness, and the ingenuousness which occasion them.

Mozart felt for Haydn a respect and admiration which he lost no opportunity of testifying. Haydn, on his part, always spoke of him with esteem, and with that kind of interest which great talents joined to youth inspire. There was once a dispute before Haydn about the *Don Juan* of Mozart: endless dissertations were made on its beauties and faults, without the disputants understanding much of the matter. Haydn said nothing: at last his opinion was asked "All I know," answered he, "is, that Mozart is the first composer which the world possesses at present."

[To be continued.] *p. 307.*

## FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

### BRITISH SYNONYMY.

[Continued from Page 206]

*Profusion, extravagance.*—He is profuse who pours forth his whole supply; he is extravagant, who wanders from his right direction. The profuse man errs by the quantity, the extravagant man by the quality of his expenditure. He who praises excessively, is profuse; he who praises inappropriately, is extravagant in his flattery.

*To study, to learn.*—To study, implies uniform application in the pursuit of knowledge; to learn,

implies successful application. We study to learn, we learn by dint of study. There are many things which we learn without study, and others which we study without learning. They are not the wisest who have studied the most; but they who have learned much, may be counted wise.

*Amiable, charming, fascinating.*—A woman is rendered amiable by her virtues, charming by her



accomplishments, and fascinating by her manners and conversation.

*Election, choice.*—Election signifies a determination less governed by inclination than by circumstances. It results from a sentiment less lively, less natural, but more prudent than that which prompts choice. Authority or interest may bias an election, or indifference may render it a matter of chance: but choice is an impulse of the heart, and marks an action uninfluenced by external things.

*Crime, sin.*—A crime is a transgression against human laws; a sin is an offence against those which are divine. Treason is a crime, and impiety a sin of deep dye.

*Dumb, silent, mute.*—A person is dumb from an incapacity to be otherwise, silent or mute from disinclination to speak. He may be called a silent man who speaks but little; he is a mute one, who does not speak at all.

*Entire, complete.*—A thing is entire when it wants none of its parts, and complete when it wants none of its appendages. A man may have an entire house, but it is not complete till it is furnished.

*Lamentations, complaints.*—We lament our misfortunes, we complain of our grievances. We lament, and obtain pity; we complain, and obtain redress.

*Realise, effect, execute.*—Of the hopes that we conceive, few are realised. Of the engagements which we make, not many are effected. Of the designs that we form, the major part can never be executed.

*Fable, fiction, allegory.*—Both a fable and an allegory are a fiction, because the word imports any thing that is the offspring of the imagination. Thus the fables of *Æsop* and *La Fontaine*, and the beautiful allegories of the *Visions of Mirza* and the *Mount of Misery*, found in the *Spectator*, are all fictions. A fable and an allegory differ, however, in this, that the former gives speech and reason to brutes, the latter to qualities; and that the first contains some useful moral or satire, and the last some powerful truth.

*Letters, epistles.*—An epistle conveys an idea of something composed with more care than a letter. Thus the person to whom a work is dedicated, is addressed in an epistle dedicatory.—But the word epistle is applied with most propriety to the letters of the ancients, written in the dead languages, as the epistles of *Cicero*, of *Seneca*, of *Pliny*, and of the *Apostles*. It is a term, however, which usage justifies the application of to some modern compositions, such as imitations of the *Letters of Horace*, in verse: thus it is proper to say, the epistles of *Despréaux*, or of *Rousseau*.

*Fortune, chance.*—A man sometimes deter-

mines his own fortune, by improving or neglecting the advantages which are thrown in his way; but neither art nor address, nor negligence, can have the smallest effect on chance. Chance has often produced situations which address and subtlety have converted into the means of elevation to the highest temporal dignities; and thus men have established their own fortune.

*Dictionary, vocabulary, glossary.*—The first signifies a great number of words arranged in alphabetical order, and of which the import is attached to each word. The words in a vocabulary do not take this order, nor are they explained in the same way. A glossary is a collection of such words as are rude, barbarous, and but little known, with the signification of each annexed.

*Familiar, intimate.*—We are familiar with our acquaintance, intimate with our friends. We converse with those with whom we are familiar, we confide in those with whom we are intimate. An exemption from vice is all that we need require in the first; the possession of virtue is requisite in the last.

*Clearness, perspicuity.*—*Ce que l'on conçoit bien, says Boileau, s'enonce clairement.* To write or speak with clearness, one must have a thorough comprehension of the ideas one endeavours to express. To write with perspicuity, one must unfold these ideas in precise language; in words that are neither deficient in purity or intelligibility; that are neither superfluous or ill adapted to the subject, and that follow such an order of arrangement as bring out the sentiment with accuracy, strength, and unity.

*Promptitude, celerity, diligence.*—Promptitude is displayed in immediately commencing what we are required to perform; celerity, in bringing it to as speedy a termination as possible; and diligence, in adopting the readiest means of doing so. Promptitude admits of no delay, celerity of no interruption, and diligence suffers nothing to escape which it can turn to a good account.—We oblige by promptitude, we profit by celerity, we improve by diligence. We should perform good offices with promptitude, transact business with celerity, and advance ourselves in knowledge with diligence.

*Sentiment, sensation, perception.*—Sentiment originates in the heart, and may be good or bad, lively or languid, low or elevated. Sensation arises from something acting upon the senses, and may be painful or pleasing, prolonged or contracted, acute or blunt. Perception is a power of the mind, and extends to every thing capable of awakening an image in the soul.

*Frivolous, futile.*—That which is frivolous wants solidity, and that which is futile wants consistency. The one is trifling, the other changeable. Thus we say of a pursuit which has no



object, or, at least, none of any importance, that it is frivolous; and of a determination influenced by whim, passion, or opinion, that it is futile.

*To guide, to conduct.*—We guide, by pointing out the path to be pursued; we conduct, by inducing a disposition to pursue it. The preceptor guides his pupil by teaching him to think justly; the parent conducts his child by influencing him to act wisely. The compass guides the mariner, the pilot conducts the ship.

*Care, anxiety, solicitude.*—Care fetters the mind; it occupies. Anxiety interrupts its tranquillity; it agitates. Solicitude destroys its repose; it absorbs. Care relates to the ordinary objects of life, anxiety to some important event which is pending, and solicitude to something which is continually the object of our desire. A man in business has his cares, a speculator his anxieties, a parent her solicitude.

*Fasting, abstinence.*—Fasting, is abstaining from food; abstinence, from whatever can gratify the senses. We sometimes fast from choice, we are never abstinent but from principle.

*Reformation, reform.*—Reformation is always in a state of progression; reform is reformation completed. The reformation of a man has commenced when he has abandoned any of his

vices; but he is not reformed till he has abandoned the whole of them.

*Sound of the voice, tone of the voice.*—We readily know persons or instruments from the sound of their voices. The voice may be soft or harsh, strong or weak, agreeable or disagreeable, but it is always the same, we cannot alter it.—The tones of a voice are capable of great variety; they may be high or low, lively or serious, imperious or submissive, as we choose to make them. The sound of the voice does not affect us, but its tones can produce great emotion.

*Beatification, canonization.*—Both these terms imply the creation of a saint, but with a considerable diversity in the circumstance. In the first, the Pope exercises his authority no farther than by granting to a certain religious order or community, permission to render a particular worship to the person beatified. A canonization is attended with many ceremonies which do not distinguish a beatification, and is solemnized by the Pope himself, who determines the nature of the worship that shall be paid to the saint. This worship is not like that paid to the beatified, confined to a particular order of ecclesiastics, it extends to all who possess the Catholic faith.

[To be continued.]

## ON THE CULTURE OF THE SUN-FLOWER, AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE sun-flower of which we intend to treat, is the annual species, *Helianthus annuus*, Linn. *tournesol*, or *soleil*. It was brought from Peru, and first cultivated in England in 1596.

The perennial species, *Helianthus multiflorus*, was introduced in this country in 1698, and only serves to ornament gardens, but the annual is interesting in itself and of great use in agriculture.

The seeds of this plant are either white, gray, or blackish. These differences in colour do not indicate any in species or varieties. From black seeds, plants are produced which bear white ones, and reciprocally. There are however two varieties of annual sun-flowers which remain constantly the same; that with single stalks, and that, less common, with branching stalks.

In the spring, when there is no longer reason to fear any frost, which would kill the young plants, in the first and second week of May, or even later, the seeds are to be sown in a rich and well-dunged soil; if many acres are to be sown, the seeds may be scattered at random, and the plants afterwards thinned; but the best way is to set them in regular rows, which should be two feet

distant, and in these rows shallow holes are to be made at a foot distance from each other, in which two seeds must be dropt, and if they both succeed, the most feeble ought to be taken away, and either transplanted or destroyed. The plants, which must be carefully weeded, will grow to the height of six or even nine feet; the stalks are from six to eight inches in circumference near the ground. It flowers towards the end of August, and the seeds are ripe in the autumn, along with the maize or Indian wheat. Rainy seasons are noxious to these plants; the bottom of the stalk rots in the earth, the leaves dry all at once, the stalk breaks even with the soil, and the plant dies: a few sunshining days stop or retard the progress of this evil.

The leaves of the sun-flower are an agreeable and abundant aliment for cattle; they may be stripped from the plant successively without detriment. After this crop of excellent fodder, follows the plentiful one of the seeds; of which some plants will yield above ten thousand.

The best method of gathering these, is to cut off the pedicle, or foot-stalk, and as the calix is



extremely thick, to hang it in an airy place, in order to accelerate the drying.

During the time of flowering, bees come from afar to gather the elements of honey on the flowers.

The seeds of the sun-flower are more farinaceous than unctuous; and to this proper attention has not been given by those who have attempted to draw oil from them. Some oil may notwithstanding be extracted, but in so small a quantity, as not to be worth while cultivating these plants for the sake of this oil.

But if the seeds of the sun-flower are not susceptible of furnishing oil to advantage, they

are precious for the nourishment they afford to all domestic animals. These seeds agree perfectly with sheep, and hogs; but above all they are of the greatest use for feeding all sorts of poultry. No other food makes them thrive so well, nor more excites them to lay their eggs.

The dry stalks of the sun-flower burn well, and furnish very good ashes for lye, as they contain much potash. To conclude, the facility of its culture, the abundance of the crops, and their various and interesting results, make of the sun-flower a new source of riches in agricultural pursuits.

## HYDROSTATICS.

### DEFINITIONS.

**HYDROSTATICS** is that branch of natural philosophy which treats of the nature, gravity, pressure, and motions of fluids in general, and of the methods of weighing solids in them.

**Hydraulics** relates to the motion of water through pipes, conduits, &c.

A cubic foot, or inch, is a solid body whose length, breadth, and depth, are equal.

**Vortex** is the top of any line or figure; in astronomy it is that point which is immediately over our heads.

The specific gravity of a body is its weight compared with another body of the same magnitude. For example:—if a cubical inch of one substance weigh twice as much as a cubical inch of another substance, the specific gravity of the former is twice as great as that of the latter. It is the density of a body that constitutes its specific gravity.

### OF THE WEIGHT AND PRESSURE OF FLUIDS.

The particles of which fluids, in general, are composed, are conceived to be exceedingly small, smooth, hard, and spherical. Their sphericity is rendered apparent by the following facts:—first, the facility with which they may be moved among, and over one another; secondly, from salt and sugar having been dissolved in water, without increasing its bulk, which could not happen if the space, or vacancies between the particles of water, were less than what globular particles alone leave; and thirdly, from the pores of aquatic plants, or those which live in water, being round.

By putting into a wine glass some shot in its natural form, and some which has been a little flattened, we shall find that the vacancies be-

tween the former are much greater than between the latter; which proves that a substance composed of globular particles must have larger pores than one whose particles are not round. Hence, since water can receive a solid into its pores without having its parts extended, it must necessarily be composed of those particles which leave the greatest space between their points of contact.

Water is the most subtle and penetrating of fluids, fire excepted; it pervades the minutest particles and pores of matter, the finest vessels of animals, and the smallest tubes of plants; perhaps there exists not a substance of which water forms not one of the constituent parts; air contains such a quantity of this fluid, that were the whole to be precipitated, the earth, it is supposed, would be covered with water to the depth of, at least, thirty-feet. Several curious instances have occurred of the weight of the human body being increased by the absorption of water by its pores. A lad at Newmarket, who had been dieted for a riding match, was weighed one morning at nine o'clock, and again at ten, when it was found that he had gained nearly thirty ounces in weight, in the course of the hour, though he had drank during this interval but half a glass of wine.

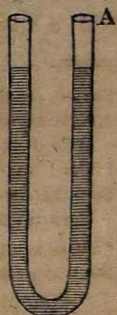
In order to ascertain whether water be or be not compressible, a globe of gold was made at Florence, and after being completely filled with that fluid, was carefully closed up, that none of the contents might escape; afterwards the globe was fastened at the sides, when the water, incapable of being compressed into a smaller compass, forced its way through the pores of the gold, which no other fluid but fire can penetrate, and formed a dew all over the surface of the globe.

It is a principle in hydrostatics, that fluids of



every kind press equally in all directions; that is, they exert a pressure upwards and sideways, which equals their pressure downwards.

If water, or any other fluid, were poured into the annexed tube at A, it would rise in the opposite side, by the force of the upward pressure, till it became level on both sides of the tube. If, instead of a fluid, sand or shot were poured into either arm, neither of them would rise but in that arm; which renders it obvious that fluids actually exert a pressure upwards.



Dip one end of a tube of very narrow bore (not more than the tenth of an inch) into a vessel of quicksilver, then stopping the upper orifice with your finger, draw the tube out of the vessel, when you will see a column of quicksilver hanging to it; immerse it in water, still keeping your finger on the upper opening of the tube, and when you have sunk the column of mercury somewhat more than fourteen times its own depth, on removing your finger the water below the mercury will press it upwards into the tube. Mercury being fourteen times heavier than water, or in technical language, having fourteen times more specific gravity, the upward pressure of the water cannot overcome the downward pressure of the mercury, till this last has descended to a depth proportional to the different weights of the two fluids.

The lateral, or side pressure of fluids, may be demonstrated by a very easy experiment. A, is a vessel filled with water, in which are two orifices of equal diameter, one in the bottom of the vessel, the other in the bottom of the side; if, prior to drawing out the corks which close the holes, a glass be placed under each, then, if the corks are withdrawn at the same instant, it will be found that the glasses in equal time receive an equal quantity of fluid; which could not happen if the pressure that forced it out of the side hole was not equally as great as that which impelled it through the orifice in the bottom.



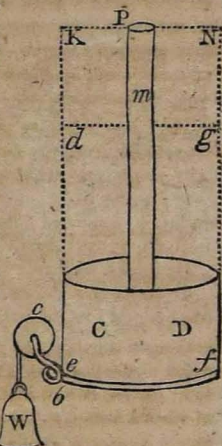
But the particles of a fluid press equally in every possible direction, so long only as the perpendicular height is equal; hence, if the side orifice, in the preceding experiment, had been

half an inch or an inch higher, the pressure against it would have been less than that against the lower orifice, and consequently the quantity of the issuing fluid would have been less in the same proportion.

The weight and the pressure of fluids, are two things which must on no account be confounded. The weight is according to the quantity; the pressure is according to the perpendicular height. If a pound of water be put into a shallow vessel, the weight and the pressure will be exactly the same on the bottom of the vessel; but if the same quantity of water be put into a tube, of which the bottom of the vessel is made the base, the pressure of the water against it, whatever may be the difference between the diameter of the tube and that of the vessel, will be equal to the weight of a column of water of the same length as that in the tube, and of the same circumference as the circumference of the inside of the vessel.

To illustrate the

assertion:—C D represent a vessel of water, to which a brass bottom, made water tight, is fixed by a hinge which allows it to open downwards, like the lid of an inverted box; by means of a little hook *b*, a pulley *c*, and a weight *W*, the bottom is kept close to the vessel, and will not give way till it experiences a pressure within equal to the weight that draws it



close to the vessel. This weight, represented by *W*, is equal to that of a column of water of the dimensions traced by the dotted lines *d*, *g*, *e*, *f*. *P* represents a tube open at both ends; if water be poured into it until it rise to the point *m*, its pressure will bear down the bottom, raise the weight, and a small quantity of water will escape; when the pressure within, and the weight drawing without, being again in equipoise, the bottom will be held tight to the vessel as at first; if the weight were changed to one equal to the weight of a column of water of the dimensions *K*, *N*, *e*, *f*, the bottom of the vessel would not give way till the tube was filled to the top.

M m



## POETRY,

### ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

#### THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE,

*A Tale, by Mr. Kenney, recited by Mr. Bannister  
at his Benefit, April, 1807.*

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school,  
Was just about to quit his master's rule;  
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,  
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Bob was a *beau*; and to his fame he spoken—  
Wens, tumours, members mortified or broken,  
He held it vastly filthy to be slashing;  
Whilst clean white hose he sported every day,  
Doubtless not chusing gentlefolks should say—  
More for his mangling than his washing.

Yet, not on his acquirements here to stop,  
Bobby was amply taught—to mind the shop;  
And found it oft, by grievous lack of pelf,  
A shop that no one minded but himself.  
But Bob's papa indulging the conceit,  
That yet his science was not quite complete,  
The youth one morning thus address'd his  
master:—

Dear Sir, my honoured father bids me say,  
If I could now and then a visit pay,  
He thinks, with you,  
To notice how you do,  
My business I might learn a little faster.

The thought is happy, the preceptor cries,—  
A better method he could scarce devise:  
If so he fancies, Bob, it shall be so;  
And when I next pay visits you shall go.

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:  
With dire intent  
Away they went;

And now behold them at the patient's bed.

The master Doctor solemnly perused  
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;  
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way  
When people nothing have to say.

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,  
And paused, and blink'd, and smelt again,  
And briefly of his corps perform'd each motion  
Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant;  
A sort of a make ready and present  
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd:  
Madam, your husband's danger's great,  
And, what will never his complaint abate,  
The man's been eating oysters, I perceive.—  
Lord! you're a witch, I verily believe,  
Madam reply'd, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admired,  
And home returning, of the sage enquired  
How these same oysters came into his head?  
Pshaw! my dear Bob, the thing was plain,  
Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain,  
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed.

So wise by this sage lesson grown,  
Next morn Bob ventured forth alone,  
And to the self same patient paid his court;  
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,  
Returned the stripling minister of death,  
And to his master made this dread report.

Why, Sir, we ne'er shall keep that patient under;  
Zounds! such a maw I never came across;  
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,  
For damme if he hasn't eat a horse!

A horse! the elder man of physic cried,  
As if he meant his pupil to deride;  
How came so wild a notion in your head?  
How! think not in my duty I was idle;  
Like you I took a peep beneath the bed,  
And there I saw a *saddle and a bridle*.

TO HER WHO PAINTED

#### “THE NOVICE OF ST. DOMINIQUE.”

WHEN Love's jewell'd star on the rose-blossom  
beams,

With silver suffusing its dye,  
The Venus of flow'rs, in its brilliancy gleams,  
Like a blush, seraph-shed, from the sky.

So STONEY! the tintings of Poetry's plume,  
Fair Imogen's image which grace,  
From thy fancy's bright halo, such lustre assume,  
In the phantom an angel I trace!

Fllest limner! the Muse whose wild warblings I  
note,

From her jessamine chaunts thee a lay—  
Inspir'd by the carmine-bath'd kisses which float  
O'er Imogen's pouting *portrait*!

So the plume-perfum'd fly-bird of India's parterre,  
Round the tulip's silk couch lightly wings,  
And, wrapt by the charms bloom-veil'd of the fair,  
Soft humming—a serenade sings.

Adieu! child of Genius! may Sympathy's power,  
O'er life's vision who holds such sweet sway—  
With the dreams of young Rapture encrimson  
the bower,

When in Hymen's chaste Eden you stray!



## LINES.

*Written upon a calm Sunday morning, on the Island in Grasmere Lake, in Westmoreland.*

YE scenes, that around me disclose  
Abodes of contentment and health,  
O give to my heart that repose,  
It has sought 'midst the tumults of wealth.

As I gaze on the hills that surround  
And shelter from tempests the vale,  
I listen with joy to the sound  
That rides on the spring-breathing gale.

'Tis the sound of the bell that invites  
The neighbouring shepherds to pray'r,  
To thank with devotional rites  
The shepherd of all for his care,

For 'tis He who their flocks will preserve  
On the hills from the bleak snow and rain,  
And does not his kindness deserve  
The tribute of gratitude's strain?

Sweet Lake, in whose crystalline breast  
This Island reposes her form,  
May thou be thus ever at rest,  
Nor move to the turbulent storm:

And wilt thou afford me, green Isle,  
An abode of contentment and health,  
A refuge from sorrow and toil  
I have sought 'midst the tumult of wealth?

F. D. A.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

- LIKE as the virgin blush of morn,\*  
Or as the dew drop on the thorn,  
Or as the primrose on the plain,  
Or as the thoughts of former pleasure,  
Ev'n such is Love's uncertain treasure.  
The virgin blush of morn is o'er,  
The dew consumes the thorns no more.  
The music's ceased, the primrose dies,  
The pleasure's past—and so Love flies.  
Like as the gaudy painted dream,  
Or as the sunshine's golden beam,  
Or as the tolling of a bell,  
Or as the pansy's fragrant smell,  
• Or as the torch's glaring blaze,  
Ev'n such is Love, whose charm decays.  
The dream is past, the sunshine's fled,  
The bell is stopp'd the pansy's dead,  
The smell is lost, the torch's blaze  
Is out—and so Love's flame decays.

L.

\* This species of stanza was first used by Smyth, in his beautiful and affecting Poem on Life, written in 1612.

## HELVELLYN\*.

DARK-GREEN was the spot 'mid the brown  
mountain heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in  
decay;

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to  
weather,

Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless  
clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended:  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was  
slumber?

When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft  
didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst  
thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy  
heart?

And Oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read  
over him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore  
him,—

And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before  
him,

Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should de-  
part?

## SONG.

AND would'st thou with insidious art  
My darling friend destroy,  
And rob her unsuspecting heart  
Of all its little joy.

A hapless orphan maid is she,  
Just caught in love's sweet thrall,  
And fondly thinks she views in thee  
Her father, mother, all.

No, Henry, scorn the coward aim,  
'Tis fraught with dire disgrace;  
Ah, who could seek to brand with shame  
My Mary's lovely face.

A holier flame should fire thy breast,  
And purer wishes move,  
When she prefers thee to the rest  
—Who best deserves thy love.

MALTON.

\* It alludes to the death of an unfortunate gentleman, who perished by losing his way on Helvellyn, about two years ago. His remains were found three months afterwards, guarded still by a terrier bitch, that had long been the companion of his rambles.



## A SONNET.—MORNING.

OFT in her ruddy car I've seen,  
 Aurora gild th' enamell'd green,  
 And speed her azure way;  
 While from her soft mellifluous throat  
 The linnet pours her plaintive note,  
 And cheers the infant day:  
 But soon the black'ning veil is drawn,  
 And heav'n's artillery frights the morn,  
 Astonish'd flies the swain;  
 The pealing thunder rattles loud,  
 Blue lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud,  
 And torrents sweep the plain.  
 Thus often smiles life's early dawn,  
 While, wing'd on peace, rolls smoothly on  
 Th' uninterrupted year;  
 Till soon thick-gath'ring clouds of woe  
 Burst in a dismal din below,  
 And stop the glad career.

## MOONLIGHT—THE CAPTIVE.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY.

GENTLE Moon! a captive cells;  
 Gentle Moon! awake, arise!  
 Gild the prison's sullen walls;  
 Gild the tears that drown his eyes.  
 Throw thy veil of clouds aside;  
 Let those smiles, that light the pole,  
 Thro' the liquid ather glide—  
 Glide into the mourner's soul.  
 Cheer his melancholy mind;  
 Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart:  
 Let thine influence, pure, refin'd,  
 Cool the fever of his heart.  
 Chance, Despondency, and Care,  
 Fiends, that haunt the guilty breast:  
 Conscious virtue braves despair;  
 Triumphs most when most oppress'd.  
 Now I feel thy power benign  
 Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;  
 As thy beams the brightest shine,  
 When the deepest midnight reigns.  
 Say, fair shepherdess of night,  
 Who thy starry flock doth lead,  
 Unto hills of living light,  
 On the blue ethereal mead;  
 At this moment dost thou see,  
 From thine elevated sphere,  
 One kind friend who thinks of me—  
 Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?  
 On a brilliant beam convey  
 This soft whisper to his breast:  
 "Wipe that generous drop away,  
 He for whom it falls is—blest!"

"Blest with Freedom unconfin'd;  
 Dungeons cannot hold the soul:  
 What can chain th' immortal mind!  
 None but He who spans the pole."  
 Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,  
 With her subtle magic spell,  
 In romantic visions airy  
 Steals the captive from his cell.  
 On her moonlight pinions borne,  
 Far he flies from grief and pain;  
 Never, never to be torn  
 From his friends and home again!  
 Stay, thou dear delusion! stay!  
 Beauteous bubble! do not break!  
 Ah! the pageant flits away!  
 Who from such a dream would wake!

## TO THE PRIMROSE.

By murmuring Nith, my native stream,  
 I've hail'd thee with the morning's beam;  
 Woo'd thee among the Falls of Clyde,  
 On Levin's banks, on Kelvin side;  
 And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,  
 I welcome thy return again—  
 At Hanwell! where romantic views,  
 And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse;  
 And where, lest erring man should stray,  
 Truth's blameless Teacher leads the way!  
 Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,  
 Emblem of Virtue in the shade,  
 Rearing thy head to brave the storm  
 That would thine innocence deform!  
 Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,  
 Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,  
 To me, while doom'd to linger here,  
 The lowly Primrose shall be dear!  
 Sprung like a Primrose in the wild,  
 Short, like the Primrose, Marion smil'd;  
 The Spring that gave her blossoms birth,  
 Tore them for ever from the earth;  
 Nor left, ah me! one bud behind,  
 To tranquillize a Parent's mind,  
 Save that sweet bud which strews the way,  
 Blest Hope to an eternal May!  
 Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,  
 Emblem of Virtue in the shade,  
 Rearing thy head to brave the storm  
 That would thine innocence deform!  
 Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,  
 Of all the flow'rs the Seasons bring,  
 To me, while doom'd to linger here,  
 The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

J. M.



## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

## FRENCH THEATRE.

## MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.

*[Continued from Page 215.]**Enter JAQUEMIN and SAINVILLE.*

*Jaquemin.* Ladies, I have the pleasure of introducing my young friend, Mr. Sainville to you. But who have we here? Is it you, my dear Sir? *(to Corsignac.)*

*Sainville.* Already here, Corsignac?

*Therese.* I was right in my surmise.

*Corsignac.* In person. But why are you so much astonished, since you were expecting me, and were gone to meet me?

*Jaquemin.* That's a mistake; I went to meet Sainville, but I am not the less pleased with your visit. The ladies must have taken you for your friend.

*Therese.* Exactly.

*Corsignac.* If so, they have paid me a high compliment *(aside)*. Zounds, I expected he would not come before to-morrow.

*Jaquemin.* What lucky chance has led you here?

*Corsignac.* Sainville comes to buy an estate; and I should have no objection to purchase a small farm in your neighbourhood, for I long to renew the friendship we formed at Paris.

*Jaquemin.* With all my heart. Good morning, Mr. Ledoux; this increase of company will heighten the joys of our little society. But I forgot to introduce my children to Sainville. Here are my two daughters; my Louise, my skilful housekeeper, my two wards, and Mademoiselle Ursule Rouvigni, our neighbour, with whose relations you have been acquainted.

*Sainville.* I have had that honour.

*Corsignac.* I must now return Sainville all the attentions that have been bestowed upon me; he did not think he should find me here; but he was expected by every one.

*Sainville.* I will beg of the amiable housekeeper to be my interpreter to her companions. When I behold such attractions shining all around me, it is impossible I should not wish the connexion between our two families should become still closer.

*Louise.* I will frankly answer for all, that our father's friend cannot fail to become ours.

*Sainville.* Hasten to find out an estate, my

dear Jaquemin, for my impatience to live near you increases every moment.

*Jaquemin.* I have no doubt of it, and will fulfil your wishes as soon as it is in my power.

*Ursule (aside to Pauline).* Well, Pauline?

*Pauline.* It is difficult to see a more elegant shape.

*Ursule (to Agathe).* What is your opinion of him?

*Agathe.* Ah! my opinion. But tell me first what you think of him?

*Ursule.* I think of my friends alone.—*(To Pauline)* You may fall in love with him, and I will assist your conquest.

*Louise.* I was forgetting the duties of my station, and will now prepare a better reception for my father's guests. *[Exit.]*

*Therese (aside).* Be at rest, Louise, they will oppose thy success; but he will at last be thine.

*(Aloud).* Gentlemen, I wish you a good day.—*(Aside, looking at Sainville).* My Auguste will be just like him when he is old. *[Exit.]*

*Agathe (to Ursule).* Mr. Corsignac seems to possess Sainville's confidence; we should try to make him speak.

*Ursule.* I take that upon me.

*Pauline (to Ursule).* O! that I could know all his tastes, his temper.

*Ursule.* I will soon give you a faithful account of it. Good morning, gentlemen.

*[Exit Agathe, Ursule, and Pauline.]*

*Ledoux (aside).* All is over with me, she does not honour me with a single look.

*Jaquemin.* Well, my dear Sainville, do you find them handsome and amiable; speak frankly before us.

*Sainville.* The only difficulty is to choose, and the only fear not to be worthy of our choice. - It seems, however, that you have not concealed the secret motive of my journey.

*Jaquemin.* They know nothing positive, though they partly guess it. But let us understand each other well; their persons please you, and as you have confidence in me, you must depend upon my word for the rest. I answer for the goodness of their dispositions; and as you are not to form a romantic passion, but to choose her whose tastes and sentiments will be in unison with yours, hasten to make the selection, and we will have the wedding.

*Sainville.* Not quite so quick; though I can-



not reproach you with want of discretion; for I will bet any thing that the secret I confided to my friend, Corsignac, is the sole cause of his visit.

*Corsignac.* You are right, Sainville; you know me well. I have been long seeking for a good opportunity of entering the matrimonial noose; and though I have met with some, have always been too difficult, or found the ladies so. Sometimes young girls slighted me for men who possessed greater riches, and sometimes I deemed the offers of old maids too foolish to be accepted. No sooner had Sainville revealed his secret, than I took a sudden determination: without informing him of my plan, I set off an hour before him, and here I am. I will do him justice, however, notwithstanding my merit, he still surpasses me, but he cannot marry the four young ladies. Let him choose first, my turn will come after; and if I obtain Mr. Jaquemin's consent, instead of one wedding, we shall have two.

*Jaquemin.* Yes, indeed, I grant you my consent; I like an original, like you. But what are you speaking about two weddings, I hope to marry all my girls? Sainville shall have Louise; you, Pauline; Mr. Ledoux, Agathe; and Therese, her cousin.

*Sainville.* It is, then, the amiable Louise, whom I addressed, you have singled out for my partner.

*Jaquemin.* It is she, my eldest daughter; she is good-tempered, handsome, and simple, without foolishness.

*Sainville.* Good tempered and handsome! Let me only have the happiness of pleasing her, and I shall be your son-in-law.

*Corsignac.* And you allow me to aspire to the hand of the interesting Pauline.

*Jaquemin.* Yes, the youngest of my wards; a sensible, sentimental, romantic girl.

*Corsignac.* Romantic, do you say? A word to the wise, I'll profit by this piece of intelligence. Sympathy, duels, old castles, ghosts, and nice feelings; with all this, in a few days, I am your ward.

*Ledoux.* Your prospects are fair, and I wish mine were as promising; but the reception I have just now met with, has not raised my hopes very high.

*Jaquemin.* What do I hear?

*Ledoux.* Do not get into a passion; you see I am calm, though offended. Agathe will return to me; but the arrival of these gentlemen led her into another fit of haughtiness. Have the goodness only to tell her, that when her friends are provided for, I am at her service. Your servant, Mr. Jaquemin, till the time comes. *[Exit.]*

*Jaquemin.* He is a truly worthy man, and Agathe will repent her behaviour.

*Corsignac.* It is the influence of our merit that has caused the quarrel between them.

*Jaquemin.* Harken, Sainville; though you did not ask it of me in your letter, I have got an apartment ready for you.

*Sainville.* In the present case, I think it more proper to refuse your kind offer.

*Jaquemin.* I will not permit you.

*Corsignac.* Never mind him; he is too headstrong. The apartment you had prepared for him, will do very well for me, as I do not feel the same scruples.

*Jaquemin.* You will be both accommodated in my house: but let us go to breakfast. This will be a lucky day, the young neighbour alone will remain unmarried; but I shall find her a suitable mate. Follow me.

*[Exeunt Jaquemin and Sainville.]*

*Enter URSULE.*

*Ursule (aside).* He is alone, so much the better.—*(Aloud.)* Sir!

*Corsignac.* Ready to obey your orders, ma'am.

*Ursule.* I wish to speak a few words with you.

*Corsignac.* I shall listen with rapture to your voice.

*Ursule.* You are Mr. Sainville's friend.

*Corsignac.* Intimately acquainted with him.

*Ursule.* What sort of man is he?

*Corsignac.* This is a strange question.

*Ursule.* Speak your mind plainly. I know the motive which led him here, and my only intention is to be useful to my friends.

*Corsignac.* Your generosity is commendable.

*Ursule.* A perfect knowledge of Mr. Sainville's temper will enable me to judge whom he ought to prefer, and whom he will suit.

*Corsignac.* This is a nice case; but I will tell you the truth. Sainville is a charming companion, sparkling with wit, of a frank and cheerful disposition, an enemy to gambling and debauchery; but not so methodistical as to refuse a game, or a convivial meeting, when required. He wishes to have, for the partner of his existence, a lady endowed with an equal temper, and a quick sensibility, without affectation; and fond, like himself, of rural pleasures. As for me, my fortune is not so considerable, but sufficient to live comfortably. I have less reason, but more gaiety; and will rest satisfied with what his choice will leave me. I even now exult at the thought, that out of five ladies one has already acknowledged she gave up all pretensions to his heart. But Mr. Jaquemin expects me; we shall soon meet again, and you will discover that every thing I have told you of Sainville and myself, is exactly true. *[Exit.]*

*Ursule.* All this will do very well:



## Enter AGATHE.

Agathe. What news?

Ursule. As you are the eldest, it is but fair you should be married first, and you may depend upon my assistance. Sainville is an accomplished being, but he likes to live well; he wants to buy an estate, and fix his abode in the country to support a large establishment. Hunting, horses, and all the exercises which require a great deal of dexterity are his delight, and he expects his wife to share in all his courses and amusements.

Agathe. Ah! my dear Ursule, how much I am obliged to you; what a lucky union of tastes! I can play so well at billiards, ride on horseback, and have got such a pretty riding habit! I will hasten to put it on, as well as my small black hat, and a little rouge, for my cheeks are usually pale. Beware above all things to let Pauline or Louise know any thing.

Ursule. Trust me.

[Exit Agathe.]

## Enter PAULINE.

Pauline. How impatiently I waited till my sister had left you.

Ursule. She is very foolish, and will do very well to marry Mr. Ledoux. As to Louise, her heart is cold, and I may not scruple to take your part alone. Sainville is perfect in every thing, except that he is too romantic and sentimental. He flies away from the bustling town, to lead a pastoral life in the country; he longs to be the object of a violent passion, and would not be sorry to meet with obstacles to his marriage, that he might contend with them and triumph over difficulties.

Pauline. Do you call that a defect? I do not wonder now that at the first moment I saw him, I felt —

Ursule. I am much mistaken, if you have not produced a deep impression upon his soul. The only way to insure your conquest is to appear in a plain negligé.

Pauline. A white gown, a straw hat, an English countenance, a novel in my ridicule—this is it. You cannot conceive, Ursule, what gratitude swells my breast.

[Exit.]

Ursule. I proceed rather quick, perhaps, and imprudently; for Agathe and Pauline might meet, and come to an explanation. But now I have begun, it is too late to stop. I'll seek for Louise, and with courage and perseverance to direct all my actions—Sainville will be mine.

[Exit.]

End of the First Act.

E. R.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

On Friday, the 8th of May, was produced at this Theatre, a new Opera, in three acts, under the title of "*Peter the Great; or, Wooden Walls*," by Mr. Cherry.

The story relates to the pilgrimages of *Czar Peter* in the disguise of a mechanic, to England, Holland, and Germany, in order to acquire a knowledge of the several trades of those countries, for the purpose of introducing civilization into Russia.—The memorable adventure of his working in the yard of a shipwright, and his meeting with *Catharine*, whom he afterwards espoused, are the ground works of the present piece; and though the truth of history has been violated, and every feature of the real characters of *Peter* and *Catharine* recast in the dramatic model, upon the plan of Arcadian softness and pastoral simplicity,—though the ferocity of this famed Northern Chieftain is changed into a tone of ethical benevolence, and moral philosophy,—though he makes as deep and pious reflections upon the use of supreme power, and the restraint of the passions, as a *Titus*, or a *Marcus Antoninus*; notwithstanding the perversions of historical fact, which, (if it were resolved to make an Opera from the adventures of *Peter the Great*) were undoubtedly necessary,—notwithstanding all this, we do not hesitate to pronounce the present piece fully entitled to the favourable reception which it met with.

It has, doubtless, a great many faults.—There is too much weight and severity in a disguised Prince for the basis of a Comic Opera.—Nothing that is grand can be humorous.—The fable is too regular; nothing occurs to throw it out of the straight line of narrative,—to perplex it with intricacy and embarrassment, or to give it the effect of almost all dramatic pleasure,—SCENE SITUATION.—It is too monotonous both in character and situation; the relief of humour is often tried, and often tried well.—Notwithstanding these deductions, the present Opera is perhaps, without exception, one of the best Dramatic Pieces of the present season.—The character of *Peter* (imaginary as it is) is uncommonly well drawn; there is sometimes great force and sobriety in his declamation; and the *Shipwright* is a very respectable attempt at humour.—Mr. Cherry deserves great credit for the production of this piece.—The music, by M. Jouve, is beautiful; and almost every song was encored.—Inledon, Munden, and Bellamy, particularly distinguished themselves; and at a better period of the season, "*Wooden Walls*" would have been more

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popular than any thing that has been produced. We trust it will yet have a considerable run.—It will doubtless prove a great favourite in the closet.

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ON THE

## STRUCTURE OF OUR THEATRES.

MR. EDITOR,

No place of public resort lays under contribution a greater number of different departments of the fine arts, than the theatre: none, consequently, is more calculated than the theatre, under proper direction, to improve the taste of a nation with respect to those arts; and to give foreigners an exalted idea of the measure of that taste in every country. Architecture, sculpture, painting, the most graceful forms of the body, the most impressive passions of the mind, the costume of different nations, and the manners of different ages, can no where be collected in a stronger focus, and can no where be exhibited to a greater variety of spectators.

I cannot however help thinking, Sir, that our theatres still stand greatly in need, of that proper *direction* here alluded to; and as you may not deem it totally unworthy of the office you have assumed, to bestow the same—I shall, with your leave, point out what seems to me to be some or the most striking defects which still continue to disfigure, not the texture of our dramatic productions, but simply the localities in which these are exhibited—the arrangement of our playhouses and the costume of our stage.

The ancients had adopted, for their theatres, the semicircular form. This form, of which the different parts meet the eye most directly and most fully, is in itself the most elegant and the most beautiful, for the interior of the house: it moreover places all the spectators at the shortest and most equal distance from the stage, and gives them the most direct and complete view of that stage, which alone ought to fill the whole orbit of the eye. If the boxes be divided by columns, or other architectural supports, of any size or strength (without which no playhouse can display the least appearance of elegance or symmetry, solidity

or grandeur,) this form alone prevents these supports from interfering with the view of the performance.—And, accordingly, the French have lately begun to adopt this form in several of their newest and most elegant theatres.

Our playhouses, on the contrary, still uniformly present a very elongated oval, or rather, a pear-like shape; which, swelling as it recedes from the stage, and contracting as it approaches the same, renders its opening a great deal too narrow for the width of the house, and, instead of making the space allotted for the performance, solely and entirely to occupy the sight of the spectator, only allows it to fill, in his distracted eye, a small portion of the space of which the remainder is filled by the audience itself.

I need hardly observe how irregular, how lame, how distorted this form is in itself, and abstracted from all relation to the stage. It presents every one of its parts in an oblique and a different point of view; it allows none to meet the eye fully and regularly; but, above all, it throws most of the spectators at a considerable distance from the stage, makes half the boxes entirely exclude the other half from a view of the performance, and, of those spectators whom it allows to see the scene at all, it only permits the greatest proportion to behold it in a lateral and an oblique direction, by distorting their spines, and dislocating their necks: moreover, it totally precludes all possibility of dividing the boxes by means of any of those architectural supports aforesaid, columns, caryatides, terms, or others, which are necessary in order to give elegance and dignity to the whole; to divide the parts by marked points of symmetry and of repose, and to obviate the suspended look of the different tiers of boxes, which, when they happen to be very crowded, cause them to produce not only an impression of confusion on the eye, but of real terror on the mind.

Should you, Sir, deem these few strictures on the shape of our playhouses, worthy of insertion, I shall perhaps be tempted to trouble you with a few more on the *disposition of the stage*.

A. Z.