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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Thirteenth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA was born November 3, 1777.—The education of this Princess has been similar to that of her Royal Sisters. Under the eye of her Majesty, and the superintendence of her truly amiable governess, Lady Charlotte Finch, she commenced that course of study, which had been traced out for the Royal pupils, with a zeal and an industry not inferior to any of her family.

Music and drawing, as we have often observed, are the most favourite studies of their Royal Highnesses; and in their pursuit of excellence in these branches of science, they have not only distinguished themselves as scholars and amateurs, but two of the Princesses have attained to a perfection which would not pass without its just applause in a master.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia is rendered extremely prepossessing by a loveliness and delicate vivacity in her manner, which, as softened by the most gracious affability, and heightened by the most perfect modesty, are, perhaps, the most attractive qualities in a young woman. One of her amusements is the unfashionable employment of the needle.—The knowledge of this once famed instrument of housewifery has long ceased in the upper circles; it still, however, preserves its importance at Windsor Castle; and whilst the more elevated and refined arts are cultivated with an enthusiasm, to which nothing but more serious duties are suffered to give way, the primitive and truly English employments of our British matrons are not spurned or neglected.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A WELL CULTIVATED MIND.

IT is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God in the creation of the universe, and in his providential government of the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement; he can never be solitary, for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation; his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind. How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection; no one who has observed how heavy the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and be varied to infinity. Those who have heard the frequent complaints of *ennui* among such as have no source of amusement in themselves, must feel some degree of commiseration for these whose minds, destitute of cultivation, must either be melancholy from the immediate impulse of external objects, or sink into a lethargic state of torpid inaction. Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds in its own contemplation, a source of amusement, of solace, and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but collectively considered form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed and dissipated by thoughts of a more general and extensive nature, or at least of a different kind, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the

mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye images new, various, sublime, or beautiful. The time of action will not always continue, the young ought ever to have this consideration present to their minds, that they must grow old unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident; they ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration; every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope, and every moment brings us nearer to that period when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects, or disappointed hopes, and relieve the tediousness of that season of life when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can then receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections; philosophy and literature will then furnish it with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford substantial consolation. A well spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age; no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated; old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking, and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have in the earlier part of life neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigour irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of a return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible en-

croachments of age with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change which, although they knew to be certain, they had scarcely expected, or for which at least they had made no preparation. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself; destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacuity left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life; ignorance renders him obstinate, things that pleased him please him no longer, and experiencing this revolution in his own notions and inclinations, he thinks it ought also to take place in those of others. The pleasures and amusements of youth, however innocent, he stigmatizes with the name of folly and vanity, merely because they are no longer accommodated to his period of life, censures the conduct of the rest of the world, and because his own head is covered with grey hairs, thinks every one else should be old through complaisance. Finding the world neither able nor willing to consult his pleasures, or comply with his whims, he turns fretful and peevish, and wanting materials for the exercise of his mind, perplexes himself with useless cares, teazes himself for trifles, and instead of looking back on the illusory scenes of life with magnanimous indifference, and waiting for the conclusion with equanimity and fortitude, too often consumes his latter years in whimsical peevishness, and stupid vacuity of thought.

All this is the consequence of squandering the days of youth and vigour without acquiring the habit of thinking; excepting the case of the very lowest classes of society, to whom indigence has precluded the means of education, and continued labour has allowed no leisure for reflection, the period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge, and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation

and enquiry. The various phenomenon of the moral, as well as the physical world, the investigation of science, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The evening of life is a melancholy season when the whole day has been spent without any preparation for its arrival. The man who, in youth, has been favoured by fortune with affluence, or at least with competency, or has enjoyed fair opportunities of acquisition, and having squandered the former, or neglected the latter, feels the pressure of age and infirmity without any other resource than the precarious assistance of friends, the penurious support of parochial allowance, or the humiliation of mendicancy, is in a situation truly deplorable, and with anguish of heart has reason to reproach himself as the author of his own misfortunes. The condition, however, of that man, is scarcely less miserable, and certainly not less blamable, who having possessed abilities and leisure, has made no provision of knowledge for that season when the mind, no less than the body, requires to be well supported, when the gaiety of youth, and the vigour of manhood are no more, when the festive song and dance have lost their power of pleasing, and when the glittering shew, the delusive hopes and flattering prospects of the world no longer fascinate the imagination. The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves, and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and the frowns of fortune.

THE ROBBER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF M. VON MESSING.

FAMILY affairs obliged me to undertake a journey to the mountainous region of Bohemia, and I arrived without the slightest accident at the estate of my uncle in that kingdom. There I used generally to spend the evening in walking. In one of these perambulations night overtook me in a wood bordering on my uncle's domain, and extending on the contrary side to a chain of mountains. My imagination was so occupied with the idea of my native land, and the dear objects I had left behind, that I wandered unconsciously from the path. On awaking from this delicious dream, I found that I had totally lost my way; all my endeavours to regain the right track were unavailing, and such was my situation, when I heard a sudden rustling near me in the thicket. On raising my eyes, a man stood by my side, and enquired whither I was going? I replied that I had lost my way, and at the same time mentioned the name of my uncle's mansion, requesting him to conduct me the nearest road to it. He paused for a few seconds, and then answered:—"Tis a great way, and I cannot possibly conduct you now; but if you will accept of a night's lodging in my house, follow me."

I hesitated not a moment to accept this proposal. He walked along by my side in profound silence, answered none of my questions, and appeared to be quite absorbed in thought. At length he said—"You have not been long in this kingdom." No, replied I, but who made you acquainted with my situation?" "Yourself." I stood still, and looked at him with the utmost astonishment. "Myself," cried I, in amaze. "Yes, yourself; this wood is frequented by robbers, and you seem not to be afraid." "Why should I be afraid, I have nothing about me that can be of any value to robbers." He now grasped my hand with eagerness. "Young man, said he, you have nothing to fear; the robbers in this wood never commit murder."

Amidst this conversation we arrived at the door of a habitation concealed in a deep recess of the wood. My companion knocked three times; a rough voice cried from within,—“Who is there?” “A son of night,” was the reply of my conductor. The door opened; I saw myself, by the light of a lamp, in a spacious apartment, painted black; the walls were decorated with arms; a few chairs, and two tables, composed the whole of the furniture. One of them stood beneath a looking-glass, was covered with a white

cloth, and upon it lay a human skull. “Jacob, said my companion to a man with a frightful physiognomy, make a fire in the chimney, and bring provision for my guest. In a few moments a fire blazed on the hearth; he took me by the hand, and we seated ourselves before it.

I had now for the first time an opportunity of examining this extraordinary man. I must candidly confess that I never beheld a more perfect model of manly beauty, but never were the characters of the most profound sorrow and affliction so legibly inscribed on any brow.

No sooner did our conversation commence than esteem and astonishment took possession of my soul; never had I met with a man who combined such a variety of attainments; he passed with perfect ease from one subject to another, and it appeared as though he had devoted a whole life to the study of each. Meanwhile a clock that stood in the next room struck twelve, and at the same time I heard the report of a gun from without. I started. “That is the signal for dinner, said my host; we turn day into night, and night into day. You will sit down with the refuse of mankind, with a band of robbers, but you have nothing to fear. At the table of kings you may often eat with greater villains, and the rights of hospitality are with us sacred and inviolable.”

He took me by the hand; a table was spread beneath a moss-grey oak in the front of the hut. I seated myself beside my host; eighteen other persons partook of the simple repast, seasoned only by the narratives of the leader. All listened attentively to him; there was nothing that could be construed into the slightest breach of decorum, but the conversation was such as you scarcely expect to find in the most polished private houses.

The repast being finished, I returned with my former companion alone to the apartment we had quitted. Our conversation was renewed, but not with the same vivacity. My host had become more grave, and all that he now said bore the character of gloomy misanthropy. I was struck with the unusual colour of his room, and at length asked,—“Why did you chuse black, that colour makes one sad, and it is our duty to be cheerful.” “You are right,” replied he, in a sarcastic, but by no means offensive tone. “You are right if you speak of yourself, but as for me, I know joy only by name; to me that sensation has long been a stranger. You look at these walls; their black colour excites your sure

prize. It is the colour of my fate, and— Oh! that it were also the colour of my heart!—An extraordinary wish!—It only appears so to you. With a black heart I had perhaps been happy, now I am wretched, inexpressibly wretched! all my riches consist in yonder skull (at the same time pointing to it with a terrific look and distorted features). It is my all, continued he; when in the hours of serious meditation I stand before it, and the thought that I too shall cease to exist arises in my soul, then alone am I rich, richer than your princes, or the greatest of fortune's favourites. They lose, I gain; to them death is terrible, to me it is a blessing. To die never to wake more, what a delightful thought, on which I can never contemplate enough! I shall once sleep, and those serpents with me that prey upon my vitals! Whoever shakes my faith in annihilation, robs me of felicity! Oh, there are moments in which it would be happiness to be deprived of reason, a fearful truth, which in the days of prosperity I could not have believed. Sorrow and anguish impress deeper wrinkles on the brow than the tooth of time; but they are not mortal."

The clock now struck two. My host shuddered. "Already so late?" said he, and added in a milder tone:—"Pardon me, stranger, for having so long cheated you of your rest; in that room my bed is prepared for you; sleep and be not afraid."

I cordially grasped his right hand. "You have told me too much, said I; you have excited my curiosity; may I intreat you to communicate to me your history?" But heavens! what request had I made! his features assumed a terrific appearance; his look was that of despair.

"My history, replied he, with a ghastly smile, would not lull you to pleasing dreams; it would make the hair of your head stand on end, it would cause you to repent your request, and never will I violate the rights of hospitality. I wish my guests to sleep in peace beneath my roof. But to-morrow, before you depart, you shall hear the history of my life,—short, but not agreeable as a moment of pleasure."

I went and threw myself upon the bed, but was unable to sleep. From time to time I heard in the noise in the hut, and then again profound silence. At last the clock struck five; I could restrain myself no longer, sprung up from the bed, and opened the door of the chamber. My host was still seated before the chimney, with his eyes fixed on the extinguished ashes. "You have not slept, said he: is this dwelling doomed to chase sleep from every eye?" He then made me sit down beside him, and a simple rustic breakfast soon made its appearance. Our con-

versation was of considerable length. It was about seven o'clock when I prepared to depart; for I would not for the wealth of both the Indies have reminded him of a promise which seemed to give him so much pain. "Then you are going," said he. "I must, replied I; at home all my friends will be under apprehensions on my account." "You are right; for they know that this is the retreat of robbers; but wait a few moments." He then ordered a couple of horses to be saddled, and led me back to my seat.

"Young man, said he, in a grave and solemn tone, I will keep the promise I gave you, and you shall know the history of my life. I am the only son of a man of high rank in this kingdom; my father, who was very rich, expended large sums on my education, and I flatter myself that they were not thrown away. I shall pass over the early years of my life, which cannot have any interest for you, and shall begin my narrative with my leaving the academy. On my return I received promotion, and in a few years had the fairest prospect of being called to conduct the helm of the state. Insatiable pride swayed the bosom of my father; he loved me only because my progressive elevation was flattering to that passion. Such was my situation; surrounded with brilliant prospects, I, arrogant boy, imagined that I could read the book of futurity, forgetful that the wisest of men cannot predict with certainty the events of the next minute. I saw a young female belonging to the lower class of the people. That inexplicable passion which has precipitated many a useful statesman, many a valiant warrior, from the pinnacle of glory, took entire possession of my heart. At first I employed every possible expedient to subdue her virtue. She repulsed me with contempt, and the fire burned still more fiercely. I threw myself at the feet of my father, and implored his consent to our union. 'Are you mad?' thundered he, spurning me from him, 'a drab, from the scum of the people, my daughter-in-law! rather could I see you and her on the gallows than at the altar.' What room had I now for hope? Half a year passed away; I saw her seldom, but my passion daily increased in violence. In more tranquil hours, I certainly advanced every possible objection that could be made against such an union; but what influence has cold reason over a heart replete with glowing passions? Vanquished at length in this conflict, I fled with her to one of the remotest provinces of the kingdom, where the hand of the priest united us. With the little money I had taken with me I purchased a small farm. Here Rosalia and myself lived by the labour of our hands. These, these were the halcyon days of my life! Beneath the lowly roof of my cottage

I enjoyed greater happiness than the prince with his diadem, or the hero crowned with laurels. But let us hasten over these scenes. At the expiration of a year I pressed a pledge of our love to my bosom, and for two more blissful years, continued to taste the delights of conjugal and paternal love, out of the cup of human felicity. One evening, on my return from the chase, I found my father at home with my wife. This spectacle excited sensations which it is impossible to express. Rosalia, penetrated with gratitude, was embracing his knees, my little boy was bathing his hand with tears of infantine love. Joy threw me senseless on his bosom, for his consent was alone wanting to complete the measure of my happiness. In a word, it was the greatest festival that filial love and gratitude ever celebrated. But pardon me, stranger, I scarcely know how to proceed. In three days my wife and child died of poison, given them by my father; and on the fourth died that father by the dagger of his son! Adieu, stranger."

He pressed my hand at parting; the copious tears trickled from his large blue eyes, and attested the truth of his narrative. "Adieu! that was the skull of my wife." I departed; at the door I stopped, and once more turned towards him. "Will you never return again to the society of men?"—"Never; all that could impart felicity is consigned to the grave; and, besides, I am more serviceable here than I should be among you. I am the Captain of a band of robbers; now they only venture to plunder, whereas were it not for me they would assuredly murder too."

I left him, and accompanied by his servant, arrived at the skirt of the wood, whence I easily found my way back to the mansion of my uncle.

Most certainly there are men, guilty of the greatest crimes, who are proudly condemned by the multitude, but who, were we acquainted with their history, would not only be found deserving of indulgence but perhaps of esteem.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ERUPTION.

THIS account is dated 15th July, 1806, from Resina, which is four miles distant from Naples, at the foot of the mountain leading to the bottom of the cone that forms the volcano.

On May 31, about ten o'clock in the evening, as I was retiring to bed, I heard a noisethingsomething like a violent gust of wind; at which I was so much the more surprised, as a moment before I had observed that the sky was fine and clear. However, I would not take the trouble of enquiring into the cause of this unexpected change, but a person whom I had sent to Naples returning a quarter of an hour after, I got up to speak with him. As I passed near the stair-case, I could see through the trees of a grove, a blaze issuing from Mount Vesuvius, in height about 100 toises. This flame alternately rose and sunk, and resembled those beautiful sheaves which are so greatly admired in well executed fire-works. It was a confused mixture of stones and inflammable matter, thrown up from the crater of the volcano, and which, as they fell, seemed to be fluid. We were then threatened with two dreadful calamities, an earthquake which generally precedes the eruption, and the eruption itself, on that side where the lava would flow. I spent the whole night in observing this sheaf of fire which continually increased, and diffused such

a light, that at a league's distance, one might easily have read a letter. I endeavoured to conjecture in what other part of the mountain it was probable another eruption would take place; when at four o'clock precisely, the volcano began to discharge inflamed matter through three new mouths, without the discharge having been preceded by an earthquake. These mouths, or issues, were near one another, at about one hundred toises from the top of the mountain. The lava issued from the side of the *Torre del Greco*, and *L'Annunziata*, near Portici, on the road from Naples to Pompeia. I went in the evening to the foot of Vesuvius, to examine a torrent of lava that had already reached to a distance from the mountain. Although it was the most inconsiderable branch, yet it was at least, 12 or 13 feet wide, and 8 deep; a very torrent of fire.

June 2, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the smoke began to rise with greater violence than on the preceding day; it was also thicker. During the whole day a hollow sound prevailed, similar to that of two armies engaged, whose artillery and musketry are well served. Towards night I approached the great torrent of lava, which was rather slow in its progress. I estimated it 200 feet long, and 15 deep. The whole mass resembled a wall of glass in the act of melt-

ing; sometimes I could see flashes of lightning shooting from it, and these were followed by a report as loud as that of gun of a large calibre. Whatever happened to impede the course of the lava, vines, trees, houses, &c. was instantly melted or devoured. I arrived at the moment when the lava was sapping the foundations of a wall in front of which was the bed of a torrent from thirty to forty feet deep. I saw the wall give way, and the lava precipitate itself like a cataract of fire, nearly perpendicular, into the bed of the torrent. This kind of sea of fire, which covers three miles of a most fruitful country, and forms but one mass from the mouth whence it issued to the point where it stops, is a sight, at once amazingly grand and dreadful. June 3, the lava ran very slowly, and through a single opening. The matter which on the 2d ran from the other two apertures, had stopped at the foot of Vesuvius. At night the whole mass had ceased to advance, the borders were already cool, although the middle was burning. A few detonations were heard, but not so frequently as on the preceding day. The mountain continued to emit clouds of smoke.

On the 4th and 5th the hollow noise from the interior of the mountain became much louder, and continued during much longer periods than before. The bellowing was distinctly heard both at Naples and at Portici, notwithstanding they are two leagues distant from one another. A thick smoke continued to issue from every part of the crater. Soon after, clouds of ashes rose, and overspread the country around; the lava next followed. It issued from the same chasm, as the most considerable torrent had ran in the same direction. On the 6th and 7th the volcano vomited a large quantity of ashes: Portici, Resina, and *la Torre del Greco*, were entirely covered with them, but the internal noise had subsided. It was renewed with still greater violence on the 8th and 9th, over Portici and Resina, and poured a sable and thick rain, consisting of mud and sulphureous particles. On the following days, the noise from the interior rolled at long intervals only; the smoke, though not so thick, continued to rise from the mountain; a small quantity of ashes also rose, but fell back into the crater.

July 1, as I supposed the eruption to be terminated, although the mountain continued to smoke, I set off with a few friends to visit Vesuvius. At 10 o'clock in the evening we reached the hermitage, where we stopped till midnight.

We then proceeded, and were obliged to climb rather than to walk; however by half after one o'clock, we arrived at the summit. We found the ascent very difficult, as the eruption had destroyed the former path-way. We were under a necessity of proceeding up a new one on the opposite side, which was almost perpendicular. This path-way was composed of ashes and stones, in which we sunk up to our knees. We found the mountain totally altered. Those parts which had formerly been filled with the lava and pebbles, and over which it was equally difficult and dangerous to proceed, are now become a plain, and so levelled, that an army might manœuvre there. If the volcano were but extinguished, certain hillocks here and there might be cultivated; but no doubt it is far from that state.

The former crater has disappeared, it is filled up with ashes and lava, but a new one has been formed at the eastern part of the mountain, which is about one hundred fathoms deep, and nearly as wide at its opening. We descended about half way, but dared not proceed any farther. We were already close to the flames, and felt a most violent heat. In this position we continued half an hour, admiring the spectacle offered by the liquid lava bubbling at the bottom of the crater; which resembles the melted matter in the boiler of a glass-house. The stones that we threw into it were instantly melted. The mountain is considerably lowered, and has two large clefts, one facing *la Torre del Greco*, the other fronting Resina. A new eruption is very much apprehended, on account of the large quantity of melted matter which remains in the crater, and of the clefts observed in the mountain. These clefts are not in the crater, some are a mile distant from it; the most considerable hardly reaches the top.

The damage occasioned by this eruption is immense. The governor of *la Torre del Greco*, has reported the great distress of so many families, and of most of the country people, whose whole harvest has been destroyed. The first step towards their relief has been exempting from all taxes the property that had suffered. A resolution has also passed that the Benevolent Commission should in future raise a fund to indemnify such land-owners or farmers in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, as might become sufferers by eruptions of the volcano; a subscription will be opened for the immediate relief of the unfortunate sufferers.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;
OR,
THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE,

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 478.]

THE good king of Sheshian, proceeded Nurmahal in her narrative, who gave occasion to this laudable remark of a great monarch, whatever may have been his name, deserves at least the praise of a good taste in the choice of his favourites; for the beautiful Lili, his favourite, was a compound of all that can render a person of our sex amiable. And even should the poets, painters, statuarys, and medalists of her time have flattered her, yet it is not to be denied, that the nation had cause to bless her memory. Never was there a greater patroness of the arts than the beautiful Lili. She introduced the culture of Silk into Sheshian, and drew thither a multitude of Persian, Chinese, and Indian artists, who, by her encouragement, brought the several arts and manufactures to a high degree of excellence. The Sheshianese, under her government—this is the very expression of the historian—became acquainted with the conveniences and the luxuries of life, of which the generality had hitherto had no notion. They thought themselves indebted to her for the enjoyment of a new and an infinitely more pleasing existence. She brought the public treasure into an animating circulation, which had been buried in useless state in the exchequer of the former kings, like the bodies of the Pharaohs in their pompous pyramids. Her example allured the great and opulent to imitation. The capital modeled itself after the court, and the provincial towns adopted the manners of the capital. Genius and industry vied with each other to put the whole kingdom in a lively and beneficial activity; for ingenuity and diligence were the direct methods to attain convenience and abundance, and who is not desirous to pass his life as agreeably as possible? The beneficent Lili even brought the inhabitants of Sheshian to an acquaintance with the charms of music and the drama; and however prejudicial these presents were in the sequel to their welfare, it is nevertheless undeniable, that at first they had a very wholesome effect. In proportion as the sentiments of the Sheshianese became more refined, their manners visibly increased in elegance. They became more companionable, more mild and tractable, they were more pleasant in their behaviour to each other, their social enjoyments were heightened, and each felt his own portion of happiness augmented as he saw the

number of the happy increased around him. To conclude, it would be unnecessary to enumerate to your highness all the good effects of the taste and the arts, of which you yourself are so great a judge and promoter. Here and there were some splenetic people, become unfit for friendship and the superior joys of life, who raised a lamentable cry against those innovations. What horror! exclaimed they, shaking their uncombed heads with portentous looks. What will be the fruit of all this? This fondness for convenience and pleasure, this refined taste, this reigning inclination to sensuality will be the ruin of the nation. Pompous festivals will dissipate the profits of the days of labour, and luxurious expence consume the superfluity of parsimony and temperance; pleasure will introduce idleness, and idleness the whole corrupt brood of vices. The rich will become insatiable, and with all the refining of their sentiment, will make no scruple to draw as much as they can from the property of the poor to swell their hoards. The poor will be not a whit more conscientious in doing and suffering any thing, however unjust and disgraceful, so it may but afford the means of raising them to the envied condition of the rich. Monstrous vices, unnatural excesses, treasons, plots, and parricides will, from their frequency, lose the horrors they present to the uncorrupted mind; and not till the nation is irrecoverably lost, will it be perceived that the beautiful Lili was the fascinating and beloved authoress of our ruin.

Some old people who had lived so prudently for sixty or seventy years, as not yet to be obliged to give up all share in the joys of life, saw the affair in another light. Our splenetic and enervated brethren, are not altogether in the wrong, said they; dissipations and amusements, as the seasoning of life, may, by immoderate enjoyment, become certainly pejudicial. Nature intended them as the recompence of labour, not as the solace of idleness. Yet it is undeniable, that not the beautiful Lili, but Nature herself, is the enchantress who presents us with this celestial nectar, which she has prepared for us with her own hands, and of which a few drops are sufficient to make us forget all the troubles of life. Or, is it not Nature who conducts mankind from one step of improvement to another, and by

setting the imagination in play by the urgency of our wants, and the passions by the imagination, produces that increased sociability, that more refined sensibility, that elevation of the feelings and active energies, whereby the circle of our pleasures is enlarged, and our capacity for rejoicing in existence, is at once increased with our desires? Let us therefore follow Nature, a conductress who cannot lead us wrong. It is not she, but our impatience, our greediness of enjoyment, our inattention to her warnings, that lead us astray. Every higher step to which mankind advance, requires another method of life; and therefore because the great mass of mortals are to be regarded as infants, who know not how to govern themselves, this office must be consigned to a legislative power, capable of surveying the whole, and prescribing rules of conduct adapted to every remarkable alteration in their circumstances. Long live the beautiful Lili! She has acquired a claim to our gratitude; for she has done us good. But if she now should please to give us as complete a police, as is necessary for preserving her gifts from being pernicious, then she certainly deserves, at least as much as the

great monkey, that we should build pagods to her!

The beautiful Lili skipped along the flowery path in which a voluptuous passion led her, regardless of the menaces of the one, or the cautions of the other. She enjoyed the satisfaction of being the object of the love and adoration of the whole nation. Fanned by winged loves and joys, she shed around her, as far as her view could reach, transports and bliss, and sweet oblivion of every care. In this she seemed to find her own full pleasure. But her bounty extended only to the present moment. Her dissolution imperceptibly became that of the whole nation, which the more easily happened, as no other is more natural to man. Life was enjoyed, and no one bestowed a thought on the future.

I love this Lili, exclaimed the Sultan, in a tone of vivacity that had not been observed in him for a long time past. I must be better acquainted with her. Good night, Mirza and Danishmende, Nurmahal shall stay to give me the picture of the beautiful Lili.

[To be continued.]

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ON THE STRUCTURE OF LANGUAGE;

OR

RULES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

SOCIETY being dependent on an interchange of ideas, it is of the utmost importance that we should cultivate the art of unfolding them with accuracy. If we attain not this art, we store our minds with valuable knowledge to little purpose; for one of the greatest pleasures and the principal advantages of society, arises from the communication of what we have acquired by it. It is not always sufficient that we have a clear conception of what we would make others understand; to succeed in transfusing our ideas into the mind of another, we must know how to express them by appropriate words, and by such an arrangement as renders it impossible for them to be mistaken.

It is a common error to believe that every thing essential to a correct phraseology is comprised in the rules of grammar; but style may be regulated by the purest grammatical rules, and yet be so loose and ill connected, so obscure, embarrassed, and inelegant, as to offend against the fundamental laws of composition. This will be made apparent by the following remarks and illustration, the latter of which exhibit some great inaccuracies that certain distinguished

writers, through inattention to their phraseology, have committed.

A knowledge of the due import of words, is one of the first steps towards the attainment of perspicuity, accuracy, and elegance in epistolary composition. There are in the English, as in every other language, a number of words, termed *synonymes*, which have some resemblance to each other, and agree in expressing a leading idea, but express it under some diversity of circumstances which render an indiscriminate application of them very improper. Every word in our language has a limited and determined signification, and whenever it is used to express more or less than this sense, or to express an idea that differs from it, precision is violated.

Words may be ill chosen from three causes. They may not express the idea we wish to convey, they may express it, but not in its fullest extent, and they may express all that we mean, and something more than we mean. An example will make this understood.

They may not express the idea we wish to convey.—When an author speaks of his hero's courage in the day of battle, the expression is pre-

cise, and we understand it fully : but if, from a desire of multiplying words, he should praise his courage and fortitude ; at the moment he joins these words together, our ideas begin to waver. He means to express one quality more strongly, but he is in truth expressing two : courage resists danger : fortitude supports pain. The occasion of exerting each of these qualities is different ; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them should be considered, our view is rendered unsteady, and our conception of the object indistinct.

To be precise, signifies that we fully express the idea we wish to convey and nothing more. To wish or to speak, therefore, with precision, we must pay a strict attention to the specific meaning of the words. The following instances show a difference in the import of many words that are synonymous.

To *avow*, to *acknowledge*, to *confess*. The synonymy of these words consist in their agreeing to express some truth ; the distinction between them is marked by the difference of the circumstances under which the declaration is made. We *avow* what we are not unwilling should be known, we *acknowledge* an error, and we *confess* a crime.

Surprized, astonished, amazed, confounded. We are surprized with what is new and unexpected ; we are astonished at what is vast or great ; we are amazed at what is incomprehensible ; we are confounded by what is shocking or terrible.

Custom, habit. Custom respects the action ; habit the actor. By custom, we mean the frequent repetition of the same act ; by habit, the effect which that repetition produces on the mind or body. By the custom of walking often in the streets we acquire a habit of idleness.

Difference, inequality, disparity. Difference marks a distinction in kind ; thus we say different animals, different plants. Inequality relates to number, and disparity to qualities. There is a great difference between men and brutes ; a great inequality in the population of different places ; and a great disparity in the character and talents of the human race.

Only, alone. Only, imports that there is no other of the same kind ; alone, imports being accompanied by no other. An only child, is one that has neither brother nor sister ; a child alone, is one who is left by itself. There is a difference, therefore, in precise language, between these two phrases, " virtue only makes us happy," and " virtue alone makes us happy ;" the first phrase imports that nothing but virtue can make us happy ; the last, that virtue itself is happiness.

Haughtiness, disdain. Haughtiness is founded on the high opinion we entertain of ourselves ;

disdain, on the low opinion which we have of others.

Durable, constant. That which is durable does not cease ; that which is constant does not change. The friendship of a virtuous man is durable, and he is constant in giving proofs of it.

Wisdom, prudence. Wisdom leads us to speak and act what is most proper ; prudence prevents our speaking or acting improperly.

Entire, complete. A thing is entire by wanting none of its parts ; complete, by wanting none of its appendages.

To *imitate*, to *counterfeit*. We imitate from admiration ; we counterfeit for amusement.—We imitate a particular style of painting, and may improve upon it ; we counterfeit the voice, or the manners of another, and to succeed we must be exact.

The foregoing instances show the utility of paying attention to the distinct import of words. The next thing to be considered is the arrangement of them. As the grammar of our language is comparatively not extensive, there may be an obscure order of words, where there is no transgression of any grammatical rule. The relation of words, or members of a sentence, are, with us, ascertained only by the position in which they stand. Hence a capital rule in the structure of language is, that the words, or members most clearly related, should be placed in the sentence as near to each other as possible, so as to make their mutual relation clearly appear. The importance of this rule will appear from the following instances of faulty arrangement ; but in order more clearly to determine the proper application of it, what is meant by a member of a sentence must be explained. A sentence, or period, is what extends from one full stop to another ; a member is what runs from one rest, or pause, to another.

EXAMPLES OF ILL ARRANGED WORDS AND SENTENCES.

" By greatness," says Mr. Addison, " I do not only mean the bulk of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view." From the improper place in which the adverb *only* stands in this sentence, the question may be put—what does he mean more ? The arrangement would have been equally faulty if the adverb had followed the word bulk, as, " I do not mean the bulk only ;" for it might then have been inferred that he meant its shape also, or its colour, or some other property which it possessed. As the word object is what the adverb relates to, this last should have stood thus :—" By greatness I do not mean the bulk of any single object only ;" for then if we ask,—what else does he mean ?

the answer comes out as the author intended,—the largeness of a whole view.”

“Theism can only be opposed to polytheism, or atheism.” Is it meant that theism is capable of nothing else besides being opposed to polytheism, or atheism? This is what the words literally import, through the wrong placing of the adverb *only*. It should have been, “Theism can be opposed only to polytheism or atheism.”

“The Romans understood liberty, at least, as well as we.” These words are capable of two

different senses, according as the emphasis in reading them, is laid upon *liberty*, or upon *at least*. The words should have been thus arranged:—“The Romans understood liberty as well, *at least*, as we;” for as the adverb stands in the first sentence, we may suppose, either that if the Romans understood nothing else as well as us, they understood liberty as well, if not better; or simply, that their knowledge of liberty was equal, or superior to ours.

[To be continued.]

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 583.]

CHAP. VII.

Of the use of Snuff.

O TREBLY and quadruply cursed be the unlucky Spaniard who, walking abroad one fine morning in Jucutan, * discovered that famous plant from which was made the black and filthy powder which came and widened the noses of our belles, sullied the purity of their breath, and added to the disgusting tax of a frequent emunction.

Cursed be the ambassador, Jean Nicot, who gave his name to tobacco, and who imagined that he was making a valuable present to a powerful queen, by sending her his adopted daughter, the young Nicotana, who, proud of having raised herself to the nasal ducts of Catharine de Medicis, and of having irritated the pituitary membrane of a royal nose, then assumed the pompous appellation of the Queen Plant. †

Cursed be also that grand-prior of France, and those two cardinals who contested the ridiculous honour of perpetuating their memory by giving their name to this royal powder.

Of all the fashions invented by caprice, none is more ignoble than that of taking snuff, which was so universally practised.

We must not, however, deprive snuff of an honour to which it is justly entitled; let us be impartial, and acknowledge that there is nothing but what is productive of some little benefit. The wisdom of nations has said,—“’Tis an ill

wind that blows nobody profit;” and here this proverb may be very happily applied. Were snuff productive of no other advantage than that of having excited, at its origin, a long civil war among physicians, this service ought to compensate, in some measure, for the disagreeable sensations it has since occasioned.

When the use of snuff began to gain ground, all the physicians declared either for or against this new sternutatory, and more than a hundred volumes were written by both sides on this subject. The sage doctors forgot even their favourite *facianus experimentum*, and were wholly intent on supporting to the last drop of their ink, the opinion they had thought fit to adopt in this celebrated dispute. How many patients were indebted for their recovery to this lucky armistice! At length the contest ended; the medical men were tired of waging war with each other, they returned to their functions, and fell to work again upon their patients. Snuff came off victorious, and it was soon in general use.

I shall not here pursue the history of snuff, which would, however, be a curious subject; I must say, to the honour of our ladies, that for some years they have almost relinquished the practice of taking it. As every thing, however, depends on fashion, should it please that omnipotent deity to revive this disgusting custom, we should soon again see it become general. Nay, it is even said that we are threatened with such a circumstance; the women have lately begun to carry very small boxes which they denominate *demi-journées*.

Must then the most ridiculous abuses be renewed at certain periods? Have we not heard

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* A province of Terra Firma. This was about the year 1520.

† Catharine of Medicis was desirous of giving her name to tobacco, and that it should be called *Medicea*; but she could not accomplish her wish.

declamations enough against the use of snuff! If the ancients held in such abhorrence women who used a handkerchief in their presence, what would they have said of those that took snuff, had the practice then existed? Is it still necessary at the present day to employ the weapons of ridicule against this filthy preparation?

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Luxury of Women.

“Le superflu, chose si necessaire,
“A reuni l'un et l'autre hemisphere.”

THIS humorous idea of Voltaire is certainly fully justified by modern manners. Luxury has become so general that we may assert, without fear of being thought paradoxical, that superfluity is now an object of the first necessity. Are we on this account the more happy? How many actually stint themselves of real necessities in order to display in appearance a small portion of this so necessary superfluity!

When I observed in a former chapter, that a taste for dress is natural and commendable in the sex, every reader must be aware, that I was not alluding to luxury in dress. As natural as taste and the coquetry of dress are in the sex whose principal destination is to please, so widely different is luxury from the object which nature has proposed to herself.

It is luxury that awakens in the bosom of the youthful female new desires, wants that are not avowed by nature. It is luxury that banishes from her mind the image of the man she loves, in favour of another for whom she feels none of those tender sentiments that would constitute his happiness: the former, it is true, has given the power of language to her heart; the latter has done more, he has imposed silence on her virtue, and gold has obtained what she could have refused to love. Luxury is therefore the first seed of corruption, especially in the lower and most numerous class of society. This truth is so evident that I have no occasion to enlarge farther upon it.

Much has been written both for and against luxury, but the reader must not expect me to repeat here the different arguments advanced by its enemies or by its partizans. I shall adopt, with respect to luxury, the system that is approved by each; I will not side either with its enemies or with its partizans. I am, therefore, ready to admit with the latter, if they please, that luxury is essential to the prosperity of great states, though in my own mind I am not convinced of the truth of the position. But I shall state one grand truth, a truth confirmed by the experience

of every age, by the testimony of all nations that the luxury of women destroys population, private happiness, and the harmony of families; that it undermines public morals, nay, even overturns the fundamental constitutions of empires, and at length effects their total subversion. This truth must justify the conclusion, that supposing general luxury ought to be encouraged, the luxury of women ought to be rigidly restrained by the laws.

My conclusion will appear extremely severe; it is but just if the proposition from which I deduce it be true. Let us examine whether this is the case.

Luxury is inimical to the real destination of women; the exorbitant expence required by the refined elegancies of the toilette deters men, and especially such as have any prudence, from thinking of a serious establishment, which most frequently presents to their view no other prospect than the shameful waste of their fortune. The young man, then, who is about to try the uncertain chance of a legal union, seeks a wife whose fortune may, in some measure, indemnify him before hand for future expence. Money, therefore, becomes the only merit; money compensates for figure, talents, and loveliness.—Beauty, adieu! adieu, ye native graces! adieu, ye mild and amiable virtues! ye are now but an empty name! adieu, ye endearments of love! no longer are ye the bond of union between two youthful hearts! Love! what do I say? The brisk coquette who reads this word, shrugs her shoulders with contempt, and laughs at the Gothic author who would thus couple love and matrimony. “As if love,” she will exclaim, “had any thing to do with the choice of a husband! For my part, if I ever marry, give me a man with plenty of money; I will always be fond enough of him if he complies with all my fancies. What a charming thing it is to have elegant apartments, a fashionable chariot, and rich jewels; to display continual variety in dress, to humble all one’s rivals by superior splendor and magnificence!” Which of us has not repeatedly heard this kind of language! Such is the way of thinking of the sex in the ages of luxury. Accordingly, it is in the ages of luxury that marriage sinks into contempt; that the conjugal union becomes more rare; nay, even that the man who has entered into this contract dreads the fruit it may produce, and that what ought to be its highest pleasure is converted into a deprecated scourge. Thus luxury is the bane of posterity.

In proportion as marriage becomes more rare, we witness the multiplication of that class of useless females who take not even the trouble to throw the veil of illusion over the false de-

lights which we seek to enjoy in their company. Sterile priestesses of love; each of their sacrifices to Venus is a robbery committed on population. Thus the indolent fly, without benefit to herself, plunders the calix of the flower of that precious dust with which the industrious bee would have produced honey.

But if the fortune of the husband is inadequate to the devouring luxury of his beloved half, need I describe the irregularities, the intrigues, the corruption that ensues; need I paint the honor of the wife eclipsed by insatiable avarice, the departure of happiness, the introduction of misunderstanding and discord, with all the evils that accompany them, into the bosom of the family? Let us draw the curtain over this picture, unfortunately too faithful, of female luxury.

But this is not all. Women are seducing, they are artful; we are weak, we love them in spite of their faults. When love is extinguished in the bosom of man, self-love still survives; he is desirous of having a handsome wife not always because he loves her, but because she is handsome. Such is the empire which woman exercises over our sex. With many men the possession of a beautiful woman is a glory even after it has ceased to be a pleasure. Thus they still continue to pay the same tribute of homage to their charms, only under another name. But in an age when women are spendthrifts, what must that man do who is solicitous to captivate them? The answer is easy,—he must spend immense sums of money. Thus man himself will be led to sacrifice every thing to the thirst of gold, since gold alone can procure him all the objects of his desires.

Hence springs that avidity for wealth, so fatal to every other species of merit; hence the credit, the honours, the consideration, and even the esteem so prodigally bestowed upon riches; hence the bad faith of the merchant, the duplicity of the statesman, the partiality of the judge, the intrigues of the fictitious, the hardihood of the conspirator; hence all the abuses, all the crimes that desolate society, disturb order, and corrupt the whole mass of the nation. It is the thirst of gold, very often combined with the desire of presenting it to an ambitious and intriguing woman, that gives action to the arm of the traitor, that whets the dagger of the assassin. How many crimes would never be committed

were the luxury of women rigidly restrained by the laws.

But, it may be asked, why should luxury in the fair sex alone be the object of such pointed censure? Why, because among them it makes such rapid progress, which nothing is able to check, as the history of the luxury of the Roman ladies evinces; because in women, no consideration whatever can stem the destructive torrent of their desires; because women who have once launched out into the career of pleasure, never set bounds to it; ever running into extremes, they would consume in an instant the fortune of ten families, witness Cleopatra.

Why, because women are never satisfied, and because the pleasures of luxury, like all others, fatigue without satiating them.

Why, because the luxury with which they are environed, gives them an influence too powerful, an influence invariably pernicious to all that surround them.

But how is luxury to be repressed? By sumptuary laws which should permit the higher classes alone to make use of the most costly substances? By no means; the great number of laws which have been made to that effect are sufficient evidence of their inutility. To allow articles of luxury to the great, is to confer a merit on such objects, and to double their value in the eyes of the multitude. It was not by such a measure that Zaleucus checked the inordinate luxury of the Locrians, but by prohibiting superfluities among the most distinguished persons in the state. By his laws no woman of rank could be attended by more than one slave, unless she was intoxicated; he allowed ornaments of gold and embroidery to be worn only by courtezans, and rings by men notorious for depravity. These laws produced all the effect that could be wished, whereas the numerous statutes of our kings on this subject have tended only to excite the cupidity and desire of possessing the brilliant vanities that they designed to prohibit. I could enlarge still more on this subject, but I dare not. It is not always advisable to cry out against abuses. How many are there who subsist by them! and with such the feelings of private interest are always too powerful for that of public benefit. I shall therefore leave all those gentlemen at rest, and that I may not disturb their repose, I shall quietly terminate this chapter.

(To be continued.)

SABINA;

OR,

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

SCENE III.—*Glycerium, the dealer in flowers and garlands; the Chaplet of Isis; Garland of Parsley for the Head; Garlands of Roses of Pæstum for the Neck; Wax Fruits.*

CLIO, the chambermaid and confidant of Sabina, now hastily enters and informs her mistress, that Glycerium, the well-known Alexandrian dealer in garlands and flowers, desires to be admitted to her. "She is attended," continues Clio, "by two young slaves, carrying, in handsome baskets, the newest and most tasteful flowers, partly natural and partly artificial. She has been told that you have no time now to spare, and that she had better return in the afternoon before the hour of bathing. She will not, however, take any denial; and appears as though she has something which she can deliver only into the hands of the Domina herself.

Sabina, who had waited, with secret impatience, for this morning visit, nods approbation; and the loquacious Glycerium, with all the natural and artificial treasures of Flora's kingdom, is instantly admitted.

What abundance of the choicest and most elegant festoons, garlands, and chaplets, Glycerium now displays to the eyes of the eager Domina and her astonished slaves! She bore, with justice, the name of that celebrated female who rivalled her lover, Pausias, the famous painter of Sicyone, in the art of blending the variegated beauties of flowers. In the one kalathiskos, for so the curiously woven flower-baskets were denominated, were the loveliest children of Flora, which seem to have just sprung up in the footsteps of the dancing goddess of love. The gilly-flower, the narcissus, the lily, the crocus, the hyacinth, and the rose, entwine the young shoots of myrtle with ingenious variety and the nicest attention to the shades of colour and resemblance of smell. You might exclaim with Goethe's new Pausias: "What ought I to admire the most? The exquisite beauty of the flowers, the art with which they are arranged, or the taste of her who selected them?"

Nevertheless, all this display was so far from satisfying the inquisitive looks of the lady, that she scarcely designed to bestow upon it a hasty glance. It was not till she examined the second basket that the rays of joy were seen to illumine her countenance. She there found the most recent fashionable productions, consisting of

branches and flowers, imitated in metals and other substances; among which she spied the chaplet, the arrival of which she had so anxiously expected ever since she first entered her dressing-room. It was a chaplet of Isis, such as was worn at solemn assemblies and sacrifices, by those initiated into the mysteries of the great Egyptian goddess. The body of the chaplet was composed of tresses formed of the most delicate rind of the papyrus, twisted and fastened with elegant knots. Palm-leaves, of silver, resembling rays, projected from it at small intervals. From behind, where the ends of the chaplet met, hung two ribbands, which were suffered to flow on either side over the shoulders. Sabina hastily seized this chaplet; and actually found the significant Greek words, "My life and my soul," embroidered in one of the ribbands.

It is obvious that this chaplet was not an ordinary article of sale; nay, perhaps, the reader may have already guessed that its object was nothing less than to effect a secret assignation by the aid of the flower-dealer. The young knight Saturninus, who had lately become the favourite lover and cæsisbeo of our Domina, had yesterday, at parting, concerted this sign with her, and had found means to gain over to his interest the officious Glycerium, who was not accustomed to refuse any other occasional employment in addition to the trade of making chaplets, for which her country was so renowned.* Sabina now knew, from this distinguished chaplet, that every thing was prepared for the most so-

* Egypt, subsequent to the time of Alexander the Great, was the only centre of Grecian refinement, supported by Asiatic luxury. The art of making chaplets was likewise carried to the highest degree of perfection in that country, which, according to Athenæus, produced flowers all the year round. It was, therefore, natural enough that at Rome, where every nation was esteemed only in proportion as it contributed to the pleasures of the luxurious masters of the world, a strong prepossession should prevail in favour of Egyptian flower-girls and dealers in chaplets.

lemn nocturnal devotions (*pervigilium*) in the sacred temple of the benevolent Isis, who so readily affords relief to all the distressed, and can even prescribe the most efficient remedies for the pains of tender lovers. She consequently knew also what she had to do; and, in a whisper, directed the trusty Clio to make the needful preparations for an interview in the temple of Isis the following night.

Not till then had Sabina either time or inclination to examine, with attention, the baskets of flowers and chaplets which the young slaves still held on their heads, and to chuse what she should want for the evening. "Here, Spatale," cries she, "run and hang this fragrant garland of Egyptian lotus upon the statue of the great health-dispensing goddess that stands in my chamber, in the little golden temple beside my bed, and forget not to swing round the silver *sistrum* three times in a circle from right to left.* We shall stand in need, to-day, of the protecting care of the goddess who nourishes all beings."

"And now, dear Glycerium," continues she, "what novelties out of the kingdom of Flora have been imported from Alexandria in the fleet of merchantmen that the day before yesterday arrived at Ostia? For what kind of chaplets have you had the greatest demand since the last Apollinarian games? You know how stedfastly all eyes are fixed upon me. My husband gives a great entertainment to-day, and it is necessary that I should appear in the newest style of fashion."

"Domina," replies the artful Glycerium, with a smile scarcely half suppressed, and yet with a respectful inclination, "the silk fancy-flowers, after Indian patterns, are still universally in fashion, for chaplets to be worn on the hand.—Here," continued she, taking the basket from the head of one of the boys, and shewing a fragrant garland, in which the flowers of the lotus, intermingled with the leaves of the Indian spikenard, were as naturally imitated in silk as if they had been plucked only the same day among the banians on the shores of the Indus or Ganges, "you see the newest that the flower-dealers of Alexandria have sent me. They are sprinkled with essence of roses and cinnamon, but just invented and brought by the last fleet from India

to Egypt. As to garlands for the neck and bosom, even the all-fructifying Nile cannot dispense, from his boundless stores, any thing more beautiful and becoming than these leaves and roses of Pæstum fixed, in the most modern taste, to soft bandeaus of linden-bark. You know we have discovered the secret of keeping them fresh for several days. And were it even for infusion in beverage, nothing could surpass these roses of Pæstum."†

"I shall trust entirely to you, my dear Glycerium," replied Sabina, with unusual condescension. "Give me one of those chaplets. But what treasures are contained in that basket, in which I perceive nothing but green plants? Have you transformed yourself from the Egyptian queen of flowers into the mother of Euripides, the tragedian, and taken up the trade of selling chervil and anis?"‡

Thus said Sabina, and laughed. The whole circle of her surrounding attendants did the same, and pointed contemptuously to the basket of green chervil. Glycerium was so far from being disconcerted, that she appeared to be the only person in the company who was in the right. "I beg pardon, Domina," said she, "for not shewing you, at first sight, this new and wonderful production of a most skilful gardener on the Tusculan hill: but you prevented me by your questions concerning the novelties of my native country. Know, then, that these are garlands of water-parsley (*apium*), which my friend, the gardener, of Tusculum, has such a method of rearing, that in delicacy and beauty of appearance it is not surpassed by the hair of Queen Berenice; which, as you know, now shines a star in the firmament of Heaven. How admirably would a garland of this parsley decorate, this evening, your charming locks, which the hand of nature herself has formed into such elegant curls and ringlets. Our ancestors, it is true, likewise wore garlands of this kind of parsley: but they knew not, in those days, how to improve it by art. People tell many curious things concerning its secret virtues and ancient origin, and give it the mystical appellation of 'blood of the Corybantes.' But I ought rather to hold my tongue, lest I should expose myself still

* The primitive use of the *sistrum* was, undoubtedly, to accompany, in some measure, the lamentations made for Osiris. In process of time the real motive of this custom was lost; and it appears, that the Roman females shook the *sistrum* just as in modern times there are persons who mechanically repeat prayers with beads.

† It was customary to pluck the leaves from the chaplets, to infuse them in wine and to drink them with it. Pliny, who relates a curious anecdote of Cleopatra's curing Anthony of his distrust of her, by means of an im poisoned chaplet, calls it, to drink chaplets—*coronus bibera*.

‡ In the comedies of Aristophanes, he often indulges in sarcastic allusions to Euripides, on account of his mother, who is said to have sold chervil and other culinary vegetables.

more to your raillery and the laughter of your servants: especially as you have no occasion for the secret virtues of this wonderful plant; and as Clio told me, when I came in, you have not a moment to lose on my unprofitable gossiping."

The crafty Glycerium knew but too well that this address would only inflame the curiosity of Sabina, and that the Roman ladies of distinction were as superstitious, and as easily gave credit to every ridiculous tale, as the lowest of their slaves. On the very day the fleet of Egyptian merchant vessels was unladen, she had brought Sabina some bottles of unadulterated Nile water, with which the votary of Isis did not fail the same evening to sprinkle the statue of the great goddess in her temple. Nor was she deceived in her expectation.

"Stop a moment," said Sabina, "meanwhile I will have my nails pared. But tell me how does your good friend at Tusculum contrive to give his parsley this admirable curly and frizzled appearance? Perhaps he understands something of magic?"

"No doubt," replied Glycerium, "he makes use, in planting, of some secret arts, which he takes care not to communicate. So much, however, I know and have witnessed with my own eyes, that after treading down the young shoots with his feet, he every morning draws the garden-roller over his parsley-bed. In short, his parsley is the most beautiful and curly of any in the whole country, and —" Here Glycerium paused, and seemed preparing to depart.

"Go on, go on!" exclaimed Sabina with impatience, "you praised the secret virtues of the plant, and said something about the sacred origin from which it derives its romantic name. Explain yourself, or I shall not buy one leaf of all these herbs, which are much fitter for the collection of a *Rhizotomos** than for the toilette of a lady of distinction."

"The secret virtue of this parsley, illustrious Domina," rejoined Glycerium, "is that, when chewed, it operates as a powerful sweetener of the breath. For this reason I provide a regular supply of it for the little *Arbuscula*, the dancer, who lives behind the Temple of Peace: and it is asserted, that among all the remedies for a foul breath, prescribed in the works of our Greek masters in the cosmetic art, this is the most natural, the most effectual, and the most harmless.

* Sabina every where affects Greek appellatives. She might have employed the Roman word *herbarists*. What we call botanists, the Greeks denominated *Rizotomous*, cutters of roots. By *Botanistai*, the Greeks denoted only the labourers who were employed in weeding.

With respect to the cause of its extraordinary name, you, perhaps, recollect reading, in the ancient books, lent you some time ago by the priestess of Isis, a tradition relative to the rebellious smiths of Crete, called Cyclops or Corybantes. They slew one of their comrades, or their third brother, as the fable has it, covered the head of the deceased with a purple cloth, and buried him at the foot of Mount Olympus. The parsley is said to have sprung up immediately from the blood of the sufferer; and for this reason, in the mysteries and orgies of the Corybantes, it has ever been considered as the greatest of crimes to lay a plant of this kind on the sacred table."

"I shall take your chaplet of parsley," exclaimed Sabina, with sparkling eyes, "and you shall see that in a few days all Rome shall wear chaplets of parsley, as did our grandmothers fifty years ago, as we are told by Horace."

The Domina had, in fact, more than one motive for chusing this chaplet. Certain secret indulgences had given her breath, especially at rising in the morning, a kind of odor not much less disagreeable than that of a fasting Jew. On this account she was accustomed to take the first thing after rising, and sometimes even before she was up, a decoction of aniseed, and some honey boiled in wine. At this very time, while she was engaged with her toilette, she was chewing myrtle pastils to cure an evil, which gave rise to an important question among the lawyers of old, namely, Whether a person with offensive breath were to be considered as sick or in health? How welcome then was the chaplet, whose leaves combined such elegance with such salutary virtues. Isis herself, in a happy hour, sent this excellent remedy to her pious votary.

Spatale now returned, and with great concern announced that the Domina's monkey had found means to introduce himself into her bed-chamber, and had broken and destroyed the beautifully painted wax-figures and garlands, suspended beneath the figure of Isis, in two small silver *cornucopia* entwined in each other, probably mistaking these fruits for real apples, nuts, and pears. None appeared to be so distressed at this intelligence as Clio, who had the care of that apartment, and who might certainly be accused, with justice, of some degree of negligence.

Fortunately Sabina, in whom the coming of Glycerium had awakened pleasing hopes, regarded the emptying of the *cornucopia* as a favourable omen. "Blessed and praised be Isis, the great goddess!" exclaimed she aloud. "The goddess pours forth her favours on her handmaid. I vow to present to her three of the fattest geese in our poultry-yard, and a silver lamp on her sacred table!"

"The mischief may be very easily repaired," said Glycerium, "for in this basket I have some wax fruits of the greatest beauty, such as are sold at Alexandria, at the great festival of Adonis, and as we shall have here in Rome at our Saturnalia next December. It is true your friend Calpurnia had bespoken them of me as a votive gift to her Isis: but you shall have the preference; so take and dedicate them to the benevolent goddess." Before Sabina had time to answer her, the trembling Clio held both her hands, and ridded Glycerium of a commodity for which at that season of the year she would scarcely have been able to find a customer.

Glycerium was now dismissed with her slaves with a gracious nod. "Clio," said the Domina, "pay the Alexandrian immediately, and without any abatement, what we owe her. But hark,

forget not to give her the chaplets left from the last entertainment, and the other things that belong to them."

For these the sly procuress had long been waiting. Saturninus had expressly enjoined her to being him some token from Sabina that all was right, and that the private signification of his chaplet had been understood. Clio, obedient to the commands of her mistress, paid Glycerium two hundred sesterces, great part of which was to recompence her secret services. She gave her the half-withered chaplet which the Domina had worn at the last entertainment, and had put off on retiring to bed. A fig of Chios, of which Sabina had bitten off a piece, completed the symbolical love-letter. Instead of the fig, she would undoubtedly have sent a love-apple, had it not been too early in season to procure any.

ON THE TOMBS OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

IN A LETTER FROM A GRECIAN LADY TO HER FRIEND.

DURING the last conversation we had together, my dear friend, you appeared to be much astonished, when I related to you that the Greeks thought it their duty, and even a pleasure, sometimes to spend a whole day near the tombs of their departed friends. "Truly a pleasant amusement," you said, "to go and sadden one's-self upon a grave!" But, my friend, the tombs of the ancients, and those which are still seen in Greece, particularly those of persons distinguished by birth and fortune, have nothing in them that ought to excite horror. I will give you a description of one of these tombs, and then you may judge. It was raised by a virtuous son under the reign of the Sultaun Mahmoud, to immortalize the memory of a beloved mother.

This lady, who enjoyed all the endowments of nature and fortune, and whose least advantage was that of being extremely beautiful, had the happiness of saving the life of her father and her husband, by her courage and her eloquence.—These two persons filled the first stations under the Sovereign Princes of Moldavia; their immense riches excited jealousy in the breasts of many who put every device in practice to create suspicions respecting the conduct of the father and son-in-law. They went so far as to say, that their large estates were the produce of taxes they

dared to levy on several villages of Moldavia, without the permission or knowledge of the reigning prince, to whom they were nearly allied. The prince, irritated, hearkened to the voice of envy, and notwithstanding the ties of affinity, he sent these two noblemen to Constantinople, to be treated as state criminals. In twenty-four hours, (for justice is expeditiously-executed in Turkey), they were condemned to have their heads cut off, and all their estates were confiscated.

When the lady heard this fatal news, she fled from her house in a state of distraction, covered with a black veil followed by her slaves, and holding by the hand her only child, a boy of eleven years old, she went and placed herself on a spot where she knew the Grand Seigneur would pass. Before I proceed in my narration, allow me to make a little digression to acquaint you with the character of the Sultaun Mahmoud. There are some people who, with a prejudiced mind, which will not allow them to view things with an impartial eye, or, through a too great attachment to the nation to which they belong, imagine that, out of their own country every thing is bad, or inferior. But you, my friend, who know men, you who are unprejudiced, by the just attachment you have towards the most celebrated na-

tion in the universe, and have not shut your eyes to the merit of others, examine if among the Turks there be not also men truly worthy of the appellation of great.

The Sultaun Mahmoud was the most enlightened, the most amiable, and the most gallant prince of the Ottoman house; he was a great admirer of painting, music, and poetry. While he lived the arts had a protector in Turkey; he cultivated them himself with great success, and whoever excelled in them were certain of his esteem and patronage. Clemency was in general his principal characteristic. He delighted in redressing the wrongs of his subjects, particularly those of men who were incapable of repelling the attacks of injustice. He was not inferior to his predecessors in greatness of soul, nor in the art of governing. From his cabinet he made war against three great potentates, with whom he afterwards succeeded in making an advantageous peace. He excelled most men of his kingdom in the knowledge of the Turkish, the Arabian, and the Persian languages.—After this, perhaps, too tedious portrait, I will resume the thread of my narrative.

The lady awaited the approach of the Sultaun Mahmoud, and as soon as he arrived at a sufficient distance to hear her voice, she called upon him, at the same time raising her right hand, in which she held the petition she intended to present him. The Grand Seigneur turned his head, and sought with his eyes for the person who had called him; immediately one of his two hundred attendants approached the lady, took her arm, and assisted her to follow the cavalcade till they had arrived at the spot where his highness dismounted. All that day's petitions were read to him. Several of these affairs were transferred over to his visir, to be judged, as a last resource, before his tribunal; but the Sultaun was pleased to reserve a certain number for his own inspection. The lady's affairs were fortunately among the latter. Her petition was nearly couched in the following terms:

"He who created the Heavens, who is the Lord of Kings, as well as of all men, does not disdain paying attention to the wants of the smallest insect; allow me, mighty Sultaun, to enter your august presence, that, prostrate before your august throne, I may reveal to you my affliction, and implore your clemency."

She was permitted to present herself before the Sultaun; for some time she remained silently prostrate at his feet, till ordered to speak, when she expressed herself thus:

"Mighty Prince, as my father and my husband have had the misfortune of appearing criminal and deserving of death, I am come to throw myself at your feet, to conjure you to change the

sentence pronounced against them; if two victims are absolutely wanting to appease your wrath, take my head, and that of my son; it is just we should sacrifice our lives for those who have given us existence."

But, said the Sultaun, "it is not you, nor your son, that are guilty; it is your father and your husband."—She replied with so much respect and wisdom to the Sultaun's question, and he was so touched with the supplicant's greatness of soul, that, turning to those that surrounded him, he exclaimed aloud, "I cannot resist this woman's tears; let her father and her husband be restored to her immediately." Then, addressing her with a kind of placid countenance, he said, "Return home with your son, and banish all inquietude. I also give you back your estates; but as your relatives have so many enemies, prevent their mixing in affairs of state."—This virtuous woman returned home full of gratitude, and penetrated with the liveliest and purest joy to have saved the lives of two persons so dear to her heart. Some years after this, her husband, for whom she had been so much alarmed, died; and, although she was still handsome, rich, and young enough to make a second choice without being subjected to ridicule, she preferred remaining a widow, rather than afflict her son by marrying a second time. She died eighteen years after her husband. Her son, to immortalize his regrets, caused a superb tomb to be raised to her memory in his own ground, and this is the one I am going to describe.

Figure to yourself, my friend, a long square garden, situated at the extremity of a village, in the walls of which there are several windows that on one side look to the sea, and on the other to a public road. It is planted with cypresses, elms, and poplars; the walls are covered with flowers that do not require much care, such as jessamine, roses, and woodbine. The earth is clothed with violets and all kinds of wild flowers. From one angle of the garden there flows a wandering stream, which, gently murmuring, gives a refreshing coolness to this delightful spot, where reigns an eternal spring; the shade of the trees, the peaceful tranquillity, the variety of flowers, the murmurs of the stream, all inspire us with the idea of those happy fields, where the ancient Greeks believed their souls were received and recompensed.

This stream, which I have already mentioned, winds through the garden, and at length falls in a reservoir placed against the wall, which has several cocks; one of them is always open, and destined to water the flocks, the others are shut, and serve to relieve the thirst of the passers by. There are five or six brass cups fastened to the reservoir by long chains, which people an

horseback can make use of without dismounting. There is also a small building which communicates with the garden, composed of an oratory, and several rooms, for the use of priests, destined to pray, and take care of the lamp, always alight before the name of God, which is engraven on a crimson triangle of three or four feet in diameter. By the side of the triangle is also placed a statue of the Holy Virgin. Saturday, the day on which the church pays her particular homage, the priests remain all day at the door of the garden, to distribute alms, without distinction, to all those who beg. To others they offer flowers.

In the centre of the garden arises a white marble tomb: at the deceased person's head is placed an erect square stone of the same materials and length as the tomb. On it are engraven, in golden letters, the following prayer and epitaph:—

PRAYER.

"May the Almighty God, Creator and Lord of all that the eye of man sees, and all that his mind comprehends, be praised for ever by those who dwell on earth, those who are not yet in existence, and those who are sunk in death."

EPITAPH.

"Here reposes the body of a just being, who never ceased to obey the laws of God during her life, which was too transient for her worth.—(She attained only her fifty-seventh year.) In this space she fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, and clothed the naked; never did a word that could hurt any one escape her lips; she protected virtue, and looked with a compassionate eye on the vicious; she was little attached to riches, and even at her death sacrificed them to sooth the pains of others, as much as her power allowed her. Passers by pray for her, and emulate her example."

On the eve of certain days, during summer, her relatives and friends are invited to assemble in this garden. On entering it, all approach the tomb, and the nearest relation, with downcast eyes, bows, and repeats the following words:

"Sacred manes, which this cold marble encloses, accept the homage of our remembrance, of our respect, and of our regrets, which will cease but with our lives."

After a few moments of silence, the company disperse into different alleys; some walk, others gather flowers; others praise the deceased. The garden itself presents many objects fit to awaken reflection. Those trees that tower in the vigour of youth, and spread their branches around, one day shall fall under the blows of the axe, and lie extended without life on the earth. The

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stream that murmurs as it winds along offers an image of our existence, which flows through a variety of changing events, while we continually upbraid our fate. The flowers that bloom before us resemble our life, which lasts but a few moments; they wither never to rise again; for the year will be crowned again with blossoms, but they are not those that drooped with the passing spring.

It often happens that the sentiments which the sight of tombs inspire, are rendered productive of the most important effects on surrounding families. There, husbands and wives, children and parents, who are divided by discord, are brought together to settle their differences, and not in vain; for it is in the nature of wise and timely reflection to soften the hearts of men, and opens them to the most tender feelings.

At a certain hour they all assemble to dine. An abundant repast is spread on the rising turf, beside a refreshing stream. It consists of one or two lambs baked in the oven, stuffed with pigeons and Corinthian grapes; a roasted chicken is placed before each guest; crabs and other shell-fish, boiled in salt water, immediately after they have been taken from the sea, follow the first course, and numerous fruits compose the desert. Several vases are filled with Grecian wines; with the celebrated wine of Cyprus, that of Tenedos, opposite the promontory of Sigeus, where once stood Troy, that of Smyrna, which heighten the complexion of the Grecian virgins, when on festivals they dance on the stones of the Caystrus, and that of the island of Chios, which kindles the enthusiasm of the poet. When Bacchus, ever young, has shed mirth and attic wit around, one of the guests begins to sing, and invites the others to dance; every one in his turn takes the part of the chorister, and the others answer in full chorus. The meaning of these songs is nearly the same as that of the following verses of an old poet:

"Snatch the bud of present joy,
"Catch the moments 'ere they fly;
"Since no serious thought can spread
"Life beyond th' appointed hour,
"Crown with pleasure's wreaths your head,
"Gather Love's and Beauty's flow'r."

They dance, and the amusements continue till the shades of night descend, and then the whole company retires to the house of one of the guests, when several hours are dedicated to the cheerful sports.—Are not these the same Greeks celebrated by Anacreon, whose lives were enlivened by dances and songs?—You see, my friend, that though returning from the tombs of their friends, these people are not less amiable and joyful.

M. O.

D

THE REPRESENTATIONS OF LIFE.

CONTAINED IN WORKS OF FICTION:

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED AS HAVING ANY EXISTENCE IN NATURE.

M. DE CLAIRVILLE, a native of Paris, had, like many others of the most respectable of his countrymen, emigrated at the time of the revolution. He had enjoyed an honourable and lucrative post under the monarchy, and, by his provident foresight in placing the greatest part of his wealth in foreign countries, had saved, out of the wreck of an ample fortune, a competency sufficient to enable him to live, if not in an ostentatious, at least in an elegant style. His family consisted of his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, to both of whom nature had been lavish of her favours. Both of them, to a pleasing and elegant exterior, united the more valuable accomplishments of the mind; and their indulgent parents had not spared any expence in procuring them an excellent education. The most eminent masters, in every department of literature, had constantly attended them from the moment that they were capable of forming a thought, or articulating a sound; and their genius and docility endeared them to their instructors.

On their first emigration the family had retired to Coblenz, where a number of emigrants were assembled. At first, the intention of Monsieur de Clairville was to take up arms in the counter-revolutionary cause; but circumstances convinced him that the restoration of the monarchy was impossible. He therefore resolved to renounce all concern with the public affairs, and to spend the remainder of his life in philosophic leisure. He had designed to procure a commission for his son, but the unforeseen events which had taken place, had rendered his project abortive. He addressed himself to him in these terms:—

“My son, you know it was my intention, as well as your own desire, that you should be honourably placed in the army; but the course of events has frustrated the design. I have ever esteemed the profession of arms in the highest degree honourable, and peculiarly appropriated to the situation and rank of a gentleman, when they are borne in defence of our country, and the support of legal authority; but I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of making war a trade, as a mere mercenary. The monarchy of France

is overturned, the kingdom of the arts is no more; we have no longer any country to defend. Proscribed by republican usurpers, we have nothing left to do but to seek an asylum in a country where happiness and freedom reign in placid tranquillity. This asylum England affords. Let us hasten to that fortunate land, the bulwark of civilized society, the native soil of rational liberty, where that noble plant first took root, and still flourishes, bidding defiance to the wintry blasts of the revolutionary storms which have laid waste our unfortunate country. My economy and foresight, attended with the blessing of Divine Providence, have been successful in securing an ample provision for myself and you, my dear children. I yet possess enough to satisfy all reasonable desires. We will retire to England, where we may live in philosophical and elegant retirement; amuse our leisure with the study of literature, enjoy the protection of equitable laws, and contemplate the structure of a government which constitutes the glory and happiness of a great nation.”

Madame de Clairville gave her hearty assent to the proposal, and their son and daughter received it with rapture. The arrangements were speedily made; they embarked, and descending down the Rhine, arrived at Rotterdam, where they took shipping for London, and arrived in safety in the British metropolis.

After some time spent in contemplating the novelty of the scene, and making comparisons between the capital of France, in which they had passed their early youth, and that of England, in which they were to fix their future residence, the young Clairville and his sister resumed their literary studies. Under the most eminent masters in Paris, they had made a tolerable proficiency in the English language. After their arrival in London, their attachment to literature continued and increased; and they laboured with assiduity to extend the sphere of their knowledge.

The young Clairvilles were well read in philosophy and the *Belles Lettres*; but their ideas had taken a romantic turn. Their knowledge of books was extensive, and their knowledge of the world was as great as books could give. They

had read all the descriptions of rural felicity that poets have given with such enthusiastic rapture, and had caught the infection. Having been constantly accustomed to a city life, and immured first in Paris, and afterwards in London, they regarded those immense capitals as nothing more than prisons, where the human species are in an unnatural state, where the fascinating charms of nature are unknown, her beauties unobserved, and all genial pleasures disregarded. They began seriously to sigh for rural delights; they longed to partake the enjoyment of those happy scenes which the poets of almost every age had described with such enthusiasm, and which they had contemplated in idea with such rapture, and they anxiously wished for the happy time, when, bidding adieu to the noisy tumult of the metropolis, they might enjoy the peaceful company and innocent conversation of those nymphs and swains, of whose virtues and felicity they had read such extravagant encomiums.

Monsieur and Madame de Clairville, who were both persons of learning and experience, and equally conversant with books and with the world, had observed this romantic cast of mind in their children, and used every argument that reading and an extensive acquaintance with mankind could suggest, in order to convince them of its extravagance. In this attempt to rectify their ideas, they were exceedingly well seconded by M. de Palaise, an expelled ecclesiastic, who, like them, had emigrated from France in consequence of the revolution. This gentleman's knowledge of the world had kept pace with his literary acquisition, and his learning and observations were equally various and extensive. He represented to them the troubles and inconveniencies incident to every station, and endeavoured to convince them that no condition of life was free from those evils which are the common lot of humanity. Mademoiselle de Clairville used frequently to reply, "We do not expect to find any situation exempt from those natural evils which Providence has, with unerring wisdom, allotted to human beings; but certainly some conditions of life are free from those artificial evils which the vices and follies of mankind produce." Her brother would sometimes add, "those brilliant and fascinating descriptions of human felicity with which pastoral poets crowd and embellish their pages, must be drawn from some original; they cannot be wholly the work of imagination."

The reasoning of their parents and preceptors seemed sometimes to make them waver in their opinion, and suspect that there might be some degree of exaggeration in those descriptions; but as writers seemed so generally to agree in their representations of rural happiness, they

could scarcely suppose that so general a combination could have been formed, in order to impose on credulity, by painting ideal scenes, formed in the imagination, without any existence in reality. The favourite idea constantly recurred, and as they concluded that experiment must be the surest method of rectifying opinion, they resolved to petition their parents to indulge them with a summer's excursion into the country, in order to

"Clear this doubt, to know the world by sight;
"To see and judge if books report it right."

This request was no sooner made than granted. M. de Clairville, whose official duties had required his residence to be constantly at Paris, had not, in the course of many years, enjoyed the opportunity of retiring for a few months into the country, and his long and unremitted application to business had not a little impaired his health. He therefore, the more ready to indulge his son and daughter in a pleasure which, innocent in itself, promised the most beneficial effects, and appeared equally conducive to the re-establishment of his own health, and the rectification of their notions.

Their resolution to bid adieu for a season to the bustle of the metropolis was instantly fixed, and the preparations for their departure were soon made. M. de Palaise, who was equally acquainted with a town and a country life, and knew the mode of living and the general state of society among the lower classes, as also the easiest mode of procuring free access to their company and conversation, advised them to travel in the plainest and simplest style, as any mark of ostentation would naturally keep the rustics at a distance, and whenever an opportunity of conversation occurred, induce them to appear under a mask, and disguise their opinions and sentiments. They travelled, therefore, by the stage coach, unattended by any servant except a single maid. They all spoke the language so well that it was not easy to discover they were foreigners, and they passed for Londoners of some fortune who had retired from business. They fixed their residence in a small country village, where they had the good fortune to find a rural cottage to belet, which exactly suited their purpose. Although not spacious it was convenient, and one of the handsomest houses in the village. Here they passed for a family that possessed a small independency, and had come into the country for the sake of a healthful air and cheapness of living.

The first time they made their appearance at the parish church, all eyes were fixed on them, and the young people were almost stared out of countenance. The minister made a most excel-

lent sermon, but little of it was remembered by the congregation, most of whom forgot the text, while every one could remember each particular of the dress and demeanour of the strangers.

The first company the Clairvilles received, were the vicar and his lady. They were both of them good-natured, cheerful, intelligent, and communicative; both were of an acute penetration, and thoroughly acquainted with the world. The vicar was a consummate scholar, and his lady possessed all the knowledge, and was adorned with all the virtues suitable to her sex. In their society, the newly arrived family found that they had made a valuable acquisition.

The vicar, who was as good a judge of men as of books, soon discovered the strangers to be persons of no ordinary rank. He found them desirous of information, and made them acquainted with the circumstances of the village and its adjacent neighbourhood, the qualities of its soil, its productions, the employments, manners, and modes of life of the inhabitants; topics of conversation which, to the Clairvilles, were entirely new. They were delighted with his discourse, and also with the lively and sensible remarks of his wife; but from the picture of village society which they drew, the young Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Clairville soon found reasons to suspect that they should be disappointed in their expectation of contemplating, in this place, those scenes of happiness with which their fancy had been so amused. They could not avoid perceiving that the picture, drawn by the vicar, was very different from that which fancy had delineated; and their own experience alone was to determine whether the poets or the observer had incurred the mistake.

Their plain and simple style of life soon brought them into an intimate familiarity with the farmers, and even with the labourers, with whom they daily mixed in conversation. To the houses of the farmers they made frequent visits, and in all of them heard the same complaints of their high rents, their great disbursements in wages to servants and labourers, their own laborious exertions, in order to lessen, as much as possible, those enormous expences, and the impossibility of saving any thing to portion their daughters, or settle their sons. In every house they found nothing but hurry and bustle, intermixed with anxious solicitude for the advancement of their business; and heard little else than complaints against the unkindness of their neighbours, or narratives of the carelessness or idleness of their servants. When they discoursed with the servants or labourers, they were constantly entertained with an account of the niggardliness or ill nature of their masters

and mistresses, the hardness of their labour, or the scantiness of their food, the difficulty of procuring bread for their families, and the absolute impossibility of laying up any thing for their support in sickness or old age.

The young Clairvilles soon perceived, that, among these rustics, existence was one continued scene of bustle and exertion to procure the necessaries of life; that the same envyings, the same complaints of mutual wrongs, and the same spirit of cabal and intrigue existed in this small village as in places where the most important affairs are debated, and the fate of empires determined. In observing the manners of this sequestered spot, they found among its inhabitants a particular agreement and uniformity of taste in delighting to hear and relate the vices and follies of their neighbours. The first good-natured gossip with whom they fell into conversation, favoured them with an account of the scandalous register of the place, from the earliest period of her remembrance; and added, by way of appendix, what she had heard from her grandmother, and other good old women of former days. These tales of scandal were sometimes interrupted by animadversions on the bad management of their neighbours in their farms or their dairies, and on the niggardly parsimony or expensive extravagance of their housekeeping. The men informed them how well some of their neighbours might have lived, and what money they might have acquired by a proper manner of cultivating their farms, and by a strict attention to their business; and the women told them what a great quantity of butter several housewives of the village might send to market every week, if they knew how to manage their dairies. In fine, they perceived that there was some flaw in the character, the conduct, the economy, or housewifery of every one except the person who was actually favouring them with the important information.

One evening, as they were conversing by the fire-side in their little cottage, M. de Clairville asked them what they thought of rural happiness? "Indeed," said the young man, "I think the specimen we have here found, neither exhibits a very pleasing picture, nor affords any flattering expectation. I hear nothing but mutual complaints, and reciprocal censure; nothing presents any spectacle of happiness or censure; but I cannot suppose this every where the case; we must have made a wrong choice of a situation." "It appears to me," added Mademoiselle, "that the inhabitants of this village labour under some particular disadvantages, and feel the pressure of some circumstances peculiarly unfavourable, which sour their temper and render them querulous, censorious, and discontented. I do not,

therefore, despair of finding a place where things will have a different aspect."

M. de Clairville made no comment on their suppositions. Being desirous that their own observations alone should produce conviction, he was unwilling to anticipate experience, and told them, as their expectations had here been disappointed, he should propose to look out for some new abode, where they might be more fortunate. The young people were delighted with the proposal; and the necessary arrangements for carrying it into effect being speedily made, they departed from a place which had so greatly disappointed their expectations, leaving the whole neighbourhood lost in conjecture. Some imagined that urgent business had called them away; while others supposed that they had come, at the first, to conceal themselves from the pursuit of creditors, and that their abode having been discovered, they had made a precipitate retreat to escape an arrest.

After some days spent in erratic travelling, the Clairvilles arrived at last in a village where was a commodious house to be left. Pleased with its situation, which appeared, in every respect, answerable to their views, they resolved to take it. The houses were considerably better in this village than in that they had quitted; and although the one, in which they had fixed themselves, was not the largest or best residence in the place, it was very convenient, tolerably genteel, and sufficiently large for so small a family. There they began to live in a plain, but yet somewhat more elegant style than they had hitherto done, which appeared necessary to their design, as they observed a greater air of opulence here than in the place where they had last resided. They did not, however, find the minds of the inhabitants more cultivated, nor their manners more refined, except in some ceremonious punctilios, by which a few individuals, who wished to set themselves up for persons of more than ordinary consequence, endeavoured to appear polite.

In a short time the Clairvilles received and returned the visits of the most considerable persons of the village. The pleasure of those visits had been anticipated, with rapture, by the young Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Clairville, who had expected greater elegance of discourse, and more extensive information, among those refined villagers, than they had met with among the homely rustics of their late residence. Here, however, they again experienced the mortification of disappointment; and were astonished to find no greater elevation of ideas, no greater ex-

tent of information, no higher intellectual attainments, than in the society they had lately quitted. The principal part of the conversation generally consisted in censorious strictures, and invidious remarks on the conduct and pecuniary circumstances of their neighbours. One very communicative person informed them, that a neighbour's daughter had been guilty of an indiscretion some years ago; and another related, that such a one's daughter got married a while since, but that her father, notwithstanding his high looks, and the gay appearance of his family, could give her only a very small portion; and that another respectable woman was to have been married not long ago, and would have met with a very good match, but when it came to a point, her father "could not raise the wind." The most distinguishable difference in moral ideas, to be observed between their present and former situation, was, that here a greater degree of insolent pride seemed attached to the possession of money, and a more visible contempt manifested towards those who were destitute of that useful commodity.

As in the village where they had before resided, so likewise in their present place of abode, the scandalous chronicle furnished an inexhaustible fund of consolation; and the good-natured gossips were extremely careful that the strangers should not long remain ignorant of its contents. Its ample page was unfolded; the follies and misconduct of the preceding, as well as the present generation, was brought upon the carpet, and detailed with the most circumstantial accuracy. They were soon favoured with an exact account of all the children that had been born before, or too soon after marriage; of all the females who had, in their former days, deviated from the path of virtue; and of all those who had been lightly talked of. These anecdotes of human frailty were repeated in almost every visit, and in almost every conversation. Each communicative companion related all the instances of female frailty which had come to her knowledge, with the sole exception of her own; and as this deficiency was commonly supplied by the information of the next friendly visitor, the history was soon rendered complete. Every officious informer, however, took care to demonstrate her aversion to scandal, by declaring, that "she would not, on any account, have her name brought into question, as all the world knew she was not one who liked to vilify her neighbours."

[To be continued.]

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THE STORY OF THE TAME PIGEON.

BY THE CELEBRATED MISS HAMILTON.

SOME years ago, a deep and universal regret was excited by the premature death of the Earl of N. a nobleman who had the rare felicity of being very sincerely and very deservedly beloved. An eulogium upon his character given in one of the newspapers of the day concludes as follows: "His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, now in the third year of his age. The present earl and his sister, who is in her sixth year, are left to the sole guardianship of their amiable mother, a lady no less distinguished by exemplary virtue, than by her exquisite beauty, splendid fortune, and brilliant accomplishments."

This account of Lady N. was by no means exaggerated. She had hitherto performed all the duties of life in an exemplary manner. She had been an amiable daughter, a good wife, and a fond mother—but she had been neither one nor other from principle. She had only acted the part planned for her by others, and quietly gone on in the track into which she had fortunately been led.

For the sweetness with which she accommodated herself to the inclinations of her parents, and her husband, Lady N. had obtained much applause, and would have merited more than all the praise bestowed, had her obedience proceeded from a principle of duty; but it was in her the offspring of indolence and timidity. She yielded, not to gratify others, but to save trouble to herself. She consequently never had experienced the pleasure which glows in the breast of the generous when conscious of having made a sacrifice of inclination to duty or affection.

Having been successfully guided by the wisdom of judicious parents, and of a sensible husband, Lady N. had always appeared to act with uncommon prudence; but when left solely dependent upon her own judgment, she found that she had been very imprudent in never having given herself the habit of exerting it. She had had what is sometimes called a religious education:—that is to say, she had learned a respect for the institutions of the church, had learned to repeat her creed, and say her prayers, and to keep clear of all gross offences. But even these best impressions were rather adopted as prejudices, than embraced as principles.

It has been observed of women, by a witty poet, (though in fact the observation is equally applicable to both sexes,) that

They who are born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

Indeed, in the very nature of things, they who must be governed will fall under the dominion of the worthless; for who but the self-interested and depraved will practise the arts necessary to obtain an ascendancy over the mind either of an equal or superior?

Those who do not select from esteem, or esteem from real and accurate observation, will be forever liable to misplace their confidence. Such was the fate of lady N. Her too great facility of temper rendered her an easy prey to the arts of the designing. Her principles were good; but they were not fixed in her mind with sufficient strength to be resorted to as the support and guide of her life. She thought it requisite for her to have some one on whom to lean, and indolently resigned herself to the first to whom chance happened to direct her.

Mrs. Pegg, the person who, after the death of the Earl of N. had the boldness to aspire and to gain her lady's confidence, was a woman of very low origin, but of very insinuating address. By pretending a more profound degree of sorrow for the death of her late master than was at all consistent with probability, she made her first approaches to her lady's favour. The grief of Lady N. was unaffected and sincere. She was soothed by the apparent sympathy of the hypocrite, whose tears flowed still faster than her own, and considered them as an infallible proof of the strength of her attachment.

Lady N. was not deficient in understanding; but Mrs. Pegg was as much her superior in talents as in artifice: had her talents been guided by principle, she would indeed have been a valuable acquisition in any family; but her heart was corrupt and depraved: her talents were therefore employed to cheat, to circumvent, and to deceive. She soon penetrated into all the weaknesses of her lady's character, and with infinite dexterity turned them to her own advantage. Every thing at Castle N. was now placed under the control of this ambitious woman. So complete was the ascendancy she obtained over the mind of her too easy mistress, that she neither heard, saw, examined, nor judged for herself. Every thing was left to Mrs. Pegg. All the servants, even the old and attached domestics of the family, were, one after another, on various pretexts, dismissed. Some Mrs. Pegg thought it dangerous to keep, because they knew too much of her real character; others were too unbending to be subservient to her wicked views; she therefore made use of the

opportunity which constant access to her lady afforded, to prejudice her mind against them all.

Never, indeed, did Mrs. Pegg make use of her influence for the advantage of any human being. Never did she commend any one to her lady's favour on account of their real worth; or seek to lessen any one in her regard on account of any blemish in their moral character: all her motives were purely selfish. But if Lady N. had been possessed of the principles of justice, she would not have taken this woman's representations as sufficient evidence, neither would she have delegated to a mean and vulgar person that authority, for the due exercise of which, she was to be responsible at the tribunal of the Almighty.

The dread of giving herself trouble, would not then have appeared to her as a sufficient excuse for shrinking from those inquiries by which the truth would have been established; nor would she have considered herself justifiable in giving up her own judgment, where she was called upon by Providence to exercise it.

With respect to her children Lady N. was still more seriously to blame. She doated upon them to excess. Yet she did not give herself any trouble in the formation of their minds. She trusted every thing to Mrs. Pegg. "What could she do?" she said; "she never had been used to children, and did not know how to manage them; but happily Mrs. Pegg had been used to them, and therefore could not fail to manage them properly!"

Their first notions of right and wrong were consequently imbibed from Mrs. Pegg. Now it happened, that of right and wrong Mrs. Pegg had no other rule or standard than self-interest.—Whatever gave her trouble was punished as a fault of the first magnitude. Whatever did not interfere with her ease or convenience was passed without notice. No idea of the consequences which false and injurious impressions might have upon the future character, entered into her imagination; nor, if it had, would it have disturbed her peace. The children might be false, cruel, capricious, proud, or obstinate, with impunity, provided they paid a proper respect to her, and never failed to observe her special orders; but no sooner did they transgress in this respect, then they were punished with unmerciful severity; and so completely did she keep the poor infants under subjection, that they dared not utter a complaint.

The children believed that their mamma's apartments were haunted by a secret spy; and in truth they were so; for the unprincipled nurse, not contented with the possession of her lady's unbounded confidence, took care, by means of listening, to inform herself of all that was going forward. And such an adept had she become in

this detestable practice, that a two-inch door was no obstacle in the way of her information.—When she had, from any thing that passed, the slightest grounds for alarm respecting the continuance of her influence, she had immediate recourse to a method which she had ever found to be infallible. Lord N. or Lady Mary were, upon such occasions, the innocent sufferers.

As they were the objects of their mother's doting fondness, their slightest indisposition ingrossed her whole attention; and upon such occasions her sole dependance was placed on the care, the skill, the wonderful management of Mrs. Pegg. No wonder, then, that Mrs. Pegg should be sometimes induced to make to herself an opportunity of evincing her skill and dexterity in their recovery; and as she could do it at the expence of a little stomach sickness, the children were, perhaps, in reality, not much the worse for the experiment.

Mrs. Pegg was not, however always thus fortunate in being able speedily to remove the effects of her own treatment. When her young lord was in his fifth year, he was seized with an inflammation in his lungs, which had nearly cut short the slender thread of his existence. It is impossible to describe the confusion and dismay which reigned at Castle N. during the anxious period of his danger. No eye (at least so Lady N. believed) ever shut in sleep; no lips were opened for any other purpose but to sigh. How much the usual consumption of victuals was lessened, is best known to the housekeeper; but certain it is, that among the numerous train of domestics and dependants at Castle N. there were few who did not on this occasion feel deeply interested for their lady, or for their young lord, or for themselves!

We may believe that Mrs. Pegg would now act the part of grief to admiration. She indeed appeared to be almost distracted; but she did not now act a part: her terrors were, for the first time, sincere. For, though her soul was of too hard a texture to be susceptible of the tenderness of affection, the fond mother herself was not now more truly anxious for her son's recovery than she was. Her attention was not however solely engrossed by the little sufferer. Lady Mary never experienced from Mrs. Pegg so much tenderness of endearment, or such unlimited indulgence as she now experienced. She was only entreated not to speak of her brother to her mamma, and she might have what she pleased.

Mrs. Pegg gave herself, in this instance, a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The poor child's spirits had been too effectually subdued by terror to betray any transaction which it was Mrs. Pegg's interest to conceal: nor did it, perhaps, enter into her mind to ascribe her brother's ill-

ness to any other cause than that to which she had heard it ascribed, viz running across the lawn without his hat. But though Lady Mary might not know, or might not chuse to tell, I know, and I shall tell you how it really happened.

Mrs. Pegg's standard of right and wrong has already been explained. Now as the children could do nothing which produced so much trouble to her as soiling or tearing their clothes, so no fault of which they were ever guilty, was punished with half the severity. Lady Mary, being of a timid and quiet disposition, was not nearly so apt to transgress in this way as her brother, who, while he was in frocks, was perpetually grieving Mrs. Pegg's righteous spirit by stains, and rents, most unfeelingly inflicted on her future perquisite. Nor when he exchanged the fragile muslin for the stouter trowsers, were her troubles at an end. Though he could no longer tear, he still could soil; and in those elopements into the garden or court-yard, which not all her vigilance could prevent, he would sometimes in running after a butterfly slip his foot on the fresh dung mould; sometimes in caressing a spaniel receive such a warm return of gratitude as left its visible effects behind; nor did he think of the consequences, until he beheld the marks of his favourite's paws upon the fair nankeen, which he would then most willingly have exchanged for the coarsest linsey-woolsey that ever little boy was clothed in.

It happened on a luckless day, when, as Lady N. dined from home, Mrs. Pegg intended saving herself the trouble of dressing the children a second time, that Lord N. finding himself unobserved, and hearing the voice of Tom the stable-boy speaking to the tame pigeon, was tempted to slip down the back stairs to share with Tom the pleasure of feeding his pet.

The pigeon was at first a little shy. It flew away at his approach, but being lured back by Tom, it at length became so familiar as to eat the corn which he scattered for it at his feet. Tom assured him that when a little better acquainted, it would eat from his hand with as little fear as it now did from his. Lord N. was very ambitious to rival Tom in the pigeon's favour, but in the eagerness of impetuosity he defeated his own purpose. The pigeon took fright and retreated. He pursued. Snatching the hat full of corn from Tom's hand, he followed the fugitive, coaxing it in such sweet accents as but one other little boy in the wide world could utter. The hard-hearted pigeon heeded not the music of his voice. It walked on till, turning into an inner court, it there took to its wings and flew to the top of the opposite wall. Poor N. rushed on unconscious of his danger, nor once perceived the heap of mud which had

been that morning raked from a sewer, and lay directly in his way, and in which he would, the next moment, have measured all his length, had it not been for the agility of his companion, who, throwing himself before him, saved him from falling farther than his knees. As he was not hurt, he would have joined Tom in the loud laugh which he instantly set up, had not the idea of Mrs. Pegg presented itself to his affrighted imagination, banishing all thoughts of mirth and gladness from his mind. As he looked in sad dismay on the woefully bespattered trowsers, the roses forsook his cheeks, the ruby lips grew pale, and the long dark silken fringes with which nature had adorned his seraph eyes, were moistened with tears of anguish. He stood aghast and trembling; afraid to cry, lest his crying should reach the ears of Mrs. Pegg, and yet not able to refrain from giving vent to the misery which swelled his little heart. At length he took courage to turn his steps towards the house, supported by Tom, who was now little less terrified than himself, though he knew not for what; when, all at once the sound of Mrs. Pegg's voice broke in thunder on his ears, and her stately form was seen advancing towards them, clothed in all the majesty of anger. Lord N. now screamed outright; but unmindful of his emotion she took him by the arm with one of those jerks which prove that dislocation is not so easily accomplished as some weak persons may imagine; and giving Tom a box on the ear which sent him staggering to the other side of the court, hastily proceeded with the culprit to her own apartment. How she stamped and raged, and scolded, it is needless to describe, but as she had stamped and raged, and scolded at offences of the same kind before now, and as it proved without effect, she determined on a new method of punishment. Having stripped the unfortunate delinquent of his soiled garments, she put him in a corner, there to stand during the term of her pleasure, and then calmly left him, in order to resume the occupation in which she had been so disagreeably interrupted.

It was in the month of May. The sun was hot, but the east wind blew chill. The poor boy had thrown himself into a heat running after the pigeon, which had been increased by succeeding agitation, and from wearing coat and trowsers lined with flannel, he was now exposed, without defence, to the piercing air of an open window. The consequences are not so surprising as his recovery appeared to be to those best acquainted with his danger.

These consequences it is certain Mrs. Pegg did not foresee, but she made no scruple of doing under the eye of God, what she would not have done under the eye of her mistress. And that

she was conscious of doing wrong was evident from the rage she was in on finding that the situation in which she had left Lord N. was discovered by little Tom; who, deeply interested in the fate of his young master, and directed by his lamentations to the scene of punishment, had adventurously dared, by the assistance of a step-ladder, to peep in at the window, through which he hastily offered all the consolation in his power, by assuring Lord N. that the pigeon should be his own.

When Lord N. was well enough to be taken out an airing, he went one morning with his mamma and sister, attended by Mrs. Pegg, in the landau, and was standing up by his mamma's side looking over the carriage, when it stopped so suddenly as to throw him off his balance, with a violence that might have been fatal, had not Mrs. Pegg's arm been ready to receive him.

The coachman at the same moment called loudly to some one to get out of the way. "No," replied the person spoken to, "I will not get out of the way. You may ride over me, you may trample me to death, but I will not stir till my lady promises to speak to me."

Lady N. stood up, and on looking out perceived a little boy kneeling in the middle of the highway, which was in that part only sufficiently wide for the carriage. She called out to know who it was. "It is little Tom, the stable-boy, please your ladyship," said the coachman, "he was turned away yesterday morning by your ladyship's orders."

"I gave no such orders," said Lady N. "let the boy come here to speak to me."

"Bless me," cried Mrs. Pegg, "I dare say Mr. Ditto (the steward) has mistaken me. I told him yesterday that I was sure if your ladyship knew what a sad liar this little fellow was, you would not keep him another day about the house; but I did not say your ladyship had dismissed him.—I wonder how he could mistake me so."

"I wonder so too," growled the coachman; "I never knew Mr. Ditto make blunders, nor did little Tom ever tell a fib in all his life, as I know of."

Tom was by this time at the carriage door, a piteous spectacle. Stripped of his livery, and having out-grown his former clothes, he had, in order to secure himself from the inclemency of the weather, fastened his old coat upon his back by bringing the sleeves round his neck, and tying them in a hard knot upon his breast, where they conveniently hung, as they now served the office of a handkerchief, in wiping the tears from his swollen eyes.

Lady N. could not but compassionate the little wretch. In a mild tone she desired him to tell

what he wanted, but to be sure to speak the truth, for that she could not endure any one that told lies.

"No, my lady, I've never told no lies since I was born, my lady. My lord there can tell you it was not I, was it, my lord? Pray tell your lady mamma; was it I that 'ticed you out the day you fell into the mud and dirtied all your clothes so? and when Mrs. Pegg was so hugeous angry? Do pray speak, my dear sweet young lord, was it I?"

"No," said Lord N. looking wistfully up in his mother's face, "indeed, indeed, mamma, it was not Tom's fault."

"I know not what you speak of, my dear child," said Lady N.

"I said so," cried Tom, "I said my lady knew nothing of the matter, I was sure and certain, my lady, that it was all a story of Mrs. Pegg's own making, and that you never would have had the heart, my lady, to order her to twist off the neck of my pretty pigeon."

"You little abominable lying vagabond," said Mrs. Pegg, lifting up her voice, and casting her indignant regards on the unfortunate outcast, "what is it that you dare to say of me?"

"I say," cried Tom, agitated with fresh emotion, "I say that you said as how that my lady said, that my lord caught cold by following of me; and that it was I that 'ticed him into the yard, and that it was by my lady's orders that you twisted off the head of my pretty pigeon. Lady Mary saw you do it; aye, she saw you do it, and she saw you throw the bloody head in my face, too, and heard you tell me that I should be served in the same way myself. And she heard you say, too, that it was all my lady's orders. Did not you my Lady Mary? I am sure you will not say you didn't."

The poor Lady Mary sadly discomfited by this appeal, sat trembling and silent. Three times the truth rose to her lips, and a voice within her heart told her that she ought to give it utterance. But a glance from the eyes of Mrs. Pegg silenced the feeble voice of conscience, and repelled the truth that sat upon the tongue. Lady N. looked at her daughter in surprise, "and do you know any thing of this, my love?" said she, taking her kindly by the hand.

"Do, pray tell," cried Mrs. Pegg, in a tone which Lady Mary perfectly well knew how to interpret, "did you ever see me do such a thing in your life? Me twist off the head of a tame pigeon! Do, pray tell, my dear, I insist upon your speaking."

Lady Mary was still silent.

"Bless you, dear sweet young lady, speak," cried Tom. "I am sure and certain you can't have forgotten."

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"Was there ever such impudence!" cried Mrs. Pegg, in a voice half choaked with rage, "you little story-telling villain, I shall know who it is that has put you upon this." Then turning to Lady Mary, whose hand she at the same time seized with vehemence, "tell this moment, I insist upon it. Did you ever see me do such a thing?"

"No," faintly uttered the too timid Lady Mary: the consciousness of flagrantly departing from truth and justice, dying her face with crimson as she spoke.

"Now," cried Mrs. Pegg, in exultation. "Now, my lady, I hope you will believe, I hope you see what a knave this is: if your ladyship chuses to listen to him all day you will have plenty of stories, I'll be bound for it."

"You know it is no story," said Tom, "indeed, indeed, my lady, it is no story; I have not a friend in the wide world, but God; and my mammy told me God would be my friend while I told the truth. Indeed, my lady, I don't lye, and if your ladyship's honour will let me go back to the castle, I will bring proof that I don't."

"What astonishing impudence!" cried Mrs. Pegg, turning up the whites of her eyes, "I wonder how your ladyship can encourage such a depraved little wretch, I should hope your ladyship cannot possibly take his word against mine and Lady Mary's too! Shall I bid the coachman drive on?"

Lady N. silently assented. The coachman smacked his whip. The horses darted forward, and poor honest Tom was left a helpless orphan, destitute and forlorn, to seek his way through a world in which he saw hypocrisy and falsehood triumph over innocence and truth; and in which he found the ear of the powerful to be only open to favourites and flatterers, even when justice and judgment lifted up the voice!

Had Lady N. been sensible of the fatal impression which her conduct at that moment made upon the mind of a fellow creature, had she foreseen the consequences which ensued from depriving this, then innocent boy, of the confidence which he had been taught to put in the certain success of integrity, she would have been struck with horror! But though these consequences were too remote to be distinctly foreseen, she must doubtless be considered as responsible for them, in so far as she acted upon other principles than those which her heart and conscience most seriously approved.

She was in reality far from being satisfied that Mrs. Pegg was free from blame, and far from being convinced that the boy said what was false; but she had not courage to pursue an enquiry, which if it terminated to the disadvantage of her favourite, would disturb her own peace; and

which would at any rate give a sad shock to her poor nerves.

The principle of selfishness was, therefore, in Lady N. more powerful than the principle of justice. She had from youth been accustomed to cultivate the one, for it is evident that it had become a habit of her mind; and she had from youth been accustomed only to talk of the other, so that it had no real influence upon her conduct. Lady N. was mild, amiable, and gentle, as heart could wish, yet here we see her guilty of an act of cruelty and oppression, of which a person of a less yielding disposition, and who had been actuated by steady principle, would never have been guilty.

Even for the crimes into which Mrs. Pegg was led, Lady N. was in a great measure accountable. Had she considered the influence she possessed as a trust received from God, a talent which she was bound to employ to the best advantage, she would not have deemed herself excusable in thus disposing of it. The ambition which led Mrs. Pegg from crime to crime, would have been crushed in its very birth. Her talents would have been employed in their proper sphere; and her merit judged of, not merely according to the height of its artificial gloss, but by the rigid rules of truth and justice. The poor woman would by this means have escaped the misery into which she was afterwards led by the gradual but overpowering force of great temptations.

As to Lady Mary, we cannot but consider her as an object of pity. She had been told to respect truth, yet was placed in a situation where to speak truth required a degree of fortitude beyond her strength. She had never been taught the necessity of exerting it. But had religious principles been implanted in her heart, she would have felt that it was less daring to offend Mrs. Pegg, than to offend her creator and her judge. She would therefore at all events have run the risk of incurring Mrs. Pegg's displeasure, rather than soil the pure integrity of her mind, by giving utterance to a wilful falsehood. Granting that through timidity she had permitted herself to be inadvertently hurried into this grievous error; she would, upon reflection, have hastened to repair it, and by an ingenuous confession of the truth, have wiped the stain from her conscience. Thus would the principles of honour and humanity have been upheld by the principles of religion.

Happy they who are taught the practice, while they are initiated into the precepts of virtue! Happy they who at an early period, have acquired sufficient resolution to adhere with firmness to the principles in which they have been thus instructed!

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON PNEUMATICS.

DEFINITIONS.

PNEUMATICS is that branch of natural philosophy, which treats of the weight, pressure, and spring of the air, and of the several effects connected with these properties.

Dilatation is an increase of volume without an increase of matter: thus air is said to be dilated, when any portion of it is made to occupy more space than it did before.

When a quantity of air is reduced into a much smaller space than it filled before, it is said to be *condensed*.

A *vacuum* is a space from which all the air has been taken away.

A *valve* is a kind of lid that opens one way, and closes the aperture more completely as the pressure upon it is greater; so that it either admits the entrance of a fluid, and prevents its return, or allows it to escape, and prevents its re-entrance.

A tube is sealed *hermetically*, by melting the glass and consolidating it.

OF THE WEIGHT AND PRESSURE OF AIR.

Atmospherical, or common air, is a thin, transparent, and elastic fluid that surrounds the earth to a considerable height, and revolves with it in its course round the sun. Air resembles other fluids in its general properties, but it differs from them in this, that it admits of being compressed into any space, however small, and that it is incapable of being converted into a solid by cold. When the particles of air are acted upon by the voice, or any other moving power, they flow among, and over each other, in every direction, and convey sound, &c. to distances proportional to the impulse they had received.

Air, like every other fluid, has weight, and presses in every direction. It compresses the animal body, and keeps the fibres from being forced out of their natural order; but as it presses equally on every part, we are insensible of its effects, except it be partially removed, as in the following experiment. Put a piece of burning paper into a wine-glass, the air contained in which will be displaced by the flame in a few seconds. Then place the fleshy part of the hand

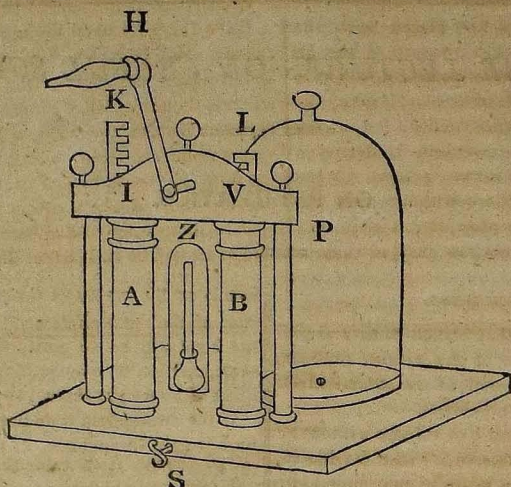
evenly on the mouth of the glass, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the upper surface of the hand will be so great, that it will require some exertion to remove it from the glass. A quart of air weighs about $14\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

If the atmosphere were non-elastic, or of uniform weight throughout, its whole height from the base of the earth upwards, would not exceed $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles; but air is elastic, which gives it a density, or weight, proportioned to its compression, and causes the atmosphere to extend to an unlimited height. Some idea of the elasticity of air may be conceived by compressing a sponge, or piece of wool, which is no sooner set at liberty by the opening of the hand, than its parts distend in every direction till they have recovered their former bulk.

From various experiments it appears, that the spaces which air occupies when it is compressed by different weights, are reciprocally proportional to the weights themselves; for the more the air is compressed, the less space it takes up. Therefore as the pressure of the upper parts of the atmosphere upon the lower becomes less, according to the different heights, it must follow that the air in the higher part of the atmosphere where the pressure is very inconsiderable, may be rarified to an almost unlimited extent. On the supposition that the atmosphere diminishes in weight exactly in proportion to the different heights, it is calculated that at the height of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles the atmosphere is about twice as rare as on the surface of the earth; that at seven miles it is four times as rare, at 14 miles 16 times as rare, at 21 miles 64 times as rare, and so on in proportion.

When wool, or any other elastic body is compressed, it resumes its former bulk when the pressure is removed; but air not only resumes its first bulk, but expands to any extent, diverging in right lines, and in all directions as from a common centre. Hence soap-bubbles derive their spherical form, the air within them having an equal divergency from their centre.

The nature and properties of air have been clearly demonstrated by means of a machine called an air-pump. The construction of this pneumatic instrument is as follows:

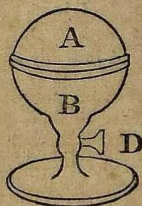


A and B are two brass barrels, or cylinders, within which are toothed rods, K and L, called pistons, which fall into a toothed wheel sunk in the block I V. P is the receiver, sometimes called the recipient. It stands on a brass plate that has a small hole in the middle, through which the air passes from the receiver into a closed channel made of brass, which communicates with the cylinders A and B. Near the bottom of each cylinder is a valve opening upwards; and above these valves are two others, which are moved up and down by the toothed rods. On turning the handle H, one of the pistons is raised and the other depressed, consequently a rarified space is formed between the upper and lower valve in one cylinder; and the air which is contained in the receiver rushes through the conducting pipe, and by its elasticity forces up the lower valve and enters the rarified part of the cylinder, when the valve closes, and prevents the return of the air into the receiver. When the motion is reversed, the other piston ascends, and that in the opposite cylinder is depressed; in its depression the elasticity of the air, contained between the two valves, forces open the uppermost valve, and it escapes into the upper part of the cylinder; then the valve closes again and prevents its return. The opposite piston performs the same operation, but the motions are alternate, so that whilst one piston exhausts the air from the receiver, the other is discharging it from the top of the cylinder. Thus, by continued exhaustion, the density of the air keeps decreasing in the receiver, till its elasticity is no longer able to force up the lower valves, which terminates the effect of the machine. The air may be re-admitted into the recipient, by unscrewing a small nut at S, and a barometer gauge Z, is connected

with the machine, and shews in an accurate manner the changes which take place in the density, or weight of the air within the receiver.

The atmosphere is supposed to be about fifty miles high; but though this is merely conjectural, it is known with certainty that a column of air whose base is a square inch, and whose height that of the atmosphere, weighs fifteen pounds on the surface of the earth. Therefore estimating the surface of a man's body at 15 square feet, the pressure he continually supports is equal to 33,480 pounds, or upwards of 14 tons weight. The reason why we are insensible of this enormous pressure is, that there is within a quantity of air which counterbalances the pressure of the atmosphere upon our bodies. This re-action of internal against external air has been demonstrated by a variety of experiments, of which the following will suffice to establish the fact.

The machine, called the Magdeburg Hemisphere, consists of two hollow brass hemispheres, which when put together form the sphere A B, but may be separated at a touch. In the lower part D, there is a stop-cock which communicates with a tube that screws into the plate of the air-pump, and by means of which the air may be withdrawn from the interior of the globe. When this is effected, the stop-cock is shut to prevent the return of the air, and the counterbalancing force being removed from the interior of the globe, the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface will compress the two hemispheres so closely together, that they cannot be separated without employing a considerable force.



When the receiver is first placed upon the plate of the air pump, the pressure of the air contained within the receiver being equivalent to that which acts on the exterior part, it may, like our bodies, be moved with facility; but as the air is exhausted, the equilibrium is destroyed between the inner and outer surfaces, till the pressure of the atmosphere without fixes the receiver so firmly to the plate, that it requires a greater force than one man can exert to remove it.

Place the hand upon the top of a small glass, called a hand glass, which is open at both ends, and stands on the plate of the air pump; then exhaust the air which it contains, and the fibres, or fleshy part of the hand, will distend, with a very painful sensation, which is occasioned by the want of atmospherical compression on that part of the hand which covers the mouth of the glass. In treating of the barometer, the pressure of air will be still farther illustrated.

ON HERALDRY.

It has been justly observed "that in some cases, a book from its own nature cannot be rendered, without the utmost art, agreeable both to delicate tastes, and to correct judgments; and authors, in order to gain an extensive audience to their works, are sometimes seduced to seek after entertaining embellishments, more than is entirely consistent with that strict propriety which a just criticism demands in every literary production; but, after having bestowed infinite pains to prepare for the public useful compositions, instead of reputation, they do not rarely meet with mortification or disappointment." Such is the disadvantage of every treatise on Heraldry which is, or can be published.

A late author says, "of all the inventions of vanity, perhaps the most frivolous are armorial ensigns; but considered in a philosophical view, they afford to profound thinkers, who delight to examine 'the mechanism of the mind,' a curious example of that powerful principle termed 'association of ideas,' by which thought is continually led in its progress, and one image presents to the fancy another which has been discovered by experience, or which is supposed from habit to be connected with it. These badges, being intended to distinguish persons by whom martial achievements, or noble deeds had been performed, it is probable were originally personal, and were adorned, perhaps with designs or emblems ingeniously expressive of the actions which had procured them; but forming a part of the estates of the persons who had obtained them, and at their deaths passing to their heirs, they at last became relics, respected and precious, which, connecting their possessors with those on whom they had been bestowed, men would be proud to display; and they would be carefully preserved on that account, as the fancies of those to whom they were shewn, as well as of those to whom they pertained, would be conveyed by them, with quickness and vivacity, to the persons who had

achieved them. Arms came thereby to be converted into marks of descent; and obscure hieroglyphics were gradually substituted for solid instruments adorned for shew, but made for use. Hence ranks and degrees were distinguished by fanciful conceits."

It will, however, be necessary to remark, what the learned and ingenious Mr. Boyer advanced concerning the usefulness of arms.

He says, "notwithstanding the great abuses that have crept into the use of arms, one cannot yet deny their usefulness, on considering, that as they are hereditary marks of honour and nobility, they are, or at least ought to be, a spur to excite those that bear them, to tread in the footsteps of their glorious ancestors who have acquired them by their virtue and noble achievements."

Secondly, that princes, when they rewarded those who signalized themselves in their service, did often annex great estates to the marks of honour wherewith they made them illustrious; and in order to perpetuate the grandeur of families, those honours and estates have generally been entailed on the eldest males of noble houses. Thus plain coats of arms do, of right, belong to the heads of families, and are thereby become, not only marks of honour, but also good titles, both for the enjoyment, and even for the recovery of certain estates, of which a house may have been dispossessed, either by intestine or foreign wars, or by other public calamities.

Again, it is to be observed, that arms being hereditary, the right that a man has to bear them is imprescriptible and almost inadmissible, since it is never lost, or forfeited, but by crimes which entirely degrade one from nobility, such as high treason in England, and what the French call *La Majesté*. In France, a family may, by divers accidents be reduced to the utmost indigence and poverty, and even in some countries, derogate from nobility, and become plebeian, by exercising mechanical arts: but nevertheless, it still

preserves its arms; and if, in process of time, it happens to rise again, they prove a good title towards its being restored to its ancient honour, and recovering its pristine lustre. Now, if by his personal merit and abilities, a man sees himself raised to an eminent post, either at court, in the army, or in the law, or, if by his labour, or industry, he raises a considerable fortune, it is natural for him to look back on his ancestors, and to cast about for a noble descent: and if by rummaging into old musty records, and ransacking or turning over the registers of honour, he is so happy as to find out a coat of arms, belonging to his family, what a pleasure and satisfaction it is to him, to be able to repay what he owes to his progenitors, and to add a fresh lustre to the glory he derives from them! In such a case the most illustrious families court his alliance; whereas when either by the smiles of blind fortune, or through the caprice of princes, sometimes blinder than fortune

itself, a man starts up on a sudden from obscurity into an eminent station; although he be endowed with a superior genius, and extraordinary abilities, he nevertheless can hardly escape the malicious slurs of envy and detraction, ever ready to reflect on his low extraction.

Lastly, arms and armoury serve to bring us acquainted with great and illustrious families; and therefore the study of Heraldry is absolutely necessary for all the princes of Europe, in order to know their alliances, pretensions, and interests; and for the same reason, is extremely useful to their ministers, for the management of important affairs."

In these lights, therefore, we trust it will not be amiss to present our readers with a concise system of Heraldry.

H.

[To be continued.]

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

EATING.

DINNER is to the epicure the most interesting action of the day, the one in which he acquits himself with the greatest eagerness, pleasure, and appetite. Few therefore, excepting invalids, do not attach to this meal all the importance it deserves. A coquette would rather renounce the pleasure of being admired, a poet that of being praised, a Gascon believed on his word, an actor applauded, and a rich Midas flattered, than the seven-eighths of a great town would give up a good repast. We have often been surprised that no author has hitherto treated this subject with the importance it merits, and have not written a philosophical essay on dining. How many things may be said on this memorable deed which is renewed 365 times during the year?

If by some unforeseen event, or uncommon circumstance, the dinner be retarded only for half an hour, how the physiognomy of each guest lengthens, how the most animated conversation becomes languid, the visage darkens, the muscles are paralyzed; in short, how every eye is mechanically turned towards the dining rooms! Does the obstacle cease, does the butler announce that dinner is served, this little word produces the effect of a talisman; it contains a magic influence which restores to each person his wonted serenity, liveliness, and wit. A good appetite is expressed in every eye, hilarity reigns in every heart, and the impatience with which each takes possession of his plate, is a manifest

and certain sign of the unanimity of wishes and the unity of sentiments; nature now assumes her rights, and even the flatterer allows his thoughts to be read in his countenance.

To shorten the ceremony usually attendant on sitting down, it would be a good plan to cause the name of each guest to be fixed to the plate, destined for him. Every one seated, an universal silence prevails, which attests the strength and unanimity of sensations.

NEW AND EASY METHOD OF ACQUIRING AP- PETITE.

It is particularly necessary that merchants, and all men of business, should digest well; their fortune endows them with the means of keeping a good table, and to put in practice every advice they may receive; but their stomachs sometimes refuse their office. The mind must be perfectly free from care and inquietude for the inside to keep its digestive powers well in action, and it is very difficult with the foregoing professions to enjoy those advantages. We agree that diet may be called to the assistance of intemperance, but regimen, privation, and regrets, are melancholy resources to a glutton; and he then often envies the ostrich, towards whom Providence, in endowing her with the faculty of digesting iron, has shewn her a preference that more than one human stomach would wish to have been the object of.

If to repair sooner the strength he has abused, our glutton has recourse to rhubarb, treacle, dias-

cordium, and all the tonical digestives which pharmacy offers, he will be but the more to be pitied, as he must soften the effect of the drugs after being cured of his complaint, and this cure is often more tedious and difficult than the other.

Placed between diet and his apothecary, the glutton finds himself in quite a contrary situation from that of Buridan's ass. To get rid of it, he will again take the road of indigestion, and he again falls into debility for having depended too much on his strength.

Wisdom advises him to be temperate, to avoid excesses, and to consult his appetite rather than his sensuality; this is doubtless a very good

counsel, and readily hearkened to in sickness, but disdained in health. It is thus that the mariner, timid and devout in the midst of a storm, braves new dangers as soon as the sky reassumes its serenity. When the winds are favourable he believes no more in hell than a glutton does in medicine as long as he can digest.

But this is precisely the difficult point; and it is to teach these gentlemen how, without any inconvenience, to give free scope to their appetites, that we allow this article a place in our sheets.

[To be continued.]

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

• FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 538.]

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA.

Let us now endeavour to describe a noble beauty. Its name is Queen of the Meadows, or, common meadow-sweet, *spiræa almaria*. The sweetest perfume is exhaled from its bosom. She alone does the honours of the meadows.

The stem rises to almost three feet. I believe it to be ligneous. It is straight, and has a profusion of branches around it. The palace of this Queen is a whole empire.

Its stem has five tints, irregularly dyed with a fiery red, or a pale green.

Its leaves, more numerous, large, and open at the base, are carried on ligneous branches, and posed in the same way as those of the rose tree; but the foliols have here no particular petioles, they are sessile; and between the large leaves you see on the same branch, the appearance of numerous little leaves, which drawing up the abundant juice that nourishes the plant, cause its leaves and branches to thicken and grow stronger. These species of leaves are generally called compound leaves. Those of this plant are those which are called pinnated.

The end of the stem from which the leaf escapes, is almost entirely surrounded by another round leaf, resembling a frill, and notched like the others. The leaf that terminates the branch is not entirely separated from the two divisions, but on the contrary completes them. They are so very deep, that at the first glance one would imagine there were three leaves, and we are surprised in discovering them to be but one.

The leaf is of a dark green, like that of the

oak, which it resembles as well in the shape as in the manner it is notched. The under part is almost white, and so transparent that it has the appearance of being lined with Italian gauze.

The flowers are placed at the summit of each branch; the branch springs up to support them, and seems then to distend the leaves already shrunk into littleness.

The *spiræa* forms an irregular corymb, loaded with an immense quantity of white flowers, whose crowded aggregation produces a very handsome bunch; she gives rather the idea of a flourishing republic than that of a monarchy; and if the *spiræa* is queen of the meadows, she is (as Rome was) of the world.

I have said that the flowers of the *spiræa* form a corymb, I do not know whether I am right; the stem is separated into peduncles of unequal height, which are also themselves divided; innumerable flowers cover and bend them down.

It is not without some difficulty that I reckoned twenty stamina on each of these pretty flowers. Their filaments are white, extremely delicate, straight, and each surmounted by a little yellow anther, about the size of the point of a pin. This forest of stamina, is not very perceptible at the first view, as you only distinguish on the large bunch of this plant a light transparent yellow, whose delicate flexibility adds to the elegant lightness of this charming flower.

The five little pistils with white heads, are more easily distinguished, whose ovaries are green; like Sultanas in a seraglio, they are guarded on all sides.

These flowers in miniature have each their

calyx, whose five divisions are overthrown when the bud is unclosed; it dies away when the fertile ovary carries and ripens the seeds.

The corol has five concave petals, white like ivory, round, and holding to the calyx by a very slender claw. They separate as much as possible, in order to give room to the little crowd of stamina, who start up like electrical sparks.

In general the production of seeds is immense, and proportioned to the waste, or rather to the use which men and animals make of them; one single poppy produces thirty two thousand seeds; and was it to preserve the same fecundity for four successive years, and none of the seeds to prove abortive, it would produce many more than the whole surface of the globe could contain.

The multiplication of the spiræa ought also to be immense; each of the ovaries swell after the fecundation, and when the flower is fallen, their aggregation forms a sort of ball, slit like a sliced melon, which had not been separated. This aggregation ceases, and the seeds separate when they are ripe, and the sap no longer nourishes them; they fall, and are scattered around, and the ruins of this fine empire form others.

The spiræa is placed in the Icosandria, and its order is pentagynia. I do not, however, believe that the number of its pistils is exactly ascertained.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC.

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 54b.]

OF THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE piano-forte undoubtedly is one of the most important musical instruments hitherto known, and very deserving the general use that is made of it by the fashionable world. We therefore flatter ourselves that the present article on the art of playing it, will be equally acceptable to our readers, as those we have given on singing, and on thorough-bass, in our former volume.

The invention of the piano-forte is ascribed to the late celebrated C. G. Schroeter, organist at Nordhausen, in Germany. For when he studied at Jena, and also taught music, he was not satisfied with the nature of the harpsichord, because its sounds could not be modified by the touch of the performer. He therefore tried to construct an instrument, which might be as powerful as the harpsichord, but calculated to shew the taste and feeling of the performer, like the clarichord, (a fine and very simple, but not powerful instrument, of which we shall give a description in a subsequent number.)—And fortunately he completed two sorts of mechanism, by which a hammer could be made to strike against the strings of a harpsichord, the one from below, as in piano-fortes in general, and the other from above, or perhaps as in upright piano-fortes. But as he could not afford the expence of having a whole instrument of each sort constructed, he only made two models of his invented mechanisms, and in the year 1717 presented them to the Court of Dresden, being that of the Elector of Saxony, who was then also King of Poland. Since that time piano-fortes have been made not only in Germany, but also in other countries, and particularly in England,

where they are now brought to a very high degree of perfection.

The art of playing the piano-forte may be considered, first with regard to the teaching and learning of it; and secondly, with regard to the performance itself; as follows:

To teach the piano-forte, is not so easy as it seems to be too frequently considered. For the very great demands which are justly made on that instrument, require a particular method of explaining and facilitating the study of it, and therefore we shall endeavour to point out the principles of that method.

A great difficulty is immediately met with at the first beginning. For there a learner is least inclined to go through a serious of dry studies, and wishes for the enjoyment of playing tunes, more than when he has made some progress. And yet it seems to have hitherto been an universal maxim, that he cannot learn this regularly, and fundamentally, without knowing first the notes, and other rudiments. How much time there is usually spent with the learning of such preliminary things, and how almost every beginner has formerly been discouraged and disgusted by them, we trust most readers of this article will know from their own experience. But what has a beginner to do with all the notes, before he can make practical use of a few of them? and with different sorts of length, before he can bring them regularly into some sort of an equal length? Or why should he be troubled with the learning of any note, deff, rest, time, character, grace, and term, before he has an immediate opportunity of seeing the practical use of it?

The importance of these questions is evident; and the first and only author who seems to have attended to them is Mr. Kollmann, whose dis-

tinguished merit in the higher branches of the science of music we have shewn in our last number. The valuable, though small work, he has published for that purpose, is entitled: "The first beginning on the Piano-Forte, according to an improved method of teaching beginners." It contains, first, a brief and very concise explanation of the rudiments of playing, which it requires to be taught only occasionally, in that progressive order in which they are wanted; and then proceeds to practical pieces, with which the beginning is to be made in the following manner:

In the first lesson nothing is required to be learnt and explained, but the three notes C, E, G, the lowest in the treble stave; and how they can be found on the instrument. This being so very simple and easy, it enables any learner, even a sensible infant of five or six years of age, to begin immediately to play at sight a short prelude and tune, composed of those notes only. But a brief general explanation of the gradual order in which all the notes and keys follow, both ascending and descending, is also given.

In the second lesson the three notes D, F, A, between the former ones are introduced, which enables the learner to play immediately a prelude and tune of the six notes, C, D, E, F, G, A; and the names of all the five treble lines and spaces are now set down to be got by heart. In a similar manner a few more notes are introduced at every new lesson, till all the treble notes are known; and then the bass notes are learnt in the same manner downwards.

Thus all the notes, with their simplest sorts of divisions, and the rudiments of the rests, of time, and of fingering, are learnt imperceptibly in twelve lessons. Each of those lessons consists of a short prelude and tune, or of two movements; and they are written in the most progressive order imaginable. But what renders them particularly valuable, is, that they are calculated to prepare a person for a good player, because they employ the left hand in a similar manner as the right; and that they are throughout pleasing and expressive, and contain nothing of that disgusting dryness, which is too often found in methodical works of this kind.

The said twelve lessons any attentive person of common capacity may learn to play well and regularly by notes in three months: and any discerning person will allow that they are far from being trifling. But to prevent the learner's being confused by too many explanations at once, they are all written in the natural key of C major; and the practice of other keys is the object of the rest of the work. This begins with an introductory page, containing the signatures of every major and minor key in the harmonical circle,

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which is to be practised occasionally; and short cadences, in one, two, three, and four sharps and flats. And then follow six sonatinas in one, two, and three sharps, and as many flats. The two last of which are made characteristic, and express. No. 5, "Evening Repose, and Morning Serenity;" and No. 6, "The Falling Out, and the making up."

All these pieces shew the man who has presented us with the first treatises on harmony and composition, as well as a most judicious and experienced teacher of the piano-forte. As compositions, they are masterly, and full of the best taste and expression; and as progressive lessons, they exceed any thing of that kind hitherto known. And it must also be observed, that throughout they require no greater stretch of the hand than that of a sixth, which renders them more calculated for young children, than practices which require the frequent stretches of a seventh, and octave.

The other particulars which ought to be attended to, not only at the beginning, but through all the stages of improvement in playing, are the proper sitting before the instrument; and the regular holding of the hands, and using of the fingers, as also explained in the work mentioned.

When the first and greatest difficulties are overcome, and a learner knows the notes and other rudiments, it must be considered what sorts of works will be most proper for his further improvement. Whether he ought to play generally, and often, with accompaniments? how long he should practise every day? and whether it is good to be long about the same lesson or not? These important questions we shall give some consideration.

Concerning the first question, or *what sort of works* are most proper for the improvement of players, it is certain, that original works, composed for the piano-forte by great masters, who are perfectly acquainted with that instrument, are in general better for learners, than works or pieces that have been composed as quartettos, symphonies, and concertos for other instruments, and are only arranged for the piano-forte. For pieces of this kind are in music, what translations are in a language; and though both may be useful for entertainment, the former are no better for learning good playing, than the latter are for acquiring the purity and true idiom of a language. And nearly the same it is with songs, ballets, and dances. For, as very seldom any of them have been set for the purpose of serving as lessons for the piano-forte, they are only calculated for the amusement of those who can play already, and not for improvement in playing.

The modern authors, whose works are most useful for the practice of the piano-forte, and

most generally admired in this country, are, Beethoven, Clementi, Cramer, Dussek, Haydn, Kozeluch, Mozart, Pleyel, Heibelt, Herkel, and Woelfl; and among the antient ones, Sebastian, Bach, Handel, and Searlatti, rank foremost. From the numerous works of those authors, it will not be difficult to select pieces, adapted to the progressive capacity of the learner, as well as to his particular taste and disposition. And to

that list a judicious teacher will know to add those works of other authors, which, though not so generally known as the above, may also be found classical and improving. But all that cannot improve the taste, as well as the execution of a performer, should be carefully withheld from him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE ART OF DRAWING.

"THE cultivation of the arts gives a new spirit to commerce; opens new sources of wealth, and, concurring with morals, softens the manners of a people, and renders them more subservient to the laws that govern them."* But among the number of arts and sciences, the above, in my opinion, is one of the most elegant accomplishments of the gentleman. Drawing is the art of justly representing the appearance of objects upon a plain surface, by means of lines, shades, and shadows, formed with certain colouring materials. It is a most useful acquirement in various professions and occupations of life: and an early propensity to the art should ever be encouraged and cultivated, with a portion of extraordinary attention in both sexes; it will hereafter afford them some of the most innocent and delightful pleasures of which the human mind is capable. On its utility, which is universally admitted, it is unnecessary to enlarge.—The satisfaction to be derived from it, the entertainment it will constantly afford, should be impressed on the youthful mind, whose first pursuit is pleasure; they may be truly and emphatically told, that this delightful art will furnish them with new sources; will enable them to see every thing more distinctly, in truer shapes, and more beautiful colours.

How different the feelings of two travellers, setting out on the same road; the one painfully toils up the high and misty mountain's side, blind to the beauties of all around; his only object is to attain the end of his journey, before it be well begun. The other, at the dawn of day, mounts, with alacrity, the rugged steep hill, rejoicing to behold the orient sun emerging from the bed of Thetis, unveiling, by degrees, the varied scene, in various tints of colouring. Descending, at noon, into the sequestered vale, the one, after a necessary refreshment, perhaps, resigns himself

into the arms of Morpheus: the other admires each beauty of the sylvan scene, brightened by the meridian splendor, or explores the charming contrast of the grateful shade. On him, the descending orb of light beams with superior lustre; his admiring eye—his eye, in a fine "phrenzy rolling," gazes with rapture on the glorious sight. To them both the same objects are presented; but to the one, there is "no light but darkness visible:" to the other,

"Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet,
"With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
"When first on this delightful land he spreads
"His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

"Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
"After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
"Of grateful evening mild; then still night,
"With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
"And these, the gems of heav'n, her starry train."

Milt. Par. Lost.

The consideration of the immense difference between the perceptions and pleasures of two persons, equally intelligent, will induce the ingenious to attain that knowledge which unfolds to the mind such beautiful views of all the objects of sight; that taste which ever distinguishes the enlightened from the ignorant.

Youths should be left to the free scope of their ingenuity; if they shew an early inclination for drawing, their first endeavour should be encouraged, not controuled; the constraint of regular precept, the irksomeness of performing a task, what should be made a delightful amusement, might for ever suppress the rising flame. An aversion for any art, in youth, is the natural consequence of exacting laborious attention, and making its attainment difficult. Youth should be suffered to amuse themselves with the pencil, as they please, till they become fond of using it. When they find, as they soon will, that their little performances are imperfect, and will not satisfy or please themselves, then give them instruction.

* The energetic and enlightened words of an able writer, on the re-election of Mr. West to the presidency of the R. A. in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

The juvenile part of both sexes are ever inquisitive: nor should this propensity be checked but with great caution: it is the "inlet to knowledge" they are desirous to know; not only the purpose for which a thing is designed, but the manner in which it is constructed, how every operation of art or nature is performed. The gratifying of this natural curiosity, this "original appetite of the soul," is the source of extensive knowledge, and infinite delight; this principle begins at an early period to unfold, and may soon be directed, with facility, to useful and noble objects.

When curiosity has thus led to consider attentively, and to inquire into the objects of nature and of art, the principle of imitation, strongly rooted in the human breast, induces them to copy what they see; unable, of themselves, to produce an adequate resemblance, they will eagerly apply for information, and to be shewn how that is done, which, of themselves, they cannot discover. Then will they easily be convinced that it is necessary they should attain the rules of the art, that these are essential to their improvement, that they will diminish their trouble, and facilitate their work, cannot be too strongly inculcated; their own unassisted efforts may be brought to enforce this truth.

It has been very justly remarked, that rules will not make an artist, any more than they will produce a poet:—" *Poeta nascitur non fit.*" It is undoubtedly true, that some of the most admirable productions of the poet and the painter, have been produced by those who were unacquainted with any rule—even before any rule was discovered; nay, it is certain that "the rules laid down by the critic to guide the pen and the pencil, have been founded on those works which were executed before the invention of the critic art. Longinus and Bossu drew their principles from Homer and Virgil. Fresny and de Piles from Michael Angelo and Raphael."*

These observations may render apparently futile the attempt to teach what can only be attained by genius: what genius will attain without books, precepts, or example. But, though it is certain that the most excellent instructions will not make any proficient where inclination and capacity are wanting, nor an artist without the *mens divini*; yet let it be considered how many difficulties unaided genius hath to surmount; how many obstacles lie in the road to merit; how few persons, with every advantage, soar above mediocrity; and we shall be anxious to give every possible assistance. We shall develop to them with pleasure the plan pursued by those who have attained pre-eminence. We shall endeavour to point out the shortest path to the

knowledge of each particular object; to define the limits of this art, which, like every other human effort, hath boundaries prescribed by imperious necessity, and to add examples worthy of imitation: holding up with this view, only the most excellent productions, and shewing with candour where excellence itself has sometimes failed.

It has hardly been disputed, that of all inventions the imitative arts most eminently mark the excellency of human genius, since no other can produce such astonishing effects by means apparently so inadequate, that a plain surface, a sheet of paper for instance, should, by the mere addition of two colours, be capable of representing the various forms and distances of objects, would be as incomprehensible and equally incredible, to the man who had never seen a picture, as to one blind from his infancy. To be convinced of this, let us for a moment reflect upon a well-known fact, the case of a person born blind, and suddenly restored to sight by couching; such person, at first, conceives that all he beholds touches his eye; the sense of feeling alone can discover to him that all objects are not equidistant. This sense soon enables him to judge of distance in a considerable degree, and to learn to know the real by the apparent form and dimensions of the object. To this person, in a proper light and situation, present a picture for the first time. Suppose it a fruit-piece, he will attempt to grasp the apple, or take up the plate, and he touches a smooth surface. He immediately exclaims, "does my new sense again deceive me? and long will it be before he can comprehend by what power, less than magic, such deception could be produced. Again, let a miniature be put into his hand, amazement follows; enchantment seems to him to be at work; there is the exact countenance of his friend; or let it be the precise figure of a building he has lately seen, of St. Paul's for example, equally will he be unable to conceive how his friend, or how so immense an edifice, could exist in so small a compass in his hand!

But painting can deceive not only the unskilled. In many instances it can as completely impose on the most acute and well informed. An eminent writer on perspective bears singular testimony to the strong deception painting can produce:—"His two sons (whom he had instructed in this art) were with him in the garden of a place of public resort near the metropolis, at the far end of which there appeared the representation of some steps; the boys both ran up to them in expectation that they were real; and I own, says he, that I was also deceived."† Yet I do not ima-

* M. Litteraire des Scavans.

† M. Litteraire des Scavans.

gine that the painter of those steps is in danger of being immortalized, or his name so much as spoken of by posterity, unless he has performed works more extraordinary. In fact, such imposition on the sight, although a most surprising power, is not the principal aim of painting—is not that excellence which ranks it among the liberal arts, whose progress and advancement mark the improvement of civilization, and the improvement of society.

But although their perfection proclaim the highest state of that improvement and refinement, yet some traits are to be found among the most uncivilized of mankind; and therefore the origin of design may be traced back to the remotest antiquity, and among the most distant nations.

“To raise or convey ideas of objects by some rude or simple sketch, being by no means difficult, this was probably done long before the in-

vention of written characters. The Mexicans, when first visited by the Spaniards, sent intelligence of the invasion to Montezuma their king, with representations of their invaders. The Indians of North America still perpetuate any extraordinary transaction, or uncommon event, by a kind of hieroglyphics; and the inhabitants of Otaheite, and many of the newly discovered islands, give proofs how far ingenuity will proceed even among the most unenlightened; they delineate, in an uncouth but expressive manner, what they wish to represent, or what they intend for embellishment. Indeed savages of almost every climate shew some talents for delineation; witness the various figures with which they paint themselves, either for ornament, or to render themselves terrible, that is frightful to their enemies.”

[To be continued.]

H.

FINE ARTS.

DESCRIPTIVE LETTER ON THE GALLERY OF DUSSELDORF,

[Continued from Vol. I. Page 604.]

I WILL mention those I admire most:—

1st. *Jesus in the midst of the Doctors.*—Jesus Christ is represented as a handsome, sensible looking child; he is standing before a table, on which are seen some papers and the holy scriptures. The Doctors surround him, his uncovered head is shaded with flaxen hair; and he is dressed in a grey coloured coat, over it is a purple mantle which falls to his knees. Every body gazes on him, and he draws the attention of all: the principal light falls on his head.

The expression of the heads, the colouring, the well studied architecture, and particularly the choice and extension of the draperies, cannot fail to attract the admiration. This picture which was painted in 1705, is two feet eight inches long, by one foot ten inches wide; it has been engraved by Green.

2d. *Jesus placed in the Sepulchre*—is another of his pictures which I admire much, as well for the correctness of the design as the expression of the heads. The body of Jesus Christ is lying on a rock; Joseph of Arimathea, magnificently dressed, is on the summit, the Virgin Mary is by his side; she is taking the crown of thorns from the head of our Saviour; the three Marys

are standing at the feet of Christ. Mary Magdeline is kissing his arm. Other figures are seen behind Joseph. I could not cease to admire the expression of grief in the heads of Mary Magdeline and Joseph, and the care with which Mary takes off the crown; one would think that she still feared it should hurt him.

3d. *The Shepherds worshipping Christ.*—The principal light falls on the Infant Jesus.

4th. *Sarah presenting Agar to Abraham.*—This picture was painted in the year 1699. It is impossible to credit that so much luxury reigned in the apartments of the ancient patriarchs. But we pardon the historical painter this defect, when we look at the fine execution of his imaginary luxury.

5th. *Abraham sending away Agar and Ismael.*—This picture, painted in 1701, reconciles us to the defects of historical knowledge, which we observed in his preceding. Its author seems here to have studied and felt the simplicity of the patriarchal life.

All these pictures are nearly of the same size as the first.

6th. *Jesus brought before the People by Pontius Pilate*—a picture of four feet three inches long, by three feet eight inches wide, painted on cloth

at Rotterdam, in 1698. We admire in this, as much as in the preceding ones, the expression of the heads.

There are here nine pictures by Rembrandt; some portraits, others historical subjects. The one I admire most is a three-quartered portrait of himself. Those energetic touches, that magic of light and shade, which makes us like him so much, are happily depicted here.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido Reni, is one of his most esteemed works. The Virgin is ascending the heavens, carried on the clouds by two angels; two other angels hide themselves under her drapery. The attitude of the Virgin, the correct and agreeable expression of the heads, the beauty of the drapery, all enchant us in this admirable production. It has been engraved in dots by professor Hetz. This picture is nine feet ten inches long, by seven feet wide.

I have still a few words to say of Rubens: forty-six of his works are found here. I shall not, however, dwell on them, as you have an opportunity every day at the Museum, of judging of more than fifty of his pictures.

The Day of Judgment, is one of the prodigies from the pencil of Rubens, and undoubtedly one of his most capital performances. I, however, think this subject out of the style of painting, still more so than the Deluge. The celebrated Lessing has made the same observation in his *Laocoon*. We cannot deny that this picture has great beauties; but the subject is not treated in a style worthy of its author. None of the figures have the attitude or character that becomes them, not even the principal one, Jesus Christ. If ever a subject was favourable to expressions, this certainly is, where you may represent men of all ages agitated by all the various passions, all the virtues, and all the vices. We cannot then with reason pardon him for making so many mean and insignificant faces, when he had at his command all the various expressions which characterize the human heart. But in reproaching him with this fault, we cannot but admire the grandeur of his composition, his fine groupes, his various attitudes, his bold and striking touches, that warmth and beauty of colouring which enchants us in all the works of Rubens, particularly if we view them at a certain distance; those tints, unequalled in the time he painted, insured him a crown of immortal fame. This picture, one of the largest of this master, by its height, gave the plan for the construction of the gallery; it is twenty feet long, by fifteen feet wide. It has been engraved by Cornelius Vischer.

The Fall of Sinners to Hell—a Sketch. It is not easy to divine where the artist commenced

or where he finished. One suffers with those that are falling. What sublime confusion! It is a burst of Rubens' genius, and can only be compared to the fine conception of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Lucas Vosterman has engraved it.

The whole-length portraits of Rubens and his wife, are well painted, and replete with grace and truth. They have been engraved by Hetz.

I have said too much, and yet not enough; but it is no longer in my power to correct my fault. If I have been able only to make you appreciate the fine collection I have endeavoured to describe, I shall feel myself too happy.

Permit me, however, to add a few words relating to those who have written on this gallery. The first architect, Nicholas de Pigage, has published in 1779, a work entitled "On the Electoral Gallery of Dusseldorf; or, Descriptive Catalogue of its Paintings." This description is written in French, and ornamented with thirty large plates, engraved by Chretien Michel, at Basle. All the pictures are represented in the order they are placed. They are in general well engraved, and in the true style of their different masters. In engraving each part of the Gallery on one plate, the dimensions must be naturally observed; the result is, that the small pictures must necessarily appear embarrassed, so much so that they can scarcely be recognized. This is the fate of two of Vander Werff's. The drawings and the plates cost the Elector above 4000*l*. These plates are so much worn that no more impressions can be taken from them. There are still eight proofs to be sold at the Gallery, their price is six guineas. The descriptive part is well written; as to the judgments, the author in general praises too much, thinking that the name of a great painter is sufficient for a work to be exempt from faults.

J. R. Forster speaks much of this collection in his "Travels to the Lower Rhine," which for the style may be deemed an excellent work. Many of his judgments are just, and prove that he unites genius with knowledge; others shew an amateur prejudiced against the Flemish school, who sometimes only criticises to remain true to his own system.

There has appeared, since 1799, "A Calendar of the Lower Rhine, for the Amateurs of the Good and Beautiful," by F. Muhr. It gives a description and engravings of the principal paintings of this fine collection. The engravings are executed with care, by Hetz; and the descriptions, written with discernment, give us a just idea of the artist and his performance. Every amateur of painting ought to wish to enrich his library with this work.

T. C.

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ELIJAH'S MANTLE.*

Written a few months since, and attributed to the pen of Mr. C—g.

WHEN by the Almighty's dread command,
Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,
Rose in the sacred flame,
His mantle good Elisha caught,
And with the prophet's spirit fraught,
Her second hope became.

In Pitt, our Israel saw combined,
The Patriot's heart, the prophet's mind,
Elijah's spirit here;
Now, sad reverse, that spirit's rest—
No hope, no confidence is left,
For no Elisha's near.

Grenville! to aid thy Treas'ry's fame,
A portion of his mantle claim,
Pitt's generous ardour feel;
'Bove sordid pelf resolve to soar,
Amidst Exchequer gold, be poor;
Thy wealth—a nation's weal.

Fox—if on thee some remnant fall,
The shreds may to thy mind recal
Those hours of fierce debate,
When thy unhallow'd lips oft praised
The glorious fabric traitors raised
On Bourbon's fallen state.

Thy soul let Pitt's example fire,
With patriot zeal thy tongue inspire,
Spite of the Gallic leaven;
And teach thee, in thy latest day,
His form of prayer (if thou canst pray)—
"O save my Country, Heaven!"

Windham—if e'er thy sorrows flow
At private loss or public woe,
Thy rigid brow unbend;
Tears over Cæsar, Brutus shed,
His hatred warr'd not with the dead—
And Pitt was once thy friend.

Does envy bid thee not to mourn?
Hold then his Mantle up to scorn,
His well earn'd fame assail,
Of funeral honors rob his corse,
And at his virtues, till thou'rt hoarse,
Like the Greek Cynic rail.

* The fourth and fifth stanzas of this Ode were, of course, written previous to the death of Mr. Fox, otherwise they would never have found a place here.

Illustrious Roscius of the State,
New Breech'd and harness'd for debate,
Thou wonder of the age!
Petty or Betty, actor high
By *Granta* sent to strut thy night,
On *Stephen's* bustling stage—

Pitt's chequer'd robe, 'tis thine to wear,
Take of his Mantle too a share—
'Twill aid thy ways and means,
And should *fat Jack* and his cabal
Cry "Rob us the Exchequer *Hal*,"
'Twill charm away the fields.

Sage *Palinurus* of the Realm,
By Vincent call'd to take the helm,
And play his Proxy's part,
Dost moon, or star, or compass know?
Canst hand aloft, or steer below?
Hast conn'd the seaman's chart?

Now from Pitt's Mantle tear a rag,
Enough to serve thee for a flag,
And hoist it on thy mast;
Beneath that sign's most prosperous star,
Shall future Nelsons rush to war,
And rival victories past.

Sidmouth—though low that head is laid,
That call'd thee from thy native shade,
And gave thee second birth,
Gave thee the sweets of power and place,
The tufted robe, the gilded mace,
And rear'd thy tiny worth;

Think how his Mantle wrapp'd thee round—
Is one of equal value found,
Amongst thy new compeers?
Or can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,
Once laugh'd to scorn by blue and buff,
Hide thee from Windham's jeers.

When factions threaten'd Britain's land,
Thy new-made friends, a desperate band,
Like Ahab stood reproved;
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could check,
His counsels saved, 'midst general wreck,
The Israel that he loved.

Yes, honour'd shade, whilst near thy grave,
The letter'd Sage, or Chieftain brave,
The votive marble claim;
O'er thy cold corse the public tear,
Congeal'd a chrystal shrine shall rear,
Unsullied as thy fame.

TO MY ARM CHAIR.

THOU lov'd companion of my lonely hours,
 When Fortune frown'd and friends were far
 away,
 Oft have I blest thee for thy soothing powers,
 And fondly courted thy narcotic sway.
 Lull'd in thine arms I taste a pleasing calm,
 With eye lids clos'd, but thoughts that ever
 wake.
 O'er my wrapt senses steals an opiate balm,
 And my rack'd head almost forgets to ache.
 To brighter scenes excursive fancy flies,
 The future smiles in gayer garb array'd.
 Visions of sweet domestic joy arise,
 As peeps the Parsonage from the sheltering
 shade.
 The laugh, the jest, the fleeting hours beguile,
 While heavenly Music's softening charms
 combine
 With friends who bring good humour's ready
 smile,
 And hearts which beat in unison with mine.
 Not with one wish imagination burns,
 O'er proud ambition's slippery paths to roam,
 True as the needle, to one point she turns—
 The point comprising all I cherish—*Home*.
 No drowsy dalliance o'er the powers of mind
 Thy soothing charms, my honour'd chair dif-
 fuse;
 Oft in thy bosom, by my fire, reclin'd,
 I weave the verse, and woo the playful muse.
 Borne on her wing, 'mid fairy climes I go,
 Tho' sad around me mourns the wintry gale,
 Crop Fancy's roses 'mid December's snow,
 And balmy Spring's ambrosial breeze inhale.
 If such the calm, when blest with thee, I share—
 If such the joys thy gentle influence showers—
 Can the proud despot's tottering throne compare
 With thee, companion of my lonely hours?
 No; o'er his head, tho' Parian columns rise,
 And lends the cot its humble roof to me;
 He, on his throne, 'mid torturing anguish sighs—
 I smile serene, and dream of bliss in thee.

STANZAS

Written on the following line from Chaucer:

"Harde is the herte that loveth nought."

As slow the waning year retires,
 The wild-wood warblers lose their fires,
 Long shall they rest on lonely wing,
 Far from their mates, till jocund Spring

Again the month of Love has brought:
 But man kind Nature grants to prove
 Through every month the power of Love;
 Hard is his heart that loveth nought.

And I, who once in frolic mood,
 With wild and witless hardihood,
 Julia unknown, would mock the woe
 Which only faithful lovers know.
 When first I saw her face, I thought—
 "If aught on earth so angel bright
 Can charm the soul to soft delight,
 "Hard is the heart that loveth nought."

Torn from thy circling arms afar,
 To pine beneath the eastern star,
 As sad my lingering eyes I turn
 To see thee my departure mourn—
 "Too dear thy love can ne'er be bought,
 "Sweet soul—I sigh; thou ne'er shall rue;
 "I deem the heart that loves untrue
 "More hard than his that loveth nought."

HORACE, ODE VII. BOOK II. IMITATED.

To Mrs. W. Boscauwen.

THOU, who if Heav'n, that join'd our hands,
 O'er Zembla's snows, or Libya's sands,
 Ordain'd me far to roam,
 Would'st still, with faithful love, attend
 My fond companion, gentle friend,
 And deem my heart thy home!

Though yet, unbroke by care and pain,
 My health and active powers remain,
 Though youthful bloom be thine;
 Should age come on with rapid stride,
 What blest retreat shall we provide?
 Where soothe our life's decline?

Whichwood, in thy romantic shades,
 Thy breezy lawns, sequester'd shades,
 My youthful hours were blest!
 In thy blest scenes, remote from strife,
 From public cares, and busy life,
 My peaceful age should rest.

But this our wayward lot denies:
 Then let us turn our anxious eyes
 (Where late we joyed to rove)
 Tunbridge, to thy salubrious rill,
 Thy cavern'd rocks, fam'd Ephraim's hill,
 And royal Anna's grove.

Dear chosen spot; where sheltered vales
 May guard us from th' inclement gales
 When wintry tempests blow,
 When Zephyr from the distant main
 Wafts his soft freshness o'er the plain
 To cool the summer's glow.

There social bliss, when hearts unite,
 With sweet Retirement's calm delight
 (Rare harmony!) we blend
 And oft, enlivening vacant hours,
 Meet in sequestered walks and bowers
 Some dear unlook'd-for friend.
 There, when the vital spark decays,
 On my lov'd Charlotte's form I'll gaze
 Ev'n to my latest breath;
 And, if beside my couch she stand,
 Grasp her with trembling failing hand,
 And smile, serene in death.

THE BIRCH.

YE Worthies, in trust for the School and the Church,
 Pray hear me descant on the Virtues of Birch.
 Though the Oak be the prince and the pride
 of the grove,
 An emblem of pow'r, and the favorite of Jove;
 Though Phœbus with Laurel his temples have bound,
 And with chaplets of Poplar Alcides be crown'd;
 Though Pallas the Olive has graced with her choice,
 And mother Cybele in Pines may rejoice;
 Though Bacchus delights in the Ivy and Vine,
 And Venus her garlands with Myrtle entwine;
 Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
 No tree can be found to compare with the Birch.
 The Birch they aver, is the true tree of knowledge,
 Revered by each School, and remembered at College.
 Though Virgil's fam'd tree may produce, as its fruit,
 A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims from each shoot;
 Yet the Birch on each bough, on the top of each switch,
 Bears the essence of Grammar, the eight parts of speech.
 'Mongst the leaves is conceal'd more than memory can mention.
 All cases, all genders, all forms of declension.
 Nine branches when crompt by the hands of the Nine,
 Each duly arranged in a parallel line,
 Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,
 And soak'd for nine hours in cold Helicon's spring,
 Is a sceptre composed for a Pedagogue's hand,
 Like the *Fasces* of Rome, a true badge of command.
 The sceptre thus finished, like Moses's rod,
 From flints can draw tears, and give life to a clod.

Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance, spread
 Its clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the head,
 This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to flight,
 Disperses the clouds and restores us to light.
 Like the *Virga divina*, 'twill find out the vein
 Where lurks the rich metal—the gold of the brain.
 Should Genius a captive by Sloth be confined,
 Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the mind,
 Apply but this magical wand—with a stroke
 The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.
 Like Hermes's rod, these few switches inspire
 Rhetorical thunder and poetry's fire.
 And if Morpheus our temples in Lethe should steep,
 These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.
 Here dwells strong conviction, of logic the glory,
 When 'tis used with precision *a posteriori*;
 It promotes circulation, and thrills through each vein,
 The faculties quickens, and purges the brain.
 Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
 The Birch can correct them like guaiacum wood.
 So luscious its juice is, so sweet are its twigs,
 That at Le'ster we call them the Free-School-bank figs.
 As the famed rod of Circe to brutes could change men,
 So the twigs of the Birch can unabrate them again.
 Like the rod of the Sybil, that branch of pure gold,
 These twigs can the gates of Elysium unfold,
 That Elysium of learning where pleasures abound,
 Those fruits that still flourish in classical ground.
 Then if such be its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
 And Birch, like the Muses, immortal shall be.

CANZONET.

THE sailor o'er the ocean borne,
 His reck'ning lost, his canvas torn,
 While midnight shades in volve the sky,
 Awaits the morn with anxious eye;
 Yet, should the well-known polar light,
 Thro' breaking clouds, burst forth to sight,
 His fears dispell'd, the joyful Tar
 Transported, hails his guiding star.
 Thus, tost on love's tempestuous sea,
 The darken'd prospect frowns on me;
 Within my bosom, dubious care,
 And woe-fraught comfortless despair,

Spread o'er my mind a sombre gloom,
And seem to antedate my doom;
But yet, appears (tho' distant far)
Amidst the gloom, a little star.

Hail cheering light! thy welcome ray
Can drive these terrors far away—
It points to happier scenes of Joy;
No fears alarm, no cares annoy;
Where tender hearts for ever prove,
The raptur'd bliss of mutual love—
To follow thee, I'll nobly dare,
And bless my faithful guiding star.

The charms of mind, of form, and face,
Those beauteous charms that Celia grace,
Enkindle in my breast desire,
And tend'rest wishes all inspire!
But, while these prompt me to obtain,
I tremble, lest I find them vain;
Yet, modest hope, exulting spies
A friendly beam in Celia's eyes.

M.

THE FAREWELL.

Oh, thou, whose ardent soul aspires
To every object bright and new,
'Mid sprightly hopes and gay desires,
Accept Amanda's last adieu.

When rapturous novelty shall fade,
And every scene so lov'd and fair,
Oh ne'er let mists of folly shade
The light that wisdom borrowed there.

Full oft in scenes of deep distress
She prints her awful lessons too,
Yet rarely can her power suppress
The anguish of a last adieu.

When foreign climes can yield no more,
And fancy pines for soft repose,
Perchance a wish may waft thee o'er,
Where silver Colne meand'ring glides.

And Colne shall roll his silver wave,
Of Time's soft course an emblem too,
While Friendship withering in the grave,
May greet thee with a last adieu.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AFTER a campaign, which the unexampled folly of the enemy, rather than the fortune of the conqueror, rendered the most complete scene of spoil and triumph on one part, and of ruin and disgrace on the other, Bonaparte has obtained Berlin, and established himself at Warsaw. Two questions here occur,—Will he succeed in his re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland?—Will he proceed forward?

With regard to the first, it will not admit the doubt of a moment. He has conducted this affair with his usual artifice and dexterity. He is fighting his enemy as it were with resources of his own. He raises one part of the empire against another. Of all the unprincipled acts which are recorded in history, none ever equalled that of the partition of Poland. The Government of this country was indeed such as was equally incompetent to its own civil purposes, and with the tranquillity of the neighbouring States. What then?—This state of things might doubtless give the neighbouring States a right to interpose, and demand a new form of policy; but it could give them no right to destroy the liberty of the country, and divide it amongst them. The justice of Heaven, as sure as it is slow, has overtaken the participators in

this base act, and Prussia, Austria, and Russia, have already paid at Austerlitz, or Auerstadt, the full reckoning of their partition. It will not end here:—the Poles remember their ancient independence, and have long felt their new masters. To a man, therefore, they are seen rallying around Bonaparte—To a man they will flock to that standard which invites them to liberty and independence. With these confederates Bonaparte cannot fail of success. The whole force of the Russian Empire will not be equal to a contest between the French and the Poles. Russia will scarcely venture to contest it, and Bonaparte will be suffered to winter in Poland without a battle.

Such has been the first event of the fall of the Prussian Monarchy. It has lost Poland. Bonaparte could by no other means have reached this country, so suited to his ambition and prepared for his designs. The restoration of this Monarchy was long a favourite project with the Emperor of the French,—Poland, as a kingdom, will be a sufficient check to Russia, and a barrier against her entrance into the South of Europe. If there be a Power in Europe which France hates with more passion than another, it is Russia.

G

With regard to the second question, it is as easily answered.—Bonaparte will effect the perfect conquest, or what amounts to the same thing, the perfect restoration of Poland. But here he will stop. He knows his situation too well to venture beyond the Vistula. It is totally a different thing marching to Warsaw and marching to Petersburg. The Russian peasantry will fight on their own fields with all the obstinacy of northern courage—Russia, out of her own country, loses halfter strength,—within her own limits she is invincible, and the whole collected armies of Europe would be destroyed in detail. Bonaparte knows this, and will never invade Russia on the side of the North.

What then will be the course of the war after Bonaparte has acquitted himself of his promise to the Poles?

The answer is in one word,—Peace, an immediate continental Peace. This will be the interest of all parties, and therefore cannot fail of effect. We will venture a political presage,—before Christmas, 1807, Russia and France will be at peace.

The last month has supplied many other circumstances of intelligence. The town has been in constant alarm with respect to the different reports from the seat of war. At one moment the Russians are said to have been annihilated in a pitched battle; at another, defeat, disgrace, and disease, (more fatal than either,) are attributed to the French. At this period (the 25th of Jan.) there is no certain intelligence from the Continent with respect to any of these points.

France is said to be on the eve of a war with Spain. We are sorry for it; Spain, like Prussia, would take up arms to her ruin. She has been a slave so long, that she can have no hopes in a contest with her master. Her spirits must sink within her, even at the contemplation of such an effort. It is beyond her strength; but fall she must, and fall she will. Portugal must follow of course, and Bonaparte again be stopped by the ocean. It is fortunate that there are some bounds.

The most interesting articles of the month are two Proclamations of the King of Prussia.—In the one his Prussian Majesty enters into a kind of historical detail, for such it may be considered, of the causes of the miserable failure of the Prussian arms, and the total ruin of the Monarchy. It appears from this document that a most general treachery pervaded every branch of the Prussian Government,—its Army,—its Garrisons—its Councils—and its Nobility. There appeared to be a kind of race of treachery amongst the Governors of the fortresses, and strong towns. History scarcely presents a scene of more general

treachery. There seemed to be a resolution not to fight. Towns, provided with every necessary for sustaining a siege of two or three months, were surrendered in the same moment in which they were summoned. And what is more singular, and as it were most complete in infamy, if any of the garrison happened to be absent from the towns at the time of capitulation, and thus to have escaped the necessity of surrender, they seemed to have considered this escape itself as a misfortune, and to have voluntarily hastened to unite themselves to their companions in disgrace, and deliver themselves up as prisoners. The Prussian proclamation accordingly disgraces them all *en masse*. * It would scarcely be going too far to assert, from this document alone, that the Prussian army is declared infamous in the face of Europe. There are, doubtless, however, some most honourable exceptions.

The second Proclamation states a most curious circumstance,—that the King of Prussia's Negotiators had twice signed an Armistice,—once on the 14th of October,—the second on the 22d of November. The latter was proposed by Bonaparte on the violation of the former,—Lucchesini signed it, but the King of Prussia, on the approach of the Russians, refused its ratification.

We have received New York Papers to a late date. The intelligence which they afford is extremely satisfactory. That hasty and injudicious measure, the Non-Importation Act, passed in a moment of jealousy and irritation, has, at the recommendation of the President, been suspended till the 30th of June.—This limit, short as it is, is still sufficient to answer every purpose. The Treaty concluded with this country will most probably be ratified and published long before the Suspension Bill can expire.

We have the satisfaction of learning, both from the American Papers and private letters, that the prejudices which had been so artfully raised by some designing and factious men against this country were rapidly wearing away. The great body of the inhabitants of the United States was firmly impressed with the advantages of British intercourse and connection, and determined to maintain them.

In respect to our domestic intelligence, there have been few occurrences of importance.—It is now certain that we have lost the valuable settlement of Buenos Ayres.

The chief topic of Parliamentary discussion has been upon the subject of the late Negotiation, on which Ministers have received more than an honourable acquittal, in an implied vote of thanks by way of address to his Majesty.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JANUARY.

MADAME CATALANI.

THIS celebrated singer (a correct likeness of whom, in the dress of her favourite character, *Semiramis*, is given in our present Number), has performed only twice during the last month, on account of indisposition. It is our purpose to enter into some detail of criticism with respect to the powers of this lady.

Madame Catalani has certainly hitherto experienced in this country very flattering, and in some measure, very just encomiums. In England, however, by a little dexterity of management in exciting that curiosity for which we are remarkable, it is easy to create momentary enthusiasm upon a first appearance. We entertain too modest a sense of our progress in accomplishments; and our diffidence in this respect creates a reluctance in each individual to exercise at first his own judgment. There is also inherent in our disposition a spirit of fairness and good nature, which induces us always to greet foreign performers, on their arrival in this country, with applause.

We shall endeavour to consider the excellence of Madame Catalani, and her defects, as a theatrical performer, with a view to prevent the public, under such circumstances, from being misled, or forming a false estimate; at the same time it will be our wish to avoid any remarks which may not be authorised by the principles of true and impartial criticism.

Madame Catalani has certainly the advantages of an elegant well-proportioned figure; and a voice, perhaps the most extensive in its compass of any that has existed within the memory of the present generation. Her countenance is agreeable, even interesting, and nature seems to have endowed her with a variety of qualities, calculated to place her on a very exalted eminence in her profession. She certainly is entitled to rank with the first singers of the day. It would therefore have been, perhaps, more judicious in the friends of this lady, with a view to promote as well her present professional reputation as her future excellence, for her youth will allow her opportunities of acquiring still greater attainments than she actually possesses, had they contented themselves with endeavouring to procure full justice to her talents, and not adopted an exaggerated style of commendation, excluding the merits of other performers, and demanding, as a matter of right, the admiration of the public beyond the limits of all reasonable allowance. The

indiscreet conduct of her enthusiastic panegyrists compels the notice of many defects in this great performer. The public will judge, by their own feelings and observation, whether the following remarks be fair and accurate:

As a singer, Madame Catalani's principal claim is founded upon the peculiar compass of her voice, which is said to extend through three octaves; and in an admirable facility of execution. It may be submitted, however, whether the astonishing compass of notes, which she can command with such extraordinary ease, be not counterbalanced in its effect by considerable disadvantages? Her voice does not seem always proportionably powerful on those notes which most generally occur in the composition of noble and affecting music. She sings frequently out of tune, and does not even appear sensible of the circumstance. Whether her imperfection may proceed from any natural defect of ear, or from the want of elementary instruction, it is not easy to ascertain. If conjecture be indulged, one might be inclined to think, either that she had already impaired the main strength of her voice by forcing too often its extreme notes—as is frequently done by young performers, to procure violent, but transitory applause; or, that she has never adopted the course, in Italy so rigidly observed in musical education, as indispensably necessary to render her voice firm and equal upon every note.

It appears to us that her voice is not generally equal, that it is frequently false; and it is observable, that, however rapid her execution, she seems in every slow movement to have a certain apprehension and difficulty in producing the exact note. Her voice flutters for a moment, in such movements, like the young bird of the grove meditating its flight in fear.

With respect to the quality of her voice, however brilliant, it has occasionally a certain sharpness. It is sometimes harsh; and it wants a sweetness and majesty proportionate to its extent. This disproportion occasions frequently the most mortifying disappointment;—and when, to continue the comparison—after indulging an airy excursion with wings, perhaps, never bestowed upon the human race, through new and untired regions—she returns to the spot from whence she took her flight, we are struck with a certain tenuity which was never expected in the object by the splendor of which in its glittering transit we had been previously dazzled. Her voice, on the notes

within the ordinary compass, leaves no dying sounds long lingering on the ear behind, nor does memory cherish with fond attachment, the recollection of any impression they might have made. There appears no peculiar excellence in her Intonation, which inseparably unites the passage and the Performer in a manner to render the same air insupportable in any other singer. If this be the fact, it must necessarily follow, that however extraordinary the compass of Madame Catalani's voice, it is inferior in its effect to the voices of many other Performers; and that it has not in itself any peculiar charm.

DRURY-LANE.

On Monday, January the 12th, a new Opera was produced at this Theatre, entitled *False Alarms*; or, *My Cousin*, from the pen of Mr KENNY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir David Gayland ..	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Edgar Gayland	Mr. BRAHAM.
Tom Surfeit	Mr. BANNISTER.
Lieutenant M'Leary	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Plod	Mr. MATHEWS.
Gabriel	Mr. PENLEY.
German Servant	Mr. WEWITZER.
Bob Bumper	Mr. DIGNUM.
Lady Gayland	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Caroline Sedley	Miss DUNCAN.
Emily	Miss BLAND.
Miss Umbrage	Miss POPE.
Susan	Signora STORACE.

PLOT.

Sir David Gayland, married to an amiable woman, through mere fashionable levity professes an attachment to *Caroline Sedley*, whom he had met at a masquerade, a young lady of great vivacity, who had been, unknown to the Baronet, the school companion of his wife. Between these two females a plot is formed to bring back the wanderer to a proper sense of his domestic character, as a part of which *Caroline* assumes the habit of a dashing young Officer, who pretends to make love to *Lady Gayland*: this has ultimately the desired effect, by exciting the jealousy of *Sir David*, and the married couple are, in consequence, reconciled, but not till the

offender has been completely made ashamed of his conduct. *Caroline* gives her hand to a worthy Hibernian Officer, *Lieutenant M'Leary*; and *Edgar*, the son of the Baronet, after several equivoques and difficulties thrown in the way by *Tom Surfeit*, an insignificant coxcomb of broken fortune, is married to *Emily*, the ward of *Plod*, a rich old potatoe merchant, with the consent of *Sir David*, extorted by the lively *Caroline*. A learned Lady, the Governess of *Emily*, a German servant in the family of the Baronet, and his wife, an intriguing *Abigail*, are introduced, as adding to the comic effect of the piece.

This Opera, as we have said, is from the pen of Mr. Kenny, whose early pieces, *Raising the Wind*, and *Matrimony* gave a promise of greater excellence. The town had encouraged expectations of some improvements in our drama from the youthful efforts of this gentleman; and if they looked forward to nothing very solid, or elevated, they still hoped to find a material amendment in that which the labours of contemporary dramatists had served to degrade.

Our hopes, however, have been disappointed, and *False Alarms*, instead of adding another feather to the cap of Mr. Kenny, plucks the single, solitary leaf of laurel from his brow.

The plot is such as we read in a novel, and the management is not a bit more artificial, the incidents are hacknied; and the characters, with the necessary variations, are mere transcripts from other dramatists.

The success of this piece, however, did not depend upon any pretensions of this kind; it was fixed in popularity by the music of Braham and King. The song of the *Smile and the tear*, by the former, is a most extraordinary effort of simple and unaffected harmony. Indeed this master has a power beyond any we ever heard, of giving to the fewest and most simple notes, the most exquisite melody, and finished taste. The contributions of Mr. King are not to be overlooked; they are such as tend still farther to root him in popular esteem.

COVENT-GARDEN.

NOTHING new has been produced at this house since that most popular and amusing Pantomime, entitled *Mother Goose*.