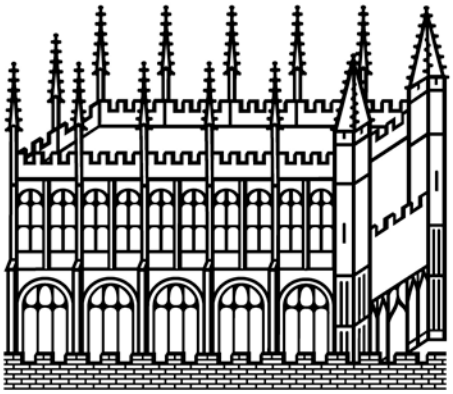

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

VOL. IV.

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

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OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLEES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION,
ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il gusto il mutar' esca,
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata fia,
Meno a chi l'udirà nojosa fia. ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
The following Tale the ravish'd ear detains. HOOLE.

The SECOND EDITION.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,
N°. 25, PATER-NOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXXV.

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

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INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

THE Baronneſs ceaſed to ſpeak; but as it was not late, the company did not immediately break up. I am highly delighted, ſaid M. de la Paliniére, with the deſcription of Angel Sound, the good old woman of ninety-five, and the repaſt at which the Baron was preſent; it recalls to my mind one of the moſt charming feaſts I ever beheld.

O pray deſcribe it.

Willingly——It was in Ruſſia. During the month of July, I was travelling through Livo-

nia (*a*), with a Ruſſian friend, who was deſirous of ſtopping at a Relation's country-ſeat. I was ſtruck with the aſpect of this habitation, which rather reſembled a ſmall town than a houſe. It was compoſed of a large building, ſurrounded by twelve ſmaller compartments, each connected with the other by covered galleries.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived at this vaſt manſion. We found all the domeſtics in a great hurry. My friend aſked for Novorgêve (that was the name of their Maſter) and was anſwered, that one of his grand-daughters was juſt brought to-bed. Since that is the caſe, ſaid my friend, we will go and take a walk in the wood; and accordingly we went.

As we walked, I was inquiſitive, and my friend replied, Novorgêve is a venerable old man of ſeventy-five, and poſſeſſes a large fortune, entirely of his own acquiring. On this ſpot was he born, but it was in a cottage. His father was a Farmer, and only owned the ſmall lands that lie round here, and the copſe in which we now are. At fourteen, young Novorgêve went to Riga, under the care of a Merchant, who was related to his father. His induſtry and underſtanding were ſo evident, that his relation the Merchant conceived

(*a*) Livonia is one of the fineſt provinces in all Ruſſia; the land is ſo fertile, that it is called the Granary of the North. Riga, a large and rich town, is its capital.

the

the greateſt hopes of him; and giving him letters of recommendation, ſent him to Peterſburg, certain, that in order to ſucceed, he wanted only to be known.

In a country, where, without the advantages of birth, men may aſpire to honourable employments and dignities, the young Novorgêve could not fail to make his fortune; he ſoon found protectors, and went at firſt into the army, whence, after having proved his conduct was equal to his courage, he was recalled, and fixed at Court. About this time he had the misfortune to loſe his father. He had two Siſters left, who conſtantly refuſed every offer of fraternal aſſiſtance. Theſe Siſters, who were models of the moſt affecting friendſhip, and of moderation ſtill more uncommon, would never marry, that they might never be aſunder: they were perfectly ſatisfied with the ſtate in which their deſtiny had placed them.

Seduced by ambition, Novorgêve ſought and obtained a wife among the Great. She conducted herſelf with decency; but ſhe made him unhappy by her haughtineſs and pride. She died, and left him ſix children; three boys and three girls, the eldeſt of whom was eight years old. Novorgêve then reſigned all his employments, and aſked permiſſion to retire. Hitherto he had only lived in ſplen- and perturbation; at laſt he wiſhed for peace,

quitted the Court, and rejoined his ſiſters, never to leave them more.

As ſoon as he came here he built this vaſt manſion, but he erazed not the humble dwelling of his father, which ſtands at the other end of this wood; to him it is a kind of ſacred temple, and is viſited by him every day. His employment is the education of his children, to which his Siſters likewiſe moſt aſſiduouſly contribute. Nor did he neglect to renew his acquaintance with the Farmers, who had been the old friends of his father, as ſoon as he returned to this his native country; for after he had carefully examined the interior of their families, he choſe, from among them, wives and huſbands for his children.

In conſequence of this project, he himſelf undertook to direct the education of the children he intended for his future ſons and daughters-in-law. This education was not what the world in general underſtands by a good one; he was only deſirous that they ſhould learn to read, write, and caſt accompts; but he was particularly aſſiduous that their manners ſhould be gentle, their morals pure, their piety ſincere, and their time well employed. His virtuous deſigns ſucceeded according to his wiſhes; he has married his children as he projected, and there is no father whoſe happineſs can equal his. All living under the ſame roof, his numerous family increaſes every year; ſo that he has been obliged

obliged, ſucceſſively, to build the twelve additional compartments which ſurround his manſion. Here he lives like a Patriarch, with his two reſpectable Siſters, and a multitude of children and grandchildren, all clothed like himſelf and his forefathers; that is to ſay, like countrymen and women; but each enjoying every convenience of life, and taſting a happineſs which is ſo little ſought, only becauſe it is ſo little known.

As my friend finiſhed his recital, I remarked, there was upon each tree an Inſcription, bearing a Date and a Name; and I aſked him what was the meaning of this ſingularity?

In order to underſtand it, ſaid he, it is neceſſary to inform you of an ancient cuſtom in this country, the origin of which is unknown to me. At the birth of each child, the father of the family plants a tree, on which he inſcribes the name of the infant, and the year of it's birth (*a*). Thus each proprietor of land, if but a little extended, poſſeſſes one of theſe ſacred woods, where the axe never wounds the tree in its vigour; but as ſoon as it begins to decay, it is then cut down, which is not done without great ceremony.

The family and the neighbours are aſſembled, the tree is felled in their preſence, and its Inſcrip-

(*a*) It is very true, that this cuſtom exiſts in Ruſſia; but I am not certain it is in the province of Livonia.

tion entered in a Regiſter, with a formal memorandum of the year in which it was cut down. The friends and relations ſign the writing as having been witneſſes of the procedure; and theſe Regiſters preſerve the names and memories of our anceſtors with the greater certitude, becauſe there is an entry made in another Regiſter of the birth of the infant, and a deſcription of the ſpecies of tree that has been planted in the family wood, on the day of its birth.

While my friend was ſpeaking, we heard at a diſtance the ſound of ruſtic muſic. Let us meet them, ſaid he, they are going to plant the tree of the child who was born this morning, and we ſhall ſee the venerable Novorgêve attended by a numerous train. We cannot ſpeak to him juſt at this inſtant; but after the ceremony he will join us, and invite us to dinner.

We quickened our pace, and, guided by the muſic, arrived in a copſe or kind of nurſery, full of young trees; where we found aſſembled ſome two hundred people, including about a ſcore of young children. They were all clothed according to the cuſtom of the Livonian Peaſants: the dreſs of the men had nothing in it remarkable, but I thought that of the women agreeable and picturesque; they had folds of muſlin about their heads, which hid only a part of their hair, but which flowed down and covered all their ſhoulders: they

all

all had brown jackets, fringed ſtuff girdles, and petticoats richly embroidered.

As I advanced, I diſcovered in the midſt of this crowd, an old man, of a mild, yet majeſtic preſence, clothed like the other Peaſants, but whoſe ſimple and coarſe habit formed a very ſingular contraſt to the brilliant order he wore. It was a large white Ribband, pendent to which was a magnificent Croſs, enriched with diamonds (*a*). That is Novorgêve, ſaid my Guide, as you will eaſily imagine, from the ſingularity of his appearance. The badge of diſtinction he wears, is doubtleſs dear to his heart; it is graditude, and not pride, which makes him bear with joy this honourable badge of his Sovereign's benevolence.

Be kind enough to tell me, ſaid I, who that young man is that ſtands on his right hand?

One of his grandſons, replied my friend, and the father of the child newly born. Thoſe two venerable Women on his left are his aged Siſters; and all the reſt that ſtand immediately next to him are his deſcendants.

How many do you ſuppoſe them to be?

Nearly fifty people, reckoning his ſons and daughters-in-law, and they all live in the manſion-houſe you have ſeen. The reſt of the aſ-

(*a*) The Order of St. Andrew, inſtituted by the Czar Peter I.

ſembly is compoſed of the relations, neighbours, and friends of the family. But huſh! the ceremony is going to begin.

I drew as near to the old man as poſſible, ſaw him take a ſpade, and, with an arm ſtill vigorous, open the earth and plant the tree. When this was done, he, according to cuſtom, pronounced ſeveral benedictions over it: he prayed that the tree might flouriſh, as long as the *Fir*, *Peter Novorgêve* (the oldeſt tree in the wood,) and that the infant, whoſe name it bore, might ſit beneath its ſhade, with the children of his grand-children.

When he had ended, the Regiſter was brought, in which the principal perſons of the Aſſembly wrote their names. After which Novorgêve received the young infant in his arms, and the proceſſion again began to the ſound of muſic.

We followed the crowd, which conducted us to the other extremity of the wood, into an immenſe and verdant Amphitheatre, ſurrounded by the fineſt trees I yet had ſeen. The proſpect was charming, the trees were all hung with garlands of flowers, while a dozen neat cradles diſperſed here and there, and ſuſpended with ribands to the large branches, were not, as you will find, the leaſt intereſting ornament of this delightful place.

My companion ſhewed me the *Fir*, *Peter Novorgêve*. I admired its prodigious height, and ſeeing

ing two oaks at ſome diſtance, between which was placed a column of white marble upon a hillock of earth, I aſked my Guide what it meant. I was anſwered, that thoſe trees were particularly dear to Novorgêve; that one of them bore the name of his father, the other of his grandfather; and that the column was a monument of his tenderneſs and reſpect for their memories. On it was engraved a Ruſſian inſcription, which contained the eulogium of Anaſtaſius and Alexis Novorgêve, dictated by feeling and truth, of which the following is the ſenſe:

" Heaven, in recompenſe of their ſincere piety, " taught them true happineſs; they found and en- " joyed it in their family, in the pleaſures of the " country, and the labours of agriculture."

I ſuppoſe, continued I, that the cradle which I obſerve is more ornamented than the others, and hung between theſe two oaks, is deſigned for the new-born infant.

Exactly ſo; and look, the old man approaches towards thoſe trees: he takes the child, and places it in the cradle.

Novorgêve having laid his grandſon in the deſtined place, formed a ſpecies of trophy, compoſed of various inſtruments of huſbandry, which were preſented to him, and which he attached to one of the trees by the ſide of the cradle. He himſelf explained the meaning of this cuſtom, ſaying the

boy was conſecrated to the occupations of a country life, and ended by reading aloud the inſcription of the marble column.

When the old man had ceaſed ſpeaking, the women, who had young children in their arms, laid them in the other cradles, ſat themſelves down at the foot of the trees, took hold of long ribands that hung from their ſides, and pulling them gently from time to time, gave an eaſy motion to the cradles, thus balanced, and this way amuſed or ſent the children to ſleep (*a*). While young mothers of twenty, in the midſt of feaſting, found no pleaſures ſo ſweet as thoſe of tending their children, the lads and laſſes of the family and the neighbourhood, aſſembled in their Amphitheatre, danced and ſung in honour of the feaſt. They ſung alſo a long ballad, entitled "The Seaſons," in which, after having painted the pleaſures of Spring, of Summer, and of Autumn, they celebrated the Winter with ſtill more circumſtantial energy; deſcribed the ſwiftneſs of their ſledges, and vaunted, in a ſimple yet affecting manner, of their long wintry evening, which glided ſo deliciouſly away, when aſſembled and ſitting amidſt their families around their paternal fires.

(*a*) The country women in Ruſſia, ſuſpend cradles to trees during ſummer, and rock their children after this manner. See Les Coſtumes Ruſſes, by M. le Prince.

The

The ſongs ended, they danced to the ſound of the Balayes (*a*), while ſeveral young girls walked round with baſkets, and offered the ſpectators cakes and clougwa (*b*). The relations and neighbours took leave of the old man at noon and departed; but he detained me and my friend to dinner, and took us to the cottage which his father had formerly inhabited.

This place, ſaid he, retraces to my memory the moſt pleaſing ideas: here I come and meditate every morning; and, could it have contained my numerous family, here, beneath this revered roof, I had ended my days.

The old man then ſat himſelf down upon a mat, and placed us by his ſide. He ſpoke French tolerably well, and anſwered my queſtions with all the politeneſs of a man who had lived twenty years at Court, and all the candour, good-nature, and ſimplicity of a Hermit and a Huſbandman. He painted his happineſs in a moſt affecting manner. I have known the Court, ſaid he, and all the pleaſures which ſucceſs, vanity, and favour can give; but then my head was buſy, and my heart was void and diſſatisfied. A prey to inquietude and fear, I was obliged to defend myſelf from the

(*a*) A kind of guittar with a long neck.

(*b*) A nice fruit, ſmaller than the cherry, and very common in Ruſſia.

ſnares of hatred, and the malignity of envy, as well as to ſupport the fatigue of indiſcreet requeſts. Each day I underwent the chagrin of making people diſcontented or ungrateful, and of ſeeing myſelf deprived of the counſels and conſolations of friendſhip. Heaven, at length, removed the film from my eyes, and taught me, that man, ſent for a moment into exiſtence, is but a lunatic to waſte that moment in accumulating periſhable riches, and ſacrificing repoſe to cupidity. I loſt half my fortune by giving up my employments; but I recovered my freedom by renouncing factitious paſſions: by again acquiring a taſte for the pleaſures which nature preſents, I once more regained the health I had loſt, and the pure happineſs my early youth had known. Thus it is that a ſimplicity of manners, occupations, and pleaſures, prolongs and embelliſhes life, and renders our latter days as ſmiling and as fortunate as the happy years of infancy; of which we preſerve ſo powerful and ſo ſweet a recollection, only becauſe they were ſpent in innocence, and free from the tumults of the paſſions.

I was far from being tired of liſtening to the virtuous Novorgêve, but dinner interrupted our converſation. We ſat down to dinner in the centre of the Amphitheatre where they had danced. I beheld with rapture the old man ſurrounded by his family, and ſeated between his two reſpectable

reſpectable Siſters. I could not underſtand the language of his children, but I could ſee the expreſſion of their countenances, which internal joy and content inſpired.

After dinner Novorgêve led me to his manſion, which was as ſimple as it was vaſt. No ſtudied appendages of luxury and idleneſs; beds without curtains, wooden chairs and tables, and mats made of ruſhes, compoſed the furniture; long branches of trees artfully interlaced, and abundant in foliage, were the only ornaments (*a*).

The hall was large enough to contain all the family. Here they converſed about an hour, and then departed. We ſtaid with the maſter of the houſe, who aſked us to walk in his gardens; when we came there, he took off his order of Saint Andrew, hung it upon a tree, flung his coat upon the graſs, and taking a hoe, began to work, without interrupting his converſation with us.

The gardens were immenſe; I ſaw about a dozen Gardeners, and ſoon knew them to be the ſons of Novorgêve, with whom we had dined. I then learnt, that the others were gone to ſimilar

(*a*) It is the cuſtom in Ruſſia during ſummer, and eſpecially among the country people, thus to decorate the inſide of their houſes; therefore it is, that ſuch a quantity of people are met in their towns, loaded with green boughs to ſell: in ſome apartments, theſe branches are put in vaſes full of water.

labours

labours in the adjacent fields, and that the women were all occupied in their houſhold duties; ſome had the care of the kitchen, others of the dairy; ſome were ſpinning, ſome knitting, ſome ſewing, not one was idle till ſeven o'clock in the evening, at which hour all the company aſſembled to ſupper. With what pleaſure did they ſit down! With what appetite did they eat!

Before they went to bed, the good Novorgêve read his children a moral and chriſtian leſſon; after which they all kneeled down, and the old man recited his prayers aloud, which he ended by pronouncing a benediction on the family. After this every body went to reſt, and enjoyed the ſweets of peaceable and profound ſleep. The next morning I departed with a picture of this manſion, and of the happy Philoſopher that owned it, which Time can never efface from my memory or my heart.

M. de la Paliniére ended, and the Baronneſs roſe, thanked him for his complaiſance, and inſtantly retired, for it was near half paſt ten o'clock. Their tales were interrupted for ſome days, becauſe Madame de Clémire, whoſe turn it was to relate, had a cold; but they converſed together.

Cæſar recollected, that the Baronneſs, in her hiſtory of Olympia, had ſaid honour was more ſevere than the laws; and aſked the reaſon why?

The

The laws, replied the Baronneſs, are enacted for the general community; we muſt not expect generous and delicate ſentiments from the multitude, conſequently the laws cannot regulate certain actions and ſenſations: were they more ſevere, they would be obſerved only by a few, therefore could not contribute to the general good: they confine themſelves to forbid manifeſt violence and injuſtice, becauſe they are made for the regulation of common and not ſuperior minds. For which reaſon you may obſerve, that the man whoſe probity conſiſts in merely obeying the laws, can neither be truly virtuous nor eſtimable; for he will find many opportunities of doing contemptible and even diſhoneſt acts, which the laws cannot puniſh. Hence you may comprehend, how law may authorize what honour may proſcribe; and wherefore it is ſhameful to proſecute, in inſtances where you would be certain of gaining the cauſe.

But what is yet more, ſaid M. de la Paliniére, there are even crimes which, not having produced any tragical event, are not puniſhable by the laws: ſuch for example as calumny (*a*).

But

(*a*) Calumniators in Poland are puniſhed in a way as odd as it is infamous to the Culprit; when convicted, he is obliged, in full ſenate, to crouch on the ground at the foot

But a Calumniator, ſaid Cæſar, is univerſally deſpiſed.

Certainly; he is diſhonoured, and ſo are all thoſe who profit by the indulgence of the laws to commit acts, which are in themſelves unwarrantable.

I do not thoroughly comprehend, ſaid Cæſar, what you mean by being diſhonoured?

A man whom the public voice accuſes of diſhonourable actions.

The multitude then has delicacy, ſince its judgments are ſo juſt, and more ſevere than the laws. Wherefore, *Law made for the multitude* ought to ordain virtuous acts.

There is no man, however wicked, or however vulgar, but what naturally loves virtue, and hates vice. His paſſions make him act againſt his conſcience; but while his conſcience reproves him for his own errors, it demonſtrates ſo clearly the errors of others, that he cannot reject its teſtimony. Hence it is that men act ill, and judge well. Feeble, and corrupted, they give way

foot of the perſon's ſeat whoſe honour he has attacked, and ſay, with a loud voice, that when he ſpread theſe injurious reports, *he lied like a dog*. After which public confeſſion, he is obliged, three ſeveral times, to imitate the barking of a dog. This kind of puniſhment is ſtill practiſed in Poland. *Hiſtoire Gènèral de Pologne, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac*, Tom. III.

to

to their paſſions; but when they are cool, that is to ſay, when they are unintereſted, they inſtantly condemn what they have often been guilty of; they revolt againſt every thing contemptible, they admire every thing generous, and they are moved at every thing affecting.

A bad father, or an ungrateful ſon, could not unaffectedly behold the aged mother of Angel-Sound bleſſing her children, and her great great-grand-children, or our good old Novorgêve, at the head of his family. They would admire pictures ſo ſublime, yet would feel no temptation to imitate like examples. Would they then obey a law which commanded them ſo to do? Such is the multitude, ſuch are men in general.——The moſt important concluſion that can be drawn from theſe reflections is, that every voice is raiſed to declaim againſt wickedneſs, and to praiſe virtue. Wherefore if we think reputation and general eſteem deſirable, to acquire them, we muſt be conſtantly good, worthy, and noble.

I have a queſtion to aſk, likewiſe, ſaid Caroline, concerning a word, the ſignification of which I do not well underſtand. Pray what do you mean when you ſpeak of prejudices (*a*)?

A pre-

(*a*) The explanation of the word prejudice here given by Madame de Genlis, as the reader will eaſily perceive, is

A prejudice is an opinion formed without due reflection, and which cannot be ſupported by any good reaſons: thus, for example, Mademoiſelle Victoire believes that a bit of the rope, with which a man has been hanged, carried in her pocket, will make her win at cards. This is a prejudice, for it certainly is not the effect of reaſoning, or the poſſibility of the fact, which could firſt make her give into ſuch a belief. Aſk her why ſhe has this opinion, and ſhe will tell you ſhe had it of her aunt, her mother, or her grandmother, and that is all ſhe knows.

All prejudices are not equally ſtupid with this; but I know many which I think ſo, and which yet are generally adopted. I have ſeen women fly frightened at the entrance of a perſon who nurſed another ſick of the ſmall-pox or the meaſles; and I have ſeen theſe ſame women, with great tranquility, ſhut themſelves up with the Phyſician who attended thoſe very Patients. Many other things, of a like kind, may be obſerved, equally rational with Mademoiſelle Victoire's predilection for the Hangman's rope.

is not ſtricty comformable to the Engliſh uſage of that word; but as it may be ſo underſtood in Engliſh, without any great impropriety, it was thought beſt to retain the Author's own term. T.

But

But there is another ſpecies of prejudice, which, far from being ridiculous, deſerves to be reſpected, becauſe it is produced by a lively and delicate ſenſibility. Let us continue to believe that twins are united in perfect friendſhip; that they reciprocally ſuffer the bodily evils of each other; that a mother would diſcover her child whom ſhe had never ſeen amidſt a thouſand other children; theſe are the errors of kind hearts, the conſequences of virtuous ſentiments, and ought not to be deſpiſed.

All opinions, which cannot be maintained by reaſon, and which facts and experiments demonſtrate to be falſe, are certainly prejudices; but yet we muſt be careful how we affirm that any thing, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, however ſtrange it may appear to us, is chimerical and vain. The hiſtory of Alphonſo has taught us, that there exiſts an infinity of phænomena in Nature, the cauſes of which are unknown to man; for which reaſon we ought only to call thoſe things prejudices, which are not only repugnant to reaſon, but which are capable of being proved falſe by facts.

I comprehend very well, mamma, at preſent, what is meant by prejudices; and, likewiſe, that all thoſe which are not the effect of ſenſibility are ridiculous; ſuch as the belief that Friday is an unfortunate day, that it is ill luck to ſpill ſalt, &c.

I hope

I hope you underſtand, too, that any thing which religion, law, or honour ordains, cannot be called a prejudice.

O certainly!——Is the reſpect that is paid to the dead and their tombs a prejudice?

No; becauſe religion ordains us to honour them, and becauſe the rites of burial are holy.

That is true. But ſhould our reſpect for the dead extend ar far as is commonly thought, when people ſay, that it is a leſs crime to ſpeak ill of the living than of the dead?

The queſtion embarraſſes me!——Let us conſult a ſure guide on this ſubject; Religion. Does it command us to reſpect the memory of thoſe that are gone, more than of thoſe that remain?

It certainly does not, ſaid the Baronneſs; it commands us to love our neighbour as our ſelf, and render him good for evil (*a*). Surely, therefore, it is more wicked to take away the reputation of the living, than to attack the memory of the dead.

Beſides that, the dead hear not, feel not, while the living are driven to deſpair; for which reaſon, that opinion muſt be a prejudice, as has been ſhewn: for, if, for inſtance, a perſon ſhould ſeek,

(*a*) Bleſs them which perſecute you; bleſs, and curſe not.—Dearly beloved, avenge not yourſelves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay ſaith the Lord.—Rom. xii. 14, 19.

after

after the death of his enemy, to injure his memory by new and vague accuſations, he would add meanneſs to malice, becauſe that, the dead cannot anſwer, cannot defend his reputation. Were he living, he might clear up conjecture, and prove the falſity of what remained in doubt; but he could not deny eſtabliſhed facts: and this is the reaſon, why an accuſation, founded only on ſuſpicion, is ſo unworthy an act.

I would have you, however, underſtand I not only diſapprove, but deteſt a ſenſeleſs animoſity againſt the dead, although they are inſenſible to wrongs. My intention was only to ſhew, there is much leſs cruelty in attacking the memory of the dead than of the living.

I will remember what you have told me, mamma, ſaid Caroline.

Two days after this converſation, Madame de Clémire being alone with Caroline, ſaid to her, when I came into your bedchamber this morning, my dear, I ſaw one of the maids buckling your ſhoes. How could you ſuffer this? To debaſe a fellow-creature is to debaſe yourſelf. You never ſhould require any thing of a ſervant except ſuch aſſiſtance as is abſolutely neceſſary to you; but avoid as much as poſſible whatever gives trouble, or can inſpire repugnance. Never baſely and cruelly take advantage of your ſituation, and refuſe the reſpect due to all; but if you wiſh to be reſpected yourſelf,

yourſelf, accuſtom yourſelf betimes to revere in others the ſacred rights of humanity.

I cannot dreſs myſelf entirely alone, therefore my maid aſſiſts to lace me, comb up my hair, and ſo forth; but I can undreſs myſelf, and I have never, ſince I have been married, made my ſervant ſit up for that purpoſe, but have gone to bed without her aid. I have lived in the faſhionable world, have been at balls, have come home at four and five o'clock in the morning with all the paraphernalia of dreſs, loaded with flowers and pins, almoſt innumerable, of which it was no eaſy taſk to get rid; but I a thouſand times preferred the taking of this trouble, and going to bed ſomewhat later, to the alternative of receiving help from an unfortunate wretch half aſleep, and out of temper; who, while ſhe undreſſed me, would ſecretly curſe my pleaſures and her own condition. At preſent I have little merit in undreſſing myſelf, becauſe the ornaments of Champcery are ſimple, and ſoon thrown off.——

You never ring your bell in the night I obſerve, mamma.

Never; unleſs I am ill. If I am gone to bed, and want any thing, I riſe and get it myſelf, even in the depth of winter; and this I am ſo accuſtomed to, that I never get cold; but have acquired an activity which I believe to be very healthy,

healthy, for nothing enfeebles the body like idleneſs and effeminacy. Such habits beget addreſs, ſtrength, and agility. I have by no means a robuſt appearance, and yet I every evening perform acts of real force; I can carry a huge pitcher of water, and in winter continually put large logs upon the fire much heavier than myſelf.

I wiſh to imitate you, mamma; and henceforth, if you will permit me, I will always undreſs myſelf

No, you are too young at preſent; your's is the age of feebleneſs and dependence; but even now, you may help yourſelf much oftener than you do; and hereafter you will be very wiſe, to acquire the habits I have deſcribed.

I promiſe you, mamma, no more to treat ſervants with a want of proper reſpect.

The attention we ſhould pay them is, perhaps, greater than you imagine. You ought to be careful not to ſpeak any thing directly or indirectly that could make them aſhamed of their condition. Thus it would be inexpreſſibly cruel to make uſe of the proverb *He lies like a Lackey*, in preſence of a footman: it becomes us carefully to avoid ſuch rudeneſs, ſince, while it humiliates, it excites reſentment and hatred. We ought, likewiſe, to be exceedingly circumſpect in all our words and actions when they are preſent; ſince the

the impreſſion they receive, from obſerving their ſuperiors, has the greateſt effect upon their manners: we ſhould, therefore, be doubly guilty in giving them bad examples. In fine, Religion, Juſtice, Humanity, all equally require us to treat them with gentleneſs and indulgence; to endeavour to promote their intereſts, to protect them on all juſt occaſions, and affectionately to aſſiſt them when they are ill, or have become old in our ſervice.

Madame de Clémire was going to riſe and take a walk, but was ſtopt by Caroline, who ſaid ſhe had ſomething more to confide to her. She then confeſſed, that during the morning ſhe had been a little ill-tempered with Pulcheria.

You have, no doubt, repaired the wrong you did her, ſaid Madame de Clémire?

Yes, mamma, replied Caroline; though I did myſelf ſome violence, I reſolved to overcome my ill humour, and all the reſt of the morning we were as good friends as ever.

And did not you make an apology? Did not you regret your having been unjuſt, though but for a moment?

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me good tempered ſhe was ſo too, and did not ſeem to be vexed the leaſt in the world.

But becauſe ſhe did not bear malice, muſt you appear inſenſible of her generoſity? If I had ill treated the loweſt ſervant in the houſe, I would ſhew him I was ſorry for it; and by ſo doing, ſhould think I did honour to myſelf; for nothing elevates us more than equity: the greateſt defect a perſon can have, is that of knowing, yet not acknowledging themſelves to be wrong. The imperfection of our nature is ſuch, that ſcarce a day can paſs, in which we have not committed ſome error; for which reaſon the people moſt amiable, and moſt beloved, will always be thoſe who, by confeſſing the wrongs they have done, ſhew their candour and goodneſs of heart. This ſublime quality always appertains to the generous and the feeling; while little and confined minds, enſlaved by falſe ſhame, as mean as it is fooliſh, would rather aggravate their faults than retract them, or ſay a word in expiation.

I will run and ſeek my ſiſter, mamma, and make an apology to her for being out of temper, and for not having ſhewn I was ſorry I had been ſo.

This procured Caroline a tender kiſs, and ſhe immediately left the room, running to find her ſiſter.

Madame de Clémire had promiſed in the morning ſhe would tell them a ſhort ſtory after ſupper, and in the evening ſhe thus acquitted herſelf of her promiſe.

THE SOLITARY FAMILY OF NORMANDY.

A FEW leagues from Forges (*a*), near the rich Abbey of Bobec, and in the province of Normandy, lived a good Farmer, whoſe name was Anſelmo, with his wife and children. He was poor, but ſo happy, that he had never left his houſe but to go to church. His little habitation ſtood by itſelf in the midſt of a foreſt; he had no neighbours, and he wiſhed for none; for he could not imagine, after he had been all day labouring in his field, it was poſſible to find a pleaſure more ſweet than that of repoſing in the midſt of his family.

(*a*) Forges is 26 leagues from Paris, and celebrated for its Mineral Waters.

Three

Three acres of land, two cows, and a little poultry, were the whole of his riches; he had no other ſociety but that of his wife and five children, a ſervant maid, and a herdſman, with whom it is neceſſary you ſhould become better acquainted.

The maid's name was Jacquelina. She had been bred in the houſe of Anſelmo, and had acquired the manner, and ſedentary habits of the family; ſhe had never been above half a league from the houſe. Of all the edifices which cover the earth, ſhe knew none but the Cottage of Anſelmo, and the Abbey of Bobec; and never did St. Peter's at Rome, or the Colonade of the Louvre, excite greater admiration, than the little church of Bobec gave Jacquelina.

She had heard ſpeak of Forges, but hearing that it was four leagues off, ſhe never could be tempted to undertake ſo long a journey. Jacquelina, as you may imagine, could not read; ſhe had never ſeen a book in her life, except at church. Her talents were confined to the milking of cows, the making of cheeſe, and aiding her miſtreſs in houſhold duties. Her mind was not capable of any extenſive knowledge; ſhe had preciſely that degree of intelligence, neceſſary to tolerably fulfil the duties of her condition; and if Heaven had not ſent her rulers as patient as

they were humane, ſhe would more than once have been liable to loſe her place.

She committed no voluntary faults, however; it was want of memory and reflection only; for her intentions were ſo upright, and her heart ſo good, that Anſelmo and his wife never could reſolve to ſcold her.

The Herdſman, Michael, who kept the cows, was ſtill leſs active and leſs intelligent than Jacqueline; but, in the eyes of the indulgent Anſelmo, the weakneſs of his conſtitution excuſed his indolence and incapacity; beſides, Michael was naturally gentle, peaceable, honeſt, and ſo patient, that it was not poſſible to make him angry.

There was ſo much conformity between Michael and Jacquelina, that it would have been a miracle, being, as they were, always together, had they not formed an attachment to each other. Sympathy declared itſelf, and the two lovers aſked permiſſion to marry, which was eaſily granted. Michael wedded Jacquelina, and, in three years time, was the father of three children, who were all brought up with the children of Anſelmo.

About this time, Jacquelina, patient as ſhe was, underwent great trouble. The wife of Anſelmo died. Neither did the good man ſurvive her above two years; by which accident, Michael and Jacquelina loſt the beſt of maſters, and the ſole ſupport

port they had upon earth. The relations, who were left Guardians of the children, came to occupy the little heritage, and had the cruelty to turn away Michael and Jacquelina.

They were obliged to quit the cheriſhed cottage which they regarded as their paternal manſion, and to tear themſelves from the arms of the virtuous Anſelmo's children, who, for the laſt two years, had called Jacquelina by the kind name of mother. The poor woman wept over them, and left them in deſpair, followed by four of her own children, and the mournful Michael, who carried under his arm a large bundle of coarſe cloathing, which contained all the riches of this unfortunate family.

It was happy for them, that in this dreadful ſituation, they felt none of thoſe diſtracting inquietudes which forethought and fancy give; their ſorrows were only the ſorrows of a moment; the future was to them hid by a veil ſo thick, they even could not form an image of the morrow. They had dined well before they left their old habitation, and were not much diſturbed about where they ſhould ſup; all their converſation was regret for the death of Anſelmo, and tenderneſs for the children they had been obliged to abandon.

Converſing ſimply thus, they followed whereever chance pleaſed to lead, till they had loſt them-

ſelves in the foreſt. Jacquelina was ſix months gone with child, and being fatigued, reſted herſelf at the foot of a tree. Her huſband ſat himſelf down by her ſide, and the four children ranged themſelves around.

It was in the month of July, and, as day began to decline, one of the children ſaid he was hungry, and all the reſt immediately aſked for bread. Michael had ſome proviſions in his wallet, which he partook with his wife and children. After ſupper, they determined to paſs the night in the wood; and at break of day they found a beaten path, which brought them into a kind of wilderneſs, on the outſide of the foreſt. This wild place was full of broom, and they found a ſtream of pure water, which ran from a rock covered with moſs, the ſight of which gave Jacquelina great joy. Still to increaſe their happineſs, along the ſkirts of the foreſt, they found plenty of nuts, mulberries, and wild raſberries, with an infinity of ſtrawberries.

Jacquelina was quite enchanted at this garden of Nature. Oh Michael! cried ſhe, let us always live here; for look you, there is water, and here are fruits, and they will be ſufficient for us; let us make a Hut of the branches of trees, to keep out the rain.——It juſt then occurred to the mind of Jacquelina, that they muſt firſt have leave to lop

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the trees, and the reflection made her ſorrowful. At this moment ſhe perceived a young Peaſant, at ſome diſtance, gathering ſtrawberries: to him ſhe went, and aſked if he knew to whom the place where they were belonged?——

Yes, to the Abbey of Bobec, replied the Peaſant.

Are we far from the Abbey?

Three quarters of a league; I am going there preſently, with the ſtrawberries I have gathered.

Jacquelina then went and adviſed with her huſband; and Michael, having received her inſtructions, departed with the young Peaſant to the Abbey of Bobec, leaving Jacquelina with his children at the entrance of the foreſt, and promiſed to return as ſoon as poſſible.

Arrived at the Abbey, Michael obtained a moment's audience of the Abbot, to whom he related his ſituation; he ended by aſking work, or at leaſt permiſſion to eſtabliſh himſelf in the place where he had left his family.

What can you do, ſaid the Abbot?

Keep cows.

We have no need of Herdſmen; beſides, you do not belong to our diſtrict.

But I have no means of a livelihood, and that is all the ſame.

Alas! we cannot relieve all the poor.

I am

I am not poor; I aſk no alms; our hearts are willing, and we can work.

You can do nothing; beſides I tell you, that the inhabitants of our own diſtrict muſt have the preference.

But I am very weak and ſickly, I aſſure you, and ſo you ought to take me into your ſervice.

What becauſe you are incapable of working?

Yes to be ſure; it was for that reaſon that my dead maſter Anſelmo took me into his ſervice, and would never turn me away; but if you do not like ſickly people, at leaſt, Mr. Abbot, give us leave to build a little hut with boughs, upon the heath.

How will you live there?

With wild fruits and roots; there are water-creſſes, ſtrawberries, nuts, water.——Truly it is a paradiſe.

What will you do in winter?

Winter!——We never thought of winter; but winter will not be here ſo ſoon, this is only July.

Hark you, good man, ſince you are ſo very deſirous of it, I permit you to build your Hut; and moreover, I authoriſe you to come every other day to the Abbey, for a ſupply of bread and potatoes for you and your family.

I have a wallet.

Go,

Go, that is all I can do for you.

Oh! that is more than I aſked——Jacquelina will be ſo happy!

Michael haſtily departed, and was already at ſome little diſtance, when they called him back, by the order of the Abbot, to give him brown bread and potatoes roaſted in the aſhes. Michael, who was truly honeſt, refuſed at firſt to receive them.——The Abbot told me, ſaid he, I was only to come every other day, ſo I will come for them the day after to-morrow.

In ſpite of his reſiſtance, however, they filled his pockets and hands with the proviſions deſtined for two days, and he departed, highly ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his journey. He found Jacquelina, came up to her with a triumphant air, and anſwered all her queſtions. Jacquelina, though quite happy at the recital, ſcolded him a little notwithſtanding, for not having bought an axe, in the village of Bobec, to cut down the branches; for, ſaid ſhe, here we have ſeven ſhillings and eleven-pence, (it was the fruit of ten years ſavings) and what are we to do with all that money?

That is true, replied Michael, but one cannot think of every thing; we had forgot, you know, that winter would come.

Oh!

Oh! now you mention winter, you muſt keep the money to buy ſheeps ſkins, that we may lie comfortably.

Ay, ſo I will; we will have every thing comfortable I warrant, ſince we are to live here.

Come, let us go to work, we can cut the ſmall branches with our knives.

Jacquelina went towards the wood, her huſband followed, and they worked till night. The huſband and the wife were neither of them robuſt or active, for which reaſon they were a fortnight in conſtructing their Hut; which was tolerably ſolid it is true, but which had one inconvenience unperceived by them, till their work was almoſt finiſhed. They had forgot; for, as Michael ſaid, they could not think of every thing, that they were to live in the Hut, and that conſequently it was neceſſary it ſhould be as high as themſelves. It is eaſier to work within your reach, than to clamber and raiſe your arms above your head, and they did what would give them the leaſt trouble.

Jacquelina and Michael could lean upon their Hut, as you would lean upon a balcony. Jacquelina was the firſt who remarked this defect of conſtruction, and though the building was far advanced, had ſo much fortitude as to be tempted to begin the work again, had not Michael perſuaded her to

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the contrary; for, ſaid he, people do not want a houſe, except to reſt in, and we can either ſit or lie down in ours.

Jacquelina had nothing to anſwer to this reaſoning, and notwithſtanding its erroneous dimenſions, the Hut was finiſhed.

The day on which they dined in it, for the firſt time, was a holiday; Michael had been, in the morning, to the Abbey, whence he had brought potatoes and freſh bread, and likewiſe a pint of milk and ſome eggs, which he had purchaſed in the village. The joy of the children was exceſſive at the ſight of this delicious feaſt, and their gaiety excited that of Michael and Jacquelina, ſo that nothing was wanting to the happineſs of the banquet, for the gueſts had good appetites and good humour; and when night came, ſound ſleep and tranquility came alſo. After having paſſed above eight and twenty nights expoſed to the injuries of the open air, they found an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction in lying down beneath a thick foliage, and on freſh ſtraw; in the morning they awaked in the moſt perfect health.

There is nothing ſo comfortable, ſaid Michael, as to have every thing at one's eaſe. They may well ſay, that uſe makes all things eaſy; yet I ſhould never have ſlept ſo well upon the ground, and with the ſkies for a covering.

Nor

Nor I neither, replied Jacquelina; I always thought of the warm ſtable, where we lay when our good dear maſter was alive.

Our Hut though is quite as good as the ſtable, Jacquelina.

Oh certainly; and now we have a houſe, we ought always to be happy at home, as our good maſter uſed to ſay.

Michael the evening before had bought a platter, five wooden ſpoons, ſeveral warm ſheep's ſkins, and ſome flax for Jacquelina, who had a diſtaff, and could ſpin tolerably; and thus it was, that he had expended his ſeven ſhillings and elevenpence. Michael on his part, found means of employing himſelf; he caught birds with birdlime, which he carried to the Abbey; and in a month's time he went to ſell his wife's work, which did not come to much: for as I have ſaid, Jacquelina was neither active nor induſtrious.

The ſummer glided away, and in the month of September Jacquelina was happily delivered of a little daughter. Winter at laſt arrived, and notwithſtanding their ſheeps ſkins, their Hut did not ſeem half ſo agreeable; nor could they find either raſberries, bilberries, or other wild fruits.

Michael and Jacquelina, however, ſuffered much leſs from the cold than might be ſuppoſed; they had never in their lives ſlept in a cloſe chamber,

ber, in which there was a chimney; the ſtable, which they remembered with ſo much affection, was open in the roof in ſeveral places, and had various fractures in its ſides, large enough to put the hand through; ſo that Jacquelina and her huſband found no great difference, even during the rigours of winter, between the Hut and the ſtable they regretted; and in ſummer, their Hut, being ſituated on a healthy ſoil, and ſheltered by a foreſt, in which grew multitudes of herbs, flowers, and fruits, was much more agreeable than a gloomy damp ſtable, built in a yard, ſurrounded by dung, and in which was a great pond of green ſtagnant water.

Towards the end of winter Michael, who for the laſt two months could hardly walk as far as the Abbey, at laſt found it impoſſible to go thither and receive their ſubſiſtence. Jacquelina therefore went in his ſtead, and poor Michael was obliged to ſtay in his Hut, gloomily extended on dry leaves. He did not ſuffer any great pain; and his natural piety and tranquillity, preſerved him from laſſitude and impatience: he prayed to God all the day, and Jacquelina ſpun and told her beads by his ſide: his children continually came to careſs him, ſo that he could not abſolutely be called miſerable; and a year paſt away in this manner.

Michael

Michael and Jacquelina had lived two years in their Hut, when one day (it was the month of July) Jacquelina, who had been gathering fruits round the foreſt, came running, quite out of breath. Oh Michael, cried ſhe, you cannot think what a fine thing I have juſt ſeen!

Ay, what?

Oh dear! a coach without a top; it is made for all the world like a cart; but then it is all yellow, and ſhines ſo——beſides it is drawn by ſix horſes all over ſilver——and there are ſuch fine ladies in the coach, and ſuch fine gentlemen behind, with coats as red as our Billy's cheeks—— And——

Jacquelina heard the noiſe of the landau which ſhe had been deſcribing; her heart beat with joy, ſhe ran from her Hut, and all her little ones followed her. The landau was not thirty paces from her; in it, ſuperior to all the reſt, was one angelic lady, who, looking at her and her children with gentle ſmiles, ordered the coachman to ſtop.

Jacquelina, ſurprized and aſtoniſhed, durſt not advance, whilſt the young and beauteous ſtranger, followed by four ladies, who alighted with her from the carriage, approached.——Are theſe five children all your's? ſaid ſhe.

Yes, my lady.

Poor

Poor little creatures! Why they are almoſt naked.

Oh! the three youngeſt have jackets, but we keep them againſt winter,

And do you live all day in this Hut?

Yes, my lady, and all night too.

What, have you no other dwelling?

No, my lady; we have not had for theſe two years paſt. We live very well in the ſummer; but to be ſure it is a little cold in the winter: eſpecially ſince my huſband has been ill.

Your huſband ill! and lying in that Hut!

Yes, my lady.

Merciful Providence!——How happy am I we have loſt our way, and that Chance has conducted us hither.

The angelic ſtranger went towards the Hut, and with her attendants endeavoured to enter; but their high heeled ſhoes, and their hats and feathers, obliged them to ſtoop ſo much, that the ſtranger, unable to ſupport the pain of ſuch an attitude, kneeled down in the Hut.——Good God! ſaid ſhe, turning her tearful eyes on Michael, and have you had no other aſylum than this for two years?——Could you find no relief at Forges?

Forges is ſo far off, my lady!

It is but three leagues.

My huſband has been ſickly this year and a half, and I could not leave him to undertake ſo long a journey; beſides we have wanted for nothing, they have always given us bread and potatoes at the Abbey.

The ſtranger took out her purſe: take theſe, ſaid ſhe to Jacquelina. I will ſend for you this evening; but ſince you love this place ſo much, I promiſe you ſhall return again. I only deſire you to paſs ſome time at Forges, for your huſband wants the aſſiſtance of a Phyſician.

While the ſtranger was ſpeaking, Jacquelina was conſidering the pieces of gold the ſtranger had given her.——Since you are ſo very good my lady, ſaid ſhe, I muſt make bold to tell you, that theſe pieces you have given me will do us no good; they do not know what they are in this country.

What, have you never ſeen gold?

Oh yes, my lady, to be ſure I have ſeen the gilding in the church at Bobec; but as for golden money I never heard ſpeak of any ſuch thing, and I am ſure nobody will take it.

The ſtranger, ſtruck by an exceſs of poverty, of which ſhe had never before had an idea, could not retain her tears; ſhe prevailed, however, on Jacquelina to keep the gold ſhe had received; but for her better ſatisfaction ſhe gave her ſome crown pieces, which were received with gratitude and joy.

joy. After which, ſhe and her attendants left the Hut, remounted their carriage, and returned to Forges, leaving Michael and Jacquelina aſtoniſhed and tranſported.

They talked of nothing but the beautiful lady; and their converſation was ſtill on the ſame ſubject, when the Meſſengers arrived to take them to Forges. Four men carefully placed Michael on a kind of bier, on which he was carried lying on a mattreſs. Jacquelina and her children were ſeated in a covered cart; and our little troop arrived at Forges about nine o'clock in the evening.

They were conducted to a houſe, where they found clean linen and good beds. As ſoon as Michael was put to bed, Jacquelina ran to interrogate her hoſteſs, and in leſs than half an hour returned.——Oh Michael, ſaid ſhe, thou wilt be ſo ſurprized!——That beautious lady——Doſt thou know what a Princeſs is?

No, truly.

Well, that fine lady is a Princeſs!——And moreover ſhe is called a Ducheſs——and beſides all which, ſhe has another name ſtill——But that I have forgot; however, what is moſt of all, ſhe is——Ay, ſhe is a relation to the King!

How can that be? She has no pride!

No more ſhe has, as thou ſayeſt.

How

How can a relation of the King's have ſuch mildneſs in her looks, and ſuch gentleneſs in her words?

Thou wilt never gueſs what ſhe is come to Forges for!——It is to drink of a certain water here that makes women have children; for my ſhare, I have no opinion about any ſuch water; but I will ſay my prayers once a day the oftener for her, that God may give this dear good lady as many children as her heart could wiſh, that ſo ſhe may be happy,

Their converſation was interrupted by the Hoſteſs, who brought them an excellent ſupper. Michael and his wife had before time drank bad cyder, but never any ſort of wine, and, for the firſt time in their lives, they taſted it to the health of their benefactreſs. After which Jacquelina went to bed, thanking God, and pouring forth a thouſand bleſſings on her young and virtuous Protectreſs.

On the morrow Jacquelina was awakened by a woman, who came to tell her, the Princeſs had ordered her to take meaſure of her and her children, and make ſhifts and clothes for all the family. Accordingly ſome days after, Jacquelina received all kinds of neceſſaries; ſhoes, ſtockings, caps, nothing was forgotten.

Jacquelina's joy was ſo much the greater, for that her huſband's health was preſently re-eſtabliſhed.

bliſhed. The aſſiduous cares of the Phyſician, a healthy lodging, and good food, ſoon produced a ſurpriſing alteration, and in three weeks time he was able to riſe and walk about his chamber.

At this epocha, Jacquelina had an interview with her benefactreſs, who preſented her with a bunch of keys. There, ſaid ſhe, are the keys of your houſe, your cloſets, and your cupboards; return home my good Jacquelina, and to-morrow morning I will come and breakfaſt with you. Jacquelina, aſtoniſhed at what ſhe heard, ſtuttered a few words, and received the keys with a ſtupid air, thinking it impoſſible that ſhe could have a houſe with cupboards and cloſets, or that a relation of the King's could come to breakfaſt with her.

The ſame day Michael, his wife, and children were reconducted to the wilderneſs, where they had been originally found; but what was their amazement when they ſaw, inſtead of their former rude Hut, a well-built little houſe, ſituated in the midſt of a large garden. The children ran and danced with joy, and Michael and Jacquelina kiſſed and wept over them.——Oh! my God, ſaid Jacquelina, claſping her hands, what have we done to deſerve all this happineſs?

They entered their habitation, and found it compoſed of two good rooms, with a pile of wood

wood at the end, and a little kitchen, well furniſhed with houſhold utenſils; there was a chimney in the bedchamber, and for furniture they had two good beds with ſtrong curtains, two wooden tables, four ruſh-bottomed chairs, two armed chairs, and a large preſs.

Jacquelina took her bunch of keys, opened her preſs, and there found two complete ſuits of clothes for her huſband, and the ſame for herſelf and children; there were ſhifts, ſtockings, bonnets, and, moreover, ſheets and towels, and a large quantity of flax to ſpin.

As ſoon as ſhe had taken an inventory of her preſs, Jacquelina was brought into her garden, already well ſupplied with vegetables, and afterwards ſhewn a hen-rooſt, where were a ſcore of fowls. At laſt her Conductor opened the door of an outhouſe, in which were two milch cows, and informed her ſhe was the owner of a ſmall meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the houſe. Jacquelina thought herſelf in a dream. What, ſaid ſhe to her huſband, are we richer than our dear good maſter Anſelmo was? Why his cottage was but a ſtable, when compared to this——Our garden too is twice as large——Oh Michael! we muſt never forget our Hut, eſpecially in the winter, when with our children we ſhall ſit round our fire;

fire; for we ought always to thank God as ſincerely as we do at preſent.

While ſhe ſpoke thus, tears of joy dropt from the eyes of Jacquelina; Michael alſo wept, and both kiſſed their children, who received their careſſes with a pleaſure they had never felt before, though they had been always tenderly beloved.

Jacquelina could not cloſe her eyes all night; ſhe had a lamp upon the chimney-piece, and ſhe paſſed the hours in contemplating, with admiration, her chamber and her goods, and praying God to bleſs her illuſtrious Benefactreſs. At break of day ſhe roſe, and ſo did Michael, and the happy couple again went to viſit their kitchen, their garden, their hen-rooſt, and their cow-houſe. They afterwards dreſſed their children, put on their beſt clothes, and prepared breakfaſt; the table was ſpread with a napkin quite new, and furniſhed with two large pans of cream, brown bread, freſh butter, and a baſket of nuts juſt gathered, after which they waited for their dear good lady, with equal anxiety and impatience.

At eleven o'clock their eldeſt ſon, who ſtood ſentinel at the wood-ſide, quitted his poſt, and came running to announce the firſt ſight of the landau. Michael and Jacquelina, with beating hearts, each took the child by the hand; and Michael, who was yet far from being ſtrong, was

ſorry that he could not run faſter. The children ſoon outſtript them, and ran tumultuouſly towards the carriage, while their father and mother in vain called to them to keep back.

Scarcely had Jacquelina and Michael got out of their yard-gate, before the young Princeſs had alighted. They threw themſelves at her feet, bathed in tears; and Jacquelina, pointing to her huſband, with a faultering voice, ſaid, look, my deareſt lady, look, he is quite well—— He can run. Here too are our children, they will not complain of cold; and here is our houſe, where we ſhall be as happy in winter as in the ſummer.—— This is all your doing, and a righteous God only can reward you. As for us, alas! we do not know how to thank you.

A deluge of tears interrupted her ſpeech, while the charming and virtuous Princeſs wept in company, raiſed Jacquelina, took hold of her arm, and entered the houſe. You may well ſuppoſe the breakfaſt was thought excellent; that they walked afterwards in the garden, and that Michael and Jacquelina pointed out all their acquiſitions and all their wealth.

The Princeſs departed at one o'clock, and ſoon arrived at Forges; where ſhe learnt with pleaſure and emotion, that there is no condition, no claſs, in which the ſame generous and ſublime ſentiments may not be found, as thoſe by which ſhe

was

was ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed. The Maſons, who had built the houſe in the wilderneſs, affected by an action which thus made a whole family happy, were deſirous, as much as in them lay, of participating; they worked day and night at the building, and as ſoon as it was finiſhed, unanimouſly refuſed to accept the money offered in payment. It was impoſſible to make them receive the leaſt recompenſe; and there was no other way of rewarding, but by immediately employing them, about other jobs, for which they were paid double the ſum they aſked.

Madame de Clémire ceaſing to ſpeak, M. de la Paliniére exclaimed, this is a charming ſtory. It is not difficult to divine the name of the auguſt benefactreſs of Michael and Jacquelina (*a*); and indeed, ſhe has done ſo many things of the like kind, that this has not given me the leaſt ſurprize; but the generoſity of the Maſons aſtoniſhes me. It would be very extraordinary to find one man, in ſuch a claſs of people, with ſuch a greatneſs of ſoul; but that they ſhould all agree to work day and night, for the ſole pleaſure of participating in a good action; that they ſhould obſtinately refuſe the wages due to their labour, and that with one con-

(*a*) *The Ducheſs de Chartres is undoubtedly meant. Madame, the Counteſs de Genlis, has apartments in the Palais Royal.* T.

ſent

ſent they thus ſhould ſacrifice their time and trouble, themſelves being all poor, and bluſh to accept money ſo hardly earned; there is, I ſay, in this proceeding ſomething ſo noble, ſo delicate, ſuch an enthuſiaſm of virtue, as, I own, appears to me to have very little probability among people in ſo rude a ſtate; and I confeſs, I am perſuaded you have been impoſed upon reſpecting this Anecdote.

But what would you ſay, if I myſelf had been a witneſs of the fact?

Is it poſſible! You delight me! For there is nothing I more ardently wiſh than to find it true.

We dare not invent incidents like this, becauſe we have but an imperfect idea of the capabilities of nature. We would not acknowledge her in pictures of the imagination, were ſhe painted in all her ſublimity; for, by a capricious Inconſiſtency, the heroiſm which we admire in hiſtory, ſeems, in a work of invention, nothing but an extravagant fiction, devoid of all appearance of truth. Let me, however, obſerve, that what Critics call the imaginary ſublime, has no real exiſtence: for there is nothing the fancy can create, however generous, however noble, of which man is not capable, when he gives way to the firſt emotions of the mind, or is ſtimulated by great examples. Nay, the idea of conſtant perfection, ſuch as we can conceive, do we not find it fulfilled,

when

when we examine the lives of thoſe who ſcrupulouſly practiſe all the duties and devotions of religion?

The Baronneſs made her Repeater ſtrike, as Madame de Clémire ended. It is not yet ten o'clock, mamma, ſaid Cæſar, your ſtory has been too ſhort; and then it ended ſo ſuddenly we had not time to aſk a ſingle queſtion.

True, ſaid Pulcheria; I, for my part, long to know whether the prayers of Jacquelina ſucceeded.

They did, anſwered Madame de Clémire; her Benefactreſs became a Mother the year following; I will tell you an Anecdote of a child ſhe had.

This charming little girl is now ſix years and a half old; ſhe lives in the country every ſummer; and laſt year, as ſhe was walking in the foreſt of Montmorenci, ſhe met a pretty little country girl hand in hand with her mother; the mother offered her baſket of ſtrawberries to the young Princeſs, who coming nearer to the little girl, perceived ſhe was blind, at which ſhe was much ſurprized; for, at a diſtance, the child ſeemed to have very fine eyes. The woman was queſtioned, and replied, that the child was not blind at her birth, but that ſhe had not the means to take her to Paris to the Surgeons.

Why, ſaid the Princeſs, can the Surgeons reſtore her to ſight?

So I am told.

Well then, I will take her to Paris myſelf, when I return thither; I will make room for her in the coach by my ſide.

The poor mother was much affected by this promiſe, and the attendants of the young Princeſs told her to come the next morning to her country-ſeat. Accordingly what the Princeſs had promiſed was performed; and as ſoon as they arrived at Paris, the little girl was immediately ſent to the houſe of an Oculiſt, who kept her all the ſummer, and part of the winter. The next ſpring, when the young Princeſs returned into the country, they ſurprized her very agreeably, by bringing her the little Peaſant perfectly recovered. What! cried ſhe, are you no longer blind?

No, mademoiſelle.

And are not you very glad?

To be ſure; I can work now.

And read too.

No, mademoiſelle, I cannot read.

No! How does that happen? You are older than I am, and I can.

I have been two years blind.

That is true: but now you can ſee, and you may ſoon learn.

My mother cannot pay for my ſchooling.

Poor

Poor thing——Are you willing to learn from me? If it will give you any pleaſure, I will teach you a leſſon every day.

The little girl, at hearing this, thought the Princeſs was laughing at her, and began to laugh herſelf; but the Princeſs inſiſted ſhe was in earneſt, while one of her attendants apparently combated her reſolution.——Recollect, mademoiſelle, ſaid ſhe, that a teacher muſt have patience not to be moved.

I ſhall have that.

It will be ſo long before ſhe has learned.

I ſhall not be tired; but I could read, when I had only had fifteen leſſons.

You could ſo; and many children, by the ſame method, might be taught to read in as ſhort a ſpace of time (1): however, if Nanette ſhould be ſlow at learning, or ſhould want application, three months will not be ſufficient to teach her.

Shall we be here three months?

Yes, mademoiſelle.

Oh, then Nanette will have time enough.

So ſaying, this amiable child ran to ſeek her book, and her box of counters; then made Nanette ſit down before her, and with the utmoſt gentleneſs and intelligence gave her a long leſſon; after which the girl was ſuffered to depart, but deſired to come again the next day at the ſame hour.

Though Nanette, as had been predicted, was not very induſtrious, her miſtreſs was not diſcouraged, but with a degree of patience and perſeverance, very extraordinary at her age, accompliſhed what ſhe had begun. It was a delightful ſight to ſee her giving her leſſon, pointing with her little fingers to the figures on the counters, and the words, reading aloud, prompting in a whiſper, promiſing her ſcholar rewards, proud of her improvement, and, whenever ſhe read well, looking round to collect the ſuffrages of the aſtoniſhed ſpectators. This was one of thoſe pleaſing yet affecting pictures, which produce the moſt charming ſenſations in the heart, and of which it is impoſſible to tire.

Nanette, in fact, before the end of Autumn, had learnt to read almoſt as well as her young miſtreſs, who gave her ſweetmeats, clothes, and books; and when ſhe parted with her, ſaid, Good bye Nanette, next ſummer I will teach you ſomething elſe.

Oh the charming little Princeſs! cried Pulcheria; ſhe will be worthy of her mother. This reflection terminated the evening's converſation.

Before they went to bed, the children aſked, and obtained leave, to go to the vintage of farmer Benoit; accordingly they roſe next morning ſooner than ordinary, to ſee if the Baſket-maker had

had ſent home all the materials they had ordered above a fortnight ago. At eight o'clock, four pretty back baſkets were brought ſuitable to the height of Cæſar, his two ſiſters, and Auguſtine; four panniers with handles, and four pair of large ſciſſars to cut the grape-ſtalks.

An hour after dinner, they ſet off on foot to the Vineyard of farmer Benoit, which was about half a league from the Caſtle; here it was agreed, this little company ſhould work two full hours for the farmer; after which they ſhould take their Nunchions, with the Grape-gatherers, and then fill their back baſkets and their panniers, on their own account, and ſend them to the Caſtle by the cart; which agreements were faithfully obſerved, with great pleaſure on both ſides; and the farmer gave this glorious teſtimony, that his own children had not been more induſtrious than thoſe of the Caſtle. Never was day ſpent more agreeably, or ſeemed more amuſing; they did not leave the Vineyard till the approach of night.

When they came to Champcery, Cæſar having a little out-ſtript the reſt, entered the court-yard firſt: here he found the ſervants aſſembled round a horſeman who had but juſt arrived; he heard them all ſpeaking at once, and continually repeating the name of his father. He quickened his pace, ran, and they made way for him, each

eager to tell him, that the Marquis de Clémire was not above half a league off. Cæſar, quite tranſported, ran to the Courier; he alighted, Cæſar looked, and recollecting the Valet de Chambre of his father, immediately jumped up, embraced, and wept over him.

Madame de Clémire and his ſiſters were ſoon there; they kiſſed each other a thouſand times, all weeping with joy. The Courier was queſtioned, the coach was called, the horſes were put to in an inſtant, away they went; in leſs than a quarter of an hour the Poſtillions ſtopt, the coach-doors flew open, and the dear father of the family, after a year's abſence, found himſelf in the arms of his wife and children.

All the while they were in the coach together, they could only expreſs their tranſports by tears and tender embraces. The night was dark, they had no flambeaux, yet they were deſirous of ſeeing each other. No ſooner did they enter the hall of Champcery, than their tranſports and tenderneſs were redoubled. The Marquis never could be tired with looking at Cæſar and his dear little girls. What father, after ſo long an abſence, does not find his children improved? The Marquis admired how much and how finely his were grown.

On the other hand it was remarked, with inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, that the fatigues of war had produced no change in the appearance of the Marquis, but that he evidently enjoyed a perfect ſtate of health.

They ſat up till midnight, and in the morning the children roſe with the day; for the joy of the over-night, and their anxiety again to ſee their father, had prevented them from ſleeping. The Marquis informed the family, at breakfaſt, that his affairs called him to Paris, and that they muſt quit Champcery in two days. This news afflicted the children; but the Marquis gave them conſolation, by aſſuring them, he was determined every year to remain ſix months at Champcery.

Cæſar and his ſiſters could not leave Burgundy with dry eyes; and the grief of Auguſtin was very great at leaving his father, his mother, and his little Charley. They ſat off mournfully, but they became merrier on the road, and found all their uſual gaity and good-humour return by the time they came to Paris. After a few days of repoſe, Madame de Clémire took her children to ſee the Exhibition, at the Louvre, of the Paintings which are there ſhewn, every other year, by the Artiſts belonging to the Academy. The children could draw remarkably well for their age, had already acquired a love of the Arts, and the Sa-

loon of the Louvre gave them great pleaſure; ſo that they ſpoke only of Pictures and Paintings the reſt of the day.

That lady, mamma, ſaid Caroline, who has done thoſe paintings which every body ſo much admires, is ſurely not young; for it is impoſſible in youth to have ſuch ſuperior talents.

How can you think ſo, my dear? Have not you ſeen her Portrait painted by herſelf?

Yes; but I thought that was a former work—— And can ſhe be ſo young and ſo handſome as that charming Picture repreſents her to be?

Had her's been common abilities, her youth, her ſex, her beauty, and excellent reputation, would certainly not have permitted others to judge of her works with ſo much ſeverity.

I think ſhe ought to inſpire admiration indeed, ſince to all theſe advantages ſhe adds that very uncommon one of ſuperior genius.

The Public are juſt, and cannot be prevented from praiſing whatever pleaſes, and whatever ſtrikes; therefore you have ſeen this lady's Pictures fix the attention of all who entered the Saloon.

It is very glorious for a woman to gain an honourable place among the greateſt Maſters.

Yes: but it is very dangerous.

Men cannot be jealous of a woman.

They ſometimes diſdain not to do us that honour; and when they have once begun, their animoſity knows no bounds. They imagine that they alone have a right to ſtruggle for fame; they are willing enough to flatter us, and even to be led by us, but they diſdain to wonder at us. To return to Madame le Brun; as I ſaid juſt now, had not her abilities been above mediocrity, ſhe would have received nothing but adoration, have heard nothing but flattery; but ſhe undertook to paint Hiſtory, and has not been ſurpaſſed by any one Academician. This to be ſure is very ſtrange! ——Very revolting!——Very——!

The Abbé informed me, mamma, that the Journaliſts have given an account of the Exhibition. They have, no doubt, praiſed exceedingly thoſe of Madame le Brun.

Oh no; they had too much prudence, too much circumſpection, to praiſe a woman who really had merit. Generous and compaſſionate as they are, their praiſes have been laviſhed upon the envious, whom they have conſoled as much as in them lies. The public admire none but ſuperior faculties, or uſeful labours; as for them, they protect the Weak, and praiſe the Poor in ability: and as mediocrity is the fate of the multitude, they, by this conduct, gain a multitude of friends, and have a juſt claim to the gratitude of

the envious and the detractors of Genius; an extenſive and a dangerous claſs, whoſe hatred is as active as it is envenomed.

And ſo, mamma, the Journaliſts have not done juſtice to Madame le Brun?

One Journal only has judged her works with equity; all the others have ſpoken in a manner that has ſurprized every body, who is unacquainted with the invariable principles and profound politics of theſe writers. The enemies of Madame le Brun cannot deny that her ſucceſs has been great; they only can affirm it is unmerited.

But what are their proofs?

They alledge, that Madame le Brun's manner is little.

How ſo, mamma? Her ſubjects are taken from the Iliad; her figures large as life.

Or elſe allegories of the moſt ſublime and ingenious nature, ſuch is what they call a littleneſs of manner: they add, that hitherto ſhe has painted only women.

Would they then perſuade us, that ſuperior talents are not neceſſary to paint a beautiful woman?

Exactly ſo; but they have forgot, that Albanus painted none but Venus, the Loves and Graces (*a*); they

(*a*) Albanus was born at Bologna. His ſecond wife was a very beautiful woman, and became the model of all the Divinities

they have forgot all the beautiful Virgins of Raphael, of Guido, of Carlo Maratti, &c. and thus it is that Envy reaſons.

I obſerve, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, with great pleaſure, that there are many women at preſent worthy to rank with great Painters; four in France are admitted of the Academy, without mentioning ſeveral others, who have much greater abilities than certain Academicians.

In fact, we have ſeen ſome very good-for-nothing Paintings in the Saloon; among others, thoſe you would not ſtop to look at; I ſaw them as I paſſed, and they ſeemed to me very indifferent: indeed, without any claim to a place in an Exhibition like this, they ought to have been equally proſcribed by good taſte and morality.

But let us return to thoſe females, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo much in this brilliant career. Among Foreigners, there is one very much celebrated, who has likewiſe applied herſelf

Divinities in his Paintings. He had twelve children ſo beautiful, that they not only ſerved him to paint the charming Groups of Little Loves from, with which he enriched his fine compoſitions, but were alſo the originals, after which Le Pouſſin, Francis Flamand, and Algardi, (the latter was a Sculptor) ſtudied the Graces of Infancy. Albanus died in 1660, aged 83. *Extraits des différens ouvrages publiés ſur la Vie des Peintres.* By M. M. P. D. L. F. Tom. I.

to the ſublime. You have admired a multitude of Engravings done after her Pictures——I mean Angelica Kauffman.——I know not how the Journaliſts have treated her in the country where ſhe lives, but her ſuperior talents have been acknowledged by all Europe.

Since, mamma, you take ſo much pleaſure in collecting whatever is to the glory of women, perhaps, you know the names of all thoſe who have acquired reputation in this art?

I can nearly remember them all.

Oh dear mamma, do tell us; we have heard already of Johanna Gazzoni (*a*); Elizabeth Cirani; Maria, the daughter of Tintoret (*b*); and of Roſalba (*c*).

(*a*) In Italy, and particularly at Rome, there are many of her Paintings in great eſtimation.

(*b*) She died in 1590. There is a fine Painting by her in the Palais-Royal, of a Man ſitting clothed in black, with his hand on an open book, lying on a table, where is a crucifix, an ink-ſtand, a clock, and papers.

(*c*) Roſalba Carriera, was the Scholar of the Chevalier Diamantino, and ſurpaſſed her Maſter. She acquired ſuch great reputation, that all the Academies of Europe were eager to admit her. She was received a Member of the Academy at Paris in 1720; her Admiſſion Picture was a Muſe in Crayons. She was paſſionately fond of Muſic; played in a ſuperior ſtyle on the Harpſichord, and travelled into France and Germany. Her merit procured her riches, and ſhe died at Venice, in 1757, aged 85.

I will

I will give you a liſt of the names of women moſt celebrated for their Paintings (2). It would require a large volume to ſpeak of them all; and it is the effect of prejudice that the number is not equal to that of the men who have been eminent Painters, which judges us incapable of works where genius is required. When they condeſcend, which is very rare, to employ themſelves a little on our education, they wiſh only to give us vague notions, conſequently often falſe, ſuperficial knowledge, and frivolous talents.

Does a Painter intend to inſtruct his daughter in his art, he never conceives the project of making her a Painter of Hiſtory, but will continually repeat ſhe ſhould pretend only to paint Portraits, Miniatures, or Flower-Pieces. Thus is ſhe diſcouraged, and thus is the fire of fancy ſtifled: ſhe paints Roſes; ſhe was born, perhaps, to paint Heroes.

Thus likewiſe, a man of letters, whoſe daughter gives proofs of wit, and a love of Poetry, may be induced to cultivate theſe happy diſpoſitions; but what will his firſt care be? Why to rob his Scholar of that confidence which inſpires fortitude, and that ambition which ſurmounts difficulties. He preſcribes bounds to her attempts, and commands her not to go beyond them. Like the proud

proud Roman (*a*), who, taking advantage of his power and public opinion, impoſed extravagant laws in ſupport of prejudices; ſo the Teacher traces a narrow circle round his young Pupil, over which ſhe is forbid to ſtep. Has ſhe the genius of Corneille or Racine, ſhe is conſtantly told to write nothing but Novels, Paſtorals, or Sonnets.

A celebrated Muſician brought me to hear his Niece, about two years ſince, who played excellently on the Piano Forte. I admired particularly the manner in which ſhe modulated, and learned, with extream ſurprize, ſhe ſcarcely knew the rules of Thorough Baſs. I aſked why, with ſuch propenſities, he had not taught her compoſition?——Oh, I would not let her loſe her time about that, ſaid the Uncle; *What ſervice can Compoſition be of to a woman?*

All men reaſon, reſpecting us, like this impertinent Uncle; they are willing to allow we play on inſtruments, we dance, and even we talk as well as they, becauſe theſe are facts that cannot be denied. There exiſts another talent, however, equally common to women as to men; and this enchanting and ſublime art neceſſarily demands lively and fine feelings, energy, enthuſiaſm, and

(*a*) Popilius. See Annales de la Vertu, Tom. II. Page 23.

all

all the great emotions of the mind, which, according to them, belong only to the men.

Ay, mamma, what is that?

The art of an Actreſs.

Oh true, mamma, there have been a great number of celebrated Actreſſes.

Had all the other arts, as well as this, been leſs the fruits of education and ſtudy, than the happy gifts of nature, there is no doubt but there would have exiſted a perfect equality between men and women.

Some days after this converſation, the children went to ſee the Luxembourg Gallery; and being queſtioned on their return by Madame de Clémire, they owned they had not remarked the Deluge, by Pouſſin (*a*). At your age, ſaid their mamma, the

(*a*) Nicholas Pouſſin was born of a noble family, in 1594, at Andeli, a ſmall town of Vexin-Normandy, and became one of the greateſt Painters in the French School. He went to ſtudy at Rome, but the Cardinal de Richlieu invited him to Paris, where Louis XIII. gave him a penſion, and the title of his Firſt Painter; but the envy of inferior Artiſts obliged him to quit his native country, and return to Rome; though not till he had painted for the King's Cabinet a Ceiling, on which Time was repreſented, delivering Truth from the oppreſſion of Envy. He died at Rome in 1665. We know no Scholar of his, except Guaſpré, his Brother-in-Law, who took the name of Pouſſin.

pleaſing,

pleaſing, the dazzling, or the affecting only are remarked; ſubjects that inſpire horror, pity, &c. catch the eye; while the delicate and profound eſcape notice: but I, by converſing with you, may inform you of what you at preſent could have but a very imperfect idea; by which means I ſhall inſenſibly ſtrengthen your judgments and form your taſte.

I remember to have ſeen the Painting you mention, mamma, but I own I found nothing in it very beautiful.

You have ſeen it rain often enough.

Certainly, mamma.

And have you ever, at ſuch times, obſerved the colour of the clouds attentively; how the duſky atmoſphere obſcures all objects, deſtroys their brightneſs, ſhades their tints, makes them, if diſtant, diſappear, or to be ſeen with difficulty?

I cannot ſay I have remarked all this.

Had you paid a proper attention to the effects of rain, you would have been amazed at the exactitude with which they have been painted by Pouſſin; but the greateſt merit of this ſublime Picture is in the compoſition. Forget that you have ſeen it, and tell me if you were going to paint the Univerſal Deluge, what idea do you ſuppoſe would firſt offer itſelf to your imagination?

That

That of repreſenting a multitude of men, ready to be buried beneath the waters.

It is true, that this idea naturally preſents itſelf; but in the execution, it would only have produced a vague and unintereſting ſcene; it would have been beheld with as little emotion as battle pieces. Pouſſin knew this; he felt, beſides, that in painting this terrible cataſtrophe, it was neceſſary to chuſe the moſt ſtriking point of time, which, no doubt, was at the moment when it was at the height.

He has, therefore, imagined five principal figures (*a*); but how intereſting are theſe five people! They are not in the Ark, they are proſcribed, muſt ſubmit to the fate of human kind, and periſh! Here you behold a mother, anxious but for her child; and, periſhing herſelf, thinks only how it may be ſaved! Here a huſband, ſtretching out his arm to his wife; and there a man ready to voluntarily plunge himſelf from a boat into the deep——Doubtleſs to re-unite himſelf to whom he loves!

On one ſide of this pathetic Picture, an object ſtill more ſtriking, more terrible, is ſeen; on the ridge of a rock, a Serpent appears; his attitude menacing, he raiſes haughtily his proud head; you imagine you hear his horrible hiſſing, and, ſhud-

(*a*) Eleven in all, counting thoſe whoſe heads are juſt ſeen above the water.

dering,

dering, recollect the tempting Spirit that made the firſt man ſin, and that now applauds himſelf for being the Author of this new deſtruction.—— Hope, however, in ſome degree, ſoftens this ſcene of horrors, the eye is relieved by the happy Ark, which is ſeen afar off.

I now, mamma, comprehend the great merits of this Painting; I will hereafter examine the effects of rain with more attention, and ſhall be glad to return to the Luxembourg again, to behold the Deluge of Pouſſin.

We have ſeen another painting, the beauties of which we felt, *the birth of Louis XIII.* (*a*). We were made to obſerve the double expreſſion viſible in the countenance of Mary de Medicis, and we could not help admiring it.

Compoſition and expreſſion are the two eſſentials of painting, becauſe they ſpeak to the heart and underſtanding. A Painter not poſſeſſed of theſe, however great his knowledge of the other branches

(*a*) By Rubens. This illuſtrious Artiſt was born at Cologna, and acquired a great fortune; to the genius of a ſublime Painter, he added ſcientific knowledge; he knew ſeven languages, and wrote various works in Latin, ſome on the Rules of his Art, others on the coſtûme of the Ancients: he was employed in ſeveral negociations, and died crowned with honour and wealth, at Antwerp, in 1640, aged 63. He had ſeveral ſcholars, and among others the celebrated Vandyke.

of

of his art, can never be thought a man of genius. To return to the picture of which you ſpeak; that head of Mary de Medicis is really admirable. I never any where elſe ſaw this double expreſſion of oppoſite paſſions on the ſame countenance, except in a piece of ſculpture at Gênes. This is the *Chef-d'œuvre* of Puget, and repreſents the Martyrdom of Saint Sebaſtian. Here you behold on the viſage of the Saint, the tortures of pain, and, at the ſame time, reſignation and divine love.

It is neceſſary, mamma, that a great Painter ſhould have acquired great knowledge.

Certainly; a Painter muſt indiſpenſibly ſtudy Anatomy; he cannot thoroughly underſtand Perſpective, without learning the elements of Geometry; he ought to have an intimate acquaintance with Hiſtory and Mythology, ancient and modern: he ſhould be a man of obſervation, and a Philoſopher; and if he has not made the human heart his greateſt ſtudy, he will never become ſublime.

The requiſites are ſo many, and ſo great, mamma, that I am not aſtoniſhed we have ſo few fine Painters.

We do not ſeem at preſent to have any idea of what is poſſible for Genius and Induſtry to perform. The famous Raphael died at thirty-ſeven, yet he was a good Sculptor, an excellent Architect,

and

and the greateſt Painter that ever exiſted (*a*). Michael Angelo likewiſe was ſuperiorly great in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting (*b*). But the exceſſive increaſe of luxury, by multiplying frivolous amuſements, drags us from retreat and ſtudy, and deprives us of induſtry. Painters, in our time, are not only ignorant of Sculpture and Architecture, but I am afraid they read little; for, in general, they chuſe none but common-place ſubjects; and, what is worſe, they treat theſe ſubjects in a common-place manner.

But, mamma, how ſhould it be otherwiſe, when a ſubject has been ſo often uſed?

(*a*) There is a Jonas by Raphael, at Rome, ſaid to be a maſter-piece in its kind, likewiſe ſeveral Palaces built after his deſigns. He was born at Urbin, and died in 1520. His body, after having lain three days in the great Hall of the Vatican, under his famous picture of the Transfiguration, was carried to the Rotunda, preceded by this ſame picture; the moſt glorious monument of his labours and his genius, and which Leo X. made conducive to the funeral pomp of this ſublime Artiſt.

(*b*) I find in the life of Michael Angelo, that he was the firſt Inventor of that ſpecies of modern Fortification, by which he defended his native city of Florence, and obliged the enemy to raiſe the ſiege. Among other remains of ſculpture by this Artiſt, the ſtatue, at Rome, of Moſes holding the Book of the Law under his arm, is particularly admired. He died, aged 90, in 1564.

To

To Genius, nothing is more eaſy; in painting eſpecially: of which I will cite you two remarkable examples. I dare ſay you have ſeen above a hundred *Roman Charities:* have you not?

Oh! that we certainly have.

There is not a collection of pictures, in which one Roman charity at leaſt is not found. What think you of the one I am going to deſcribe?—— A young woman ſuckles her father in priſon, her child lies weeping in her arms, and ſeems by its cries to demand a ſubſiſtence which nature deſtined for it, while the mother beholds it with tenderneſs and grief (*a*).

This is indeed a new effect, mamma, and yet the ſame ſubject.

The Painter has only added a ſingle circumſtance to produce this great effect.

But have you a right to invent circumſtances in hiſtorical facts?

No doubt, if they are probable. Genius, however, finds other means, as in the ſecond example I ſhall cite. All Painters, who take the ſubject of Judith and Holofernes, think they cannot do better than repreſent a woman of a maſculine figure, and a martial air, whoſe menacing front announces her warlike genius. This, however,

(*a*) This painting is in the Spada Palace at Rome. The idea is beautiful, the execution indifferent.

was

was not Judith's character; ſhe was a homicide only to ſave her country, and becauſe ſhe believed herſelf inſpired by heaven. So ſaith the ſtory. It is therefore very poſſible, that Judith had the natural mildneſs, modeſty, and timidity of her ſex; and that, carried away by the love of her country and divine inſpiration, ſhe committed an act which ſhe could not otherwiſe have done. Enthuſiaſm has often produced events as extraordinary.

This is exactly what Paul Veroneſe has ſuppoſed in his divine picture; he has repreſented Judith beauteous, delicate, ingenuous, modeſt, timid, and with an angelic ſweetneſs in her phyſiognomy. She holds in her fair hand the bloody head of Holofernes, and turns her eyes from the fearful object; her countenance does not expreſs the horror of remorſe, but the affections of pity; and while we look, we feel how much ſuch an action muſt have coſt her. It is impoſſible to behold this picture without great emotion. An Ethiopian woman holds a bag open; ſhe conſiders, with ferocious curioſity, the head of Holofernes, and forms the moſt ſtriking contraſt to the mild and celeſtial Judith (*a*). This example may ſerve to

(*a*) Paul Caliari Veroneſe was born at Verona in 1537. His moſt perfect picture is at Venice, in the Refectory of the Convent of St. George; the ſubject is the marriage

to convince you, that the reſources of Genius are inexhauſtible; and that force of imagination may be ſeen in the moſt common ſubjects.

Can you give us, mamma, ſaid Caroline, any general rules, by which we may determine if a picture be good or bad?

To judge of paintings well, it is neceſſary, as I have before ſaid, to obſerve the effects of nature, of Trees ſeen in perſpective, of Rivers, Skies, Tempeſts, the riſing and ſetting Sun, &c.

Then to become a Connoiſſeur, it is neceſſary to have lived in the country.

Yes, and to have travelled likewiſe; to have ſeen Mountains, Rocks, Precipices, natural Caſcades, and all thoſe great objects which Nature never unites in one ſpot: nay more, the Critic, like the Painter, ought to have a profound knowledge of the human heart; or how can he be certain of his judgment, when he ſays, "Such an "incident demands ſuch a kind of expreſſion."

In fact, it is impoſſible to be an excellent judge of paintings, without having ſeen a great number,

marriage of Cana. He died at Venice in 1588; his three ſons were his diſciples; the eldeſt, Charles, was particularly eminent, but he died at the age of 25. Verona gave birth likewiſe to another excellent Painter, Alexander Veroneſe, who called himſelf Turchi, or the Orbetto, and who died in 1670.

and

and having examined and compared them with the moſt careful attention. And after all, if the Amateur cannot draw and deſign, well or ill, there will be numberleſs beauties loſt to him.

How does it happen then, we have ſo many Connoiſſeurs?

It is certain there never were ſo many collections formed: the Journaliſts aſſure us they are Connoiſſeurs, and, to prove they are, they make uſe of all the ſcientific terms adopted by certain Amateurs; they ſay that an Artiſt has a *free hand*, that his outlines are *too hard* or *too ſoft*, that his colouring is *too warm* or *too cold*, with many others of a ſimilar kind.

Theſe expreſſions are very droll; are they the terms of the art?

I am willing to ſuppoſe ſo; but it is certain, that a man much ſuperior to moſt of our Connoiſſeurs, has ſeldom employed them in an excellent treatiſe he has written on painting. This great Painter, admired at Rome, as much as in the reſt of Europe, has left a moſt uſeful and eſtimable work, which the ignorant as well as the Artiſt may read with pleaſure, and in which neither barbarous words nor ridiculous expreſſions are to be found (*a*). Thoſe

(*a*) Anthony Raphael Mengs, born at Dreſden in 1728. The celebrated Winckleman has made the following eulogium on this great Artiſt, whom the world has lately loſt.

" An

Thoſe who happily have new ideas, ſeek not new words to explain themſelves: they wiſh to be well underſtood, for they know that is the thing moſt eſſential.

To return to the general rules you wiſhed; admitting that the Amateur has acquired moſt of the previous knowledge I have mentioned, his firſt care ſhould be to examine the claſs to which each ſubject belongs; of which hiſtory is the firſt (*a*).

Let us then ſuppoſe the Connoiſſeur examining an hiſtorical painting.

" An abſtract of all the beauties, which ancient Artiſts " have diſperſed among their figures, may be found in " the immortal works of Raphael Mengs, firſt Painter " to the Courts of Spain and Poland; firſt Artiſt of his " age, and perhaps the firſt of future ages. Like the " Phœnix, it may be ſaid Raphael has riſen from his " aſhes, to teach the univerſe perfection in his Art, and " attain it himſelf, as far as is poſſible to man. It re- " mained for Germany to produce a reſtorer of Painting, " to ſhew the world a German Raphael, acknowledged " ſuch, and ſo admired at Rome itſelf, the ſeat of the " Arts." Hiſtoire de l'Art, Tome I. page 312.---An excellent tranſlation in French, of the work of Mengs, dedicated to Madame le Brun, cites the above eulogium.

(*a*) This claſs comprehends all great ſubjects of Imagination, of Allegory and Mythology.

Give

Give me a ſubject?

This propoſition at firſt embarraſſed the children but, after a little reflection, they gave for ſubject, Bias (*a*), purchaſing the maidens of Meſſina.——I am pleaſed with the ſubject, ſaid Madame de Clémire; it is intereſting, and affords likewiſe the contraſt of age, a diverſity of expreſſion, and the fine coſtûme of the Greeks. Do you form the compoſition, and I will criticiſe: firſt, where would you lay the ſcene?

On the ſea-ſhore, or in the houſe of Bias.

The houſe of a Philoſopher ought to be ſimple, without colonades or pilaſters.

Let it be the ſea-ſhore then. The veſſel of the Pirates is ſeen at a diſtance; they have juſt landed the young maidens, Bias purchaſes them, ſpeaks to the two Pirates, and gives them the money; mean time the young maidens aſſemble, form a beautiful group, and expreſs their joy.

Would it not be more intereſting, were they to expreſs their gratitude?

Oh, yes; ſo it would.

The Pirates having received their money, are employed counting it in the back ground. Bias and the young maidens muſt neceſſarily be the principal

(*a*) BIAS, one of the ſeven Sages. See Annales de la Vertue, Tome I. page 281.

principal figures. How would you repreſent Bias, and what expreſſion ought he to have?

That of a venerable old man, with ſatisfaction in his countenance.

And emotion, but with dignity; and without ſuffering that expreſſion to deprive him of the majeſtic ſerenity, which ought to be viſible in the phyſiognomy of a Sage. What action would you give the young maidens?

They may embrace him, he being old and virtuous.

But he is a man, and young maidens are always modeſt, timid, and with lively feelings; and ſhould ſo be repreſented, if you wiſh them to be affecting. What age would you give them?

They ſhould be ſixteen or ſeventeen.

That would have a monotonous effect; I ſhould make one of them a girl of eight years old, another of eighteen, a third of twelve, and the reſt of fourteen or fifteen. The youngeſt, with all the innocence of her age, ſhould run into the arms of the Philoſopher to embrace him; the eldeſt, as her who is moſt likely to ſpeak and feel the benefit they had received with the greateſt energy, ſhould kneel to him; ſhe likewiſe might claſp her young ſiſter of twelve to her boſom, and preſent her to the Sage; her countenance ſhould expreſs her gratitude, and her companions, who are ar-

ranged behind her, would form an affecting group.

Why ſhould they not come forward?

Timidity will not permit them; at their age, they cannot vanquiſh this ſenſation, even when very ill timed.

I now comprehend the whole; I ſee our Picture, and think it excellent.

Yes; but there are two characters, the Pirates, who take no part in the principal action, who do not attend to it, and this is a defect in the compoſition.

Let us ſuppoſe them not in the picture.

Nay, but they are neceſſary to the ſtory; without them, you could not divine what the ſubject might be.

Why may not the Pirates attend to the principal Group, while counting their money?

Nothing ſhould affect Pirates who are counting money.

Let us ſuppoſe the money divided, and take the moment when one of them is putting up his purſe; the eye of the other being attracted, he jogs his companion, to make him obſerve what is going forward. What expreſſion would you give him who is looking?

An expreſſion of mere curioſity.

Very

Very well; I think our Picture is now tolerably well compoſed (*a*).

Let us compoſe a Picture every day, mamma; we will each, by turns, give a ſubject. Will not that be charming?

I am willing, provided you can now tell me, and in few words, what is requiſite to be obſerved, in general, in order to judge of the merit of a Painting, relative to it's compoſition.

That is very eaſy; you have juſt taught us.

Well, let me hear.

It is firſt neceſſary, that the ſubject ſhould be eaſily known by all thoſe who have read the ſtory it repreſents; it ſhould next be obſerved, whether the point of time be well choſen, and, alſo, the place; if the characters have ſuch attitudes and ſuch expreſſion as their age and circumſtance require; and, laſtly, if the coſtûme be well obſerved.

(*a*) In Pictures where the Figures are not mere Acceſſaries, as in Landſcapes, it is neceſſary they ſhould fill up the greateſt part of the canvas, eſpecially when the ſubject affords many Figures. There is another important rule to be obſerved in compoſition, which is, that the Figures in the Back-Ground ought not to have equal ſtrength of expreſſion with thoſe in the Fore-Ground, but there ſhould be a gradation of paſſion conſonant to the Perſpective.

You have perfectly underſtood all I have ſaid.

And may we compoſe an Hiſtorical picture every evening, like as we have done to-day?

Yes, I give you my word; and when, next ſpring, we ſhall be at Champcery, we will chuſe other ſubjects, of the ruſtic kind, ſuch as Teniers (*a*) and Gerard-Dow (*b*) uſed to paint.

We ſhall have the very models before us.

So Painters ought to have. Underſtand, however, this ſtyle of painting is much inferior to the other. Woe be to him that prefers the repreſentation

(*a*) David Teniers the Elder, was born at Antwerp, in 1582. He was the Scholar of Rubens, and painted only Laboratories, Smoking Rooms, Dutch Fairs, and ſimilar ſubjects. His ſon David Teniers was yet more eminent in the ſame ſtyle. Abraham his brother was inferior to both.

(*b*) Gerard-Dow was born at Leyden, in 1613, and was the Pupil of Rembrant. He died in 1680. His beſt Diſciples were Skalken and Miers, and his fineſt Pictures the Quack Doctor, and the Dropſical Woman: the firſt is in the Duſſeldorp Gallery, and the ſecond at Turin, in the King of Sardinia's Collection. It repreſents a Dropſical Woman, of an intereſting countenence, ſitting in an arm-chair, while an Empiric, in a long ſatin robe, examines a phial, which contains a liquid; the woman's daughter is kneeling before her, looking with great expreſſion of pity in her face, and weeping.

tion of an Ale-houſe, or a woman ſelling Carrots and Cabbages, to the works of Raphael and Correggio (*a*).

The Comic Style cannot exiſt in Painting, becauſe no Pantomime can be intereſting without a Denoument, and eſpecially without action; let him imagine every thing that is ridiculous, every thing the moſt groteſque, he will never have the trifling merit of a Buffoon; he will never make any body burſt into a laugh; he can only be low and groſs, cannot be pleaſant. Painting has the power to ſoften, to pleaſe; can preſent gentle and agreeable images; can inſpire pity, terror, and admiration; but never real mirth. I often hear of the perfect truth of the Flemiſh Paintings, but I regard not truth in Books or Pictures, except as it inſtructs or affects me. I have no pleaſure in looking at an old ugly Cook-Maid weeping over Onions; ſome would be in raptures

(*a*) Antonio Allegri Corregio, was born at Corregio, in Modena, and is conſidered as the Founder of the Lombardian School. He particularly attached himſelf to Grace, and no Painter has ever excelled him in the elegant. After conſidering a Picture of Raphael's with great attention, he is ſaid to have exclaimed, *Anche io ſon pittore*: And I too am a Painter." Corregio was a Mathematician alſo, and an Architect. He died in 1534, aged 40.

at beholding ſuch a figure, but it ſhould never find a place in my Cabinet. I ſhall always be capricious enough to think a handſome ſhepherdeſs a more agreeable object; and I ſhould ſtill prefer to her a Nymph or a Goddeſs, becauſe they preſent a more perfect model of Beauty.

If a Painting has not the merit of an ingenious or intereſting compoſition; if it only repreſents one or two inactive figures, they ought at leaſt to be well imagined, and ſuch as are worthy to fix the attention; like as, a venerable old Man, or a perfectly beautiful Woman. What pleaſure can the exact imitation of a thing produce, which is not in its own nature deſerving of notice? It requires no more genius to paint a Fiſh-woman than a Flower-vaſe; and certainly the laſt ought to have the preference, ſince it is the moſt agreeable (*a*).

Permit me, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, to aſk you another queſtion; I wiſh to know particularly, in what the merit of an Allegory conſiſts?

An Allegory ought to be evident, that is to ſay, eaſy to underſtand at firſt ſight; it ought to contain ſome juſt idea, or ſome moral thought; for

(*a*) *The Reader will form his own judgment of theſe opinions on the Comic in Painting; it ſeems evident, however, that Madame de Genlis has never ſeen the Works of Hogarth, or at leaſt never ſtudied them.* T.

for example, *Innocence throwing herſelf into the arms of Juſtice*; or *Peace conducting Plenty* (*a*). Theſe Allegories at once afford delightful images, and juſt and moral ideas. *Time unveiling Truth*, is an old Allegory, but muſt always pleaſe, becauſe of it's propriety. It has, however, one defect, which is, that the Figure of Truth has not Attributes ſufficiently marking to be known without heſitation. Some aſſert that Truth ſhould be repreſented as a majeſtic Woman, ſimply clothed; others pretend ſhe ſhould be naked; for which reaſon, the perſonification of this Virtue becomes confuſed.

But has not the Allegory you have juſt mentioned, the ſame defect? Has Innocence any known Attributes?

They often give it ſuch as can only ſerve to lead the mind aſtray; as a Dove, for inſtance, which is one of the Inſignia of Venus; but Innocence needs no attributes, under the hands of an Artiſt of genius; it will then be ſufficiently eaſy to divine by the neceſſary expreſſion. Truth has no ſuch advantage: ſhe is painted beautiful, noble, and cold, but ſo may a Nymph or Goddeſs be; therefore ſhe is neither characteriſed by her Attributes nor her Phyſiognomy; but the expreſſion of innocence belongs only to Innocence;

(*a*) Both by Madame le Brun.

ſhe cannot be confounded with Nymphs, Graces, and Goddeſſes, who are neither ſo youthful nor ſo affecting as herſelf; her Attributes are on her face, in her eyes; an intereſting mixture of timidity, modeſty, and gentleneſs, embelliſhes and ſpeaks who ſhe is. Pure and celeſtial Figure, the extent of whoſe charms the delicate pencil of a woman alone can trace!

Hence you may learn, it requires much leſs genius to paint Allegorical Figures with material Attributes, than to repreſent thoſe who can only be characteriſed by the expreſſion of the countenance; for it is much eaſier to paint a cornucopia, or a pair of wings, than an expreſſive face. Rubens has repreſented Ignorance in the Luxembourg Gallery: the Figure has no Attributes, yet is as ſoon and generally known as Time or Diſcord. None but a ſuperior Artiſt could have given this degree of truth to an affection of the mind.

Conſequently there are no Paſſions, Vices, or Virtues, which may not be painted allegorically?

Oh yes, but there are, and many, which a Painter can convey no idea of, or at leaſt none but vague and obſcure ones. All thoſe who want both Attributes and characteriſtic expreſſion, ought, for this reaſon, to be rejected in general. Benevolence, for inſtance, is a Virtue without Attributes

or

or Expreſſion, peculiar to itſelf, and may be confounded with Pity.

It ſeems to me, mamma, Painters ought to read Poetry as well as Hiſtory, and then they need not want Allegories.

You are very right; but they generally read little, except Tranſlations from Homer and Taſſo; whereas Milton and others might furniſh them with ſubjects leſs hacknied, and equally noble; they might find, alſo, in our French Poets, a multitude of charming images and ideas. Thus, if an Artiſt wiſhed to depict Hygeia, the Goddeſs of Health, *Greſſet* will furniſh him with an excellent Group of Figures. I will read you his deſcription of her, and after the firſt ſix lines, do you imagine to yourſelves I am deſcribing Beings, which muſt each in order be placed upon the Canvas.

As Hebe ſwift, as Venus fair,
Youthful, roſy, light as air,
She comes, diſperſing Ills and Glooms,
And Courage glows, and Beauty blooms;
Fits, Faintings, Languors, tottering fly
The vivid glances of her Eye.
So Cupid, Bacchus', Morpheus are
Attendants on her jocund Car;
While ſhe, with Vine and Myrtle crown'd,
Beholds extended on the ground

The God of Epidaurus (*a*) thrown,
His pow'r contemn'd, his art unknown:

True, mamma, replied Pulcheria, a charming Picture, indeed, might be formed from this deſcription.

I have always forgot, ſaid Cæſar, to aſk my mamma a thing which I juſt now recollect. A few days ſince we ſaw a piece of Sculpture, repreſenting a woman at the bath, attended by a Negreſs. The figure bathing is of white marble, but the Negreſs is in bronze.

I know this performance, it is charming, and the name of the Artiſt who is the author of it, is a ſufficient eulogium. There is a reaſon why the Negreſs is in bronze. She holds a vaſe of water, and it was neceſſary to have leaden pipes paſs through the Statue, in order to ſend the water into the Vaſe: this could not have been executed had the ſtatue been of marble; otherwiſe, the Artiſt would, certainly, never have jumbled marble and bronze in the ſame compoſition; he has too much taſte not to feel the effect could not be happy.

There is a ſtatue of Saint Staniſlaus at Rome in his religious habit. The robe is of black marble, and the figure of white; which medley is more ſhocking than the one we have juſt mentioned.

(*a*) The Statue of Æſculapius.

tioned, and muſt deſtroy, not add to, the deluſion. If, while examining ſculpture, the mind is not wholly occupied by the idea of form, if any acceſſary introduces that of colour, if the drapery is repreſented ſhort, and with natural ſhades, the Spectator would immediately require the carnation of the face, and, wanting it, would only behold a Doll, ridiculouſly clothed.

I can eaſily ſuppoſe that, mamma; but why then is this very ſame thing admired in ſeal engraving?

Becauſe heads cut in a ſeal or a ring, can never, any way, produce the ſlighteſt degree of illuſion. The things wiſhed there, are elegance and purity of deſign; and it is reaſonable to praiſe the Artiſt who knows how to bring forth the beauties of the ſtone, by taking an ingenious advantage of the natural colours it poſſeſſes.

I am glad, mamma, of this explanation, for I confeſs it was this very mixture, white and black, that pleaſed me; I thought it fine, becauſe I had never ſeen the like before.

Hereafter you will know, that it is not ſufficient for an idea to be new, it muſt alſo be natural. If an invention is neither uſeful nor agreeable, it is not meritorious but capricious; and reſembles the whims of the Sicilian Prince, of whom I ſpoke to you the other day: it is productive of extravagance, it brings forth Monſters (3).

They

They now came to inform Madame de Clémire her carriage was ready, and ſhe took the children to the Comedy. As they returned they converſed on the play; and Cæſar was deſirous his mamma ſhould give him ſome general precepts, by which he might judge of dramatic works.——You are too young at preſent, ſaid Madame de Clémire, to be properly informed on that ſubject; but I have the plan of a work, which I ſhall ſurely execute for the benefit of my children: it will be entitled *Cours de Litérature, a l'Uſage des jeunnes perſonnes.* (A courſe of Literature for the uſe of young people.) This you ſhall read when you are ſixteen or ſeventeen, and, with the addition of that moſt eſtimable work, called, *La Poetique*, by Marmontel, I have no doubt but you will have an enlarged knowledge of ſuch things, and a good taſte.

How many volumes will it make, mamma?

Three at moſt.

And will it be amuſing?

I certainly ſhall neglect nothing that may give pleaſure and variety, as much as poſſible; for I am well convinced, youth cannot be inſtructed by what is tireſome and dull. It will be my endeavour to draw my principles from nature, to convey clear and preciſe ideas, and to give you a general knowledge of French, Engliſh, Italian, and Spaniſh literature.

By

By this time the carriage entered the Court, they arrived, and ſat down to ſupper with laſſitude; all complained of the head-ache, and Cæſar and his ſiſters found, they no longer poſſeſſed the keen appetites and chearful ſpirits the air of Champcery gave. They gaped at each other, they lolled in their chairs, they could not eat; and they all agreed, they ſhould be ſorry to go every evening and be ſhut up three hours in a box at the Play-houſe. The pleaſures of walking, reading, and converſing, they all owned were preferable to any thing the Theatre could afford.

Not but that they walked at Paris, but then it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, the Palais-Royal, or the Elyſian Fields, where decorum muſt be obſerved, and where they only regretted the Woods, the Meadows, and the charming liberty of the fields of Burgundy. Cæſar ſeverely criticiſed every thing he ſaw. What a duſt! cried he. What a crowd! And what do theſe people come here for, to ſtare and run in each others way, and hinder me from running and climbing up the trees?

And theſe large baſins of ſtagnant water, ſaid Caroline, are they equal to our pond at Faulin, where we have angled and caught ſo many fiſh? And then, inſtead of our blackberries and filbert-nuts, to ſee nothing but trimmed evergreens, ſtone walls,

walls, or iron-gates! No plants, no flowers. Oh what dull gardens! How can people ſhut themſelves up here, for ever, when they might live in the country!

Madame de Clémire heard theſe murmurs; but did not diſapprove them, becauſe they were well founded; but ſhe took the children to the King's garden, which they found more inſtructive, and almoſt as pleaſant as the Woods of Champcery. The ſtudy of Botany and natural Hiſtory, rendered theſe walks ſo agreeable, that they would think of no other during the reſt of Autumn.

Winter came, and with it new repinings. They recollected, ſighing, the frozen ponds of the country, their ſlides, their ſnow-balls, and their evening ſtories; in fine, all the pleaſures of which they were deprived. The balls of Paris were but a poor recompenſe; they afforded but little amuſement, and they always returned fatigued and diſappointed. In the month of January Caroline had ſo bad a cold, that ſhe was obliged to have a ſeparate chamber, becauſe ſhe diſturbed her ſiſter ſo much in the night, by which means Pulcheria was left alone.

In about five or ſix days time Madame de Clémire learnt, that Pulcheria, notwithſtanding the exceſſive cold, ſat without a fire in her room, and that ſhe would not let them make one ever

ſince

ſince her Siſter's indiſpoſition. Surpriſed at this fancy, Madame de Clémire queſtioned the ſervants. The *Frotteur*, whoſe buſineſs it was to bring the wood, declared, that Mademoiſelle Pulcheria had deſired him to put her three faggots, every morning, at the bottom of the cloſet, in the anti-chamber. For my part, madam, ſaid the *Frotteur*, I aſked no queſtions, though I thought it odd, becauſe I thought it was my lady's pleaſure.

The Governante was ſolely employed in the care of Caroline, and had not been in Pulcheria's chamber, who was now waited on by a young girl they had brought out of Burgundy; and who, being interrogated in her turn, ſaid, that Mademoiſelle Pulcheria had told her ſhe did not chuſe fire, but that ſhe would accuſtom herſelf to bear the cold.

After getting all the intelligence ſhe could, Madame de Clémire went up to Pulcheria's apartment: the bottom of the cloſet was firſt viſited, but not a ſingle faggot was there to be found. She then entered her daughter's chamber. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and Pulcheria was walking, at a good pace, up and down the room, to keep herſelf warm, while ſhe was repeating her talk. Gertrude, her country maid, was ſitting in a corner knitting. As ſoon as Pulcheria ſaw her mamma ſhe bluſhed.——How now, ſaid Madame de Clémire,

mire, how does it happen child, that you are without fire?

Oh, I can keep myſelf warm, mamma.

Madame de Clémire ſat down, and ſent away Gertrude, then taking Pulcheria by the hand, ſaid, you will, now, I am ſure, my dear, ſpeak to me as to a friend.

I will tell you every thing, my dear mamma; but perhaps you have already gueſſed?

I have ſome confuſed ſuſpicions.

You ſhall know all. About ſeven or eight days ſince, I heard my Governante telling how a poor woman, who lives in our ſtreet, had been to aſk alms; my Governante gave her ſomething, and went once afterwards to carry her bread. My Governante told me, that this poor woman deſired nothing ſo much as to work for her living, but ſhe could find nothing to do; and what is ſtill more to be pitied, ſhe had no firing. My Governante ſaid ſhe would furniſh her with work, and I thought, if I could ſend her firing, ſhe, then, would want nothing. I would not tell you of it, mamma, becauſe I had already formed my project; I knew that my Siſter was going to ſleep in another chamber, and I ſaid to myſelf, here is a fine opportunity of doing, like Sidonia, a good action in private. I will not even ſpeak of it to mamma; for ſince time diſcovers all things, ſhe will know

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it ſoon or late; but it does not become me to be vain of it, and when known it will give the greater pleaſure; in the mean while the poor woman will be happy, and God will behold the action. I then determined to paſs the morning without fire. by which means I ſhould ſave three faggots; and I deſired the *Frotteur* to lay them at the bottom of the cloſet, which he always did in the evening, to ſave his labour the next morning. I was obliged to make a confidant of Jeanneton the chamber-maid, who at firſt made ſome objections; till I aſſured her, inſtead of making you angry, mamma, it would give you great pleaſure: ſhe declared, however, that if you queſtioned her ſhe ſhould tell the truth, but if you did not, ſhe promiſed me to be ſilent.

And did ſhe undertake to carry the wood to the poor woman?

Yes, mamma, every morning.

But how could ſhe paſs the outer gate, thus loaded, and regularly carrying three faggots?

Dear! I do not know; I never thought of that; the porter might well be ſurprized; and yet he cannot have aſked her any queſtions, ſince ſhe never ſaid any thing to me.

There is ſomething at the bottom of this that we are ignorant of; but tell me, have you ſuffered much from the cold?

A little,

A little, the two firſt days; but I remembered, that the poor woman and her little ones would warm themſelves, for ſhe has ſix ſmall children and a ſick huſband; but Jeanneton tells me, they are much better off now.

How ſo, with three faggots, only?

Yes. Jeanneton ſays they are quite enlivened, quite different people. To be ſure I ſent them, beſide the faggots, two boxes of candied orange-peel, for the children, that my papa brought me from Fontainebleau. That is not all: the day before yeſterday, I do not know how it happened, but my papa aſked me, if I ſhould not be glad to have ſome money to buy me play-things. At firſt I anſwered no; but I afterwards recollected the poor woman, and bluſhed. Papa kiſſed me, and gave me a guinea; after which, he enumerated how many things a guinea would buy; and I muſt own, I had a great deſire to lay out a crown of it in purchaſing pincuſhions; and yet this made me melancholy. I got my guinea changed, put a crown in my pocket, and giving the reſt to Jeanneton, bade her carry it to the poor woman, and added, that the next day I ſhould ſend her to buy me ſome pincuſhions. She left the room; I took my crown out of my pocket, and looked at it with uneaſineſs; for as I at firſt had intended to give the whole guinea to the poor woman, it

ſeemed

ſeemed to me, that I kept ſomething which was not my own: away I ran to the ſtair-head, to call back Jeanneton, but ſhe was gone, and I ſaw her no more till the next morning. I waked betimes, and began to think on the pin-cuſhions and the poor woman.——I was a good deal embarraſſed, but recollecting, at laſt, this was the firſt guinea I ever had in my life, I ſaid to myſelf, I muſt employ it all in a good action: this thought determined me; Jeanneton arrived, and I ſent her with the three faggots and the crown-piece.

Juſt as Pulcheria had ended this recital a footman entered, and gave a note to Madame de Clémire, who, looking at the direction, ſaid to Pulcheria, it is addreſſed to you, my dear; it is, no doubt, an invitation to a ball. So ſaying, ſhe opened the note, and to the great aſtoniſhment of Pulcheria read as follows:

" Mademoiſelle,

" Come and receive the recompenſe of your " bounty to us; come and ſee from what miſery " you have relieved us; nothing is now wanting " to our felicity, but to have her, to whom we are " indebted for it, a witneſs of it. We cannot " better prove our gratitude to our young, our " dear Benefactreſs, than to ſhew her the family " ſhe has rendered ſo perfectly happy."

Dear

Dear mamma, cried Pulcheria, do, my good mamma, be kind enough to take me to ſee theſe good people.

Certainly, my dear, replied Madame de Clémire; we will go directly, I will order the carriage. Come, come, my dear girl.

Madame de Clémire took Pulcheria by the hand, and away they went. At the bottom of the ſtaircaſe they met the Marquis. Where are you going? ſaid he; if you are going abroad, I am juſt returned, and my carriage is ready.

We are: come, go with us, my dear.

Willingly, replied the Marquis. And, without aſking farther queſtions, gave the Marchioneſs his arm.

Pulcheria followed with inexpreſſible emotion. They entered their carriage, it departed, and, in about five minutes, ſtopt. They alighted, croſſed a little yard, the Marquis opened the door, and they found themſelves in a large chamber. In the midſt of it they ſaw a Sadler at work, while a woman, ſitting at a table, with ſix little girls at her ſide, the biggeſt of whom was only ten years old, was buſy at her needle-work. The moment the Marquis de Clémire appeared, the whole family roſe; come hither, Madame le Blanc, ſaid the Marquis, this is Pulcheria.

Inſtantly

Inſtantly the wife, the huſband, the children, all flew to Pulcheria. Oh! my dear young lady, replied the woman, is it you? What at your age! And ſo delicate too! Could you paſs theſe wintry days without fire, to ſend us your wood ——Your money——Nay your very ſweetmeats, every thing you had to give?——But behold! look how happy we are!——My huſband is recovered, our debts are paid, our children are clothed, we are made capable of getting our living, we want for nothing, and you alone were the firſt author of all our happineſs; for, had it not been for your goodneſs, your dear papa would never have known us.

Ah! papa, then Jeanneton has told you all.

From the very firſt day, replied the Marquis; nay, I have more than once carried the faggots in my coach to Madame le Blanc; but I expreſsly forbad Jeanneton to ſpeak of it to your mamma, or give you any hints that I was in the ſecret; I wiſhed to agreeably ſurprize you both.

After this explanation, the Marquis was tenderly kiſſed by his wife and daughter; and they converſed for about half an hour with the good people, then roſe to take their leave. Juſt at this moment the children ran to fetch a little box, and the eldeſt preſenting it to Pulcheria, prayed her to accept it, ſaying, it is our own work; my mother,

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my ſiſters, and myſelf, all have been buſy at it; and, I aſſure you, mademoiſelle, with a right good-will.

Pulcheria opened the box, and found it full of the prettieſt pincuſhions ſhe had ever ſeen. Pulcheria bluſhed, then turning towards her father, ſaid, indeed, papa, I thought no more about them——but now with what pleaſure do I receive them! ſince they are the work of this good woman and charming little girls.

Pulcheria's heart was full; ſhe kiſſed the children, and the tears again came in her eyes, when, as ſhe was going, ſhe heard the benedictions of the whole family.——Oh my poor ſiſter, replied Pulcheria, as ſhe got into the carriage, how ſorry I am her cold has prevented her from partaking the ſatisfaction I now feel.——Permit me, mamma, continued ſhe, ſince I am accuſtomed to do without fire, to give you my wood for the poor every winter.

No, replied Madame de Clémire, I muſt not let you undertake to perform what at length muſt become too painful; you know I have already told you, that thoſe reſolutions which demand a certain degree of perſeverance, are not for an age like your's; but, if you wiſh every winter to renew the action you have juſt done, that is to ſay, to remain

eight

eight days without firing, and give it to ſome poor family, you ſhall have my leave with all my heart.

Oh yes, yes, mamma, I will certainly do ſo. ——A thought has juſt ſtruck me——Cannot I alſo do without wine at my dinner, for a certain ſpace of time, and give it to the ſame poor family?

You drink ſo little, that you would be a conſiderable time in ſaving half a bottle only.

But when I ſhall be grown up, mamma, how much ſhall I then drink in eight days?

Four bottles at the very moſt.

If it were but three, it would be very acceptable to a ſick perſon.

Certainly, three bottles of good wine might be a precious and ſalutary preſent; and if we were to go eight days every month without wine, our health would be the better for it, and our very pleaſure in taſting it increaſed.

By ſuch means, then, one may give alms, and yet not be rich.

Without any extra expence, it is poſſible, in the courſe of the year, to ſuccour a great number of people, if we would only, occaſionally, deprive ourſelves of ſuperfluities. Let me obſerve, too, that a momentary privation is productive of certain pleaſure; for example, when you have remained all the morning without a fire, and come down into the drawing-room, at one

o'clock, do you not experience a pleaſure which you would not have felt, if you had been ſitting over a fire in your own room?

Oh yes, mamma, I warm myſelf with extream ſatisfaction; the very ſight of the fire, ſomehow, makes me quite happy.

Hence then you find, that pleaſure is every way at accord with benevolence; for the ſweet delight of doing a good action is, as you have juſt experienced, the greateſt of all poſſible pleaſures.

How does it happen, mamma, that there are people who do not know, nor feel this?

A trifling vanity, and a ſilly love of ſhew, corrupt many hearts; yet, even here, where luxuries ſo often ſtifle virtue, we may find examples that do honour to the age; the anonymous alms, only, ſent to the different Curates of Paris, are immenſe. A multitude of priſoners every month, compoſed of unfortunate tradeſmen, owe liberty, and the pleaſure of again ſeeing their children, to perſons unknown. Benevolence has founded prizes in all the Academies; it has formed, in Paris and its environs, uſeful and reſpectable eſtabliſhments. How natural then is virtue to the heart of man, ſince it predominates in a place where it is combated by ſo many factitious and puerile paſſions, which a contemptible and fooliſh vanity produces.

Here

Here this converſation ended; for Madame de Clémire, deſirous of knowing how Caroline did, roſe, took Pulcheria with her, and went to her chamber. Caroline's cough was ſomething worſe; ſhe had eaten a little cake of dried cherries, not knowing that what was very healthy, in general, might be bad for her cold. Madame de Clémire took this occaſion of repeating to her children, how neceſſary it was to underſtand the properties of our uſual food; ſince this knowledge, added to temperance, will prevent a thouſand inconveniencies, and many very dreadful diſeaſes.

As ſoon as Caroline was recovered, her mamma took her children to a new Opera, with which they were all highly delighted. The next day, their ſtudies being all over, the children came and ſat with their mamma till ſupper-time; there was company, and the converſation turned on the Opera. What madam, ſaid a little man, who ſpoke exceſſively loud to the Marchioneſs, is it poſſible, madam, you can be pleaſed with the muſic?

Exceedingly.

But you have been a Gluckiſt theſe two years.

And as I have neither forgotten nor ceaſed to love good muſic, I am ſo ſtill.

If ſo, you ought not to be pleaſed with the new Opera.

No, Sir! why not?

Becauſe it is impoſſible to love two ſtyles of compoſition ſo abſolutely oppoſite.

I believe it is as impoſſible to love the good and the bad, as it is to eſteem a fool and a man of underſtanding; but I believe, and I feel, I can take pleaſure in different ſtyles of compoſition, though, Sir, as you ſay, abſolutely oppoſite; for which reaſon, I love Corneille, Racine, Gluck, and Piccini.

But do you conceive the conſequence of this impartiality? Your ſuffrage will pleaſe neither the Partiſans of Gluck nor of Piccini.

May be ſo, but I ſhall have the double pleaſure of admiring them both; and as to glory, I prefer that of being equitable, to that of obtaining the praiſes of either of their Partiſans.

But, ſpeak truly, is it poſſible you can love *Orphée*, *Iphigénie*, *Alceſte*, *Armide*?—— The muſic of Vandals!—— A monſtrous and deteſtable creation!

A viſitor arrived, Madame de Clémire changed the converſation, and the little man, finding nobody to diſpute with, grew dull, and retired in a very ill-humour.

As ſoon as the children were alone with Madame de Clémire, dear mamma, ſaid Caroline, how terribly you vexed the gentleman who went away ſo abruptly. He who had ſo great an averſion to Gluck.

M. de

M. de Volny you mean?——Did you think his behaviour polite, rational, moderate?

Oh dear no, and he ſpoke in ſuch a manner.

He was angry, yet you ſaid nothing to offend him.

No, but ſo is ever the ſpirit of party. Remember therefore, no perſon can be uniformly well-behaved and reaſonable, without a total impartiality.

What did he mean, mamma, by Vandals, and a deteſtable creation? I did not underſtand him.

He did not underſtand himſelf; he has no knowledge of muſic.

No! and yet decide with ſo much confidence.

It is the faſhion at preſent; thoſe who do not know how to beat time to an air, who cannot diſtinguiſh perfect harmony from a diſcord, and who, while they liſten, know not when one movement ends and another begins, argue, learnedly, on compoſition, and even write books to prove that Piccini has no genius, or that Gluck is a Barbarian.

Can one be a Connoiſſeur in muſic, mamma, without a knowledge of the ſcience?

No; that is abſolutely impoſſible. We have already allowed, that, with the beſt natural taſte poſſible, after long ſtudy, after travelling and obſerving with attention the varieties of nature, and all the collections of pictures in Europe, an

Amateur, if he cannot paint himſelf, never can diſtinguiſh all the beauties of a picture viſible to a good Painter: yet painting is a real imitation of nature; it repreſents material objects as they are hourly ſeen, and many parts of it muſt equally pleaſe the ignorant and the learned; the nicer touches of art eſcape the firſt, but they cannot help being pleaſed with an imitation that looks like nature itſelf.

It is not the ſame with muſic; the compoſer of an Opera, no doubt, muſt find, in nature, that kind of declamation which his Poem requires; but this ſpecies of imitation is too abſtracted, to be as generally felt as that of painting. Beſides, muſic may have expreſſion and yet not be good: as, for example, if certain rules of compoſition are not obſerved, which, however, none but a Muſician will properly feel the defect of. I own that, in general, it is my opinion, ſenſibility and good taſte may, without a knowledge of muſic, diſtinguiſh the merits of certain paſſages, where the expreſſion is very happy; may feel the difference of ſtyle, and determine if the melody be agreeable, or common and inſipid; but it is impoſſible they can hear the beauties or defects of complicated harmony; they abſolutely do not hear them, they are deaf to the effects of an accompanyment. I ſuſtain (and the proof is eaſy) that a perſon who does not underſtand

underſtand muſic, that is to ſay, who cannot decypher it with facility, and whoſe youth has not been paſt in compoſing it, will never thoroughly know it: let another modulate, and give a mixture of good and falſe concord; and let this be a perſon of reputation, and you ſhall ſee one of theſe Connoiſſeurs, who declaim ſo emphatically on *barbarous muſic, motives, and intentions*, liſten, with delight, to diſcords and unconnected reſolutions of harmony, which would make a Muſician ſhudder, and beſtow the moſt pompous praiſes while he liſtens. And what do people gain, who wiſh to ſeem learned in things they know nothing about? They impoſe on nobody, they talk nonſenſically, they judge without taſte, they are accuſed of pedantry by the ignorant, of folly by the well-informed, and they are tireſome and diſagreeable to both (4).

Some days after this converſation, Cæſar one morning entered the chamber of the Marquis, holding a newſpaper in his hand, and ſaid, I am come, papa, to aſk you a queſtion concerning a thing which to me appears very extraordinary; look, here is *the Journal de Paris*, the Abbé gives it me to read every time he finds a benevolent action recounted in it.

He muſt give it you very often then, for ſcarce a day paſſes in which you do not ſee the word BENEVOLENCE, printed in large characters.

Yes, papa, but this is what I am vexed at.

How ſo?

Becauſe ſuch a title beſpeaks ſome great action, and in this Journal I am almoſt continually diſappointed. —— Look, papa, what follows after the word Benevolence.

Yes, I ſee——It is a long ſtory.

It takes up half the paper——Shall I tell it you, papa?

If you pleaſe.

A poor woman had placed her fire-pot under her clothes, and fell aſleep. Somebody came in and found her burning; her petticoats were all in a flame, ſhe had no longer the human form. The horſe ſoldiers that guard the ſtreets, arrived, and both they and the ſpectators were affected; the ſoldiers aſſiſted the dying woman; a Surgeon aſked for a little oil and ſome wine for her, and one of the ſoldiers went and got it; the Surgeon applied it to the poor patient, who was afterwards ſent to the hoſpital, whither the ſoldiers conducted her.

Well, but relate the act of Benevolence.

I have, papa, it was the oil that the ſoldier went to ſeek.

That is not poſſible, Cæſar.

Nay, papa, there is the paper, read (*a*).

It

(*a*) *Journal de Paris, No.* 340, *ſamedi* 6 *Decembre,* 1783.

It is very true, you have omitted nothing—— this muſt be ſeen to be believed.

As they muſt have been inhumanly barbarous not to have aſſiſted that poor wretched woman, I am quite ſhocked to ſee them praiſe, with ſuch emphaſis, ſo natural an act; and dignify men with the title of benevolent, for merely fulfilling indiſpenſible duties.

Your remark is juſt; he who thinks himſelf heroic for doing his duty, will never get any farther, will never become virtuous: and, if every body agreed to think that benevolence, which is the mere office of humanity, benevolence would not long be ſeen upon earth.

Madame de Clémire and her daughters now came in; they breakfaſted, and afterwards went abroad to viſit cabinets of natural Hiſtory, and collections of Paintings, which recreation Madame de Clémire procured her children twice a week. To give variety to theſe inſtructive amuſements, they ſometimes went to ſee manufactories, or works of architecture.

My children, ſaid Madame de Clémire, if you wiſh to inhabit cities, to be happy in them, and not become a prey to laſſitude, never give yourſelves up to idle diſſipation, which can neither ſatisfy the heart, nor occupy the mind; never debaſe your taſte by a frivolous and contemptible

love

love of ſhew; preſerve carefully in your boſoms that active and tender compaſſion you owe the unfortunate; remember where luxury is moſt prevalent, there is miſery moſt powerful; and recollect how little, often, may ſnatch Wretchedneſs from diſeaſe and death. You have ſome idea of the pure happineſs which awaits you in the habitation of Want; ſearch ardently, ſtretch out the hand of charity, and enjoy the glory and the delight of offering, to the eyes of Poverty, the merciful and ſublime image of the Creator; of making the ſweet tears of Gratitude, and the paſſionate tranſports of unexpected Joy, ſucceed the bitter cries of Deſpair.

Finally, my children, in theſe places of reſort for genius and emulation, where in a thouſand varied forms they daily preſent their labours, love the fine arts, encourage ingenuity and induſtry, and cultivate your minds, and extend your knowledge, in order to enjoy a number of rational pleaſures, the value of which is unknown to ignorance. Yet let not even theſe inſtructive occupations, and theſe varied amuſements, make you inſenſible to the ſweet delights of a country life. Oh! may the remembrance of the Tales of the Caſtle never be effaced from your hearts; and may you never forget the charms, the innocence,

the

the variety, the true pleaſures which ſimple Nature ever affords!

Madame de Clémire, at one of their evening converſations, had told her children ſhe ſhould write ſome moral tales for their inſtructions. As they grew up, and might venture to read with the aſſiſtance of a Commentator, ſhe gave them the three following Tales; ſaying, you may read, hereafter, many ſtories infinitely more agreeable than mine, perhaps; but you will find, in theſe, morality and truth, at leaſt; and, if they pleaſe you, I have three others which you ſhall, one day, have to read.

THE

TWO REPUTATIONS.

A MORAL TALE.

LUZINCOURT, ſatisfied with a moderate fortune, and an obſcure, but peaceable and happy exiſtence, lived, like a Philoſopher, at the farther end of Champagne, in a ſmall houſe, two leagues from Rheims; he had been a widower ſeveral years, and found in the ſtudy of ſcience, and his tenderneſs for an only ſon, amuſements and happineſs equal to his wiſhes.

When young Luzincourt had attained his nineteenth year, his father told him of his deſign to ſend him to Straſbourg. My ſon, ſaid he, you are not a gentleman, and have no fortune; I have given you an education which will procure you the means of diſtinguiſhing yourſelf, if you have activity and a noble ambition. You have reaſon and underſtanding, and yet I do not aſk what condition of life

life you would prefer, nor ſhall I make a choice for you myſelf.

My parents, without conſulting my inclinations, made me a lawyer; probity preſerved me from the dreadful miſery of being a bad Magiſtrate; but I did not love my profeſſion, and my inclination for ſcience made me quit it at forty. During twenty years, I fulfilled duties which, to me, were painful; and when I wholly addicted myſelf to the ſtudies to which my genius led me, I was too old to become eminent in a new career.

This experience, and the reflections I had made, have prevented me from preſſing the choice of a profeſſion upon you, till you ſhould arrive at that age when your powers and propenſities ſhould be developed. At preſent I will ſend you to Straſbourg, where I would have you paſs two years in the ſchools where law is taught, becauſe there is no condition of life in which a knowledge of the laws is not uſeful, and even neceſſary to a good citizen.

Young Luzincourt aſſured his father of his obedience; and three days after this converſation, departed fer Straſbourg. Arrived in Alſace, he purſued his ſtudies with ardour, writ regularly to his father, and, in the account he gave him of his occupations and amuſements, continually ſpoke of the

the inexpreſſible pleaſure he took in reading Dramatic Authors and Works of Morality.

Luzincourt alſo kept up a correſpondence with a friend, of his own age, who lived at Rheims. The name of this young man was Damoville: he was the eldeſt ſon of his father's moſt intimate friend, and having been educated together, he had conceived the moſt tender friendſhip for Damoville.

Never, however, did convenience and habit form a connexion leſs liable to laſt. Luzincourt, naturally timid and thoughtful, ſpoke little, was diffident of himſelf, and having, with much modeſty, a great deſire to gain information, he was ſilent, without an effort, and liſtened with avidity. To this reſerve, this attention to the diſcourſe of others, he was indebted for penetration much ſuperior to his years. He already poſſeſſed the uſeful art of reading the countenance, and eaſily tracing there the ſlighteſt expreſſion of envy, diſdain, or ill humour; nature had given him a diſcerning mind, a delicate taſte, a lively imagination, a feeling heart, and a noble ſoul.

Damoville, on the contrary, full of confidence and pride, ſpoke with aſſurance, and heard without attention; his head was hot, and his heart cold; his ideas often dazzled, but were often unjuſt and inconſiſtent;

inconſiſtent; without ſenſibility, without greatneſs of ſoul, incapable of reflecting, of meditating, he imagined heroiſm, of all kind, to be either the effect of ſelf-intereſted calculation, or the fruit of folly, more proper to excite the pity, than merit the admiration of a Philoſopher.

Though his ſelf-love was exceſſive, his ſociety was not without charms; his pliability was wonderful, and taught him to take, with eaſe, a thouſand different forms. Having neither principles nor fixed character, he could change his opinion with facility, and this often preſerved him from that obſtinacy which pride uſually inſpires. Equally inconſiſtent and indiſcreet, his defects ſometimes gave his conduct and diſcourſe an agreeable appearance of frankneſs and originality; and he poſſeſſed a certain natural malignity, which never appeared but in the form of a joke, and which might eaſily be taken for gaiety and good-humour.

Luzincourt, notwithſtanding his penetration, did not know Damoville: accuſtomed from his tendereſt infancy to look upon him as his brother, he could not judge impartially, but was equally blind to his ſentiments and character; he wrote to him with pleaſure and punctuality, gave him a circumſtantial hiſtory of his occupations, and Damoville, on his part, informed Luzincourt, that he, likewiſe, had a paſſionate love for reading; and told

told him, moreover, in confidence, he had already begun to compoſe. Luzincourt, in his anſwers, exhorted him not to be too haſty; but notwithſtanding this prudent advice, Damoville replied, that, hurried on by the fire of imagination, he wrote, he compoſed continually, and every month enriched *Le Mercure de France* (*a*) with ſome new production.

The time being ended, preſcribed by his father, Luzincourt quitted Straſbourg and returned to Champagne; his joy was great, at finding himſelf once more in the arms of his father, and in the company of Damoville. My friend, ſaid the latter to him, the die is caſt, and my life ſhall be conſecrated to the ſervice of the Muſes; my father conſents; the ſucceſs of my laſt Ode, and eſpecially of my Philoſophic Tale, has determined him to ſend me to Paris.

Paris! What by yourſelf?

Certainly; but I am known there to the moſt diſtinguiſhed men of letters. I had the precaution to praiſe them, with ſome addreſs, in my Ode, and my Philoſophic Tale is full of touches purpoſely meant to pleaſe them.——Beſides, they are aſtoniſhed, that a young man, of my age, ſhould have been

(*a*) *A kind of Weekly Magazine, publiſhed at Paris, in which the Moral Tales of Marmontel firſt appeared.* T.

been the Author of two productions ſo full of genius.——I have received letters from three of them, which I will ſhew thee. They exhort me to quit the country; they expect, they wiſh to ſee me, and I ſhall be gone in two months time.

The ſame evening Damoville ſhewed his friend the letters of which he had ſpoken, which really contained the moſt flattering eulogium on the talents of Damoville, and eſpecially on his Philoſophic Tale. Luzincourt could ſcarcely conceal his ſurprize: he had read this vaunted Tale, and well remembered, that certain works, and certain Academicians, were praiſed in it very emphatically; but he likewiſe remembered, he had never read any thing more uniformly dull.

As he was modeſt and inexperienced, he ſuppoſed himſelf wrong; he had judged Damoville, in the bottom of his heart, to be abſolutely devoid of genius. I was deceived, ſaid he, and I am happy to find I was. Damoville will become famous in the noble, the brilliant courſe he is about to run; it is proper, and moſt pleaſing to be proud of the fame of a friend.

Luzincourt, when interrogated by his father, freely confeſſed that he, as well as Damoville, had a ſtrong propenſity to the Belles-Lettres; but, added he, I am not ignorant, my inclination cannot ſupply the want of talents. I have not the

proud

proud hope of becoming hereafter, equal to the authors I ſo much admire; the title of an eſtimable writer may ſatisfy my ambition, and is the wiſh of my heart. Speak then, my father, you can guide, you can inſtruct me; ſhould you not approve the choice I have made, I will relinquiſh it inſtantly.

No, my ſon, ſaid his father, tenderly embracing him, I will not ſpeak againſt what I approve. Go, then, with Damoville; gain inſtruction, there, where genius and the fine arts are underſtood and admired; only be careful to preſerve your character, your principles, and your morals; look, reflect, before you write; examine nature, and your own heart; above all things, be conſiſtent and declaim not againſt intolerance, while you deteſt and perſecute thoſe who adopt not your opinions: vaunt not the conſolations of philoſophy while criticiſm offends, while contradiction irritates, and truth is diſagreeable to you; pretend not to the ſublime title of a Philoſopher, if you cannot yourſelf afford a noble example of juſtice, moderation, and fortitude, or if you cannot pardon and contemn cabal and intrigue.

But I am undiſturbed on that head, I know your ſentiments, my ſon; they will beget reputation and fame. Even without genius, and with a common mind, you might ſpeak worthily of Virtue,

tue, whoſe image is always impreſt on a generous and pure heart; but you, I hope, ſhall ſhew her in all her beauty; ſhall demonſtrate her to be invariable and real; ſhall give her Religion for her baſis, and ſhall paint her under a form ſo benevolent, ſo perfect, ſo natural, that the very Atheiſt ſhall be forced to admire, and bluſh he had before time miſtaken her.

Young Luzincourt promiſed to follow his father's counſels, and endeavour to juſtify his hopes: he remained another month in the country, and then departed with Damoville for Paris, where he lodged at the houſe of a relation, a celebrated Advocate, and Damoville hired a ſmall apartment in the ſame ſtreet.

The very day after his arrival, Damoville ſought out all the men of letters from whom he had received ſuch flattering anſwers; his reception equalled his hopes, and they propoſed he ſhould take a department in a Journal; they informed him of the principles it was neceſſary he ſhould adopt, and Damoville ſhewed all the condeſcenſion they could hope, whence they immediately predicted his progreſs would be great and glorious.

While Damoville, devoted to his new patrons, indulged the moſt dazzling hopes, Luzincourt led a very different life. Darnay, the Advocate, his relation, with whom he lodged, had married the

the Siſter of a celebrated Painter, and was viſited by many of the beſt Artiſts. A ſociety, like this, was perfectly conformable to the taſte of Luzincourt, who naturally loved the arts, and felt how neceſſary it was for a man of letters to obtain well-founded knowledge on ſuch noble ſubjects. He had learnt to draw, underſtood muſic, and liſtened with attention, and a ſtrong deſire of inſtruction, to the converſations he ſo frequently heard: he became particularly intimate with many of the Artiſts, went to ſee them when at work, and accompanied them when they viſited the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the collections of private perſons.

Such were his morning employments: his afternoons were ſpent in attending the Theatres; and, at his return, before he went to bed, in writing a Journal of every thing intereſting he had heard or ſeen in the courſe of the day.

In the midſt of theſe amuſements, he was afflicted to find he no more ſaw Damoville, who had been entirely loſt to him for three months paſt; his attempts to draw him to the houſe of Darnay were ineffectual. Damoville loved to talk, to diſſertate, to ſhine, and not to be inſtructed. The company that met at Darnay's tired him, he came once, but never returned.

Vanity,

Vanity, however, at length brought him back to Luzincourt. He had formed a very falſe opinion of the latter, with reſpect to himſelf; he ſuppoſed him to entertain a high idea of his merit; pride cannot feel, cannot underſtand true friendſhip. Damoville imagined its looks, its delicate attentions and cares, to which the heart gave birth, were only ſo many homages to, ſo many avowals of, his ſuperiority, and the tendereſt of friends, in his eyes, was but his admirer.

Damoville, at laſt, found it neceſſary, to his vanity, to inform Luzincourt of his new ſucceſs. Accordingly, one morning, he went to excuſe and juſtify himſelf for his long neglect, when he gave a pompous detail of the occupations which overwhelmed him, the works he had in hand, and renewed his aſſurances of an entire and unbounded friendſhip.

Luzincourt was moved, and Damoville coming to the point, ſaid to him, I will prove to thee how great, how ſincere my confidence in thee is, by telling thee exactly of all that affects me neareſt; here, my friend, look, I have brought thee an Epiſtle, in verſe, addreſſed to *the Philoſopher of Ferney*, (M. de Voltaire), not yet printed. It is about three weeks ſince I ſent it him, and I have received, this very morning, an anſwer from him

him, in verſe, which thou ſhalt hear, preſently; liſten firſt to my Epiſtle.

Damoville then took his manuſcript from his pocket, and read in a loud voice, a long, tireſome Epiſtle, dictated, from one end to the other, by the moſt open flattery. *The Philoſopher of Ferney*, however, compared the talents of Damoville to thoſe of *La Fare* and *Chaulieu*. Damoville, ſaid he, has their grace and eaſe, without their negligence and defects.

Luzincourt, ſurprized and confounded, was ſilent. Damoville talked on; thou mayeſt well ſuppoſe, ſaid he, I ſhall print both my Epiſtle and his Reply.

Indeed! I would not adviſe you.

No! Why ſo, prithee?

It does not ſeem, to me, proper to print one's own eulogium.

Oh! do not fear; this is a well eſtabliſhed cuſtom. An Author may not only print, without ſcruple, verſe and proſe in his praiſe, but he may cite, in his preface, the agreeable things he has heard of himſelf; nay, if he has genius, may even invent ſome happy reply, which is commonly attributed to ſome perſon whom he protects, or ſome friend who is now no more. If theſe little freedoms were not permitted, how might ſuch brilliant

liant reputations, as are daily formed, be ſo ſoon acquired.

I confeſs, I ſcarcely can comprehend how an Author may diſcover ſuch exceſſive vanity, without diſguſting the public.

Well, and where is the harm?——The public is diſguſted, and blames the Author who praiſes himſelf; but while he is blamed he is believed. The modeſt Author and the vain, are, equally, taken at their words. Be humble, and you will be thought juſt to your own abilities; dare boldly to praiſe yourſelf, and the world will be of your opinion; you will be called proud, but you will be admired.

If ſuch be your opinion of the public, you can hardly be vain of its ſuffrage.——Wherefore do men of letters labour? Is it not to enlighten mankind? Is it not to merit the world's eſteem and gratitude?

Such are the motives given in a preface; but ſurely thou art not ſimple enough to believe them. Men write to obtain a name, becauſe celebrity leads to wealth: not to mention one is proud of the homage of the very fools one deſpiſes.——But let us return to my Epiſtle, how doſt thou like it?

You ſeem to me too prodigal of praiſe.

How

How ſo? Is it poſſible to praiſe the Author of *Alzira*, *Mahomet*, and ſo many other dramatic maſter-pieces too much?

Certainly not; there are no praiſes in this reſpect, which his genius does not juſtify; but you give him the title of Philoſopher and Sage, which he never can deſerve. Is he ſuperior to the foibles which envy, hatred, and reſentment produce? Is he even peaceable and happy?——He is benevolent——he makes a noble uſe of his riches——but he has defamed, he has blackened his enemies.

His writings breathe the very ſpirit of philoſophy, and have produced a revolution which has——

Deſtroyed Religion, and corrupted Morality.

No man has better defended the rights of humanity.

You forget that he was preceded by *Fenelon*. You do not hold it poſſible, that an Author's ſole deſign ſhould be to benefit mankind.——Read Telemachus, once more; a work written to inſtruct Kings, and enlighten the world, and think better. I ſhould be ſorry for you, could you prefer the declamations and epigrams of Voltaire, to ſuch a ſublime ſyſtem of morality.

You may ſay what you pleaſe, but you will never rob Voltaire of the glory of having been the

firſt poet who ſpoke the language of reaſon and philoſophy.

I am ſorry you have not found the language of reaſon in the works of Boileau, and many other Authors.——But what think you of Pope? Is not he the Poet of Philoſophy? What philoſophic Piece has Voltaire ever produced, any way equal to the ESSAY ON MAN?

You will not at leaſt deny, that the abilities of Voltaire are aſtoniſhingly extenſive, or that he has not a univerſal genius?

What do you mean by a univerſal genius?

A man who is ſuperior in every ſpecies of Literature. I am willing to allow (between ourſelves) that Voltaire is not what he has, perhaps, been too haſtily called, the Conqueror of two Rivals who reigned over the Theatre; but what tragic author, of *this age*, can be called his equal?

None; not even the author of *Rhadamiſtus* and *Electra*. Crebillon, no doubt, had genius, but he has only written two pieces worthy the ſtage. Although Piron wrote *la Metromanie*, he muſt not be compared to Moliere; nor have thoſe more reaſon, in my opinion, who would equal Crebillon to Voltaire.

What ſay you to his hiſtory?

His Hiſtory of Charles XII. is an agreeable romance, and his Age of Louis XIV. dazzles the

imagination. But are they written in the ſtyle of Hiſtory? What can you ſay to a writer, who is always partial, always paſſionate, guided by the ſpirit of party, and unceaſingly ſacrificing reaſon, morality, and truth, to private views, perſonal intereſt, and a vain deſire to ſhine.

You, no doubt, think his fugitive pieces deteſtable too?

No; ſome of them are charming; but he is here ſurpaſſed by *Greſſet*, whoſe Verſes, as witty as thoſe of Voltaire, have a thouſand times more ſweetneſs and harmony; nor can you mention one fugitive piece, by the latter, which may juſtly be preferred to the *Chartreuſe* (*a*), or *l'Epître ſur la Convaleſcence* (*b*).

And you think nothing of Voltaire's gaiety?

What gaity!——Deprive him of the deſire to blacken, to avenge himſelf of, to ridicule, his enemies, and give him, in it's ſtead, reaſon, decency, and reſpect for religion, and you will rob him of all his pretended gaiety, which is only inſpired by impiety, malignity, and a contempt for morals. He never knew the art of laughing with innocence; and his natural gaiety is ſo confined, that, notwithſtanding the ſuperiority of his wit, he never attempted to be pleaſant, without offence to religion

(*a*) The Charter-houſe, or Carthuſian Monaſtry.

(*b*) An Epiſtle on the King's recovery.

religion and modeſty, but he was dull. He has written the *Gardeuſe de Caſſette* (*a*);——and has given the ſtage *Un Fier en Fat* (*b*), and a *Madame de Croupillac.*

Oh! I give up his Comedies—Nay, his Operas ——He has not ſucceeded in Lyric Poetry, I own. But what do you ſay to his Henriade?

That it contains fine paſſages, and that I ſhould admire it, could I read it through without an effort.

If that work be not unequalled, you cannot deny but Voltaire has the merit of having written the only Epic Poem in our language.

And what think you is the reaſon? It is becauſe Poets of genius have always preferred the writing of Tragedies. An Epic Poem demands deep ſtudy, and great length of time; and the glory which is acquired, by writing it, is rather durable than noiſy; while the applauſes, obtained on the Theatre, are more flattering, and more conducive to fortune. I willingly allow, that a ſublime Poem, ſuch, for example, as Paradiſe Loſt, is, of all others, a work which requires the moſt genius. But I muſt likewiſe think, that he who could write a good Tragedy, might write as good a Poem as the Henriade.

(*a*) The Keeper of the Caſket.

(*b*) A haughty Fool.

Well, but do not you admire the aſtoniſhing union of wit and ſcience in Voltaire?

Fontenelle was a man of wit, infinitely more learned than Voltaire (*a*); the latter will never be thought a great Mathematician, and he was a very bad experimental Philoſopher; he was ignorant of the firſt Elements of Chymiſtry, and every thing he ſaid, on Natural Hiſtory, is equally void of reaſon and truth; and demonſtrative of his profound ignorance on that ſubject. He has ſpoken too on the Arts, but without loving or underſtanding them (*b*). Aſk the Artiſts, and they will tell you, he had neither taſte, diſcernment, nor knowledge of them. Hence it is very true that Voltaire has had the puerile and ambitious pretenſion to appear univerſal, when he was ſuperior only in one ſpecious of writing. It ſeems to me, too, that his proſe writings evidently prove he had but one manner, and that he could not vary his ſtyle with his ſubject. Was it Hiſtory, a Novel, a Letter, it was all the ſame: his partizans called this ſurprizing uniformity, *the ſignature of Voltaire*, and think they praiſe him when they ſay, they can find

(*a*) M. de Fontenelle was a Member of the Academy of Sciences; nobody yet ever thought of beſtowing that honour on Voltaire.

(*b*) He, himſelf, has ſaid, he did not taſte the beauties of Painting and Muſic.

find him in a Billet, and cannot miſtake his hand: they forgot he is only ſo ſure to be found, becauſe he had but one manner; and that, becauſe, during ſixty years, he continually repeated the ſame witticiſms, and the ſame declamations. Monteſquieu has only written three works, and has each time had the happy art, which taſte and genius alone may give, to change his tone, and ſeize the ſtyle beſt ſuited to his different ſubjects. No one can ſay, they find, in the Temple of Gnidus, the *ſignature* of the author of the Spirit of Laws; though it is certain, that in Zadig you cannot miſtake the hand which traced the Univerſal Hiſtory. May a man pretend to univerſal genius, becauſe he gives a different title to each volume he writes? Certainly not. A multitude of volumes will but diſcover ſuch pretenſions to be ill founded; while, on the contrary, one ſole work may diſplay a wonderful variety of talents. The illuſtrious Author of *The Hiſtory of Nature*, M. de Buffon, has proved that one man may unite vaſt knowledge, a brilliant imagination, and the enchanting art of painting and deſcribing, with equal ſuperiority, the affecting, the awful, the majeſtic, and the terrible. In his work we find the moſt perfect examples and varieties of eloquence; Poet, Painter, profound Metaphyſician, ſublime Philoſopher; each, in turn: his pliant and extenſive

genius embraces, and adapts itſelf to all. It gives, with the ſame facility, the moſt delicate touches to the ſhorteſt details, while it conceives a plan the moſt extenſive and vaſt; no French writer ever better underſtood his own language; none ever joined ſo much preciſion with ſo much eloquence, or was equally correct and equally brilliant.

We are agreed on that head, replied Damoville; nay, I confeſs, I have always thought that an Author, who is ſuperior in one branch of literature, might eaſily write, ſucceſsfully, at leaſt, in various others.

Nothing can be more true, replied Luzincourt. If, for example, Racine had lived as long as Voltaire, with the ſame deſire of being thought a univerſal genius, can it be doubted, that the Author of Athalia and Britannicus would not have written Hiſtory in a ſublime ſtyle: he, who knew ſo well the human heart, who painted, with ſo much ſtrength and truth, the paſſion and jealouſy of Phædra and Roxana; the matrimonial tenderneſs of Clytemneſtra; the affecting love of Berenice; the fury of Hermione; could not he have written an intereſting Novel, or a ſentimental Comedy, equal to *Nanine*, *L'Eſcoſſoiſe*, and *Charlot*, think you? The tender, the elegant Racine, had he written Operas, would he have been inferior to Quinault?

Quinault? He poſſeſſed the difficult art of criticiſing, with taſte, and of delicate raillery. He has left us ſome letters, in which we find all the ſoft, all the witty and ſatirical irony, which gave ſo juſt a reputation to the *Lettres Provinciàles*; and as to gaiety, real and frank gaiety, who ſhall diſpute it with the author of the Plaideurs? What then ſhall we ſay to the great Corneille, firſt Sovereign and true Legiſlator of the Theatre; he who created the two ſpecies worthy to illuſtrate and reign over the ſtage, Tragedy and Comedy (*a*). He has raviſhed from Moliere the glory of giving his nation the firſt good characteriſtic Comedy; and when Racine appeared, France was in poſſeſſion of all the great works of Corneille (*b*).

To

(*a*) And even the heroic Comedy, likewiſe: Don Sancho of Aragon, is the firſt piece that was written of the kind; and it ought to be remarked too, that Corneille ſucceeded, to perfection, in Lyric Poetry.

(*b*) M. de Fontenelle has obſerved, Corneille had no preceding Author to guide him, but that Racine had Corneille: if this creates an immenſe diſtance between Corneille and Racine, what muſt it do in the caſe of Voltaire, who had both Racine and Corneille? Neither has he neglected to profit by their works, as much as poſſible; he has taken a great number of lines from them both; has imitated their characters, their ſituations, and their very ſubjects. Thus, it is to Polyeucte we owe the

To ſpeak truth, replied Damoville, I am partly of thy opinion; it is not poſſible, in reality, to compare Voltaire to Corneille and Racine; but the former has had the art to raiſe a party in his favour, which cannot at preſent be withſtood; beſides that, by the freedom and frivolity of his writings, he has ſeduced the world in general, and we muſt ſwim with the ſtream.

Do you believe that Reputation, acquired by cabal and intrigue, can be laſting?

It is the ſooneſt eſtabliſhed, which is the thing moſt eſſential. Life is ſhort, its duration uncertain, and extravagance only would patiently expect a deſired bleſſing, which activity and addreſs might preſently obtain.

But

Orphan of China. In Polyeucte, Pauline relates how ſhe once loved Severus; but he, being then poor, was rejected by her parents, who forced her to mary Polyeucte; that ſhe, ſince, has become fond of, and truly attached to, her huſband; and that ſhe is greatly diſtreſſed leſt Severus, now become powerful, ſhould revenge himſelf on Polyeucte. Idamé, in the Orphan of China, ſays exactly the ſame thing. Gengiſkan, formerly the obſcure Temugin, was rejected by her parents; he now returns, armed with power, and ſhe is in the utmoſt fear for her ſpouſe, &c. Many like examples, equally ſtriking, might be cited; and for the ſatisfaction of youth, we ſhall ſome time enter more fully into theſe ſort of ſubjects.

But what is this deſired bleſſing?

Perſonal reſpect, honours and wealth.

What do you call perſonal reſpect?

I wiſh to be one of the heads of the prevailing Party: to have Friends, Partiſans, Puffers, Dependents, Enemies.

Wiſh to have enemies?

No doubt——It is neceſſary to have a right to ſay in Society, or in a Preface, *my Enemies*; they are uſeful to a man of letters, and give him an opportunity, whenever he thinks proper, to intereſt the world in his behalf, by calling himſelf a perſecuted man; and artfully hinting, that he is only hated becauſe he is envied. I own the thought has been hacknied a little, but, yet, ſo happy a one, that it ſtill retains its former force, and is every day repeated with the ſame ſucceſs. In ſhort, there are a thouſand circumſtances under which our enemies may be called our beſt friends. A Poem not read, a Comedy damned, or any like diſgrace, may be laid to their charge, *it is all the effect of party*.

You would only ſhine then for a moment?

I trouble not myſelf about Reputation after I am dead. An oppoſite conduct might, perhaps, better obtain the praiſes of poſterity; but I ſet little value on ſuch praiſe, give me preſent enjoyment. I am of thoſe, who, by a calculation ſomewhat ſelfiſh, but

moſt philoſophic, wiſh to be rich while they live, and who would not heſitate to purchaſe a mere Life-annuity. I neither love nor eſteen men ſufficiently, to form the romantic project of exiſting for their ſakes; and they treat thoſe infinitely better by whom they are amuſed, nay deceived, than thoſe by whom they are inſtructed.

The writer who wearies his Readers, is always in the wrong; truth ſhould ever wear an agreeable dreſs; but feeling can embelliſh, can ſoften the auſterity of morals, and give charms to the leſſons of wiſdom.

Yes; and the world will then think lightly of the Moraliſt, will place him in the claſs of Novel Writers.

If they place him by the ſide of Richardſon, the Author may conſole himſelf.

To appear profound in the eye of the public, you ought to be dull.

But you will not be read.

But you will be admired; and a ſingle work, of this kind, is enough to eſtabliſh a reputation.

You are joking to be ſure.

I never was more ſerious. I will give you an unanſwerable proof.——We are alone, and I can depend on thy diſcretion.

Whither does this preamble lead?

Shouldſt

Shouldſt thou reveal what I am going to confide to thee, I ſhould loſe my Protectors, my Friends, and all my hopes, beyond retrieving.

I need not make proteſtations, Damoville.

Well then, there is a little work ſo ſingularly cold, ſo dreadfully dull, that it is impoſſible to have the fortitude to read it through in one day, though it is not above ſixty pages; not but it has ſome rationality, and a few ingenious ideas; but its ſtyle is ſo heavy, ſo diffuſe, ſo incorrect, ſo deſtitute of purity, feeling, and elegance, that it does not contain a ſingle paſſage worthy of citation, and yet it is in the higheſt vogue; but why, becauſe the Author has many friends who have puffed and cried up this production. After all the praiſes they have heard of it, nobody dare own how intolerably inſipid they found it; but every one repeats, by rote, *It is a wonderful production*; thoſe even who never went farther than the firſt page, and who know nothing more of it than it's title, do not fail to confirm this judgment; and thus it is that theſe Echoes of Echoes, by a repetition of the ſame ſound, confer univerſal fame. This is the reaſon, my friend, why I give into intrigue and party ſpirit, and why I ſo highly eſteem the praiſes of the Philoſopher of Ferney.

Can ſuch praiſes give pleaſure? Has he not laviſhed them all the days of his life, on mediocrity?

crity? Could ever he reſolve to give Genius it's due? Recollect his notes upon Corneille, which we read together at Rheims with ſo much indignation. Remember what he has ſaid of Crebillon, Jean-Baptiſte Rouſſeau, Boileau, and La Fontaine (*a*). Knoweſt thou not his reiterated attempts, in proſe and verſe, to diminiſh the glory of the Author of Telemachus? Art thou ignorant of his hatred of Monteſquieu, and how often he has attacked his works? Or wouldſt thou dare affirm in his preſence, that Jean-Jaques Rouſſeau was a man of genius? Haſt thou not read that horrid Libel, that ſhameful Monument of the blackeſt, the meaneſt envy——

Nay, be calm, my good friend: I am perfectly acquainted with all this. But what then? I am unknown, I want ſupport; his protection is not only uſeful, but abſolutely neceſſary, and muſt, if poſſible, be obtained. Beſides, you cannot ſuppoſe, but that people of ſuperior merit may be found among his moſt zealous Partiſans.

Moſt certainly, I could name ſeveral.

Well, I ſhall deſerve a place in this ſmall claſs.

But

(*a*) See the notes to Voltaire's age of Louis XIV. La Fontaine, he ſays, has but one ſole charm, that of being unaffected, natural. (*Celui du naturel*).

But Voltaire is eighty years old; and ſhall not this party, the authority of which thou ſeemeſt to revere, which has but a moment to exiſt, and which has already loſt much of its weight, ſhall it not die with it's Chief?

Darnay entered the chamber as Luzincourt was ſpeaking, which put an end to a converſation that gave birth to the moſt melancholy reflections, in the breaſt of Luzincourt, concerning the character of his friend.

Damoville returned, ſome days after this, and propoſed to preſent Luzincourt, where the beſt company in Paris, as he ſaid, aſſembled every evening. The miſtreſs of the houſe, added he, is an old woman, the widow of a Financier; ſhe is ſaid to have been celebrated in her youth for ſome dozen adventures, rather of the ſcandalous than the romantic kind; but now, returned to reaſon and ſociety, ſhe lives, philoſophically, in the happy calm of the paſſions. The remembrance ſhe preſerves of her ancient errors, gives her an indulgence towards the wanderings of youth, which it is impoſſible to carry further; nobody can be more tolerant, therefore, by way of juſt gratitude; others readily overlook her unbounded love of Pharaoh, and a few tricking liberties, which to be ſure ſhe rather too often permits herſelf to take.

And

And does this woman ſee the beſt company of Paris, ſayeſt thou?

To be ſure ſhe does; ſhe has a good houſe, and keeps an excellent table, and what could you wiſh for more?

I have heard there are women almoſt as contemptible as her you have deſcribed, who have not been ſhut out of ſociety; but then I always underſtood they were women of high birth, and ſuppoſed that, out of reſpect to an illuſtrious family, it was poſſible the world might not do itſelf juſtice on ſuch a kind of perſon, when ſhe happens to poſſeſs great wealth, wit, and agreeable manners.

Pſhaw, my dear Luzincourt, the world is not ſo nice. Madame de Surval is fifty-five years of age, talkative, tireſome, and without common ſenſe, and yet thou ſhalt meet *all France* at her houſe. Shall I take thee thither this evening?

You cannot pleaſe me more. I have a ſtrong deſire to ſee and know the world; though I am ſenſible of my awkwardneſs and timidity, and how ignorant I am of its cuſtoms.

Read, attentively, the works of the younger Crebillon. I acknowledge they are contemptible, but they have one ineſtimable merit, they contain a true picture of faſhionable life.

I cannot believe it; I do not know the world, but good ſenſe tells me, it is impoſſible vice ſhould

dare

dare ſo impudently to ſhew itſelf with impunity; it can only be tolerated when it is diſguiſed; no man may ſeduce every woman he meets, by openly diſcovering a perverſe mind, and the groſſeſt ſtupidity; nor can I imagine, that ſelf-ſufficiency, and ill-bred familiarity, are the manners of faſhionable people.

But how does it happen thy prejudices do not vaniſh, when thou ſeeſt that almoſt all Authors, who have deſcribed the faſhionable world, agree with Crebillon? Thou thinkeſt highly, for example, of the Moral Tales of Marmontel.

I do; but, in my opinion, they are far from being all *moral.* The Author himſelf, in his preface, owns, that Lauſus and Lydia, the Shepherdeſs of the Alps, Annette and Lubin, and the Marriages of the Samnites, are not moral Tales; nor do I think that By Good Luck, is more moral; nay, I own, I cannot ſee the moral purpoſes of the Scruple, the Sylph-Huſband, Soliman II. and Friendſhip put to the Teſt; nothing, I think, can be leſs moral than that of Alcibiades, Lauretta, and the Four Phials.

I own the deſcriptions, in theſe Tales, are ſomewhat lively, and poſſeſs more ſpirit than decency; but the queſtion is not whether the title and the work correſpond, it is to know whether the Author

Author agrees with Crebillon in his Picture of the World.

But who pretends to deny that the general converſations, the ſcenes of faſhionable life, the phraſes of the characters in *Les Egaremens du Cœur & de L'Eſprit* (*a*), have the moſt ſtriking ſimilarity with pictures of the ſame kind, drawn in the Moral Tales?

Well, and thou wilt not deny that it is univerſally acknowledged the Moral Tales preſent a true picture of manners?

Univerſally acknowledged! I know not that; I know it is not doubted in the country, but the opinion of faſhionable people muſt decide on this ſubject.

Marmontel is worthy of the beſt company.

He is ſo; but Crebillon never lived among faſhionable people; how then could he know their manners? Is it not, therefore, rational to conclude, that the Author of the Moral Tales has, in this inſtance, been contented to imitate, inſtead of copying after nature.

The moſt convincing argument will be to ſhew thee the world, and thou wilt then ſoon change thy opinion.

If the world thou ſpeakeſt of, be ſuch as it is deſcribed in theſe works, I ſhall ſoon quit it; it

(*a*) The Wanderings of the Heart and Mind.

will

will not be worth the trouble of ſtudying: not to mention, if its characters be thus groſsly ridiculous and vicious, it need no great ſagacity to quickly underſtand it.

Damoville took Luzincourt the ſame evening to the houſe of Madame de Surval; there was much company and much play, the viſit was ſhort, and Luzincourt ſaw nothing remarkable. Curioſity ſoon brought him there again, and, to oblige Damoville, Madame de Surval often invited him to ſtay ſupper; during which time, he had an opportunity of obſerving ſcenes which, to him, were totally new. His ſurprize, indeed, was extreme, when he found that the Authors whom he had accuſed of not knowing the world, had given but a too faithful Picture, though with ſtrong touches, of what he now ſaw.

Among the ladies who viſited Madame de Surval, there were three or four of families ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed to be generally known, and theſe appeared intimately acquainted with the reſt.

As to the men, Luzincourt often met men eminent for their birth, titles, and employments; wherefore he could not doubt that the ſociety in which he was, muſt be what is called *Good Company*.

The ſucceſs of Damoville, in this Society, was prodigious; eſpecially among the ladies. He made

made Verſes, Extempores, Impromptus, ſpoke with confidence, and totally eclipſed Luzincourt, who began to ſhake off his timidity, but not his reſerve.

Among the many who frequented this houſe, Luzincourt diſtinguiſhed a man who appeared evidently ſuperior to the reſt; and who likewiſe, on his part, knew how to eſtimate Luzincourt. He was called the Viſcount de Valrive, was about four or five and thirty, had an intereſting and intelligent countenance, a noble air, a cool politeneſs, and converſed with eaſe and underſtanding. Luzincourt eaſily perceived the particular reaſon which brought him to the houſe of Madame de Surval: he was in love with a lady named Madame d'Herblay.

Luzincourt obſerved, in the conduct of the Viſcount, ſomething unaccountably odd; he was continually changing his manner: with Luzincourt and two or three more, who came there but ſeldom, he was amiable and communicative, and diſcovered equal wit and good underſtanding; with a great number of others he was cold and ſilent; and when he ſpoke to the women, he inſtantly became trifling, familiar, and ironical; eſpecially when he addreſſed himſelf to the lady, concerning whom he ſeemed moſt intereſted.

Not-

Notwithſtanding this apparent inconſiſtency, Luzincourt found his ſecret inclinations for the Viſcount ſtrengthen daily in his heart, and daily increaſe; their ſympathy was mutual, though Luzincourt had never yet had any occaſion of converſing with the Viſcount at his eaſe; that is to ſay, without others mixing in the converſation. Chance, at laſt, gave him the opportunity he wiſhed; the Viſcount one evening would not ſup, and Luzincourt remained alone with him, while the company ſat down to table.

I am quite happy, ſaid the Viſcount, to have an hour's converſation with you. You have intereſted my heart in your behalf; permit me to aſk you a few queſtions. I need not demand what profeſſion in life you intend to follow; that you love Literature, and cultivate the Belles Lettres with ſucceſs, is evident; but wherefore do you come here?

I wiſh to ſtudy, to know the world.

That ſtudy can only be intereſting in good company, which you certainly cannot find here.

How ſo? Do I not find you here?

Men of my age, may, without danger, permit themſelves theſe little liberties; the motives of coming here muſt be either curioſity, a paſſion for play, idleneſs, or ſome momentary whim; and

and it is for this reaſon you ſometimes meet men of faſhion here.

But what brings the women?

The women! There is not one who comes here, would be admitted in good company.

And yet there are three or four whoſe births might entitle them to that honour.

And did, in their early youth; but they have long been baniſhed; a huſband, juſtly irritated, has two modes of puniſhing a guilty wife; he can ſhut her up in a convent, or come to a public ſeparation. In the latter caſe, he delivers her up to the juſtice of Society, which never fails to reject her, eſpecially if ſhe does not find, in an illuſtrious and reſpected family, ſome very zealous protectors. In this caſe, if the unfortunate wife has any feeling left, ſhe flies into ſome diſtant province, and there conceals her ſhame and ſorrow; but if her paſſions, while they lead her aſtray, have debaſed her mind, ſhe then remains at Paris, audaciouſly braves public contempt, and renders herſelf completely odious, by exciting the indignation and hatred which effrontery and avowed wickedneſs always inſpire. She muſt ſee Company, however, and ſhe wiſhes it ſhould be numerous, ſelect it cannot be; ſhe, therefore, unites with all the women, who have, like her, been excluded Good Company, and with many others, who never had admiſſion

to

to it; and thus ſhe paſſes her life, in three or four houſes ſimilar to this we are in; falls into the eſtabliſhed manners, and endeavours to diſtinguiſh herſelf by malignity, equal to the badneſs of her morals, to revenge herſelf of the circles whence ſhe is proſcribed; her calumnies coſt her nothing, and ſhe would perſuade the world, that the women who refuſe her acquaintance, are as contemptible as herſelf; and thus ſhe defames every woman, without diſtinction, or the appearance of probability.

And ſo then, cried Luzincourt, with an air of the utmoſt ſatisfaction, I am, at preſent, in very bad company.

You are indeed, replied the Viſcount, laughing; nor do you ſeem to be ſorry for the diſcovery.

Sorry! I am tranſported!——And the works, which we country folks ſuppoſe to be a picture of life and manners, paint only what is to be ſeen here.

Merely ſo; but look, yonder is a volume of Marmontel's Tales, let us read a deſcription or two of this kind, and I am ſure you will find he has exaggerated, even after what you have here obſerved.

The Viſcount took the book, opened it at a venture, and ſaid, Ay, here is the Good Mother: This tale is one of thoſe in which there is moſt character and deſcription of the world. Do you recollect the ſubject?

Very

Very confuſedly.

It is a tender and virtuous mother, dedicating herſelf to the education of her daughter; two perſons pretend to the honour of being Emily's huſband. The one is a man of prudence and underſtanding, the other a Coxcomb, who loſes no opportunity of ſpeaking, without diſguiſe, his mean and unnatural ſentiments, or of ſhewing his contempt of morals and decency. The Author calls this odious and ridiculous perſon, *The dangerous Verglan*, and, without giving this character the trouble of feigning a paſſion he does not feel, makes him beloved by the modeſt and ſenſible Emily; the mother eaſily diſcovers her daughter's ſecret, but certain that Emily will in time deſpiſe Verglan, ſhe continues to grant him admiſſion to her houſe. Let us read a paſſage.

" The arrangement of Count d'Auberive with " his Lady, was at that time the town-talk; it was " ſaid that, after a very ſharp quarrel, and bitter " complains, on both ſides, of mutual infidelity, " they ended, by owning neither of them were " indebted to the other, and laughing at their " folly for having fallen out, and been jealous " without being in love; that the Count had " conſented to let his wife retain the Chevalier " de Clange as her lover; and ſhe, on her part, " promiſed to receive the Marchioneſs de Talbe,

to

" to whom her huſband paid his addreſſes, with " all the cordiality poſſible; that peace had thus " been ratified over a ſupper, and that, being all " come to *a right underſtanding*, never were ſeen " two happier pair of lovers.——Verglan, at " hearing this recital, exclaimed, nothing could be " more prudent."

It is proper to remark, ſaid the Viſcount, interrupting himſelf, that Emily is preſent, and does not loſe a word of this converſation; and likewiſe to inform you, that, among good company, this never could happen to a young unmarried woman. No mother would ſuffer a converſation ſo ſcandalous before her daughter, nor could the moſt inconſiderate or depraved man be tempted to forget the reſpect due to youth and innocence. This, therefore, is abſolutely contrary to our manners: nor does the ſtory of Auberive depict them better. We find eaſy huſbands in the world who know their diſgrace, yet ſeem not to regard it; but there is no example to be found, like what the Author of the Moral Tales calls the *arrangement* of the Marquis of Auberive with his lady, or of huſband and wife confiding their mutual infidelities to each other, ending their jealous quarrels by laughing at their folly, ratifying peace over a ſupper, and coming to a *right underſtanding* in preſence of the miſtreſs and gallant. Such a picture

ture is as chimerical as it is revolting; the world may be brought to pardon thoſe who go aſtray, but never thoſe who debaſe themſelves; deliberate indecency, and total neglect of propriety, is a wrong that never can be repaired.

But let us purſue the conduct of the ſtory. Verglan, during a long converſation, continues to maintain that Auberive has acted very wiſely; ſays that, formerly, a huſband became the ridiculous object of public contempt at madam's firſt falſe ſtep; approves the preſent manners, makes an eulogium on perjury and adultery, and concludes by ſaying, it is theſe things that make him deſirous of being married.

His rival, Belzor, combats theſe opinions with feeling and underſtanding. Emily liſtens, and her mother now and then throws in a reflection. At length the Marquis of Auberive is announced, and juſt at this place let us read another page.

"Ah, Marquis, thou art come quite a-propos, "ſaid Verglan. Prithee tell us, is this ſtory true? "Theſe good folks here pretend, that thy wife has "given thee rhubarb, and thou haſt ſent back "ſenna.

"Pſhaw! nonſenſe! ſaid Auberive, indolently.

"I affirm nothing would be more prudent than "thy conduct, continued Verglan; but Belzor here "condemns thee without appeal——

"Why

« Why ſo? Would not he have done the ſame?
« My wife is young, handſome, and coquettiſh;
« is that any miracle? I have no doubt but ſhe is
« a very good kind of a woman in her heart, but,
« were ſhe not quite ſo much ſo as ſhe is, juſtice
« ſhould take place. Hitherto I have received no-
« thing but applauſes from my friends: nothing
« can be more natural than my proceedings in this
« affair, and yet every body praiſes me, as though
« it contained ſomething wonderful! For my part,
« I imagine they did not give me credit for that
« much good ſenſe.

« Pray how does the Marchioneſs? ſaid Madame
« du Troëne, (the mother of Emily) purpoſely to
« change the ſubject of converſation.

« I warrant, continued Verglan, thou wilt ſome
« time or another become fond of her again.

« Faith, I think that probable enough.——It
« was but yeſterday, after dinner, I detected myſelf
« ſaying civil things to her."

Really, interrupted Luzincourt, this is incredible.

Tell me, ſaid the Viſcount, have you ever heard any thing like it in this houſe?

Never! This ſort of effrontery is beyond all bounds of probability.

Recollect too, that this paſſes in the preſence of an unmarried young lady, and a mother of moſt

excellent morals.——All this does not open the eyes of Emily: "her heart excuſes, in Verglan, "the error of falling into the manners of the age." She goes with her mother to the Theatre; the play is *Ines & Nanine*. Belzor melts into tears, Verglan laughs at his ſenſibility. As they go out, they meet with a Chevalier Dolcet in deep mourning: he is left heir to an *old Uncle*, and Verglan *gives him joy* of his ten thouſand crowns a year; unwilling to let ſlip ſo favourable an opportunity of ſhewing the badneſs of his heart, and baſeneſs of his principles. Emily is ſtill a witneſs, and ſtill in love. In the evening ſhe looks on at a party of Trictrac; Verglan is the worſt of bad players; Belzor has all the eaſe and generoſity poſſible; Emily ſighs and ſays, "I admire the one, "but I love the other."

On the morrow Madame de Troëne was walking in the Tuilleries with her daughter, where ſhe found Verglan, with whom ſhe entered into converſation. Let us read the paſſage.

"The beauteous Nymphs, who, by their charms "and accompliſhments, attract the young Deſires "who follow their foot-ſteps, were aſſembled "in the grand walk. Verglan knew them all, "and ſmiled as he caſt his eyes around. Yonder, "ſaid he, is Fatima, how paſſionate ſhe is! how "affectionate! She lives perfectly well with Cleon;

" Cleon; he has given her twenty thouſand " crowns within theſe ſix months, and they love " like two turtles.——Look, this is the cele- " brated Corinna, her houſe is the Temple of " Luxury; not a woman in Paris gives ſuch " elegant ſuppers, and ſhe does the honours of " her table with the moſt enchanting grace.—— " Do you ſee the blue-eyed girl that has juſt " paſſed us? Obſerve her modeſt air.——She " has three lovers.——Her career will be brilliant, " as I have told her.

" You are one of her confidants then, ſaid " Madame du Troëne?

" O yes: they know me, they are very ſure " they cannot impoſe upon me, and therefore " never attempt to diſſemble."

How is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, ſaid Luzincourt, that a man could carry on a converſation like this, in the preſence of a young lady he is going to marry?

Ay, or in the preſence of any well-bred woman of fifty; yet Madame du Troëne takes Verglan home to ſupper. In the evening ſhe receives a viſit from a young widow, who ſpeaks in a moſt affecting manner of the virtues of her late huſband. Verglan ridicules her grief, and adviſes her to take a handſome fellow. Emily at laſt overcomes her inclination for Verglan, and marries Belzor.

And this, ſaid Luzincourt, is what is called, in the country, a picture of life and manners; this too is the reaſon we find, in large country towns, ſo many young men who affect the airs of Verglan, thinking they imitate a man of faſhion; a man who has undone ſo many fine women. They imagine they ſhall be very dangerous fellows if they can but imitate ſuch extravagancies, and become ſufficiently corrupt in their morals.

Add to which, returned the Viſcount, when a young man, thus ſpoilt, comes to Paris, and is introduced into good company, he is ſo ill received, and ſo totally out of his element, that he cannot remain there long; he ſeeks other Society, where he finds himſelf more ſupportable, and there he fixes. Thus a fool, by reading works like theſe, becomes the imitator of a raſcal upon ſyſtem; and thus weak people, who are eaſily ſeduced, loſe, in part, their good principles, by imagining they may give way to their paſſions, and openly deſpiſes law, decency, and good morals with impunity; and thus, laſtly, the virtuous and feeling mind, by adopting this error, will deteſt and fly the world; and, though formed for ſociety, will become a moroſe Miſanthrope.

Authors, who thus, through ignorance, have calumniated mankind, muſt have made themſelves many enemies.

Not

Not in the leaſt, no one acknowledges the portraits they have drawn; no one is hurt by them. Fenelon painted the Court, his picture was faithful, his likeneſſes exact, alluſions were imagined, applications made, and the Author of Telemachus was hated.

To return to the Moral Tales: you ſee how neceſſary it is to undeceive thoſe, who imagine they contain a picture of our manners.

The work which ſhould correct this miſtake, would certainly be very uſeful (*a*). A man of faſhion only could be capable of the taſk.

If ever I write, I ſhall ſuppoſe it my duty; it will be exceedingly painful to me to find fault with ſo eſtimable an Author, but I ſhall dare to ſpeak thus to him: I write for the benefit of youth, muſt I leave them in ſo dangerous an error? I feel your abilities infinitely ſuperior to mine, but permit me to ſay, I know the manners of the polite world better than you.——The Moral Tales, however, have been written theſe twenty years, the Author

(*a*) And the more ſo, becauſe Foreigners judge of the French from theſe Pictures, which give them the moſt falſe and injurious ideas of our morals and opinions; the Engliſh only treat us ſo ill, in the greateſt part of their works, becauſe they copy French Authors; and it is for this reaſon they repreſent the French Fops in ſo ridiculous and extravagant a manner.

has gained experience, and might eaſily correct, in a new edition, theſe defects, and render a work totally good, which is ſo very excellent in many of its parts.

As the Viſcount ended, every body returned to the Saloon, and the converſation became general.

The Viſcount, deſirous of forming a ſtricter intimacy with Luzincourt, invited him to his houſe. A mutual confidence was ſoon eſtabliſhed. Luzincourt informed the Viſcount of his projects, and read him ſome Manuſcripts, and the Viſcount confeſſed to Luzincourt he was not happy. This avowal made the latter melancholy.——I do not deſerve your pity, ſaid the Viſcount; I poſſeſs all the advantages man could wiſh, but, by a fatal caprice, cannot enjoy them. I am frequently diſcontented, idle, weary of myſelf, of every thing; yet I have a feeling heart, a family and friends, I love the beſt of mothers, an amiable and virtuous brother, and a charming ſiſter-in-law. The truth is, I am in love, ſeriouſly and really, and have been theſe five years.

Is it poſſible! cried Luzincourt, that Madame d'Herblay could inſpire——

Is it poſſible, interrupted the Viſcount, ſmiling, you could imagine I alluded to her?

If

If not, how can you reconcile your attentions to her to your love for another?

Do you ſuppoſe love excludes gallantry?

Undoubtedly.

Look there now!——You believe in what has no exiſtence among people of faſhion.

Then people of faſhion do not love.

The converſation was interrupted by the arrival of a viſiter.

The Viſcount introduced Luzincourt at the houſes of his mother and his brother, where he was received with every civility and reſpect; his mildneſs, reſerve, and the agreeable ſimplicity of his converſation, procured him, here, the ſame ſucceſs which Damoville enjoyed in his own Society; he was ſoon admitted as one of the family, and treated as a friend of the houſe.

The thing which firſt ſtruck him, was the remarkable change in the manners of the Viſcount, eſpecially to the ladies. Luzincourt no longer knew, in the gentle, the attentive, and the reſpectful behaviour of the Viſcount, when at the houſe of his ſiſter the Counteſs de Valrive, the man he had thought ſo full of levity, ſo ſatirical and unguarded, at Madame de Surval's. Madame de Valrive received company, almoſt every evening, from ſix till ten. A delicate ſtate of health kept her at home, but ſhe loved ſociety,

was amiable, and in vogue, and had a numerous acquaintance.

Luzincourt liſtened and obſerved in ſilence, and went, every morning, to acquaint the Viſcount with what he had obſerved on the overnight. Hitherto, ſaid he, I am enchanted with all I have ſeen; what a difference, between the people here and at Madame de Surval's! The viſiters of Madame de Valrive ſeem to me all amiable, obliging, and witty; their converſations are generally trifling, yet have a charm which I know not how to deſcribe; each ſpeaks with eaſe and grace, and gives the moſt common compliments an agreeable turn. When converſation becomes particular, I do not find it inſtructive; it wants ſolidity, perhaps, but what gentleneſs! What decency! What reſpect in the eyes of each! And what a happy choice of words! Diſcuſſion never degenerates into diſpute; ſelf-love never takes offence, is never ſeen, except by it's deſire to pleaſe; it is diſcovered only by it's attractions; it ſeems capable of being flattered and ſatisfied, but not of being wounded.

Hence ſaid the Viſcount, ſmiling, every body ſeems to poſſeſs wit, but cite me an example.

I own I cannot, replied Luzincourt; all I hear pleaſes me; but when I would recollect what it is, I am ſurprized to find nothing remarkable.

Such

Such is the effect of good breeding; it is that which produces theſe ſeductive illuſions. You have pronounced the panegyric, not of the perſonal merit of thoſe you have ſeen, but of what is juſtly called politeneſs and elegance of manner. To poſſeſs ſuch advantages, you muſt have an obliging and delicate attention to all; muſt carefully conceal and repreſs the emotions of vanity; muſt never betray a meanneſs of ſentiment, or badneſs of heart; but muſt always ſhew the utmoſt decency, mildneſs, complaiſance, and reſerve, a taſte for innocent amuſements, and a love of virtue. Such is the exterior abſolutely neceſſary in good company. I am ſorry it ſhould be ſo often deceitful; but it is the beſt eulogium on virtue, to find no perſon can be amiable, who does not aſſume her language and her form.

While Luzincourt thus obſerved the world, and communicated to his new friend his reflections and remarks, Damoville continued to divide his time between the Society of Madame de Surval, and that of the Men of Letters, by whom he was protected.

Luzincourt, however, deſirous he ſhould better know the world, obtained permiſſion to preſent him to Madame de Valrive; where Damoville, deſirous of ſhining, ſpoke a great deal; and as his defects were eaſily ſeen, he was but coldly received. He told

Luzincourt, that Madame de Valrive was inſipid and prudiſh; that her viſiters were all deficient in underſtanding; and determined, in ſpite of the exhortations and advice of Luzinzourt, never to return to ſo dull a houſe.

Damoville, a few days after, invited Luzincourt to a dinner he gave, to eight or ten of the Literati. They talked a deal, and did not riſe from table till five o'clock, then all took leave of Damoville. As ſoon as Luzincourt and Damoville were alone, the former was aſked how he liked the converſation.

You began, anſwered Luzincourt, by reciprocally praiſing one another; you afterwards proceeded to your enemies, on whom you had little mercy; then followed diſſertations, citations, and diſputations; but you did not converſe; each ſpoke for himſelf, and pronounced his own ideas without troubling himſelf about thoſe of others; you neither knew, attended to, nor ſhewed each others abilities; you were either abſent or impatient when not ſpeaking; you only thought of what you ſhould ſay next, and heard not half of what another ſaid to you: if any one told a good ſtory, you could not enjoy it, becauſe you were buſy in endeavouring to recollect another; and you ſeemed aſſembled but to ſurpaſs or ſuſpect each other, and not to amuſe or inſtruct: you all had one whim-

ſical

ſical kind of madneſs, which was to give the converſation ſuch a turn as might introduce a joke, or a bon mot, which you had by rote. Moſt of theſe bon mots, too, were to the glory of Men of Letters, or Anecdotes concerning Men of Letters, for you thought only of yourſelves. Theſe ſhort quotations, thus multiplied, became wearifome, and thoſe who liſtened ſeldom enjoyed the ſatisfaction of him who related; neither do they contain much inſtruction, but made your converſation reſemble thoſe inſipid books which are filled with Anecdotes and Repartees, compiled without care, and collected without a choice; which may amuſe for a moment, but which it is impoſſible to read through; and in which there is nothing agreeable or witty that every body does not know.

The remarks of Luzincourt did not vex Damoville; not yet become an Author, Damoville conſidered him as a perſon of no conſequence: his frankneſs amuſed him, and he laughed at what he called his frigidity.

Luzincourt continued with the ſame aſſiduity to viſit Madame de Valrive; the latter having great confidence in Luzincourt, gave him to underſtand, ſhe was not happy, though ſhe had a conſiderable fortune, an amiable and good huſband, relations whom ſhe loved, and children that were her delight.

But her health was bad; the diverſions of the town were no longer amuſing; viſiters fatigued her; ſhe was weary of home; and ſhe had neither the power nor deſire to go abroad.

Alarmed at the languid ſtate in which he ſaw her, Luzincourt ſecretly interrogated her Phyſician.—Madame de Valrive is at a *criſis*, ſaid the latter, and ſhe may continue thus for ſome time.

Of what kind?

I will inform you. The ladies of Paris have fallen into a ſet of habits, eſpecially within theſe fifteen years, which naturally produce all the complaints of Madame de Valrive. Balls, *Traineaus* (*a*), and Tea, have deſtroyed a prodigious number.

But dancing is as healthy as it is agreeable.

Yes, when uſed with moderation; exceſs of any thing is pernicious. And however healthy it may be to dance in the open air on a village-green, it is far otherwiſe to dance all night, in a ſuffocating Ball-room, by candle-light.

But what fault do you find with taking an airing in a *Traineau?*

I affirm, this exerciſe can only be healthy to thoſe who paſs the winter at their country-ſeats.

And why ſo, Sir?

Becauſe

(*a*) *A kind of winter carriage like a ſledge, in imitation of a diverſion very common in Ruſſia, and the North. T.*

Becauſe they are accuſtomed to the impreſſions of the open air; they go abroad on foot, while the ladies here are continually ſhut up either in their chambers, their cloſe carriages, or their ſtill cloſer boxes at the Opera, to which cold air is inacceſſible. Beſides, if they rode out in their *Traineau* in the country, they would not go for mere parade, and in parties, which a ſevere ſenſation of cold would not permit them to break up. Here, on the contrary, if a young lady has once entered the cavalcade, ſhe cannot think of quitting it, becauſe ſhe feels herſelf getting cold, or finds ſymptoms of a ſore throat. Nothing can ſtop her, away ſhe goes, and returns ſeriouſly ill of a cold, which ſhe will neglect in favour of a new party. Her lungs are next attacked, and ſhe ſacrifices her life to the pleaſure of being dragged up and down the ſtreets of Paris, dying with cold, the tears in her eyes, her cheeks blue, her noſe red, her body crippled, her ears ſtunned with the diſcordant jingle of a thouſand bells, and converſing with her fellow traveller, on whom ſhe turns her back, and by whom ſhe can ſcarcely be heard.

As to Tea, it is generally acknowledged, that the continual uſe of it is very dangerous; yet ladies live chiefly on Tea, Coffee, Cream, Butter, and Cakes. Is it wonderful then the ſtomach

ſhould

ſhould loſe its powers, or the lungs and nerves become affected? Therefore it is that their youth and beauty are loſt ſo ſoon. At five or ſix and twenty their conſtitution declines, and numbers periſh at that age; then, too, they leave off dancing, they cannot ſupport the fatigue, nor ſit up all night. If the principles of life are exhauſted they ſink to the grave, if not, ſleep and reſt retrieve them. This is the reaſon why twenty-ſix is ſo dangerous an epocha to the Pariſian ladies. Madame de Valrive is paſt it, ſhe is thirty-ſix, and yet ſhe is at a very critical period.

How does that happen?

Thirty-ſix is the age when thoughtleſs ladies become weary of all the pleaſures the world can afford: diſguſt and laſſitude produce idleneſs and vapours: they ſtay at home, and are miſerable; for what can become of thoſe who have no rational amuſement, and hate reading? They declare themſelves Valetudinarians; the Phyſician is ſent for, to whom they ſpeak of nothing but themſelves, for this is the only pleaſure that remains. Therefore it is, that ſo many Phyſicians and Directors are ſeen to ſucceed the Lovers, who have fled.

At length, unable to ſhine, to attract, or intereſt the affections of others, they keep their rooms; part of the day is ſpent in ſolitude, and abſolute idleneſs gives time to think. This ſituation,

tion, ſay they, cannot endure for ever, we muſt ſooner or later be cured, and quit our couches. What is to be done then? Operas, Balls, Viſits, have no charms. They have even loſt the love of dreſs; flowers and feathers are forbidden, and diamonds are out of faſhion. What muſt become of them?

Some choice, however, muſt be made, and three things naturally preſent themſelves to the mind; the lady muſt become either a Wit, a Gameſter, or a Philoſopher; how to chuſe is the difficulty. Madame de Valrive is at this point, ſhe heſitates, conſiders, is melancholy and very uneaſy in her mind, nor can her health be eſtabliſhed till ſhe determines.

With ſuch a kind of illneſs, it ſeems to me, Sir, ſhe might do as well without the medicines you ſo continually order her to take.

What am I to do? I have told her ſhe is not ill, ſhe perſiſts in affirming ſhe is dying; I muſt not contradict her beyond a certain degree.

Why do you not quit her?

That would be worſe ſtill; ſhe would go and be electrified, or take ſome other whim equally dangerous. There is nothing which an idle woman, weary of every thing, bitterly regretting her youth and beauty, and deſirous that the world ſhould buſy itſelf about her, is not capable of doing.

ing. Formerly women had a thouſand trifling and innocent ways of drawing attention; they were afraid of Spiders, ſcreamed at a Mouſe, and ſhuddered at the ſight of two croſs knives; but ſuch follies are out of faſhion. Philoſophy will no longer permit ſuch foibles, ſuch childiſh ſuperſtitions; knowledge is extended, and ſuch tricks rejected; faintings and convulſions have ſucceeded to theſe wretched arts; and people, pretending to be enlightened by ſcience, diſdain the ſimple remedies of ancient Pharmacy: knowing the utmoſt extent of the properties and virtues of the Loadſtone and Electricity, they will not, as you may well ſuppoſe, undergo the reſtraints of regimen, or drink calves jelly.

Luzincourt could make no anſwer to ſuch reaſons; he found the Doctor did not want ſenſe, and was not amazed at his knowledge of women; he naturally acquired it by the duties of his profeſſion. Men never ſend for Phyſicians but when they are really ill. Women always want their advice when they are idle or ill-humoured, and that is generally above half their lives.

Thus inſtructed, Luzincourt profited by the confidence which Madame de Valrive repoſed in him, to give her ſome ſalutary advice; but he found at laſt, ſhe was abſolutely deficient in underſtanding; that grace and eaſe, which a knowledge of the world had given, had ſo far ſeduced Luzincourt,

that

that he had believed Madame de Valrive equally witty and amiable. He learnt, with ſurprize, ſhe was void of religious principles; ſhe confeſſed as much, or, to ſpeak more properly, vaunted of it; he ſaw ſhe intended, by this confeſſion, to give him a high idea of the ſtrength of her mind, and ſhe cited the works which, as ſhe ſaid, had delivered her from the prejudices of her youth. May I dare to aſk madam, replied Luzincourt, if you are more happy at preſent?

Such prejudices are very inconvenient.

But are you not ſubject to the ſame decorum?

Undoubtedly that muſt be ſcrupulouſly obſerved, becauſe of the conſequences.

Therefore you fulfill all the exterior duties of religion?

Theſe may not be diſpenſed with, eſpecially as I am the mother of a family.

Yet believe none of them!——How tired you muſt be of them!

You cannot imagine how much.

If you were not a *Philoſopher*, you would obſerve with zeal and pleaſure theſe ſame duties, which are now ſo painful. What then do you gain by rejecting prejudices, as you were pleaſed to call them? Since decorums muſt be obſerved, it is now that you are truly a ſlave, for your actions and conduct have no alliance with your ſentiments.

You

You are right; and one is really often very much to be pitied, for having more knowledge than other people.

Are you certain, madam, of knowing the truth?

I have cited the works I have read.

You have no doubt read the refutations to theſe works.

Why ſhould I? I am convinced; that is enough.

It ſeems to me, that the importance of the thing requires we ſhould maturely weigh our opinions; for, where there is a doubt, reaſons for, as well as againſt, ſhould be heard in the argument. What if it were proved, that the works, by which you have been ſeduced, were full of falſe citations; that their Authors knew not the holy writings they attacked; that their profound ignorance in that reſpect was much like their duplicity, and that they contradict themſelves in every page?

You could not prove all that to me without tiring me to death; beſides, I tell you once more, I am convinced; nothing can make me change my opinion: intolerance is repugnant both to the heart and underſtanding.

You have heard long declamations on intolerance; but if you wiſh to know what has been moſt powerfully, moſt feelingly, moſt ſublimely ſaid on that ſubject, read the Goſpel.

All enthuſiaſts are intolerant, are perſecutors.

Enthuſiaſts,

Enthuſiaſts, like falſe Philoſophers, are dangerous to religion; but the latter reſpect neither eſtabliſhed order nor morality; yet I will not affirm philoſophy is hateful and dangerous; nor ſhould we calumniate religion and piety, becauſe there are hypocrites.

But will not you allow it is impoſſible for a perſon of underſtanding to be devout!

Do not you believe that Nicole, Paſcal, Racine, and Fenelon, had as much underſtanding as ourſelves?

Yes; they had genius and underſtanding, but not Philoſophy.

Do you think, madam, that Fenelon was abſolutely without philoſophy?

He had great talents——good intentions——but that is not what we mean by a Philoſopher.

Certainly not a modern one. His works inſpire virtue, of which his life was the moſt perfect model; equally great, in every ſtation, favour or diſgrace made no difference in his character and manners; he lived ſimple, benevolent, and diſintereſted, in the moſt brilliant Court of Europe; nor could perſecution degrade or aggravate him; he had enemies, yet to him, Hatred was unknown; he was deceived, and Envy thought to triumph; but Fenelon gave addition to his fame, by condemning himſelf. Do you believe, Madam, your

Atheiſtical

Atheiſtical Philoſophers will ever afford us an example of ſuch ſublime Philoſophy?

You really amaze me. What! a man of your age, endeavouring to convert a woman! This is really ſomething new; but I muſt tell you I have ſome fortitude, and ſhall continue to maintain and defend my opinions.

You have not yet informed me, what your reaſons for theſe opinions are.

Reaſons! I have already given twenty; unanſwerable ones——but you know the Baron de Vercenay, who often comes here; it is impoſſible to have more wit. Well, Sir, he believes in nothing; abſolutely nothing; and were you to hear——

I am ſorry for him; but may I dare inform you, M. de Vercenay has very little knowledge.

You are deceived; no man of faſhion has more.

I ſuppoſed he had never read above four or five Authors in his life, and thoſe modern ones.

He has read every thing: aſk himſelf.

Your teſtimony is ſufficient.

He is an extraordinary man, and really deep; very deep.

Madame de Valrive rang her bell, her attendants came, ſhe went to her toilet, and Luzincourt retired.

In the evening he ſaw her Phyſician; I believe, ſaid

ſaid he, your patient will ſoon come to a determination.

I will lay a wager ſhe decides for wit.

I dare ſay ſo; but pray tell me how this can happen.

At preſent nothing is more eaſy; formerly it was neceſſary to find an entire new ſet of acquaintances; the faſhionable world was totally abandoned, and men of letters only admitted; but now we have the happineſs to find a multitude of Authors in every ſtation, and in every claſs. Madame de Valrive will invite, more particularly, thoſe people of faſhion to her houſe, who paſs for perſons of wit. She will give them dinners three or four times a week; and in the evening will ſay, ſhe has ſpent a charming day; will name every man who ſat down to table, and aſſure her hearers, they never ſhewed more wit or greater underſtanding; ſhe will praiſe the ſolidity of Chevalier de Sireuil, the graceful gaity of the Count de Morſan, and the originality of the Baron de Vercenay; not that ſhe will have felt any thing of all this, but it is eaſy to repeat what ſhe has ſo very often heard repeated.

She will then be obliged to attend thoſe Authors who read their works in manuſcript, and, inſtead of a box at the Opera, ſhe muſt have one at the Playhouſe;

Playhouſe; for ſhe muſt never miſs the firſt night of a new piece.

As ſhe will not admit Men of Letters, no other works will be read at her houſe, but what are written by Men of Faſhion.

Pardon me, Sir, a ſucceſsful Man of Letters will always be well received, if he brings a Manuſcript in his pocket; but, as ſoon as his work has been heard by all her acquaintance, her doors will be ſhut upon him, at leaſt till he has written another.

And thus he is treated like a hired Singer, or inſtrumental Performer.

If Men of Letters were more conſcious of the dignity of their profeſſion, they would not have that kind of condeſcenſion for any but their particular friends, or thoſe who deſire to become ſuch; for my part, were I to adviſe a young Author, I would tell him, Never be the dupe of your own vanity; never conſent to act a ſubaltern part, to obtain the poor applauſes of a few individuals: beware of pride, it debaſes whom it intoxicates, and ſacrifices every thing to an inadequate and momentary ſucceſs; it will render you abſurd and inconſiſtent; will give you a dogmatic and poſitive air; will dictate the moſt ridiculous Prefaces, and yet, at the ſame time, make you eager to undergo the ſtrangeſt humiliations.

Luzincourt

Luzincourt thought this advice very prudent, and reſolved to profit by it.

While thus he lived, in the midſt of new objects, Luzincourt, more ſenſible to the charms of friendſhip than even to the pleaſures of obſervation and inſtruction, remarked, with chagrin, the Viſcount came no longer to viſit his ſiſter-in-law. In vain did Luzincourt ſeek him, and above ſix weeks had paſſed away without his being able to ſee or meet him. At laſt, after a thouſand fruitleſs attempts, he found him at home one evening. The Viſcount received him as if they had only parted on the overnight: Luzincourt ſeemed melancholy, and the Viſcount aſked him the reaſon.

You promiſed me your friendſhip, ſaid Luzincourt, and yet, for theſe two months, your door has been ſhut againſt me.

How could you ſuppoſe it? Every time you came I was either abroad or aſleep.

Aſleep! What at noon?

You forget dancing and gaming.

You love neither.

And yet I have done both.

Are you ſo altered then?

I well may be; but that is paſt; and I ſhall tell you ſome news that will give you pleaſure. All is ended between me and Madame d'Herblay.

And have you no *ill* news for me?

None:

None: What do you mean?

Nay, I am not ſent to queſtion you, nor ſhall I dare indulge the leaſt liberty of this kind, yet it is eaſy to ſee from your conduct——

I do not underſtand you; ſpeak plainly.

That there is ſome difference between you and your brother.

Not the leaſt in the world, I aſſure you.

Then between you and Madame de Valrive?

Neither: Who could tell you ſo improbable a tale?

You do not go there any more; at the beginning of the winter, you uſed to be there every day.

I once more tell you, dear Luzincourt, I have not for theſe two months paſt had a moment to myſelf.

And are you aſtoniſhed not to find yourſelf happy? Live with your family and your friends, and you will then enjoy that pure content which alone can ſatisfy a heart like your's, and of which you have been robbed by diſſipation.

You are right, I feel you are right; and I am determined to reform habits of which I have been ſome time tired. It is now the ſpring, and if you will go with me, we will travel.

Luzincourt accepted this propoſition with joy, and the Viſcount, punctual to his promiſe, was ready to ſet off in the month of April. The two friends

friends traverſed Holland, England, and Switzerland, and did not return to Paris again till the middle of winter. Luzincourt, on his arrival, learnt with joy that Damoville had gained the Poetical Prize given by the French Academy. Luzincourt read the verſes, and was then thoroughly convinced Damoville had known how to gain friends, who had been more ſerviceable and zealous than juſt. Damoville had a Medal; but the Public, who have long ſince learnt not to be impoſed upon by Prize Medals, found the Verſes very bad; and ſhocked at the partiality which they ſaw take place on this occaſion, forgot their uſual indulgence to young Authors.

Damoville, encouraged by this triumph, was confirmed in the opinion, that knowledge and aſſiduity are uſeleſs, and that to viſit and obtain Patrons was the moſt neceſſary care. Six months afterwards he publiſhed a Novel, in which he painted men and manners; that is to ſay, ſuch as he had ſeen at Madame de Surval's. He told Luzincourt the work would create him many enemies. I own, to thee, ſaid he, the portraits are drawn after nature, a little overcharged, that they might not be dull, but not the leſs like. My hero, for example, is abſolutely taken from the Viſcount de Valrive; I ſaw him only tranſiently at Madame de Surval's, but I ſtudied him minutely; I have

perfectly painted his mode of treating the ladies, his levity, his ironical and abſent air——

But I have before time told you, interrupted Luzincourt, this was all affectation.

My dear Luzincourt, you and I ſee things in a very different light; beſides, thy partiality for the Viſcount will not ſuffer thee to ſee him as he is; thou wilt give him talents to which he makes no pretenſion, and refuſe him thoſe agreeable qualities which have occaſioned all his ſucceſs with the women; but I know him better than thou doſt; and hadſt thou heard what Madame d'Herblay has told me of him!——Lovelace was a mere novice to him.

Canſt thou give faith to the tales of a woman ſo deſpicable as Madame d'Herblay?

She is not more deſpicable than others; than Madame de Valrive, for example; who, ſince ſhe was left by the Baron de Vercenay, has kept a little Opera ſinger.

Madame de Valrive?

Thou knoweſt the ſong that was made upon her.

What ſong?

That which has been ſo much in vogue.

I neither know the ſong, nor this moſt abominable ſtory, which, certainly, never was heard out of the circle of Madame de Surval.

Not

Not in the circles thou frequenteſt! But I tell thee, I am well acquainted with the intrigues of this town; the adventure of Madame de Champroſe; the double exchange of lovers between her and her female friend; the treaty ſigned before witneſſes in the pleaſure-houſe. Every one of theſe Anecdotes are in my Novel. Imagine then the conſequence, and the noiſe it will make. Not but I have ſomewhat diſguiſed facts.

I can aſſure thee there was no occaſion; the Viſcount, Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champroſe, have read thy Romance without the leaſt emotion.

The effect of mere prudence; other people will be apt enough to make the applications, without their being ſo ſilly as to betray themſelves.

I dare engage my life, thou mighteſt write ſuch works from this time till the day of thy death, without once moving their anger.

Luzincourt was right; but Damoville laughed. He vaunted of having written a Libel, becauſe he had committed to paper the ſcandalous Anecdotes to which Madame d'Herblay had given breath; but theſe pretended Anecdotes were only abſurd calumnies, which nobody but her had ever heard of; neither were his portraits more faithful, for which reaſon nobody took notice of it; nor did it make

the leaſt *noiſe*; nobody, indeed, ever ſuſpected his malicious intentions.

Almoſt all the Journals, however, affirmed, that ſince the time of Crebillon, there had not appeared any work in which ſo true a picture of men and manners could be found. This increaſed the aſtoniſhment of Luzincourt, who ſaw it was not poſſible to attribute ſuch exceſſive praiſe entirely to the bad taſte of the Critics. Damoville, with his uſual indiſcretion, informed him, how the ſuffrages of certain Journaliſts might be obtained; and the preſcription was, to get acquainted with ſome of them, and give them little fugitive pieces for their Journals; and as to the reſt, Protectors and Friends would inſure their good word.

Luzincourt objected, that this was very troubleſome, tireſome, a great loſs of time, and could only obtain praiſes by which nobody was deceived. Damoville replied, he knew the beſt of all poſſible extracts and praiſes would produce no great effect in Paris; but that they were not uſeleſs in the provincial towns, and foreign countries.

Soon after this, Luzincourt made a journey to Champagne, where he ſtaid two months with his father, and afterwards departed for Italy, which he was deſirous of ſeeing, that he might one day

ſpeak

ſpeak of the arts, if not like a connoiſſeur, at leaſt like a man of taſte and underſtanding. An artiſt ſhould live years at Rome; a few months are ſufficient for a man of letters. The one muſt ſtudy, labour, and reflect profoundly; it is enough for the other to be ſtruck, and to preſerve the emotions and ideas of the ſublime and beautiful. For this reaſon he ought to ſee St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvidera, and all thoſe other famous monuments, of which all the deſcriptions, deſigns, copies, and learned diſſertations, that ever exiſted, can give but a faint idea.

After a ſix months tour, Luzincourt left Italy, and returned to Paris, where he accepted an apartment in the houſe of the Viſcount de Valrive; who having for ever given up the fatiguing character of a man of the mode, led that kind of life which perfectly accorded with the diſpoſition of Luzincourt.

While the latter was abſent, Damoville had undertaken the Editorſhip of a Journal; and Luzincourt, ſhocked at ſeveral articles which had been ſent him to Italy, could not forbear ſpeaking of it to Damoville. Really, ſaid he, your partiality is diſguſting.

How ſo, prithee?

You praiſe works ſo intolerably dull——

Oh! thou haſt thy eye upon the Pamplet written by Blimont; I allow it is deteſtable: but Blimont was ſtrongly recommended by a lady whom I muſt not diſoblige, I mean Madame d'Herblay; ſhe is at preſent miſtreſs to a great man, and has undertaken to ſolicit a penſion for me. She intereſts herſelf in behalf of this little Blimont; ſhe thinks him a man of wit and taſte; and how could I avoid repeating this praiſe? Nay, I am well off to be ſo eaſily releaſed, for had ſhe by chance thought him a man of genius, I muſt have called him ſo.

Theſe are excellent reaſons. But then thoſe *Thoughts on various Subjects*, which were ſuch dull common-place ſtuff, and which you likewiſe ſo loudly praiſed, and thought ſo profound——

Them! Oh I might praiſe them without fear or reſtraint, very certain they would never be read; nobody could contradict me, for I defy the moſt intrepid reader to go through three pages; therefore, when the Author is one of us, we boldly affirm ſuch a work to be ſublime. I formerly gave thee an example of this kind.

Yes, it is not thy fault if I am ſtill ignorant; but though I might excuſe thy exceſſive complaiſance, who can excuſe thoſe bitter criticiſms, ſo full of gall, and ſo void of truth, againſt good Authors?

How

How couldſt thou ſhew thy face, after thus praiſing Blimont, and thus abuſing Terval?

I own I have a great reſpect for the talents of Terval, and gave a very faithful and very advantageous account of his firſt work.

Well, but his ſecond is ſtill better.

Agreed; but not written in our principles.

What, becauſe he has affirmed religion to be the only ſolid baſis of virtue?

He has diſguſted all the Philoſophers.

Uſurpers you mean of this fine title.

Uſurpers be it; what matters it to me; he has created himſelf a multitude of enemies; and even if the moſt dangerous of theſe enemies had not been my protectors, I certainly ſhould not have been fool hardy enough to have aſſumed an ill-timed partiality. Aſſure yourſelf, Luzincourt, I am neither whimſical nor abſurd; and that I never praiſe a bad work or abuſe a good one, without ſufficient reaſon. Thus, for example, I gave a very bad character of the laſt new piece, and yet I thought it excellent.

And the Author has been one of thy friends above theſe ſix months.

This circumſtance makes my conduct ſublime; I ſacrificed him to gratitude. Laſt year the Editor of a certain Journal did as much for me, and one good turn deſerves another. He remind-

ed me of the favour, told me the Author was his enemy, and I took that occaſion to acquit myſelf of the debt. I did every thing in my power, to turn the Author and his piece into ridicule. Thou mayeſt tell me, likewiſe, perhaps, that formerly I was very loud in the praiſes of another Man of Letters, Dorgeval, whom I at preſent maintain to be a fool; but this is no caprice; we have quarreled beyond a poſſibility of reconciliation.

Who can anſwer reaſons like theſe? And yet I muſt own, ſhould I ever undertake the Editorſhip of a Journal, I ſhould have a fancy to exhibit a model of the moſt perfect impartiality.

What a romantic! what an impoſſible project?

Not ſo romantic, ſince reaſon and perſonal intereſt would be ſufficient motives. Nobody is deceived by the falſhood of a Journaliſt, ſince the arts to conceal it have long been too common, and too well ſeen through. It is in vain, when they intend to abuſe a work, they begin by affirming *they ſhall praiſe with pleaſure, and find fault with regret.* In vain, when the Author is their friend, they inform us how *ſevere* they intend to be. We cannot any longer be duped by ſuch ſhallow artifice; or, rather, after ſeeing ſuch phraſes at the beginning, we know what is to follow. Let me, therefore, adviſe you to change this old formula, and endea-

vour

vour to imagine ſomething leſs known, and more likely to deceive.

Let us return to impartiality: I affirm it to be impoſſible, nay abſurd. What if your intimate friend, or benefactor, had written a bad book; would you publicly proclaim it?

This is the only caſe, in which I ſhould not think myſelf at liberty to ſpeak my thoughts; but this does not often happen. And even when it did, I would not write againſt my conſcience: were I obliged to make an extract from a work, under ſuch circumſtances, I ſhould ſay, "The Book, which it "is my duty to announce to the Public, is written "by my intimate friend. I ſhall therefore confine "myſelf to the giving an idea of the plan, and mak-"ing an extract; for, as my judgment might natu-"rally be ſuſpected of partiality, I ſhall forbear to "give any."

And when you ſpeak of your enemy, may not your judgment be as naturally ſuſpected?

No. Friendſhip is all-powerful; but my heart never can know hatred.

Perſuade the Public to that.

I would prove it: the Public ſhou'd be convinced I had at leaſt underſtanding and greatneſs of mind ſufficient to ſet my glory on being invariably equitable and ſincere.

This is all very fine; but this *greatneſs of mind* would make thy Journal moſt potently inſipid.

Much leſs inſipid than your's. You never ſpeak candidly what you think; a thouſand narrow motives guide your pens, and when you praiſe the work, the reader ſays, *How totally he is bought! How intimate he is with the Author!* And, on the contrary, when you criticize: *How he hates the Author! What an enemy he is to the Author! How much he fears the enemies of the Author!* And what dependence do you think ſuch a reader will place in you? Such criticiſms are read without emotion or curioſity; for, to know their purport, it is ſufficient to know your prejudices, fears and antipathies. Inſtead of which my Journal, without being better written, would indubitably be more amuſing; the reader would be certain always of finding the true ſentiments of an impartial perſon.

One would think thou wert ſpeaking of a work deſigned for the peruſal of poſterity. Remember, a *Journal* is the thing in queſtion; the mere thing of the day, which is often purchaſed only to read the Play-bills; that is idly ſkimmed over in the morning, burnt in the evening, and forgotten on the morrow.

Yes, ſuch is the general fate of Journals; but is this the fault of the thing, or of the Writer? We have

have all heard how Addiſon, Pope, Steele, &c. amuſed themſelves in writing theſe mere things of a day; the public had them in the morning, and read them at breakfaſt, and they were neither burnt nor forgotten on the morrow, but carefully preſerved.

Oh yes; nobody will deny the Spectator to be an excellent work. The chief ſtudy of Authors formerly was to write well. They had not more wit than we have, but they had more induſtry. We want time: the life we lead neither admits of meditation nor labour.

I can eaſily conceive it is difficult enough to find time both for caballing and ſtudy.

For my part, I care little about this trifle of a Journal, the charge of which I have only taken for a moment. I ſhall ſoon quit it, and write one of a different kind, which will be much more ſerviceable to my affairs.

Of what nature?

Not of a public one; it will conſiſt of a private correſpondence with five or ſix foreign Princes, to whom I am recommended.

And what will you inform theſe Princes of?

They are lovers of the French Literature, and deſirous of knowing what new works appear before the Journaliſts publiſh their accounts. Thus I ſhall have an opportunity of ſending the produc-

tions of all my friends; as to others, I ſhall content myſelf with an extract, and an *impartial* opinion, as thou ſayeſt.

That is, when you diſlike the Author, you will perſuade the Prince the work is not worth reading.

Which he will ſurely believe from the extract I ſhall ſend.

The Prince will certainly be an excellent judge of the ſtate of French Literature, and the merit of our writers, if he confides in thee.

I am not to be his Preceptor, but his Correſpondent, and I care little about the goodneſs of his judgment.

And what advantages do you expect?

Firſt, the pleaſure of ſerving my friends, of eſtabliſhing and increaſing their reputation in foreign countries——

And of injuring your enemies. What elſe?

Fame and diſtinction. Penſions, Portraits, flattering Letters, copies of which will be publiſhed in the public Journals, and even adroitly inſerted in my own works.

But pray tell me, how are you ſo ſuddenly to obtain the correſpondence of ſix foreign Princes?

Wit and genius are firſt neceſſary.

Theſe are the requiſites: but for the means.

Firſt carefully cultivate the friendſhip of Ambaſſadors, who will then on the publication of a new

new work, undertake to preſent their Sovereigns with a copy; to this the Author muſt add a letter to the Prince, and be careful to obtain recommendations from men of letters, his friends, whoſe reputation is eſtabliſhed. Thus for inſtance Dalainval did me this favour in Germany and Ruſſia.

Thus inſtructed concerning preliminaries, return we to the correſpondence. How is it poſſible you ſhould undertake ſuch an enterprize?

What do you mean? Why not?

What! Clandeſtinely rob men of reputation! Attack them without giving them the means of defence! Load them with accuſations, and heap ridicule upon them, of which they are wholly ignorant! To which they cannot reply! Meet them continually, dine with them, ſup with them, and part with them, intending to do them all the inſidious miſchief in your power! Really, Damoville, I muſt tell you plainly, there is ſomething horrid in ſuch conduct.

Thou art always in ſtilts! Didſt thou never, in a letter to a friend, indulge a ſevere criticiſm, or a haſty opinion?

Can you compare a letter to a friend, to a correſpondence like that you ſpeak of?

According to thy principles it is horrid to write, unknowingly to the Author, that his work is bad.

I cer-

I certainly never ſhould write ſuch a thing but to a friend; and as I have no intereſt to make them of my opinion, my criticiſm would neither be captious nor long; it would be only a paſſing reflection, not an endeavour to perſuade; and ſhould my opinion be erroneous, I ſhould hurt neither the Author's reputation nor fortune, therefore ſhould only be guilty of raſhneſs.

Seriouſly ſpeaking, I acknowledge the correſpondence, I am about to undertake, demands the moſt perfect equity.

But ſuppoſe yourſelf impartial, may you not be deceived, and unintentionally form a wrong judgment? Yes, Damoville, probity rejects clandeſtine criticiſms, they deſerve to be claſſed with libels. If you would attack others, prepare no ſecret ambuſcades, ſtrike not in the dark, but face your foe, and avow your intention. Were I to write a criticiſm, my motives ſhould be juſtifiable and moral. I ſhould then combat, with fortitude, againſt whatever offended reaſon and manners; and as I know myſelf fallible, ſhould wiſh to be refuted and informed. Were the reply ſcurrilous, or ſcandalous, I ſhould be convinced ſolid arguments were wanting; and, certain of being in the right, moderation would coſt me little.

Suppoſe you were proved in the wrong!

I would

I would inſtantly own it; for, not having been wilfully ſo, ſuch a confeſſion would ſit eaſy on my heart.

Pſhaw! If ever you ſhould become an Author you will change your opinion, and your language.

Damoville pronounced theſe words in an ironical and half angry tone, roſe haſtily, and took his leave; and as Luzincourt heard no more of him for upwards of two months, he ſuppoſed there was an end of all intercourſe between them. Damoville, however, though he thought Luzincourt odd and apt to cavil, could not forbear to eſteem him, and depend upon his friendſhip. Habit and confidence made the converſation of Luzincourt neceſſary. Determined not to follow his advice, he yet could not forbear aſking it, and informing him of his hopes and fears. He would leave him in an ill-humour, yet muſt return; and after neglecting him awhile, would again ſuddenly come to inform him of his projects and ſecrets.

Luzincourt in the mean time, continued the plan he firſt laid down on his arrival in Paris. He ſpent five or ſix hours a day in company, and devoted the reſt to ſtudy, and what he held to be his duties. He never had neglected Darnay, the Advocate with whom he lodged the two firſt years of his coming to town, nor broken the ſtrict intimacy

timacy he had contracted with ſeveral eminent Artiſts. Simple, modeſt, and natural, his manners were mild and noble, and his converſation intereſting; the women thought him pleaſing, the men wiſe, and his friends amiable.

Affectionate, and, conſequently, benevolent, he often viſited thoſe obſcure corners where Miſery preſents her dreary aſpect; and while he beheld all her woes, his heart acquired new ſenſations. Compaſſion became a principle! Compaſſion, which dwells in all boſoms, though it often lies latent, unawakened, unexcited by pathetic ſcenes of wretchedneſs! Like as fire is reſident in all bodies, even in flint, yet remains unknown unleſs forced into action.

At laſt, ſaid Luzincourt, I now may write, I now may affect the paſſions without artifice. I have ſeen ſuffering Nature; I have beheld the powers of Grief, Gratitude, and Magnanimity. The cry of Deſpair has rung in my ear! Terror! Horror! Pity! Admiration! I have felt them all, and I know the human heart. I have need neither of Genius nor Imagination to paint with truth: faithfully to remember what I have ſeen, heard, and experienced, is all I want.

Accordingly he wrote and publiſhed a moral work, the ſucceſs of which ſurpaſſed his hopes; the paſſions were moved, and Nature and Truth were

were conſpicuous. Having no reputation, Luzincourt had no enemies, he therefore obtained univerſal applauſe: even the Literati loaded him with praiſe. Several of them came to viſit him and gain his acquaintance, but after ſounding his inclinations they ſoon diſcovered his principles, and their enthuſiaſm began to cool.

Luzincourt perceived the tide turning, yet took no ſtep to overthrow the little conſpiracy which he found forming againſt him; they were angry with themſelves, for having too indiſcreetly praiſed a man who had an obſtinate averſion to all party ſpirit; but the fault was committed, and, while they ſought how to repair it, Luzincourt peaceably enjoyed the ſatisfaction of having given the world a uſeful work, and the pleaſure of ſeeing it tranſlated into all the living languages of Europe.

Much about this time, Luzincourt became acquainted with a young widow named Aurelia, who was viſited by many men of letters, and on whom Damoville had paid conſtant attendance for the laſt five months. Aurelia was the widow of a rich Merchant of Nantes, had no children, and, finding herſelf at four and twenty her own miſtreſs, and poſſeſſed of a good fortune, returned to live at Paris, with an old Aunt, who had brought her up, and to whom ſhe was ſole heireſs.

Aurelia

Aurelia had a handſome perſon, a cultivated underſtanding, a delicate taſte, a feeling heart, and a noble mind. She did not want penetration, but having too lively a fancy, ſhe did not always judge rightly; ſhe was very liable to be prejudiced, but her prejudices were of ſhort duration; ſhe loved truth, was ſincere in the ſearch of it, and had neither that obſtinacy which reſiſts its impreſſions, nor that ſtupid pride which rejects its conviction. She was often known to change her opinion; ſhe was accuſed of inconſiſtency and caprice, but unjuſtly, ſhe was only undeceived.

Naturally juſt and generous, no one knew better how to own, or how to repair an error; her heart, formed only for friendſhip, was inacceſſible to hatred, envy, or reſentment. The firſt emotion over, ſhe not only eaſily pardoned ill uſage, but naturally forgot it. In ſpite of experience, ſhe was born to believe, as long as ſhe lived, in the ſincerity of reconciliations, and the impoſſibility of people continuing to hate each other.

Void of all affectation, incapable of hypocriſy and conſtraint, ſhe was not always equally amiable and prudent; ſhe diſcovered too much indifference for thoſe ſhe did not think worthy her notice, and too much partiality for thoſe who pleaſed her. Wit and underſtanding may eaſily be deceived for a moment; and Aurelia was always

ways diſpoſed to believe Virtue and a ſpecious behaviour were the ſame. Good breeding is ſeductive, and adds an inexpreſſible charm to the ſenſations which admiration excites.

An illuſion ſo agreeable was neceſſary to Aurelia, who could taſte no pleaſures in which the heart had no ſhare; ſhe could be pleaſed only by being intereſted; and ſhe too eaſily attributed wiſdom to thoſe who appeared amiable. Her behaviour was gentle and equal; ſhe did not make trifles important, took no light offence, claimed no extraordinary attention, but had defects and virtues ſeldom united in the ſame perſon, and which gave her a certain ſingularity equally original and inviting.

Communicative to exceſs, ſhe eaſily betrayed her thoughts, but ſhe ſpoke only of her own concerns; friendſhip never had cauſe to reproach her of the leaſt indiſcretion. She was giddy and imprudent, but not ſilly; ſhe poſſeſſed fortitude, could ſubmit to neceſſity, ſupport ill fortune, and keep a reſolution; but it was only on great occaſions ſhe diſcovered a great mind. In the common courſe of things, her complaiſance ſometimes looked like weakneſs.

Her natural activity, which was remarkable, was uſually exerted on uſeful and important objects; for when it was neceſſary her mind was

firm

firm and determined. In indifferent things, ſhe was led and governed with as much eaſe as docility, for ſhe had an inexhauſtible fund of gentleneſs and good humour.

What, however, diſtinguiſhed her moſt, was the delicacy and nobleneſs of her ſentiments; ſhe deſpiſed pomp and riches, contemned parties and cabals. With an imagination leſs lively, and feelings leſs quick, ſhe would have had philoſophy and ſuperiority of reaſon; but ſhe ceded too ſoon to firſt impreſſions; more eager to be informed, than occupied by the important care of correcting herſelf, ſhe gained knowledge, but not perfection; ſhe remained ſuch as Nature had formed her; and though ſhe had not a common mind, ſhe had the defects of one.

Luzincourt was received at her houſe politely, but coldly; ſhe did not however forget to mention his work, but, with the moſt unaffected ſincerity, gave it the higheſt praiſe. Damoville ſoon entered, and took the whole converſation upon himſelf; Aurelia ſeemed to liſten with great attention; Luzincourt obſerved it, and ſaw that two or three of Damoville's friends, who were preſent, took every opportunity to give conſequence to all he uttered.

Damoville, on the other hand, was not pleaſed to meet Luzincourt in this place. The latter durſt

durſt not make his firſt viſit ſo long as he wiſhed, but renewed it in two or three days time. He was received the ſecond time more coldly than the firſt; and when he departed, he went and ſupped at Madame de Valrive's, where he carried abſence of mind and uneaſineſs, and therefore retired before midnight.

Inſtead of going to bed, he walked above two hours about his chamber, thinking of Damoville and Aurelia. It is evident he is in love with her, ſaid he, or leaſt pretends to be; he has beſet her with his moſt intimate friends, who eaſily perſuade her he is a man of wit, underſtanding, and virtue; ſhe loves men of literature, and their purpoſe may ſoon be effected.——Yet Damoville is incapable of a ſincere attachment——I am certain he is influenced only by a deſire of making a good match, and will deceive a Lady worthy of a better fate.——Yet wherefore am I thus intereſted?——I own, I am ſomewhat piqued he ſhould come, ſo often, to confide his ſilly ſchemes to me, and never mention a project like this.—— 'Tis ſtrange! I long have known him as he is—— have no dependence on his friendſhip——and yet his want of confidence, in this inſtance, vexes me!

Internally

Internally diſpleaſed with himſelf, Luzincourt felt an inſurmountable diſcontent he had never known before. Damoville came to ſee him next morning, and he bluſhed and experienced a diſagreeable emotion. Neither was Damoville totally free from embarraſſment; but he ſoon recovered his uſual appearance, and ſpoke much, yet never mentioned the name of Aurelia.—— Thou wilt ſee a letter of mine, ſaid he, to-morrow in the *Mercure de France*, on Muſic.

Muſic! What have you to ſay about Muſic?

What! A great deal about *Gluck* and *Piccini*.

But you never ſtudied Muſic?

Writers at preſent muſt touch on that ſubject.

And ſo you will write diſſertations on a ſubject you do not underſtand, conſequently will write ill, will make falſe and ridiculous pretenſions to knowledge, and make two men angry with each other who were born for reciprocal admiration; and who, were it not for your trifling diſputes, and the party janglings of inconſiderate zeal, would do each other juſtice. Why, Sir, were even a Muſician, known to be ſuch, a famous Compoſer, to undertake a work, in which he ſhould attempt to prove it is a folly to eſteem the compoſitions both of Gluck and Piccini, he would ſoon tire, but never convince his readers. In ſpite of all the reaſoning upon earth, thoſe who

have

have ſouls and ears will always love them both. Which way, then, can a Writer pretend to determine for a Nation, and fix its taſte, who does not underſtand whether a Duet be made according to rule? How ſhall he dare to ſpeak in terms he does not know the meaning of, and imperiouſly tell the world Gluck is a Barbarian, or Piccini has no Genius? This ſpecies of madneſs is ſo original it might amuſe us, did it not give birth to anger and hatred; but your intolerance and animoſity, make it as melancholy as it is unaccountable.

What is to be done? We muſt ſwim with the ſtream, my friends are all Piccinifts.

I do not aſk you to be a Gluckiſt, but you might be neuter.

What, and be hated by both parties!

If there be a thing on earth a true Philoſopher can hate, it is certainly party ſpirit; ſince it gives birth to ſuch extravagance, meanneſs, and injuſtice.

This letter was aſked of me, it is written, and to-morrow it will appear. The die is caſt, and I am now an avowed Piccinift for life. Should any one attempt to laugh at me, for not being a Muſician, I have a ready reſource. I will imitate one of our antagoniſts, who, hurt at this reproach, took a Muſic-Maſter at fifty, and began the Violin-

Violincello. Thou mayeſt ſee I care little about my letter on Muſic, but thou wilt find in the ſame Journal ſomething more intereſting: A Diſſertation on Engliſh Literature.

Indeed! When did you learn Engliſh? Three months ſince you did not know a word of that language.

I have taken leſſons ſome time, and a few years hence may know ſomething of the matter.

Being induſtrious!—And in the mean time you will write on the ſubject. This taſtes of the *Violoncello!* You have no doubt made quotations in your diſſertation.

Many! I have cited Milton.

In Engliſh?

Certainly.

But hark you, my friend! Who has corrected your proofs? You muſt recur to the original for every word, for you will not perſuade me you underſtand Engliſh. I give you my word I will not betray you, tell me therefore how you manage, for the thing appears to me quite curious.

Curious! Not in the leaſt; it is done every day.

What! To cite Engliſh poetry, to reaſon, to diſſertate on its beauties, and defects, without knowing a word of Engliſh!

Nothing

Nothing is more common: nor is any thing required for ſuch a taſk, except a Dictionary, a copy of the original work, and a tranſlation.

But thoſe who underſtand Engliſh, will ſoon ſee you do not.

Thoſe who underſtand Engliſh, will not read our Diſſertations. It was abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould publiſh theſe Fragments: a man of literature muſt, at all events, appear perfectly to underſtand a language ſo univerſally ſtudied at preſent, for the ſake of his reputation in foreign parts, and the provincial towns. But, a-propos, I told thee ſome time ago, of a three act Comedy I began laſt Spring: it is finiſhed, and I ſhall read it to-morrow at Aurelia's. Wilt thou come?

Will——will Aurelia——permit me to be preſent? replied Luzincourt, ſomewhat embarraſſed.

O yes! yes! yes! I will take care of that.

Luzincourt heſitated a moment, and, after ſome reflection, accepted the propoſition.

Damoville could not forbear to tell him of a reading which was to take place in the preſence of thirty people, and which, to him, was a thing of the utmoſt importance. On any other occaſion, he would have been glad of Luzincourt's abſence; and he took ſuch precautions on this, as quite robbed him of all uneaſineſs.

Damoville had, in fact, formed a project to marry Aurelia; and, for this purpoſe, had introduced all his moſt zealous Partizans and Protectors, who, being privy to the intent, took every opportunity to ſecond his deſign. Aurelia heard nothing but praiſes on the talents and virtues of Damoville; not a man, of the preſent age, had ſo well founded a reputation, was continually repeated in her ear. She knew he had borne away the prizes for Eloquence and Poetry, given by the French Academy, for two or three years; and they aſſured her, his celebrity was ſtill greater in foreign countries.

Aurelia was not ignorant Damoville held a correſpondence with ſeveral Princes, or that he received penſions, which ſhe conſidered as honourable proofs of his ſuperiority; his Panegyriſts ſoon told all this, and how he had, already, been made a Member of the Provincial Academies; and that, they were well aſſured, he need but preſent himſelf, to be received one of the Forty of Paris.

So much luſtre dazzled Aurelia. She was apt to think favourably of Genius; ſhe loved Fame, and forgot there was nothing wanting to the renown of Damoville, but that of having deſerved it. She examined not into cauſes, but was ſtruck

with

with the effects; ſhe enquired not, but was led. Beſides, having never lived in the faſhionable world, ſhe was incapable of judging what were the merits of a work, which, ſhe was told, was a perfect picture of high life. This picture, 'tis true, had ſomewhat offended her reaſon and natural good taſte; but ſhe heard ſo many voices raiſed in its praiſe, and contrary to her private opinion, for ſhe durſt not declare it, that ſhe was obliged to accuſe herſelf of an ill-founded delicacy.

Damoville was not deficient either in ſubtilty or ſuppleneſs; he ſaw Aurelia had noble ſentiments, and a fixed averſion to party intrigues; and he ſpoke as though he poſſeſſed all the ſublime qualities neceſſary to pleaſe a perſon of her diſpoſition. Yet, though ſhe thought him amiable, and ſuppoſed him a man of great abilities, ſhe had not that heart-felt preference he flattered himſelf he could inſpire. She admired him, however, and always ſhewed him a moſt deciſive preference.

Such was the ſituation of Damoville, when Luzincourt firſt appeared at the houſe of Aurelia. Damoville knew of his introduction, and that Aurelia, the inſtant ſhe had read his book, was very deſirous of his acquaintance. Fearful he might become a dangerous Rival, Damoville neglected nothing that might injure him in Aurelia's opinion. It would have been too bare-

faced to have openly ſpoken againſt a man who had been his firſt and moſt intimate friend; therefore, whenever ſhe mentioned his name, Damoville took care to vaunt, with enthuſiaſm, of his friendſhip for Luzincourt, but without ever praiſing the friend or his works; he even hinted he had reaſon to complain of him; but feigning to recollect himſelf, as if he had done his friend wrong, he ſeemed to reproach himſelf of indiſcretion, and wiſhed to retract.

His Partizans need not ſpeak ſo cautiouſly: they continually told Aurelia Damoville was infatuated to Luzincourt, who, far from participating friendſhip ſo tender and ſo true, could not behold the ſucceſs of Damoville, without the baſeſt envy; that the latter had received the moſt outrageous injuries from him; that he was an artful and profound hypocrite; and that, in fine, under an agreeable outſide, he concealed an unfeeling heart, and a dangerous character.

Aurelia thus prejudiced, Damoville had little to fear. He was deſirous of being praiſed, eſpecially in her preſence, and knew Luzincourt was no flatterer; but then Aurelia would interpret his ſilence into envy. It was this reflection that had determined Damoville to invite him to the reading of his piece.

Though

Though Luzincourt was ignorant of theſe dark ſnares, he well knew Damoville had acted with duplicity in this inſtance. He felt how embarraſſing it muſt be for him to hear a bad piece read, which his friend had written; but he ſuppoſed, in a company of thirty people, he ſhould neither be queſtioned nor noticed. His deſire to obſerve Aurelia, during the reading, was great; and thinking he gave way to a mere emotion of curioſity, he went next day, at the time appointed, to Aurelia's.

Here he found a large company. Damoville was not yet arrived, and they, in the mean time, were buſy in his praiſe. Some of them who had heard the comedy read, aſſured Aurelia, it was a maſter-piece; they next vaunted his Letter on Muſic, and his Diſſertation on Milton, which Aurelia had read that very morning, and which ſhe thought excellent.

Aurelia remarked, that Luzincourt liſtened ſilently to his friend's praiſes, and ſhe was confirmed in the opinion ſhe had heard of his character. Of all the pangs the heart can endure, that of Envy is doubtleſs the moſt inſupportable; and yet it is the only one that cannot inſpire pity: Aurelia, therefore, with an intention to augment the torments of Luzincourt, praiſed Damoville, even to exaggeration. Luzincourt was ignorant of her

project, and really ſuppoſed her deſperately enamoured. The idea made him melancholy; in ſpite of himſelf, he was vexed, and fell into a gloomy revery, in which he continued till the arrival of Damoville, who was received by Aurelia in the politeſt and moſt affable manner.

Damoville, before he began, endeavoured to put his auditors into a favourable diſpoſition. Seven or eight people, in the company, guided the judgments of the reſt; to each of theſe he had ſomething agreeable to ſay; one was aſſured, in his ear, that his good opinion alone was the thing he wiſhed; another was praiſed aloud for his taſte and natural indulgence.——After going round thus, and making all theſe little neceſſary preparations, Damoville gracefully ſat himſelf down.

So well were his hearers diſpoſed, that, as ſoon as he took his work from his pocket, a confuſed murmur of applauſe aroſe, occaſioned by the ſight of this precious manuſcript; every chair was in motion to approach the reader, while Aurelia, with a heart really intereſted, deſired ſilence.

Damoville, with a mild, modeſt, and inſinuating air, began, by reading an Advertiſement, which informed the aſſembly, that his little piece had been ſent to *Ferney*; that he had received a moſt flattering letter, extracts from which he read;

and

and that, finally, the ſuffrage of M. de Voltaire, and eight or ten other undoubted judges, had induced him to give his work to the public.

The Advertiſement ended by a kind of analyſis of his Comedy; that is to ſay, by a very circumſtantial eulogium; whence it was clearly underſtood, that nothing ſo good had been written for theſe laſt twenty years; and that the Author had as much celebrity as genius. Several of them gave their thoughts on this Advertiſement, which they pronounced equally modeſt and well written, and Damoville then began to read his Comedy.

He had before told them the wit of it was elegant, not groſs, at which the underſtanding only could laugh. He did right, no one was inclined to laugh, though they all unanimouſly agreed, never had Author better ſeized the follies of the times; each exclaimed at every moment, How juſt! How ſevere! And thoſe exclamations were ſo frequent, that an old Alderman of Toulouſe, a relation of Aurelia's arrived overnight in Paris, cried out, as loudly as any of them, How juſt! how ſevere!

A witneſs of this univerſal enthuſiaſm, Luzincourt's embarraſſment was increaſed, by perceiving Aurelia attentively obſerving him, and looking at him with indignation. He ſaw ſhe thought him capable of that mean jealouſy which Authors too often feel; the idea diſtracted him; for, in fact,

he was not at that moment free from jealouſy, though it was of a very different nature to what Aurelia ſuppoſed.

He thought Damoville's piece intolerable; however, to divert Aurelia's ſuſpicions, he made an effort, and addreſſed ſome vague compliments to Damoville; but as he was vexed with himſelf, and averſe to the thing, he did this with ſo ill a grace, that every body took notice of his behaviour, every body began to whiſper, every body's eyes were fixed upon him, and Aurelia gave him a look of contempt, accompanied with a diſdainful ſmile, which compleated his confuſion.

Damoville triumphed; he obſerved all that paſſed, though, apparently, he obſerved nothing. The reading ended, he roſe, approached Aurelia, and with the utmoſt ſeeming candour, ſaid, Can you gueſs what I am thinking of?——Of you, Madam, and Luzincourt.——I have the happineſs to obtain your applauſe, and I have a friend, who knows my heart, who participates my joy; a witneſs of this moſt pleaſing, moſt flattering ſucceſs.——Yes, I know he participates my joy.——He may have his failings, but have not I too?——Who is without? My delicacy is great, but I have often puſhed it too far, eſpecially with him——Yet I have always done his feelings juſtice——and even, at this moment, I am certain they are exquiſite.

This

This apparent credulity of Damoville, affected Aurelia ſo much, that ſhe was obliged to turn her head aſide, to hide her tears; then looking at Damoville, with great expreſſion ſaid to him, the thing I am moſt certain of, is, you are worthy a ſincere friend.

Worthy of one! I have one; at leaſt, added he, fetching a deep ſigh, I flatter myſelf I have—— Even were it an illuſion, it would be cruel to rob me of the agreeable ſhadow.

Damoville pronounced theſe words with ſo tragical an air, that Aurelia was greatly affected; her emotion was viſible in her countenance; and Luzincourt, though at the other end of the chamber, perfectly beheld her tenderneſs and trouble. Then it was he indeed envied Damoville, and felt a pang of heart ſo ſevere, he could not hide what paſſed in his mind, but roſe to take his leave.

Damoville called him back, and he returned with confuſion in his face: Damoville had not quitted his chair, which ſtood next to that of Aurelia—— When, my friend, ſhall I ſee thee? ſaid he.

This ſimple queſtion quite confounded Luzincourt, who anſwered, with a frozen coldneſs, he was very buſy at preſent, and——

He could not finiſh his ſentence; for he neither knew what he ſaid, nor what he wiſhed to ſay.

I will call on thee to-morrow, ſaid Damoville.

Do not give yourſelf that trouble; I ſhall not be at home.

But betimes, before thou art out.

Luzincourt, not knowing what to ſay, anſwered, he was going into the country for a few days; then turning towards Aurelia, aſked if ſhe had any commands; who, without deigning to look at him, replied by a ſimple inclination of the head; and Luzincourt, making a low bow, inſtantly left the room.

As ſoon as he was gone, Damoville, looking at Aurelia with an air of aſtoniſhment, exclaimed, I am quite petrified! What is the matter with him? ——This is inconceivable!——Have I ſaid any thing to give him offence?——It is true, this is not the firſt time I have ſeen him ſo; but, I confeſs, I hardly know how to ſupport ſuch behaviour.

Aurelia, full of pity for Damoville, ſighed, and changing the converſation to divert his thoughts, once more began to praiſe the charming piece ſhe juſt had heard.

The unhappy Luzincourt ran to his real friend, the Viſcount de Valrive, to tell him all that had paſſed. Never, ſaid he, again will I enter that fatal houſe. I had heard ſo flattering an account

of

of this Aurelia, that I gave way to my deſire of being acquainted with her. Before I ever ſaw her, I received ſeveral letters from her, all of which ſpoke her a woman of wit and underſtanding; but ſhe is paſſionately in love with Damoville, and it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould have the leaſt diſcernment; never will I forgive myſelf the ridiculous ſcene I have ſeen playing at her houſe; but I was vexed, and had loſt all command of my temper; I——

And ſo, my dear Luzincourt, interrupted the Viſcount, ſmiling, thou art in love at laſt.

I in love! How is it poſſible I ſhould love a perſon whoſe heart is engaged, and who has made ſo wrong a choice.

You flatter yourſelf this choice is not yet made; and, indeed, if her head and heart are good, ſhe will ſoon be undeceived; viſit her often, and her prepoſſeſſions will ſoon vaniſh.

It is not poſſible I ſhould longer look on Damoville as my friend. I ſoon found out his principles and ſentiments, and yet I loved him. The remembrance of our former friendſhip impoſes duties on me I never can forget; Aurelia ſhall not learn his character from me.

Nor need ſhe; let her do you juſtice, and you are certain of obtaining a preference.

I hope at leaſt, ſhe will ſome time know me incapable of odious vices. I own it it impoſſible I ſhould not wiſh for her eſteem——I will ſee her once more, and if ſhe really loves Damoville, I have the power to be ſilent; ſhe never ſhall know my thoughts.

Some days after this converſation, Luzincourt viſited Aurelia; he found her alone, and reading, with the tears running down her cheeks. Luzincourt perceived it, and was going to retire; Aurelia called him, and he returned. The book ſhe had been reading lay open on her knees, and ſhe was a moment ſilent. At laſt, looking at Luzincourt, ſhe ſaid, A work ought to be very excellent indeed, to move one ſo much at a ſecond reading. It is about a year ſince this firſt appeared, and I read it then; you now ſee how much it affects me.

Luzincourt, perplexed, ſaid, with a trembling voice, the Author is very happy.

Happy indeed, replied Aurelia; if it be true, he painted his own mind in his work. So ſaying, ſhe preſented the book to Luzincourt, who caſt his eyes on a page moiſtened with Aurelia's tears, and ſaw, with tranſport, it was his own writing.

Oh flattering eulogium! cried Luzincourt.

He

He durſt not proceed——Aurelia fixed her eyes upon him. After a few moments, he once more broke ſilence, and ſaid, Do you then, madam, believe it poſſible, an Author ſhould truly expreſs ſentiments he never felt?

I have always thought the contrary, and yet—

And yet what, madam?

Permit me to ſpeak freely.

I conjure you ſo to do.

You know how to paint the charms of friendſhip, in the moſt affecting manner: but do you know as well how to fulfil its duties?

You have deigned, madam, to ſpeak plainly; may I take the liberty to aſk what could have given birth to ſuch a doubt?

My own obſervations.

Pray heaven, madam, that, with an equitable mind, you may have ſeen only with our own eyes.

Well, ſince you wiſh me to ſpeak without diſguiſe, I muſt own I was greatly ſurprized at your behaviour, when you laſt were here.

I acknowledge, replied Luzincourt, ſmiling, appearances were againſt me; I felt they were, too forcibly; and it was this ſenſation alone, that made me ridiculous.

Luzincourt pronounced theſe few words in ſo calm, ſo natural a tone, that the moſt circumſtantial

ſtantial explanation could not have been more perſuaſive. Aurelia, forcibly ſtruck, beheld him with extreme ſurprize. I cannot conquer my aſtoniſhment, ſaid ſhe, you have not given me a ſingle reaſon, and yet I am convinced.

Such, madam, is the force of truth.

But why were you ſo confuſed then?

Unhappily for me, I diſcovered you were prejudiced againſt me, and that you ſuſpected me of envying Damoville's ſucceſs; I was chagrined, and this made me commit ſo many aukward blunders.

I have wronged you, and I ſhall never pardon myſelf.

Aurelia pronounced this ſentence with ſo ſincere and graceful a candour, that Luzincourt, tranſported, was half tempted to throw himſelf at her feet; he reſtrained himſelf, however, and concealed a part of his emotion. Aurelia queſtioned him further. I confeſs, ſaid ſhe, I praiſed your friend's piece, with a little exaggeration, but pray what do you think of it?

It ſeems to me at leaſt as good as moſt of the trifles in one act, and in three, which have been played within theſe fifteen years, and in which they have pretended to exhibit men and manners. I ſhould prefer it, for inſtance, to the *Circle*, or the *Feinte par Amour*: that over-refined faſhionable.

able Marquis, who ſeduces all the women, by ſhewing them how to embroider, make work-bags, and knit garters, is an imaginary Being that never had exiſtence. Though trifles may ſometimes pleaſe the women, they certainly would not chuſe a man who ſpent his time in knotting, knitting, and embroidering; ſuch puerilities have only pleaſed on the ſtage, becauſe a delightful Actor has given them graces which are purely his own, and becauſe moſt of the ſpectators, being ignorant of life, believe this caricature to be a picture of it; but nobody reads theſe pieces, which they take a pleaſure to ſee.

It is certain no piece can be good, which does not affect us by reading it; yet, do you ſuppoſe a bad piece may remain ſo long on the ſtage?

It certainly may remain as long as the Actor, who firſt gave it ſucceſs.

The duration of our errors is ſhort, in proportion to the length of our lives; we continually deceive ourſelves, but we are as quickly undeceived; and, were it not for this happy facility, our momentary and brittle being would exiſt only in a dream. But who ſhall dare hope to find the truth, if an illuſion may endure fifteen years?

There does not ſeem to me any great illuſion in this: an Actor, inimitable in his walk, is applauded; nothing more. Generally ſpeaking, the

Public

Public do juſtice to Authors and their works; but let me remark, the Town is difficult, in proportion to the length of the piece; if it be in five acts, it muſt be perfect; if in one, they care little how bad it is; and this is the reaſon, why ſo many ſhort pieces, below mediocrity, and even below contempt, continue to be played.

Let us return to Damoville. I have only one doubt, which you may remove, for I feel you have gained my confidence. Tell me, if you verily believe you have as ſincere a friendſhip for Damoville as he has for you?

I perceive, madam, you have much too extravagant an idea of Damoville's friendſhip for me; there is no great intimacy, at preſent, between us; we keep very different company, and ſee each other ſeldom.

I know that, haſtily interrupted Aurelia; but is it his fault or yours? He certainly conſiders you as his deareſt friend.

No, indeed, madam.

No!——Why?——

His deareſt friends are thoſe, who procured him the pleaſure of your acquaintance.

Scarcely had Luzincourt ſpoken the laſt word before the door opened, and Damoville was announced. Aurelia bluſhed—Luzincourt, no longer agitated by his former fears, did not diſcover the

ſlighteſt

ſlighteſt emotion, while Damoville, in his turn, was ſomewhat diſconcerted. He ſoon, however, recovered himſelf, and, according to his plan, began to load Luzincourt with profeſſions of friendſhip, and reproached him for having ſaid he ſhould go out of town, when he had no ſuch intention.

It is true, ſaid Luzincourt, I had no ſuch intention; I was guilty of deceit, and I did wrong. I ſuffered for it; you know I am not ſubject to ſuch meanneſs; neither am I apt to be out of temper; I own I was the other day, and I have been juſt confeſſing it to this lady; ſhe was the innocent cauſe of my weakneſs, and, in juſtice, ought to receive the firſt apology.

Luzincourt's frankneſs and ſincerity, ſurprized and embaraſſed Aurelia. As for Damoville, he knew not what to think: his inquietude was exceſſive. Luzincourt, unwilling to keep him long in pain, roſe and took leave of Aurelia; then turning to Damoville, Well remembered, ſaid he, I have a meſſage for you; Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champroſe, wiſh much to hear your Comedy.

Oh, replied Damoville, I am teized to death on that head. I read it yeſterday to the Dutcheſs of —, and ſhe has deſired me to repeat it again

to-

to-morrow. People really have no mercy on good nature.

What anſwer ſhall I give the ladies?

I have refuſed Madame de Clary, who has perſecuted me beyond all belief; nay, I have poſitively this very morning, denied to go to the Princeſs of ——.

Am I to underſtand this as a denial?

To be ſure; and let me entreat thee, my dear Luzincourt, not, in future, to undertake any ſuch like meſſages.

After this final anſwer, Luzincourt bowed, retired, and left his Rival alone with Aurelia.

NOTES

NOTES,

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

IN VOL. IV.

(1) IT is very certain there exiſts a method, by which a gentle and induſtrious child may learn to read currently in fifteen leſſons; and the dulleſt will not need more than four months; while, according to the preſent method, eighteen months or two years will be neceſſary. M. Berthaud has taught us, that eighty-eight combinations of the letters, will include all the ſounds; that is, he has diſcovered, that all the words in the French language are included in theſe eighty-eight conſonances; ſo that thoſe who know their formation (without thinking on the letters which compoſe them) have learnt to read; and as he has applied a figure to each of theſe conſonances, the child eaſily remembers it, and learns to read in two months. This method cannot be here circumſtantially explained, the work which teaches it muſt therefore be referred to, the title of which is *Quadrille des Enfans, ou Syſtême nouveau de lecture.* It is ſold at Paris, chez Couturier, Quai des Auguſtins.

The Editor of the laſt edition of this work, is M. Alexandre; who is the only perſon that teaches by this method. He lives in the Rue Montmatre au coin de la rue Plâtrière.

It is very extraordinary this method has not yet been univerſally adopted, ſince it has been invented near forty years;

years: but ſuch is the attachment of men to an old track, however bad it may be.

(2) A French woman, *Elizabeth Sophie Chéron*, diſtinguiſhed herſelf equally in Painting, Poetry, and Muſic. She played on ſeveral inſtruments, underſtood Latin, Italian, and Spaniſh; painted Portraits well, but always in ſome allegoric and ingenious manner; and has, beſides, left ſeveral hiſtorical Pictures. In the ſame year, ſhe was made, in quality of Poet, an Academician of Ricovrati at Padua, and was received a Painter, in the *Academie Royale de Peinture & de Sculpture* of Paris. She married, when ſhe was 60, her intimate friend, an Engineer, named M. Hay, who was of her own age, and died at 63, in 1711 (*a*).

Catherine Duchemin, the wife of *Girardon*, a Sculptor—*Geneviève* of Boulogne, and her ſiſter, *Madeleine* of Boulogne, are three other French women, who particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in painting. But let us ſpeak now of foreigners.

Anna di Roſa, ſurnamed Anella de Maſſina, from her Maſter, painted Hiſtory with great ſucceſs (*b*).

(*a*) Her moſt eſteemed Hiſtorical Pictures are, 1. The Flight into Egypt, with a beautiful Landſcape, where the Virgin is ſeen ſleeping, and the Angels taking care of the child Jeſus. 2. Caſſandra interrogating a Genius, on the Deſtiny of Troy. 3. The Annunciation. 4. Chriſt at the Tomb. 5. St. Thomas Aquinas. She has left ſeveral agreeable Poems; one, among others, entitled Les Ceriſes renverſés, or the Cherries overturned; in which are eaſe, gaiety, and imagination.

(*b*) She periſhed at 36, the victim of jealouſy; being poniarded by Auguſtin Beltrano, her huſband, who was hurried away by unjuſt ſuſpicions.

Sophoniſba

Soqhoniſba Angoſciola Lomellina, of a noble family of Cremona, enjoyed and merited great reputation. Philip II. of Spain, invited her to Madrid, where he loaded her with favours, and procured her a moſt honourable match. Being become a widow, ſhe took to her ſecond huſband, Orazio Lomellini, who was one of the moſt illuſtrious families in Genoa. She herſelf taught the principles of her art to her three ſiſters, Europa, Anna, and Lucia, who all painted with ſucceſs. Sophoniſba lived till ſhe was exceedingly old, and died in 1620.

Lavinia Fontana, and *Antonia Pinelli*, of Bologna, deſerve alſo a place among celebrated Painters.

Maria Elena Panzachia, born at Bologna, in 1668, painted landſcapes in a ſuperior ſtyle.

Lucia Caſſalina, born in 1677, painted Hiſtory and Portraits with equal ſucceſs. She married Felix Torelli, one of the beſt Painters of his time.

Catherine Taraboti, the Scholar of Alexander Varotari, deſerves a place among the beſt Artiſts of the Venetian School. The ſiſter of Varotari, named Clara, painted Portraits in perfection.

Barbara Burini was born in 1700, and had abilities equal to any already cited.

The Flemiſh and Dutch Schools have produced women equally celebrated. The famous Sibylla Merian has been already mentioned. Anna Waſſer was born at Zurich; ſhe loved letters, wrote good poetry, painted agreeably in oil, but excelled in miniature. She died in 1713, aged 34.

Mademoiſelle Verſlt was born at Antwerp in 1680; knew Latin, ſpoke ſeveral languages, and painted Portraits and Hiſtory: the moſt celebrated Artiſts have agreed in

in praiſing the freſhneſs of her colouring, and the purity of her deſigns. She went to London, where ſhe died.

Maria Van-Oeſterwick is juſtly placed among the beſt Artiſts of Holland. She painted only fruits and flowers; but ſhe painted them in the higheſt perfection. She died in 1693.

Henrietta Vanpea-Volters, her Father's Scholar, was born at Amſterdam, and was eminent as a Miniature Painter. She died in 1741.

Rachael Ruiſch Van-Pool was born at Amſterdam, and was one of thoſe women who moſt have honoured her country by her manners and talents. Young, without maſter, without aſſiſtance, her taſte for drawing led her to copy whatever ſtruck her in paintings or engravings. At length, ſhe was put under the tuition of William Van-Aelſt, who was celebrated for his fruits and flowers; in which kind of painting ſhe obtained the higheſt reputation. The Academy of the Hague received her as one of its members, as they alſo did Van-Pool her huſband, who was a good painter. The Elector Palatine ſent her a diploma, conſtituting her painter to the Court of Duſſeldorp. The Prince ſent her a letter, accompanied with a magnificent preſent, and ſtood godfather to her child. She painted as well at eighty as at thirty, and died, aged eighty-ſix, in 1750.

The celebrated Van-Huopen excelled in the ſame ſtyle, and had only one ſcholar, the daughter of a perſon named Haverman, who made ſuch an aſtoniſhing progreſs, as even to excite her maſter's jealouſy.

Time has not deſtroyed the names of all the women of antiquity, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves as Painters. The moſt celebrated are,

"*Timaretta*,

" *Timaretta*, the daughter of Micon, and who excel-
" led in the art.

" *Irene*, daughter and ſcholar of Cratinus.

" *Calypſo*.

" *Alciſthene*.

" *Ariſtarete*, the ſcholar of her father Nearchus.

" *Lala*, of Cyzicus. No perſon had a lighter touch;
" ſhe engraved alſo on ivory.

" *Olympia*, whom Pliny mentions."

Extraits des dif. Ouv. Pub. ſur la Vie des Peint. Par M. P. D. L. F. Tome. I.

I have collected, from the work above cited, various other circumſtances, little known, which appear to me curious and intereſting. I have ſuppoſed they might be read with pleaſure, and perhaps excite emulation in the minds of youth, who have a propenſity to the fine arts.

" *Polignotus*, the ſon of Agloophon, a celebrated Pain-
" ter among the ancients, lived about four hundred and
" forty years before Chriſt. He was the firſt who gave
" expreſſion to the countenance; and after having paint-
" ed ſeveral pictures at Delphos, and under the porticoes
" of Athens, for which he would receive no payment,
" he was honoured by the Council of the Amphictiones,
" with the ſolemn thanks of all Greece, who decreed him
" apartments in all the cities at the public expence, or-
" dained him golden crowns, and aſſigned him an ho-
" nourable ſeat in the theatre.

" *Apollodorus*, an Athenian Painter, lived four hun-
" dred and four years before Chriſt; opened a new ca-
" reer, and gave birth to the fine age of painting in
" Greece. His talents were great; but what was ſtill

" more

" more to his honour, he was free from jealouſy, a weak-
" neſs too common among artiſts. He wrote verſes in
" praiſe of Zeuxis, his rival, in which he owned himſelf
" inferior to that great man.

" *Pamphilus* acquired high reputation, even in the age
" of Parrhaſius aud Zeuxis. He was above other Pain-
" ters in thoſe advantages, which the cultivation of the
" Belles Lettres and ſcientific ſtudies afford. To give
" his art the greater dignity, he obtained a public de-
" cree, which forbad the exerciſe of it to ſlaves.

" *Pauſius*, the diſciple of Pamphilus and Erigmus, was
" the firſt who adorned palaces by painting their cielings.
" He immortalized the flower-girl, Glycera, with whom
" he was in love, by repreſenting her compoſing a gar-
" land of flowers.

" *Metrodorus* was both a great Painter and a great Phi-
" loſopher. He educated the children of Paulus-Æmi-
" lius, and painted his triumph. This hero had de-
" manded two men to execute theſe two different taſks.
" Metrodorus was thought moſt capable of fulfilling
" them both.

" *Quintus-Pedius*, a Roman Painter in the time of
" Auguſtus, diſtinguiſhed himſelf in that art, though
" born dumb."

We ſhall now paſs on to modern Painters.

" Painting began to be known in Florence about the
" year 1000. Some Greeks were brought from Conſtan-
" tinople, to paint the choir of a church in Moſaic. The
" art, however, did not approach perfection till the year
" 1211, when John Cimabua was born. This artiſt
" performed ſeveral works, which baniſhed the Gothic
" and barbarous taſte that ſo had long degraded the fine
" arts.

" arts. Cimabua was alſo a good Architect: the protec-
" tion afforded him by Charles of Anjou, King of Naples,
" was one great means of the progreſs of the art. Cima-
" bua died in 1300.

" *Giotto* was the ſcholar of Cimabua; his father, who
" was a Farmer, ſent him to keep his flocks. Giotto
" amuſed himſelf with painting them; and Cimabua,
" who happened to paſs, and ſeeing him thus employed
" perſuaded him to go with him to Florence. Here
" Giotto ſoon equalled his maſter: among others, he
" painted the portrait of Dante: he painted landſcapes
" alſo, and cattle; and died in 1336, at the height of
" honour and riches.

" *Anthony Solario*, ſurnamed Zingaro, a Lockſmith,
" fell in love with the daughter of Cola Antonio, who
" diſdaining his profeſſion, told him, he ſhould never
" marry his daughter till he was as good a Painter as
" himſelf. Solario travelled, ſtudied, and at laſt arrived
" at ſuch perfection, as to obtain the woman, for whoſe
" ſake he became a Painter. He was afterwards a good
" Architect, lived to the age of ſeventy-three, and died
" in 1455. He left many ſcholars, who became excellent
" Artiſts.

" *Andrew Verrochio* applied himſelf to Painting and
" Sculpture; and inſtructed himſelf in the principles of
" Architecture, Perſpective, and Mathematics: to theſe
" he likewiſe added the arts of Engraving and Muſic.
" His ſchool was that in which the beſt Artiſts of his time
" were formed. Such were Peter Perugin, and Leonard
" de Vinci. Andrew Verrochio was the firſt who at-
" tempted, and ſucceeded, in caſting the faces of living

" and dead ſubjects, to obtain their likeneſſes. He died " in 1488.

" *Guido Reni*, beſt known by the name of Guido, was " born at Bologna in 1575. He learnt the firſt prin- " ciples of painting from Denis Calvart, a good Flemiſh " Painter, and afterwards ſtudied in the ſchool of Louis " Carracio. According to Guido, the eye was the moſt " difficult part of the countenance to paint, to which he " therefore more ſtudiouſly applied, and more perfectly " repreſented, than any other Artiſt. His ſchool con- " tained near two hundred ſtudents. He died in " 1641-(*a*).

" *Anthony Baleſtra*, a great Painter of the Venetain " School, died in 1740, aged ſeventy-four. What was " moſt ſingular in him was, he did not attain perfection " till he was old.

" *Giovanni-Franceſco Barbieri*, ſurnamed Guerchin, " or the Squinter, was born at Cento, near Bologna, in " 1590. No Painter ever worked faſter than this great " Artiſt. Preſſed by ſome Friars for a picture of God the " Father, for the High Altar of their church, on the " eve of their feaſt, he painted it one night by candle- " light. He died in 1666 (*b*)

" *Auguſtin*

(*a*) Guido's beſt painting is in Italy, at Bologna, in the Sampierri Palace. The ſubject is St. Peter in priſon, weeping for his ſin.

(*b*) There is a very ſtriking picture of this maſter, at Capodimonte, near Naples. It is a half-length Magdalen, to which

common

" *Auguſtin Metelli* was born in great poverty, at Bo-
" logna, and at the age of ſeventeen had acquired ſo
" much perfection, that a rich Architect ſought him out,
" and offered to divide his fortune with him, and adopt
" him for his ſon; which offer Metelli's love for his fa-
" ther and mother occaſioned him to refuſe. He after-
" wards went into Spain, where he received numerous
" favours from Philip IV. He was an excellent Archi-
" tect, a man of Literature, and wrote good Poetry.
" He died at Madrid in 1660.

" The Chevalier *Stanzioni*, a Neapolitan, became fa-
" mous in Painting and Architecture. He has written
" four books, full of uſeful reflections, with the lives of
" the Painters and Sculptors of his own country. He
" lived to the age of ninety-ſix, and died in 1681 (*a*).

common ſubject he has given novelty, by his manner of treating it. His Magdalen does not expreſs deſpair, but a ſenſation more confirmed and profound. Her head is ſupported by her hand, in which melancholy attitude ſhe contemplates Chriſt's Crown of Thorns, which lies before her on the table. To celeſtial beauty her countenance adds expreſſion, as affecting as it is ſublime; and repreſents, with perfect truth, all the reflections to which ſuch meditations might be ſuppoſed to give birth.

(*a*) Joſeph Ribeira, ſurnamed the Little Spaniard, was born in poverty, became very induſtrious, and acquired great perfection. A Cardinal took him to his own houſe, but the Spaniard finding himſelf too much at his eaſe, and obſerving his induſtry ſlacken, he fled from the Cardinal for that ſole reaſon recovered his love of labour, and made a great fortune. He died 1746.

" *Juan-Fernandes Ximenes de Navereta*, known by the " ſurname of *el Mudo* (the Dumb) is called, by the " greateſt Artiſts, the Spaniſh Titian. He was celebrated " by the moſt famous Spaniſh Poets, and died in Spain " in 1572 (*a*).

THE FLEMISH, DUTCH, AND FRENCH SCHOOLS.

" *Louis de Deyſter*, born at Bruges, was a great Pain- " ter, and an admirer of the Italian manner. He amuſed " himſelf with making harpſichords, organs, violins, " and clocks. Anne Deyſter, his daughter, drew well, " and made copies of her father's works, which have " often been miſtaken for the originals. She was like- " wiſe a Muſician, played on all inſtruments, and excel- " lently on the harpſichord. Deyſter died in 1711.

" *Octavius Van-Veen*, a good Painter, died at Bruſſels " in 1634, and left two daughters, Gertrude and Cor- " nelia, who both excelled in painting.

" *Gerard Terburg*, born in the province of Overyſſel, " an excellent Artiſt, died in 1681. Netſcher, Coutſon, " and Koetz, were his diſciples, and his ſiſters; Maria " Terburg, his daughter, ſketched out his works, which " were as much eſteemed as if they had been totally his " own.

" *John Both*, born at Utrecht, ſurnamed Both of Italy, " becauſe of his long ſtay in that country with Andrew

(*a*) John Holbeen, ſurnamed the Young, a German, could paint only with his left hand. The Dance of death, at Baſil, is by him, and repreſents Death deſtroying all human grandeur. I have ſeen the picture; I found it impoſſible to underſtand its beauties, but it is admired by all Connoiſſeurs. Holbeen died at London in 1554.

" Both

" Both, his brother, ſucceeded ſo well in imitating the " colouring of Claude Lorrain, that the reputation of " Claude was diminiſhed; and the more ſo, becauſe " that the figures of Andrew Both, his brother, which " were inſerted in his landſcapes, were infinitely ſuperior " to thoſe of Claude. John and Andrew always lived " in the greateſt unity; and their pictures, though done " by two different hands, ſeemed but the work of one. " John Both had the misfortune, in 1650, to loſe his " brother, who drowned himſelf; and John died of " grief, the ſame year, at the age of forty.

" *Peter de Laar*, was ſurnamed the Bamboche, in Ita- " ly, becauſe of his uncouth form, or rather becauſe he " was the author of that ſpecies of groteſque painting, " in which we find thoſe kind of figures, called Bambo- " chades. He travelled into France and Italy, and died " at Harlem 1675, aged ſixty-two (*a*).

" *John*

(*a*) The celebrated Eraſmus, born at Amſterdam, and ſo well known in the literary world, was an excellent Painter. The merit of his paintings is atteſted by the Artiſts of his time. He ornamented the monaſtery of Emmaus, which is now deſtroyed with his works; nor do we find that one of his pictures has been preſerved.

Adrian Vander Weff is the Painter, who, among the Dutch, has diſcovered moſt taſte and genius. He was born at Rotterdam in 1659, and applied himſelf to paint hiſtory in ſmall. The Elector Palatine heaped benefits upon him, and created him a Knight. Vander Weff died at Amſterdam in the year 1727. There is a great collection of Paintings by this Artiſt at Duſſeldorp. Among them there is one which is a maſter-piece of expreſſion: it repreſents Chriſt on the Croſs, the Virgin fainting,

" *John Couſin* may be looked upon as the firſt French
" Painter of eminence. He was born near Sens, lived in
" 1589,

and Magdalen kneeling, weeping, and looking at the Virgin. The figure of Magdalen is admirable for it's pathos and reality.

There are ſeveral Painters at preſent in Flanders, of ſuperior merit. Among others are, M. Lyens at Bruſſels; M. Heryens, at Malines; and M. Varagen, at Louvain; all three Hiſtory Painters. The latter is indebted to himſelf only for his talents, and to the generoſity of M. Lyens for his celebrity. All the Painters of Flanders were aſtoniſhed, to ſee excellent pictures in circulation, the author of which was unknown. The freſhneſs of the colouring informed them they were newly painted, yet all inquiries to know where they came from were fruitleſs. M. Lyens, more ſtruck than the reſt by this ſingularity, determined, if poſſible, to diſcover this anonymous Painter, who deſerved ſo well to be known; and for this purpoſe travelled through the towns of Flanders, and viſited all the young Painters he could get any intelligence of. He came at laſt to Louvain, which town he was ready to quit, without finding what he was in ſearch of. He happened however to be told, there was another man in Louvain who buſied himſelf about Painting, but who worked merely for ſubſiſtence; was unknown to every body, and, no doubt, a poor Dauber, as execrable as obſcure. M. Lyens determined to viſit the man, whoſe wife every day kept a ſtall in the ſtreet, where ſhe ſold matches. The huſband was ſhut up in his garret, whither M. Lyens mounted. The lodging, and ſimplicity of the man, gave no new animation to his hopes: he aſked, however, to ſee a picture.---I have but one, ſaid the man; there is a deal of work in it, and it is very dear.---What is the price?---Oh, I muſt have four guineas for it; I cannot afford it for leſs; I have been at work on it theſe three months.---Well, let me ſee it.---The good

man

" 1589, and acquired great reputation during the reigns " of Henry II. Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. " He practiſed Sculpture with ſucceſs, underſtood Ma- " thematics and Anatomy, and was an able Architect. " He painted much on glaſs, which was then in great " eſteem; and likewiſe on canvas.

" *Simon Vouet* died 1641. Moſt of the eminent French " Painters of the laſt age were his ſcholars. Such were " Le Bruur, Le Sueur, Le Valentin, Jean-Baptiſte Mole, " Aubin, Claude Vouet, François Perrier, Pierre Mig- " nard, Nicolas Chaperon, Charles Poerſon, Dorigny, " the father, Louis and Henri Teſtelin, Alphonſe Du- " freſnoi, and many others.

" *Charles Alphonſe Dufreſnoi*, was a good Poet, a good " Painter, an able Architect, and underſtood Latin, " Greek, and the Mathematics. No Painter came ſo " near Titian as Dufreſnoi. He has left a beautiful

man brought out his picture, and preſented it to M. Lyens, who inſtantly exclaimed, with tranſport, *I have found him at laſt!*

The reſt of the converſation added to the aſtoniſhment of M. Lyens, who learnt, this excellent Painter had never had a maſter: that he was the Scholar of Nature only: that he had never ſuſpected his own ſuperiority; and that he had conſtantly ſold his pictures, for fifteen years, to a fellow, who had been diſhoneſt enough to take advantage of his ſituation and ſimplicity; and give him a vile price for pictures, which he ſold exceſſively dear. M. Lyens had the glory to draw talents from obſcurity, which he knew how to admire. He introduced M. Vanagen to the world, who owes the reputation and wealth he at preſent poſſeſſes, to this generous Artiſt.

" poem on Painting, which has been tranſlated into all " languages. He died in 1665.

" *Claude Gelée*, called Lorrain, was a famous Land- " ſcape Painter, born in the dioceſe of Toul in Lorrain, " and died at Rome in 1682, aged eighty-two.

" *Sebaſtian Bourdon*, a great French Painter, died at " Paris in 1671, aged fifty-five. There are many of his " works in Paris: among others, the crucifixion of St. " Peter in the church of Notre-Dame, which is thought " to be his chef-d'œuvre.

" *Euſtache le Sueur*, born at Paris in 1617, became a " ſublime Painter, without ever having ſeen Italy. The " paintings of the Cloiſter of the Chartreux at Paris, by " him, have occaſioned him to be compared to Raphael.

" The celebrated *le Brun* was born at Paris, and died " in 1690. At twelve years old he painted his grand- " father's portrait. In the collection of the Palais- " Royal, are two pictures painted by him at fourteen; " one is Hercules taming the horſes of Diomede; the " other that ſame hero offering ſacrifice. Louis XIV. " commanded him to paint the principal actions of his " reign; and le Brun ingeniouſly and allegorically united " Fable and Hiſtory, by which happy aſſemblage he " formed a kind of epic poem of the acts of Louis, with " which he enriched the Gallery at Verſailles. The " King ordered le Brun likewiſe to ornament the Gal- " lery of the Louvre, with the acts of Alexander the " Great. Among the beſt paintings of this Artiſt are " diſtinguiſhed the Martyrdom of St. Stephen and of " St. Andrew at Notre-Dame; a Penitent Magdalen at " the Carmelites, Rue Saint-Jacques; the Reſurrection " of Jeſus Chriſt in the Church of St. Sepulchre, Rue

" Saint-

" Saint-Denis; a Preſentation to the Temple of the " Capuchins of the Fauxbourg, Saint-Jacques; the " cieling of the Seminary Chapel of Saint-Sulpice, " repreſenting the Aſſumption, and thought to be " one of the beſt of his works; the famous picture of " Moſes preſenting the Brazen Serpent to the Iſraelites, " in the Convent of Picpus; St. Charles kneeling, and " imploring divine mercy for the city of Milan, at St. " Nicolas du Chardonneret; the Maſſacre of the In- " nocents, at the Palais-Royal, &c.

" *Jean Jouvenet*, a great Painter, having received a " paralytic ſtroke in his right hand, came, by force of " induſtry, to paint equally well with his left. Reſtout, " the Nephew, was his beſt ſcholar. He died in 1717.

" *Antoine Coypel* was received a Member of the Academy " of Painting at the age of twenty, and died in 1722.

" *Francois le Moine* was born at Paris. When he had " painted the cupola of the Virgin's Chapel at the church " of Saint-Sulpice, where he repreſented the Aſſumption, " Louis XIV. choſe him to paint the Grand Saloon at " Verſailles, which has ſince been called the Saloon of " Hercules. Le Moine there repreſented the apotheoſis " of this hero. This grand and magnificent compoſition " included more than one hundred and forty figures, " ſuſtained on one baſe, in the midſt of which are re- " preſented the principal labours of Hercules, in coun- " terfeit ſtucco; the whole work is diſtributed into ſe- " veral groups, and was finiſhed in 1736, after four years " aſſiduous labour. It ought to be looked upon as the " greateſt in Europe, and as an immortal monument of " the genius of its author. Violent grief deprived this " great Artiſt of his reaſon, and he died of ſeveral ſtabs

" which he gave himſelf with a ſword in 1737, aged
" forty-nine. Le Moine made a ſhort trip to Italy, but
" he only paſſed ſix months there. His principal ſcholars
" were Boucher, Natoire, Nonotte, le Bel, and Challes.

" *Jean Petitot* is looked upon as the firſt who brought
" Painting in enamel to perfection. He was born at Ge-
" neva, in 1607, and was originally a Jeweller. Vandyke
" having ſeen his works, adviſed him to apply himſelf to
" Portrait Painting, and received him among his pupils.
" He ſoon obtained great perfection, and was aſſiſted by
" Bordier, his brother in law, who painted the drapery,
" head-dreſſes, &c. of his Portraits. Petitot was held in
" great eſtimation by Charles I. of England. After the
" death of that Monarch, he attached himſelf to
" Charles II. and followed him to France. Louis XIV.
" retained this Painter in his ſervice, and Petitot was
" received an Academician. He lived 36 years at Paris,
" where he divided a million (41,666l. ſterling) with
" Bordier, which they had amaſſed together, without
" ever having had the leaſt difference. At the revoca-
" tion of the Edict of Nantes, Petitot retired into his
" own country, and died in 1691, at the age of 84, in the
" Canton of Berne."

For reaſons before cited, I have thought it would not be improper to add a liſt of the principal Sculptors, ancient and modern, and a ſmall abridgment of the Hiſtory of Architecture. I have taken thoſe extracts from the Encyclopædia, and have, as before, occaſionally added Notes from the Diary of my Travels, the exactitude of which may be depended upon.

ANCIENT

ANCIENT SCULPTORS.

" The names of the Egyptian Sculptors have not come " down to us; and the Greeks have effaced all thoſe of " Rome.

" *Appollonius* and *Tauriſcus*, two Rhodians, conjointly " executed the celebrated Antique of Zethus and Am- " phion tying Dirce (*a*) to a Bull. It is all one block of " marble, even to the very cords, is ſtill in exiſtence, " and known by the name of the Farneſe Bull (*b*).

" *Phidias*, a native of Athens, flouriſhed about the year " of the world 3556, in the 83d Olympiad. It was he, " who, after the Battle of Marathon, worked on a block " of marble, which the Perſians, in expectation of vic- " tory, had brought to erect as a trophy. He turned it " into a *Nemeſis*, the Goddeſs whoſe function it is to hum- " ble haughty men. The chef-d'œuvre of Phidias was " his Olympian Jove, which was thought one of the " ſeven wonders of the world. Phidias was actuated and

(*a*) Dirce was Queen of Thebes, to marry whom Lycus had repudiated Antiope. Jupiter fell in love with the latter, took the form of Lycus to deceive her, and pretended a reconciliation. Dirce believing Lycus viſited Antiope, impriſoned her, and made her ſuffer great hardſhips. Antiope, at laſt, eſcaped, and was brought to bed of Zethus and Amphion, on Mount Cythero, whom ſhe delivered to the care of ſhepherds. The young Princes, at length, to revenge their mother, had the barbarity to tie Dirce to the tail of a mad bull, and ſhe was daſhed to pieces.---*Dict. de la Fable.*

(*b*) It is much more remarkable for the prodigious ſize of the block of marble, than for the beauty of the workmanſhip.

" inſpired in the conſtruction of this ſtatue, by a ſpirit " of vengeance againſt the Athenians, of whom he had " a right to complain; and by a deſire that his ungrate- " ful country ſhould not poſſeſs his beſt work, for he was " then labouring for the Eleans. To honour the me- " mory of the Artiſt, they created a new office in favour " of his deſcendants, which was to take care of this " ſtatue. The ſtatue was of gold and ivory, ſixty feet " high, and made every ſucceeding Sculptor deſpair of " arriving at ſuch excellence.

" The Athenian Minerva of Phidias, ſays Pliny, was " twenty-ſix cubits high, of ivory and gold; on the " borders of the Goddeſs's ſhield Phidias repreſented, in " baſs-relief the Combat of the Amazons; and within, " that of the Gods and Giants. He depicted the Battle of " the Centaurs, and Lapithæ on her buſkins; and deco- " rated the baſe of the ſtatue by a baſſo-relievo of the birth " of Pandora. The compoſition contained the birth of " twenty other Gods; the Serpent and the Sphynx, on " which the Goddeſs reſted her lance, were particularly " admired. Theſe circumſtances have only been de- " ſcribed by Pliny, and indeed they were loſt to the " ſpectators; for the ſhield of Minerva being ten feet in " diameter, theſe ornaments could not be ſeen diſtinctly " enough to judge of their merit on a figure near forty " feet high, and which was ſtill raiſed higher by being " placed on a pedeſtal; it was not therefore, in theſe " ſmall objects, that the principal merit of the ſtatue " of Minerva conſiſted.

" *Pollycletes* was born at Sicyone, a city of Peloponneſus, and lived in the 87th Olympiad; his works " were invaluable. That which acquired him the higheſt " reputation,

" reputation, was the ſtatue of Adoryphorus, that is to " ſay, a Guard of the King of Perſia. In this ſtatue all " the proportions of the human body were ſo happily " preſerved, that they came from all parts to conſult it " as a perfect model; ſo that it was called, by Judges, " *The Rule*.

" *Zenodorus* flouriſhed in the time of Nero, and was " famed for a prodigious ſtatue of Mercury, and after- " wards for the Coloſſus of Nero (*a*), which was 110 or " 120 feet high; Veſpaſian took away the head of Nero, " and in its ſtead placed the head of Apollo, adorned " with ſeven rays, each of which were ſeven feet and a " half long.

" The Venus de Medicis (*b*) bears the name of Cleo- " menes, the ſon of Apollodorus, the Athenian.

" The Farneſe Hercules; bears that of Glycon, an Athenian.

" The Pallas, in the Ludoviſi gardens, at Rome; that " of Antiochus, the ſon of Illas.

" The Borgheſe Gladiator; that of Agaſias, the ſon " of Oſytheus, an Epheſian.

" The Torſus Belvidera (*c*), by Apollonius, the ſon " of Neſtor, an Athenian.

" The

(*a*) One of the fineſt ruins at Rome, the Coliſeum, is ſaid to have taken its name from this ſtatue, which anciently ſtood there. The Gladiators fought in the Coliſeum. Benedict XIV. ſpoilt the inſide of this admirable monument of antiquity, by building little chapels in it.

(*b*) This fine ſtatue is at Florence, in the Gallery of the Grand Duke.

(*c*) At Rome there is the trunk of a human figure, which is called the Antique, or Herculean Torſus; it is very famous, and

is

" The name of Callimachus is ſeen on a baſſo-relievo, " repreſenting Bacchants and a Faun in the Albani " Palace (*a*).

" The Apotheoſis of Homer, in the Colonna Palace, " bears, on a vaſe, the name of Archelaus, the ſon of " Apollonius.

" It is ſingular, as M. de Caylus remarks, that, of all " theſe names, only the four firſt are mentioned by " Pliny; and ſtill more ſo, that none of theſe ſeven " ſtatues are noticed by him. The Laocoon (*b*) and the " Dirce are the only remaining works of which he " ſpeaks. On the other hand, we ought not to be ſur-

" prized

is in the Muſeum. The fighting Gladiator is in the Borgheſe Palace, and the dying Gladiator in the Capitol.

(*a*) The Albani Palace is without the walls of Rome, and one of the fineſt in Italy. It is immenſe, of moſt ſuperb architecture, and decorated with obeliſks, fountains, columns of precious marble, baſſo-relievo, and moſt beautiful antique ſtatues. It contains ſome paintings, a cieling by Mengs, and one thing ſaid to be Unique, which is an antique ſtatue of a female Satyr: ſuch a figure being, as it is aſſerted, no where elſe to be found but in Baſſo-relievo.

(*b*) Laocoon, the ſon of Priam and Hecuba, and High Prieſt of Apollo, oppoſed the entrance of the Trojan horſe, but was overruled. At the ſame time, two enormous ſerpents came from the ſea, and aſſaulted his children at the foot of the Altar. He ran to ſuccour them, and was ſtrangled with them, by the monſters twiſting round their bodies.---*Dict. de la Fable.*

The Grecian Sculptor has taken the point of time, when, unable to get free from the Serpents, Laocoon and his children are almoſt expiring. The ſculpture is thought admirable, though the

children

" prized at the ſilence of Pauſanias, relative to all the " beautiful ſtatues of Rome; when he travelled through " Greece, they were tranſported into Italy, for the Ro- " mans had been 300 years endeavouring to rob Greece " of its Pictures and Statues. The Roman Sculpture " had but a ſhort reign, and was never brought to ſuch " perfection. It began to languiſh under Tiberius, and " the buſt of Caracalla is looked upon as its expiring " ſigh. It did not revive till the pontificate of Julius II. " and Leo X. after which it was called *Modern Sculpture*."

MODERN SCULPTORS.

" *Donato*, born at Florence, lived in the fifteenth cen- " tury. The Senate of Venice choſe him to make the " Equeſtrian ſtatue in bronze, which the public erected to " Gatamelata, the Grand Captain, who, from the loweſt " extraction, arrived to the rank of General of the Ve- " netian armies, and gained ſeveral remarkable victories; " but the Chef-d'œuvre of Donato was a Judith cutting " off the head of Holofernes.

" *Roſſi Propertia* flouriſhed at Bologna, under the pon- " tificate of Clement VII. Muſic was her amuſement, " Sculpture her occupation. At firſt ſhe modelled her " figures in clay, afterwards carved in wood, and at laſt " in ſtone. She decorated the front of the church of St. " Petrona with ſeveral ſtatues in marble, which procured " her great praiſe; but an unhappy paſſion for a young

children are ſaid to be too ſmall. The moſt beautiful and perfect of all the Antique Statues is the Apollo Belvidera, which people, ignorant of the art, cannot behold without admiration. Apollo is repreſented juſt after he has killed the Serpent Pithon.

" man,

" man, who was inſenſible to her love, threw her into a " kind of languor, that put an end to her days. Her " beſt and laſt work was a baſſo-relievo of Joſeph and Po- " tiphar's wife.

" *Goujon*, a Pariſian, flouriſhed under the reigns of " Francis I. and Henry II. A modern author has called " him the *Corregio of Sculpture*, becauſe he always con- " ſulted the graces. No perſon better underſtood figures " of demi-relief, nor can any thing be finer in this way " than his *Fontaine des Innocens*, Rue St. Denis, at " Paris; the works of Goujon were ſeen at the gate of " Saint Antoine; he was alſo a good Architect.

" *Nicolas Bachelier* was the Scholar of Michael An- " gelo; he lived at Toulouſe, under the reign of " Francis I. where he eſtabliſhed good taſte, and baniſhed " the Gothic manner, till then in uſe.

" *Baccio Bandinelli*, born at Florence, was greatly " eſteemed as a Sculptor. It was he who replaced the " right-arm of the Laocoon; he died 1559.

" *John* of *Bologna* died at Florence, towards the be- " ginning of the ſeventeenth century, and was an ex- " cellent Painter; he ornamented the public ſquare of " Florence with that marble groupe which is ſtill there " to be ſeen, of the Rape of the Sabines. The Horſe, " on which the ſtatue of Henry IV. has ſince been placed, " in the middle of the Pont-Neuf, at Paris, is by him.

" *John Gonelli*, ſurnamed the Blind, of Cambaſſi, " from the place of his birth, in Tuſcany, died at Rome, " under the pontificate of Urban VIII. He was the " Scholar of Pietro Tacca, and diſcovered genius, but " loſt his ſight at the age of 20. This misfortune did " not prevent him from exerciſing his art, which he did

" by

" by feeling alone. The ſtatue of Coſmo I. Grand Duke " of Tuſcany, was thus performed by him, and he had " equal ſucceſs in various other of his works.

Pierre Puget, an admirable Sculptor, good Painter, " and an excellent Architect, was born at Marſeilles in " 1623; he embelliſhed Toulon, Marſeilles, and Aix, " with various Pictures, which ſtill do honour to the " churches of the Capuchins and the Jeſuits; ſuch are " his Annunciation, his Baptiſm of Conſtantine, and " his Picture called the Saviour of the world. The " Education of Achilles was his laſt Painting. The Cro- " tonian Milo is the firſt and beſt ſtatue which was ſeen " at Verſailles, done by Puget. This admirable Artiſt " died at Marſeilles in 1694, aged 72.

" *Jacques Sarazin*, born at Noyon, was contemporary " with Puget. The tomb of Cardinal Berulli, in the " church of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg Saint-Jacques, " is by this excellent Artiſt. Among his works at Ver- " ſailles we ought not to forget Remus and Romulus " ſuckled by a goat, and another group at Marli, in " equal eſtimation, repreſenting Two Children at Play " with a He-Goat.

" *Theodon*, born in France in the ſeventeenth century, " was an able Sculptor.

" *Algardi*, an Italian, flouriſhed about the middle of " the 17th century. Among other works of this ſuperior " Artiſt, his Baſſo-relievo is much admired, which re- " preſents St. Peter and St. Paul in the clouds, menacing " Attilla, going to ſack Rome. This Baſſo-relievo ſerves " as a Picture to one of the ſmall altars of the great " church of St. Peter,

" *Michael*

" *Michael Anguier*, died in 1680, and was the brother " of Francis Anguier, who, like himſelf, was alſo a diſ- " tinguiſhed Artiſt; he is well known for his marble " Amphitheatre in the park at Verſailles; his works at " the gate of Saint Denis; his figures at the portal of " the Val-de-Grace; and by various others.

" *John-Lawrence Bernini*, called the Cavalier Bernini, " was born at Naples, in 1598. Louis XIV. invited him " to Paris in 1665.

" *François Desjardins*, a native of Breda, died in 1694. " He executed the monument of *La Place de Victoires*, at " Paris.

" *François Girardon*, born at Troye, in Champagne, " has almoſt equalled antiquity by his Baths of Apollo; " his tomb of Cardinal de Richelieu, which is in the " church of the Sorbonne; and by his Statue of " Louis XIV. which ſtands in the Place Vendôme; he " made alſo a good Buſt of Boileau. Girardon died in " 1698.

" *Jean-Baptiſte Tuby*, called the Roman, holds a diſ- " tinguiſhed rank among the Artiſts who appeared un- " der the reign of Louis XIV. The Mauſoleum of the " Viſcount de Turenne, interred at Saint Denis, was " deſigned by le Brun, and executed by Tuby. Immor- " tality is ſeen holding a crown with one hand, and " ſuſtaining Turenne with the other; Wiſdom and Vir- " tue ſtand on each ſide him; the firſt aſtoniſhed at the " fatal ſtroke, which robbed France of this hero; the " other plunged in conſternation. Tuby died at Paris " in 1700.

" *Zumbo*,

" *Zumbo*, born at Syracuſe, had no other maſter but " his own genius; he worked wholly in coloured wax, " which he prepared after a particular manner. Warren " and le Bel knew the ſecret before him, but the works " of our Artiſt excelled all others of this kind. Zumbo " executed, for the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, that re- " nowned ſubject la Corruzione (the Corruption;) a " work curious for its exactitude and great natural " knowledge. It conſiſts of five figures, coloured after " nature: the firſt repreſents a dying man, the ſecond a " corpſe, the third the body beginning to putrify, the " fourth putrefaction advanced, and the fifth putre- " trefaction at its height, which cannot be beheld with- " out a kind of horror. The Grand Duke placed the " work in his Cabinet (*a*). Zumbo died at Paris, in " 1701.

" *John Balthazar Keller*, incomparable in the art of " caſting in bronze, was born at Zurich. He came to " France, where, on the laſt day of December, 1692, " he produced his Equeſtrian Statue of Louis XIV. (*b*) " which is twenty feet high, and all one piece, as may be " ſeen in the Place Vendôme. There are other admira- " ble works of his in the gardens of Verſailles, and elſe- " where. Louis XIV. made him Intendant of the Ar- " ſenal Foundery. He died in 1702. His brother, Jean- " Jaques, was alſo very ſkilful in the ſame profeſſion.

" *Pierre le Gros* was born at Paris, in 1666, and died at " Rome in 1719; in which city he had a part in the moſt

(*a*) At Florence, where it is ſtill to be ſeen.

(*b*) *There is ſome inaccuracy in the account of this ſtatue; it has juſt before been attributed to* François Girardon. T.

" ſuperb

" ſuperb pieces of Sculpture that capital of the fine arts
" has produced. Such are his Louis Gonzago, over the
" altar of the Roman College, which has been engraved;
" his Baſſo-relievo of Mount-Piety; his Tomb of Cardinal
" Caſſanata; his Statue of Staniſlaus Koſka, in the No-
" viciate of the Jeſuits (*a*); and his Triumph of Religion
" over Hereſy, in the church of Giezu. The Baſs-re-
" lievo, in the church of *Saint Jaque des Incurables*, at
" Paris, by this Artiſt, is well known.

" *Antoine Coyſevox* was born at Lyons, in 1640. The
" great ſtair-caſe, the garden, and the gallery, at Ver-
" ſailles, are ornamented by his Sculpture. Several of
" the Tombs which decorate the churches at Paris are
" by him; his two prodigious groups, of Mercury and
" Fame, ſitting on winged horſes, are well known; they
" were placed in the gardens at Marli, in 1702; each
" group, ſuſtained by a trophy, was cut from a block of
" marble; and this celebrated Artiſt laboured with ſuch
" ſurprizing fire, and a correctneſs ſo uncommon, that
" he compleated them both in two years. However,
" perhaps, the work would ſuffer, if compared with the
" Marcus Curtius of Bernini, at Verſailles. Coyſevox
" died in 1720.

" *Nicholas Couſtou* was born at Lyons, in 1658, and
" died in 1733; he was the Scholar of Coyſevox. With-

(*a*) Called at preſent St. Andrew's. The Statue of Le Gros has great reputation, and affords fine touches, but it wants expreſſion. The face is too fleſhy, the hands too fat, and the figure is a Picture of Sleep rather than Pain. The Saint is in his religious habit; his gown is black marble, the reſt white. We have before obſerved this is falſe taſte.

" out

" out entering into a detail of his works, it will be ſuf-
" ficient to cite the fine Statue of the Emperor Commo-
" dus, under the form of Hercules, in the gardens at
" Verſailles. The Pedeſtrian Statue of Julius Cæſar, the
" Rivers Seine and Marne, in the Tuilleries, and the
" Vow of Louis XIII. behind the high altar of Notre
" Dame, at Paris. His name, celebrated in the arts, is
" likewiſe ſuſtained with great diſtinction, by Meſſieurs
" Couſtou, who belonged to the ſame Academy.——
" There have been many other good Sculptors."

ARCHITECTURE.

" Ancient authors allow the Egyptians to have firſt
" built with ſymmetry and proportion, but Greece
" ought to be regarded as the birth-place of
" good Architecture (*a*). Among the Romans, it
" arrived at its higheſt perfection in the time of Au-
" guſtus (*b*); it began to be neglected under Tiberius
" and Nero; was raiſed again by Trajan, and protected
" by Alexander Severus, who could not impede its
" downfall with the Empire of the Weſt; from the ruins
" of which it did not riſe again for ſeveral ages. It then
" took a new form called Gothic, which ſubſiſted wholly
" till Charlemagne endeavoured to re-eſtabliſh the an-
" cient mode. Architecture afterwards became as much
" too light as it before had been too heavy; the Builders
" of thoſe times placed their beauties in a delicacy and

(*a*) The beſt days of Architecture among the Greeks, was the Age of Pericles.

(*b*) The famous Pantheon was built under the reign of Auguſtus.

" profuſion

" profuſion of ornaments till then unknown; which " taſte they received from the Arabs and Moors, who " brought it into France from the Southern Countries, as " the Goths and Vandals had brought the heavy Gothic " from the North. It is only within theſe two laſt cen- " turies, that the Architects of France and Italy have " applied themſelves to recover the beauty, ſimplicity, and proportion of ancient Architecture."

The continuation of this Extract is taken from an eſtimable work, in two volumes, entitled *Vies des Architectes Anciens & Modernes*; tranſlated from the Italian, by M. Pingeron.

Beſides the ſix orders of Architecture, ſays M. Pingeron, there are two other baſtard ones, called the Attic and the Cariatic; the laſt of which thus took its riſe.

" The Carians having joined the Perſians, the other " Greeks declared againſt them, took their city, put " their men to the ſword, and carried away their women " captive. Not contented to lead them like ſlaves, in " the triumphs of their Generals, they inſiſted that their " Architects ſhould ſuſtain the entablatures of their " public buildings, by figures of women, repreſenting " the Carians; and theſe were ſubſtituted inſtead of " columns. The Lacedæmonians did the ſame thing after " the battle of Platea: they built a vaſt gallery, which " they called *Perſian*, the roof of which was ſuſtained by " Statues, habited like the Captives they had taken " from the Perſians.

" Hiſtory informs us, Ninus built Nineveh, the form " of which city was a parallelogram, or oblong ſquare, " twenty-four French leagues in circumference; and it's " walls were ſo thick, three chariots might drive abreaſt " upon them. They were 100 feet high, and were de-

" fended

" fended by 1500 towers, each 100 feet high. Semira-
" mis, not contented with this vaſt city, built in its
" neighbourhood the famous Babylon, perfectly ſquare,
" each ſide of which was five French leagues, and en-
" cloſed it within twenty-five gates of braſs. The Eu-
" phrates ran through the midſt of it; and at it's two
" extremities ſtood the ſovereign Palaces, which were
" ſurrounded by Terraces ſuſtained by Arcades. The
" magnificent Temple of Jupiter Belus was at Babylon,
" which was 212 fathoms high, and the ſame breadth at
" the baſe. It conſiſted of eight ſquare towers, placed
" one upon the other, and diminiſhed by degrees. The
" ſpectator might ſuppoſe he there beheld the remains of
" the famous Tower of Babel, which St. Jerome thinks
" was built to the height of three miles, 3379 fathoms.
" Some pretend, that Ninus, Belus, and Semiramis not
" only commanded theſe enormous works, but made
" plans of them, and preſided at their execution.

" *Trophonius* and *Agameda*, who lived 1400 years be-
" fore Chriſt, were the firſt Grecian Architects men-
" tioned in Hiſtory.

" *Theodorus*, who lived ſeven hundred years before
" Chriſt, was an Architect and Sculptor, and is ſaid to
" be the inventor of locks, the rule, the level, and the
" turning lath (*a*).

" *Satyrus* and *Petus* deſigned and built the tomb
" which Artemiſa erected in Halicarnaſſus, to Mauſoleus,
" King of Caria.

" *Dinocrates* was the Architect that Alexander em-
" ployed in the building of Alexandria.

(*a*) Calus, the nephew of Dedalus, whom Ovid calls Perdix, invented the ſaw and the compaſs.

" *Coſſutius*

" *Coſſutius* was the firſt Roman Architect who built " after the manner of the Greeks, 200 years before " Chriſt.

" *Vitruvius* lived under the reign of Auguſtus, to " whom he dedicated his Treatiſe on Architecture. This " Treatiſe is come down to us.

" *Apollodorus* conſtructed the famous Trajan Pillar; " but the moſt celebrated work of Trajan and Apollo- " dorus was, the bridge they built over the Danube, in " the Lower Hungary, veſtiges of which ſtill remain. It " was more than 300 feet high, and about 800 perches " long, which make half a league. The two extremi- " ties of the bridge were defended by two fortreſſes, yet " this bridge is nothing when compared to thoſe which " might be ſeen in China. Among others, we are told " of one with a hundred arches, ſo high, that a veſſel " may paſs under in full ſail. It is built of large blocks " of white marble, over which is a balluſtrade, with pe- " deſtals on each ſide of marble lions. There are many " bridges in China, to paſs from one mountain to ano- " ther. Near Kin-tung is a wooden-bridge, ſupported " by twenty chains, faſtened at each end to a moun- " tain.

" After the death of Trajan, Adrian built a Temple " from his own deſigns. He ſent his plans to Apollo- " dorus, who replied, that if the Goddeſſes and other " Statues, which were ſeated in the Temple, ſhould take " a fancy to riſe, they would run the riſk of breaking " their heads againſt the cieling. This criticiſm is ſaid " to have coſt him his life.

" *Nicon*, father to the famous Phyſician Galen, was " alſo an Architect. Galen himſelf had ſome know-

" ledge

" ledge of Architecture, and wrote well on it's prin-
" ciples.

" *Sennamar*, an Arabian Architect, lived in the fif-
" teenth century. He built two Palaces, one of which
" was called Sadir, and the other Khaovarnack, which
" the Arabs place among the wonders of the world; and
" with juſtice, if what they ſay be not fabulous. One
" ſingle ſtone ſuſtained, they knew not how, every part
" of the edifice; ſo that had that ſtone been taken away,
" the building muſt have fallen in ruins.

" *Antenius*, in conjunction with Iſidorus of Milet,
" built the famous Temple of Sancta Sophia, at Conſtan-
" tinople, by order of the Emperor Juſtinian. This vaſt
" edifice was firſt built by Conſtantine, but was burnt
" and rebuilt ſeveral times. Juſtinian determined to
" make it a magnificent Temple: it's ſcite is on the
" ſummit of a little hill, that overlooks the city; the
" plan is almoſt a perfect ſquare, for it is 252 feet
" long, and 228 wide; from the centre of the cupola to
" to the floor is 80 feet; it is full of Pillars of Marble,
" Porphyry, &c. and has nine magnificent gates of
" Bronze. Alabaſter, Porphyry, Ophites, Mother-of-
" Pearl, and Cornelian are not ſpared within or with-
" out this edifice. Antenius was not only the Architect,
" but the Sculptor likewiſe; and alſo a ſkilful Mechanic.

" *Buſquetto*, of Grecian origin, was entruſted with the
" building of the Cathedral at Piſa in 1016, which is
" one of the moſt beautiful of that age.

" *Williams*, a German, in 1174, built, with Bonano
" and Thomonazo, two Piſan Sculptors, the famou
" Steeple of Piſa. This edifice, which is entirely of
" marble, is 250 palms high. It owes it's fame to

" it's inclination, which is ſeventeen palms (*a*) out of a " right line, and was the conſequence of an accident " during it's conſtruction. The ſame accident happened " to the Tower of Gariſendi, at Bologna; the inclina- " tion of the latter, however, is not ſo great.

" *Suger Abbot*, of Saint Dennis, was ſaid to be one of " the ableſt architects of his time.

" *Robert de Covey*, who died 1311, finiſhed the Church " of Saint Nicaiſe, at Rheims, which is eſteemed for the " delicacy of it's ornaments, and the beauty of it's pro- " portions.

" *William Wickham*, an Engliſhman, who died in 1404, " gave the plan of Windſor-Caſtle, and of the magnifi- " cent Cathedral at Wincheſter.

" *Brunelleſchi*, a Florentine, who died in 1440, was a " celebrated Architect, and built the palace Pitti, at " Florence, in which the Grand Duke of Tuſcany reſides.

" *Bramanti* died in 1514. The round little Temple, " ſo much admired in the midſt of the cloiſter of Saint " Peter Montorio, is one of the moſt eſteemed works " of Bramanti. Bramanti laid the foundation of Saint " Peter's at Rome; but his ſucceſſors made ſo many al- " terations, that his plans have little to do with the " building.

" *Sanſovin*, who died in 1570, was a famous Architect. " His beſt work is the library of Saint Mark's, at Venice.

" *Philibert de l'Orme* was born at Lyons, and died in " 1577. He endeavoured to aboliſh the Gothic Archi- " tecture, and ſubſtitute the Grecian. The horſe-ſhoe " ſtair-caſe at Fontainbleau, is by de l'Orme.

(*a*) The palm, where it is the uſual meaſure, is about eight inches three lines French.

" *Vignoli*

" *Vignoli* was born in Modena, and died in 1573. He " wrote a Treatiſe on the Five Orders of Architecture.

" *Vaſari*, an Italian, who died in 1574, was a good " Painter and Architect.

" *Palladio*, a famous Architect, was born at Vicenza, " and died in 1580. Venice is full of his works. The " celebrated Olympic Theatre of Vicenza is by him.

" *Bartholomew Ammanati*, a Florentine, died in 1586, " was eminent in Sculpture, and gained great reputa- " tion in Architecture. It was he who finiſhed the Pitti " Palace.

" *Conſtantine Servi*, a Florentine, who died in 1622, " was a Painter, Engineer, and Architect. The Great " Sophy of Perſia aſked him of the Grand Duke Coſmo II. " and he remained a year in Perſia, but what he did there " is not known.

" *Jacques Deſbroſſes*, a celebrated French Architect in " the time of Mary de Medicis, gave the plan of the " Luxembourg Palace. The deſign which this Artiſt alſo " gave for the Façade of the Church of Saint Gervais, " is highly ſpoken of: it contains three orders; the ſta- " tues are heavy, and ill executed. Deſbroſſes alſo con- " ſtructed the famous Aqueduct of Arcueil.

" *Inigo Jones* was born at London, and died in 1652. " His principal works are the Banqueting-Houſe, White- " hall, Lindſey Palace, the Church of St. Paul's Co- " vent Garden, &c. &c. The Architect Webb was his " ſon-in-law and pupil.

" *François Manſard* was born at Paris, and died in " 1666; he laid the foundation of Val-de-Grace; and is " ſaid to be the inventor of thoſe apartments next the " roof, which the French call A la Manſard.

" *James Van-Campen*, a Dutchman, died in 1638. He

" rebuilt, in a moſt majeſtic ſtyle, the Town-houſe of " Amſterdam, after it had been burnt down. This is the " fineſt edifice in all Holland. He painted alſo; but, as " he was rich and of a noble family, he took no pecuni- " ary rewards for his Paintings and Deſigns.

" *François Boromini*, an Italian, died in 1667. He " embelliſhed the Spada Palace, and built a colonade " gallery, the perſpective of which makes it appear three " times longer than it really is. The decorations of this " gallery gave the Cavalier Bernini the idea of the fa- " mous *Scala Regia* (*a*).

The *Cavalier Bernini* died in 1680. He was the ſon of " a Sculptor, and at ten years of age carved a marble " head, ſtill to be ſeen at Saint Praxeda, which well me- " rits the ſuffrages of all connoiſſeurs. Pope Paul V. " would ſee him at work, and Bernini finiſhed in his " preſence the model of a St. Paul's head, in half an " hour. Bernini was ſcarce ſeventeen, when Rome, al- " ready poſſeſſed ſeveral beautiful works of his compo- " ſition. Among which is the Daphne and Apollo. " When Urban VIII. became Pope, he ſaid to Bernini, " *You are very happy to have ſeen the Cardinal Maffeo* " *Barbarini elevated to the pontificate, but his happi-* " *neſs is ſuperior to your's, ſince Bernini lives under his* " *reign*. Bernini applied himſelf at once to Painting, " Sculpture, and Architecture; he executed the Confeſ- " ſion of Saint Peter in bronze (*b*); the Fountain of the " Square of Navoni, and four Coloſſal Figures, repre- " ſenting the Four Principal Rivers of the Earth, the " Nile, the Danube, the Euphrates, and the Niger. Theſe

(*a*) The Connoiſſeurs hold Boromini to be an Architect of ill taſte, and without genius.

(*b*) That is to ſay, the Canopy, Altar, &c. of Saint Peter.

" figures

" figures ſit on an enormous maſs of rocks, whence the " water falls. The ſame Artiſt gave the deſign of the " Fountain *Barcacia* (Bad Bark) which is at Rome in " the Spaniſh Square. Bernini was famous for many " other works. The ſuperb Stair-caſe beſide Saint Pe- " ter, the idea of which he took, as it is ſaid, from Bo- " romini's ſmall Gallery (*a*), and the charming Church " of the Noviciate of the Jeſuits, at Rome, are by Ber- " nini. One of his beſt things in Sculpture, is Saint " Thereſa in an Ecſtacy, with an Angel piercing her " Heart with a flaming Dart. It is at Rome, in the " Church of Notre-Dame de la Victoire (*b*). Bernini " looked upon the famous Torſus as the moſt perfect " remain of antiquity. Bernini was active, laborious, " ardent, and paſſionate ; but a good Chriſtian, charitable " and virtuous. He loved the ſtage, and played Comedy " impromptu, in a ſuperior manner ; he came into France, " where he received many marks of diſtinction from " Louis XIV. (*c*).

" *Claude Perrault*, a French Architect, who died in

(*a*) He alſo built Saint Peter's Square and Colonade, and the Tombs of Urban VIII. and Alexander VII. in Saint Peter's Church, are by him. The latter is over a door in a dark place, like a ſpecies of cave ; Bernini has taken advantage of this poſition, and let a curtain fall over the door, which Death, beneath, raiſes, and half ſhews himſelf; the Pope enters, with Truth and Charity on each ſide. The one ſhews him the frightful ſpectre approaching, the other conſoles and encourages him.

(*b*) The expreſſion of Saint Thereſa's face is ſublime, the figure of the Angel delightful, but the Saint's drapery is too full of ſmall folds and bad. It is ſituated in a niche, over which is a window, which gives a brilliancy to the Angel that produces a very happy effect.

(*c*) The Buſt of Louis XIV. and the Statue of Marcus Curtius, beyond the room of the Swiſs, at Verſailles, are by Bertini.

" 1688, was at once a Phyſician, Anatomiſt, Experi-
" mental Philoſopher, Painter, Muſician, Engineer, and
" Architect. This learned man drew a deſign for the
" Façade of the Louvre, which deſerved the preference
" over all the others that were preſented. This ſuperb
" Façade ſurprized Bernini, and is in fact the fineſt piece
" of Architecture to be ſeen in any ſovereign palace of
" Europe. Perrault invented ſome very ingenious ma-
" chines, to carry and raiſe enormous ſtones; he alſo
" conſtructed a ſuperb triumphal arch, which ſtood at
" the gate of Saint Antoine; likewiſe the Obſervatory,
" which is the fineſt in Europe. When Perrault was
" admitted a member of the *Academie des Sciences*, he no
" longer practiſed phyſic, except for his family, his
" friends, and the poor. He publiſhed four volumes,
" entitled *Eſſais de Phyſique*; likewiſe a collection of the
" machines he had invented. Charles Perrault, the
" brother of the Architect, wrote the famous Parallel
" between the Ancients and the Moderns, where he gave
" the preference entirely to the latter; which drew
" down the hatred of Boileau on both the brothers.
" Perrault endeavoured, with a crowd of French Ar-
" tiſts, to ſeek for a new order of Architecture; but
" diſcovered nothing, except a Corinthian Capital, the
" foliage of which was ridiculouſly replaced by oſtrich
" plumes of feathers, while the columns repreſented
" trunks of trees.

" *François Blondel* died in 1688. The Gates of Saint
" Dennis, and Saint Antoine, at Paris, are by him; the
" firſt very beautiful (*a*); the ſecond, only remarkable
" for ſome of the Sculpture.

(*a*) Blondel wrote all the Latin inſcriptions on this gate; he was likewiſe a great Mathematician.

" *Jules-*

" *Jules-Hardouin Manſard*, ſon to the ſiſter of Fran-
" çois Manſard, took the name of that Architect;
" his great work is the chateau of Verſailes. The plan
" of the Place des Victoires was his, and he finiſhed the
" famous church *des Invalides* (began by *Liberal Bru-*
" *ant*) and built the Cupola, which is the fineſt in Paris.
" He died in 1708.

" *François Galli Bibiena*, an Italian, died in 1739,
" and, as well as his brother, was a celebrated Painter
" and Architect. He built the beautiful Theatre at
" Verona.

" *Chriſtopher Wren*, an Engliſhman (*a*), died in 1723.
" This Artiſt, at the age of ſixteen, had made diſcove-
" ries in Aſtronomy and Mechanics. He was the Ar-
" chitect of the famous St. Paul's, London; which was
" begun in 1672, and finiſhed in 1710; he laid the firſt
" ſtone himſelf, and his ſon the laſt.

" *Jacques Gabriel*, born at Paris, died in 1742, and
" began the Pont Royal (*b*), which was finiſhed by Le
" Frére Romain.

" *Nicholas Salvi*, an Italian, was a Poet and Archi-
" tect, and died in 1751.

" *Boffrand*, who conſtructed the famous Well of the
" Bicêtre, died in 1754 (*c*).

This catalogue might be much extended, for the au-
thor from whom it is extracted, cites many great Ita-

(*a*) *Sir Chriſtopher—He received the honour of Knight-hood.* T.

(*b*) *A bridge at Paris.* T.

(*c*) It's depth is 171 feet, it's diameter 15, and 9 of inexhauſt-ible water; for the bottom is a rock, which is the ſource. A retreat has been dug in the ſide, two fathoms above the level of the water, ſix feet high, ſupported all round by iron, to contain workmen, tools, and every thing neceſſary for repairs.

" lian

lian Lords, who have applied themſelves wholly to the ſtudy of Architecture, in which they have excelled. He does not, however, mention a very celebrated modern, Vanvitelli, who made the elegant and magnificent Stair-caſe of the new Caſerti Palace, near Naples, belonging to the King. Vanvitelli has been dead nine or ten years.

(3) He is called the Prince of Palagonia. His palace is near Palermo, and is thus deſcribed by Mr. Brydone, an Engliſh Traveller.

" ——" I ſhall therefore only ſpeak of one, which, for " it's ſingularity, certainly is not to be paralleled on " the face of the earth: it belongs to the Prince of " P——, a man of immenſe fortune, who has devoted " his whole life to the ſtudy of monſters and chimeras, " greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the " imagination of the wildeſt writers of romance or " knight-errantry.

" The amazing crowd of ſtatues that ſurround his " houſe, appear, at a diſtance, like a little army drawn " up for it's defence; but when you get amongſt them, " and every one aſſumes it's true likeneſs, you imagine " you have got into the regions of deluſion and enchant- " ment; for, of all that immenſe group, there is not " one made to repreſent any object in nature; nor is the " abſurdity of the wretched imagination that created " them, leſs aſtoniſhing than it's wonderful fertility. It " would require a volume to deſcribe the whole, and a " ſad volume indeed it would make. He has put the " heads of men to the bodies of every ſort of animal, and " the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. " Sometimes he makes a compound of five or ſix ani- " mals, that have no ſort of reſemblance in nature. He

" puts

" puts the head of a Lion to the neck of a Gooſe, the " body of a Lizard, the legs of a Goat, the tail of a " Fox. On the back of this monſter, he puts another, " if poſſible, ſtill more hideous, with five or ſix heads, " and a buſh of horns; they beat the beaſt in the Reve- " lations all to nothing. There is no kind of horn in " the world that he has not collected; and his pleaſure " is, to ſee them all flouriſhing upon the ſame head. " This is a ſtrange ſpecies of madneſs; and it is truly " unaccountable, that he has not been ſhut up many " years ago: but he is perfectly innocent, and troubles " nobody by the indulgence of his phrenzy. On the " contrary, he gives bread to a number of Statuaries, " and other workmen, whom he rewards in proportion " as they can bring their imaginations to coincide with " his own; or, in other words, according to the hide- " ouſneſs of the monſters they produce. It would be " idle and tireſome to be particular in an account of " theſe abſurdities. The ſtatues that adorn, or rather " deform the great avenue, and ſurround the Court of " the Palace, amount already to 600; notwithſtanding " which, it may be truly ſaid, that he has not broken " the ſecond Commandment; for of all that number, " there is not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, " in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the " earth. The old ornaments, which were put up by his " father, who was a ſenſible man, appear to have been " in a good taſte. They have all been knocked to pieces, " and laid together in a heap, to make room for this new " creation.

" The inſide of this enchanted Caſtle correſponds ex- " actly with the out; it is in every reſpect as whimſical " and fantaſtical; and you cannot turn yourſelf to any

" ſide,

" ſide, where you are not ſtared in the face by ſome hi-
" deous figure or other. Some of the apartments are
" ſpacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs;
" which, inſtead of plaiſter or ſtucco, are compoſed en-
" tirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The
" effect that theſe produce (as each of them make a full
" angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying-
" glaſs; ſo that when three or four people are walk-
" ing below, there is always the appearance of three
" or four hundred walking above. The whole of the
" doors are likewiſe covered over with ſmall pieces of
" mirror, cut into the moſt ridiculous ſhapes, and in-
" termixed with a great variety of cryſtal and glaſs of
" different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows,
" and ſide-boards, are crowded with pyramids, and
" pillars of tea-pots, caudle-cups, bowls, cups, ſaucers,
" &c. ſtrongly cemented together: Some of theſe columns
" are not without their beauty; one of them has a large
" china chamber-pot for its baſe, and a circle of pretty
" little flower-pots for its capital; the ſhaft of the co-
" lumn, upwards of four feet long, it compoſed entirely
" of tea-pots of different ſizes, diminiſhed gradually
" from the baſe to the capital. The profuſion of china
" that has been employed in forming theſe columns is
" incredible; I dare ſay, there is not leſs than forty
" pillars and pyramids formed in this ſtrange fantaſtic
" manner.

" Moſt of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables
" of different colours, that look like ſo many tomb-
" ſtones. Some of theſe are richly wrought with lapis
" lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable ſtones: their
" fine poliſh is now gone, and they only appear like
" common marble. The place of theſe beautiful tables

" he

" he has ſupplied by a new ſet of his own invention,
" ſome of which are not without their merit. Theſe are
" made of the fineſt tortoiſe-ſhell, mixed with mother-of-
" pearl, ivory, and a variety of metals; and are mounted
" on fine ſtands of ſolid braſs.

" The windows of this enchanted Caſtle are com-
" poſed of a variety of glaſs of every different colour,
" mixed without any ſort of order or regularity. Blue,
" red, green, yellow, purple, violet. So that at each
" window, you may have the heavens and earth of
" whatever colour you chuſe, only by looking through
" the pane that pleaſes you.

" The houſe Clock is caſed in the body of the Statue;
" the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turn-
" ing up their white and black alternately, and making
" a hideous appearance.

" His bed-chamber and dreſſingroom are like two apart-
" ments in Noah's Ark; there is ſcarce a beaſt, however
" vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, ſer-
" pents, lizards, ſcorpions, all cut out in marble, of their
" reſpective colours. There are a great many buſts too,
" that are not leſs ſingularly imagined.—Some of theſe
" make a very handſome profile on one ſide; turn to
" the other, and you have a ſkeleton. Here you ſee a
" nurſe with a child in her arms; its back is exactly
" that of an infant; its face is that of a wrinkled old
" woman of ninety.

" For ſome minutes we can laugh at theſe follies, but
" indignation and contempt ſoon get the better of your
" mirth, and the laugh is turned into a ſneer. I own I
" was ſoon tired of them; though ſome things are ſo
" ſtrangely fancied, that it may well excuſe a little
" mirth, even from the moſt rigid Cynic.

" The

" The family Statues are charming; they have been " done from ſome old pictures, and make a moſt ve- " nerable appearance. He has dreſſed them out from " head to foot, in new and elegant ſuits of marble; and " indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous than " any thing you can conceive. Their ſhoes are all of " black marble, their ſtockings generally of red; their " clothes are of different colours, blue, green, and va- " riegated, with a rich lace of giall' antique. The pe- " riwigs of the men, and head-dreſſes of the ladies, are " of fine white; ſo are their ſhirts, with long flowing " ruffles of alabaſter. The walls of the houſe are " covered with ſome fine baſſo-relievo's of white marble, " in a good taſte: theſe he could not well take out, " or alter, ſo he has only added immenſe frames to them. " Each frame is compoſed of four large marble tables.

" The author and owner of this ingenious collection is a " poor miſerable lean figure, ſhivering at a breeze, and " ſeems to be afraid of every body he ſpeaks to; but " (what ſurprized me) I have heard him talk ſpeciouſly " enough on ſeveral occaſions. He is one of the richeſt " ſubjects in the iſland, and it is thought he has not laid " out leſs than twenty thouſand pounds in the creation " of this world of monſters and chimeras.—He certainly " might have fallen upon ſome way to prove himſelf a " fool at a cheaper rate. However, it gives bread to a " number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent " maſter. His houſe at Palermo is a good deal in the " ſame ſtyle; his carriages are covered with plates of " braſs, ſo that I really believe ſome of them are muſket " proof.

" The government has had ſerious thoughts of de- " moliſhing the regiment of monſters he has placed " round

" round his houſe; but as he is humane and inoffenſive,
" and as this would certainly break his heart, they have
" as yet forborne. However, the ſeeing of them by
" women with child, is ſaid to have been already at-
" tended with very unfortunate circumſtances; ſeveral
" living monſters having been brought forth in the
" neighbourhood. The ladies complain, that they dare
" no longer take an airing in the Bagaria, becauſe
" ſome hideous form always haunts their imagina-
" tion for ſome time after: their huſbands too, it is
" ſaid, are as little ſatisfied with the great variety
" of horns. *Brydone's Tour.*

(4) " The firſt muſic of the Romans came from the
" Etruſcans: it was rude, and without principles; but
" they afterwards tranſported the Grecian muſic into
" Italy. The firſt Roman who wrote on muſic, was the
" famous Architect Vitruvius. If Greece had her Ti-
" motheus and her Tyrteus, who produced ſuch great
" effects on their hearers, Italy had her Stradella and
" Palma, who alſo, as it is ſaid, did aſtoniſhing things.
" Stradella, by playing on the violin, ſoftened the heart
" of a villain, who intended to have murdered him.
" Palma, a Neapolitan Singer, ſuffered himſelf to be
" taken by a Creditor, who came to arreſt him; to
" whoſe menaces and injurious terms Palma only re-
" plied, by ſinging ſeveral airs, and accompanying him-
" ſelf on the harpſichord. The Creditor's choler eva-
" porated, by degrees, and he was at laſt ſo perfectly
" calm, that he not only remitted the debt, but gave
" Palma ten pieces of gold, to aſſiſt him to pay his other
" Creditors (*a*)."

GREEK

(*a*) Brydone, in the ſecond volume of his Tour, relates an Anecdote of Farinelli: that having a pathetic Air to ſing to a Tyrant,

GREEK MUSICIANS.

" *Antimachus* was a great Muſician, and compoſed " ſeveral Poems (*a*). One day, while reading in an " aſſembly, he ſaw all his auditors began to be weary, " and ſucceſſively to retire; but Plato ſtill remaining, " he exclaimed, *I will continue to read, for Plato alone is* " *worth a multitude.*

" *Damophiles*, the wife of Pamphiles and friend of " Sappho, compoſed hymns, which were ſung in honour " of Diana. After the example of Sappho, ſhe held " aſſemblies, where young women of ſuperior under- " ſtanding came to learn Poetry and Muſic. Damo- " philes compoſed ſeveral Poems.

" *Lamia*, the moſt celebrated flute-player of her time, " was regarded as a prodigy, for her beauty, wit, and " abilities. Plutarch and Atheneus aſſure us ſhe re- " ceived, from all parts, the greateſt honours.

" *Nanno, Nemeade, Telezilla-Nerea*, were alſo fa- " mous female Muſicians.

" The celebrated Thymele, invented the Theatrical " Dance, &c."

" This catalogue is equally intereſting and extenſive in " the work of M. de la Borde; but I ſhall confine my- " ſelf (having no other view than that of exciting emu- " lation) to extract from this work a ſhort account of " the moſt celebrated modern Female Muſicians.

Tyrant, who had taken him and his miſtreſs priſoners, the Actor, who played the Tyrant, and who was to have refuſed his requeſt, was ſo affected that he forgot his part, melted into tears, and claſped his Captive in his arms.

(*a*) Poets, among the Greeks, were all Muſicians. Pindar ſet his own Odes, and ſang them at the Olympic Games; and it is well known, that the famous Corinna five times bore away the prize from Pindar.

" *Mar-*

" *Marguerita Archinta*, of a great family at Milan, " joined to the graces of perſon, the agreeable talents " of Poetry and Muſic. She wrote many ſongs and " madrigals, and ſet them herſelf. She lived about the " beginning of the ſixteenth century.

" *Julia Vareza*, a Nun, was admired for her muſical " ablities and excellent ſinging. She alſo wrote good " Poetry.

" *Maria Marguerita Coſta*, a Roman, was a woman of " vaſt erudition, and applied herſelf, with ſucceſs, to " various branches of Literature. She wrote ſeveral " poetical Operas.

" *Fauſtina Bordoni*, a Venetian, and wife to the cele- " brated compoſer John-Adolphus Haſſe, ſurnamed *il* " *Saſſone*, was a ſinger of the firſt claſs, and invented a " new kind of manner, which required ſurprizing exe- " cution, neatneſs, and admirable preciſion. She had " the art powerfully to ſuſtain her voice and take her " breath, without being perceived. She appeared at " the Theatre of Venice, in 1716.

" *Dauphine de Sartre*, wife to the *Marquis de Robias*, " was perfectly acquainted with ancient and modern " Philoſophy, Algebra, and other branches of the Ma- " thematics. Muſic was her amuſement; ſhe compoſed " with facility, ſang well, and played on the harpſichord, " the orbo, and lute. She died at Arles, in 1685.

" *Elizabeth Claude Jacquet de la Guerre*, born at Paris, " gave proofs, during her earlieſt infancy, of extraordi- " nary muſical abilities. At fifteen, ſhe played the " harpſichord before the King: Madame de Monteſpan " kept her three or four years. She married Marin de " la Guerre, an organiſt, and gave the world Cephalus " and Procris (the words by Duché) three books of " Cantatas,

" Cantatas, a Collection of Harpſichord Leſſons, ano-
" ther of Sonatas, and a Te Deum for the King's re-
" covery, with grand choruſſes, which was performed in
" the Chapel of the Louvre, 1721. She died in 1729.

" *Madame la Marquiſe de la Mézangère* was born in
" 1693, and played excellently on the harpſichord. She
" alſo underſtood compoſition perfectly, but would ne-
" never publiſh her works. *Madame la Marquiſe de*
" *Gange*, her daughter, who died in 1741, played equally
" well on the harpſichord, though ſhe never had any
" maſter but her mother. Madame de la Mézangère
" likewiſe taught a boy, who made ſo great a progreſs,
" that he became teacher to the Queen and Royal Fa-
" mily of France.

" *Jean-Marie le Clair* was born at Lyons, and origi-
" nally a Dancer at Rouen. By ſome odd accident, the
" famous Dupré played the violin at the ſame time in
" the orcheſtra of the ſame Theatre; but being each
" diſſatisfied with themſelves, they each did juſtice to
" their talents, and changed profeſſions. Dupré became
" the greateſt Dancer that ever exiſted, and le Clair
" opened a new career to harmony. He was murdered,
" no one knows how, as he was entering his own houſe,
" after he had been ſupping abroad, on the 22d of Octo-
" ber at night, 1764."—*Eſſai ſur la Muſique.*

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.