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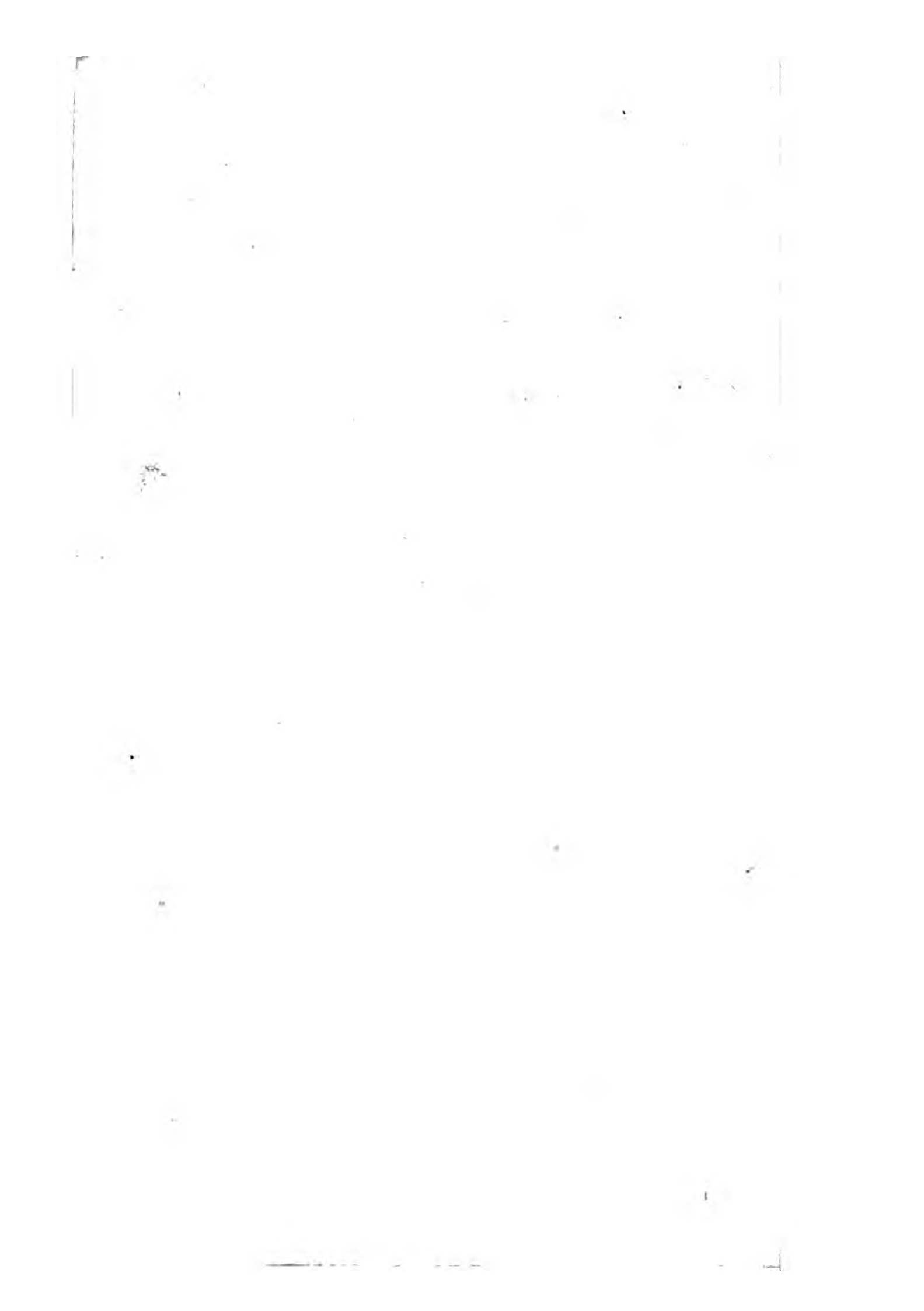
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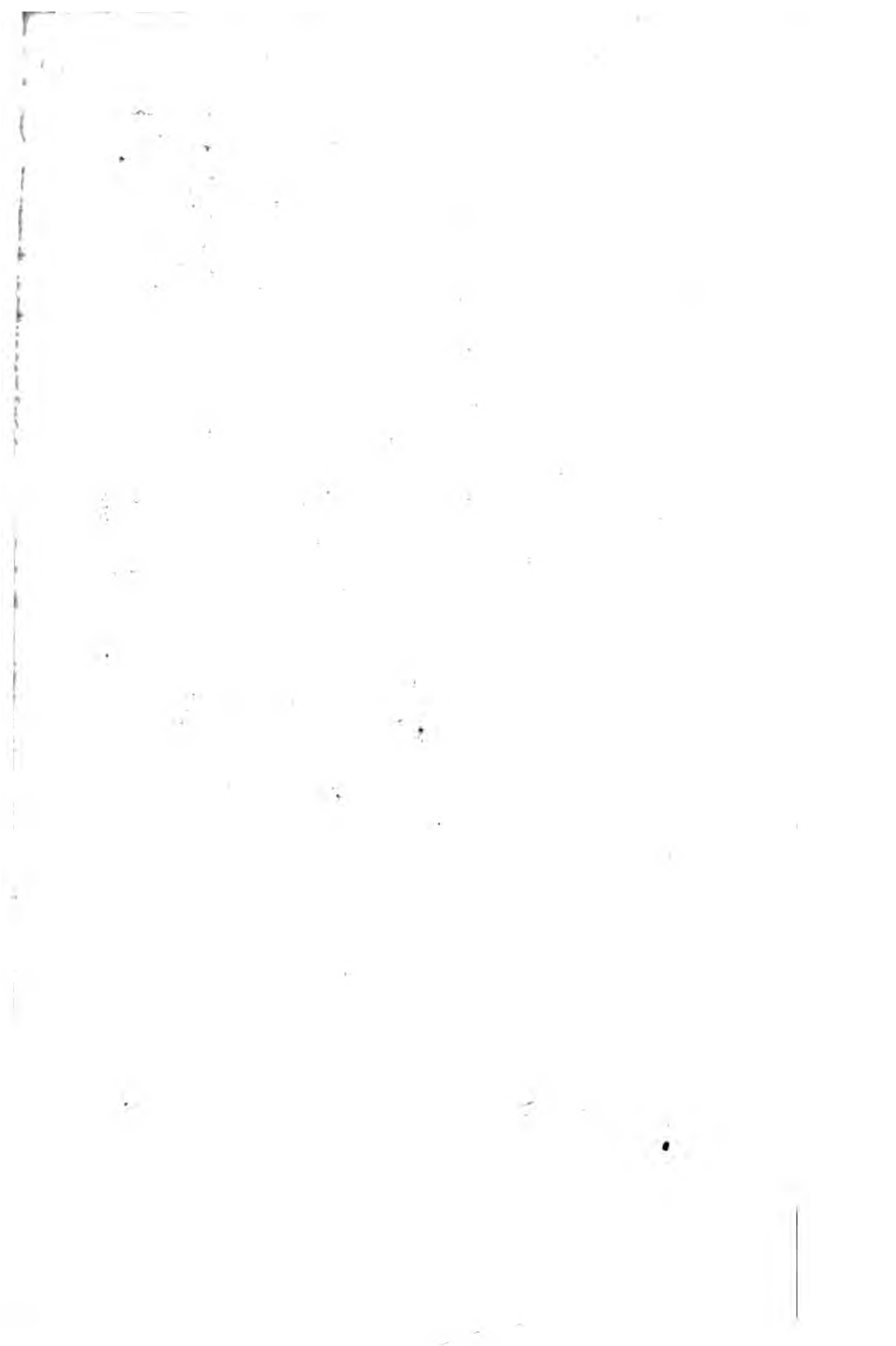


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Emma & Laura Seycester

1820.







The Battle of Waterloo.

Published Oct. 17th 810. by H. Morris & Son, corner of S. 4th St.

TRUE STORIES,

FROM

MODERN HISTORY:

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

FROM

THE DEATH OF CHARLEMAGNE

TO THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY A MOTHER,

Author of "Always Happy,"

"Hints on the Sources of Happiness," &c. &c.

The principal study I would recommend is History. I know of nothing equally proper to entertain and improve at the same time.—
Mrs. Chapone.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HARRIS AND SON,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1819.



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TO

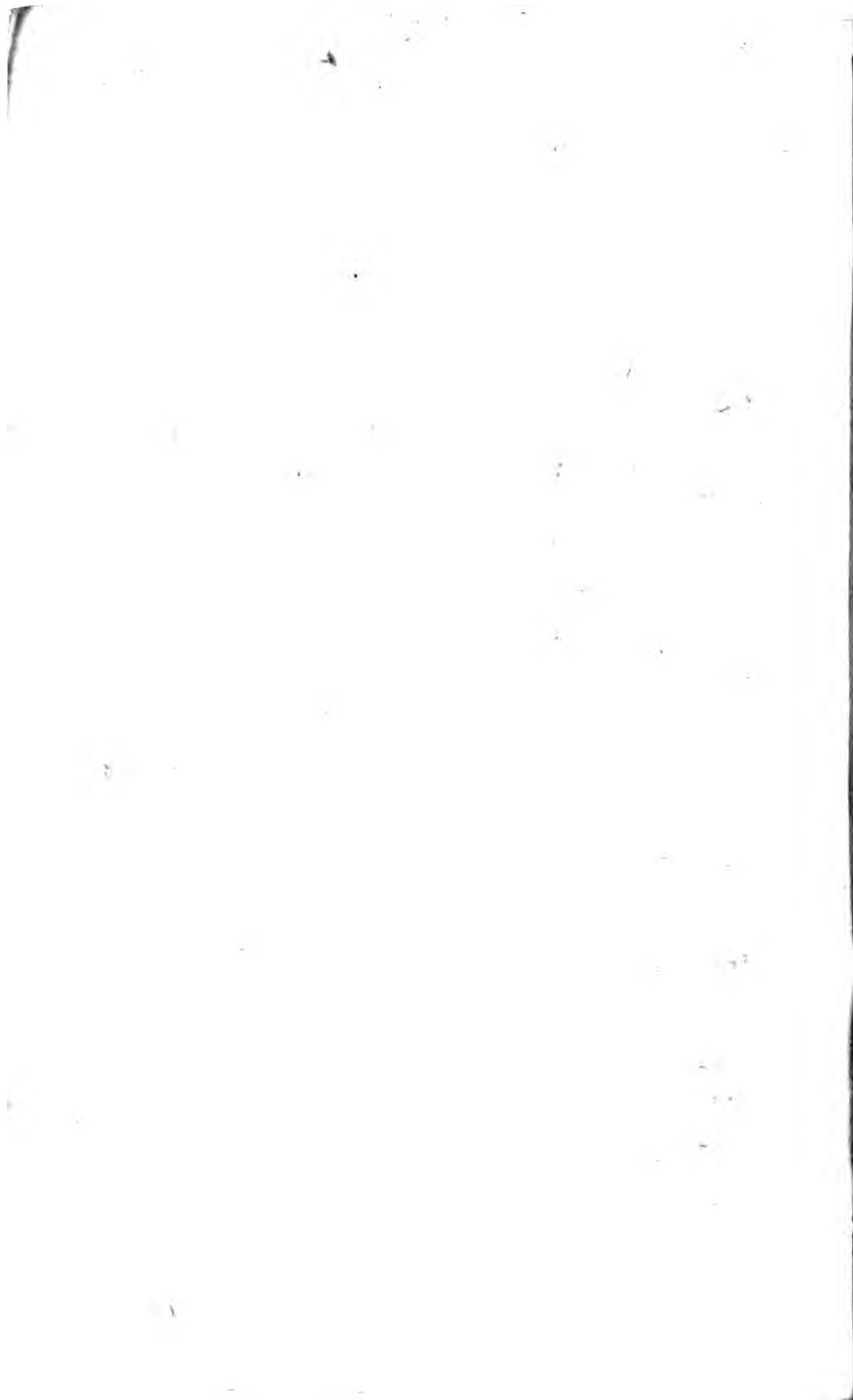
ELLEN REBECCA B.

HER SIXTH AND YOUNGEST CHILD,

A FOND MOTHER DEDICATES

THIS

LAST VOLUME OF HER LITTLE HISTORICAL WORK.



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TRUE STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

ELIZABETH. 1558.

THE last volume closed with the death of the cruel Mary, the present volume opens with the accession of Elizabeth, the daughter of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

Elizabeth had lived very privately, employing herself in improving her mind, and obtaining every kind of knowledge that might assist her in wisely

ruling a mighty nation. She assumed the sceptre, therefore, well prepared for the arduous duties of government. How many persons envy the honours of royalty, forgetful of the numerous and weighty cares that attend the regal state!

Elizabeth resolved never to marry, although many princes sought her hand, among the rest Eric, the son of Gustavus Vasa, and Philip the widower of Mary.

The most remarkable event that happened during the reign of Elizabeth, was her beheading a Scottish Queen. Her aunt Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII., had married

James, King of Scotland, and their only surviving child was Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. This Mary had espoused the then Dauphin of France, but he dying, she married Henry Lord Darnley, and had a little son named James. She happened to be very fond of music, and therefore much noticed Rizzio an Italian musician. Lord Darnley did not approve of this excessive admiration of his wife's for a foreigner; probably she carried it too far, and evil was the consequence of her folly. Lord Darnley and some others, one night entered the room where Queen Mary Stuart was at supper, with some of her ladies,

and Rizzio ; and inhumanly murdered the poor Italian in the presence of the Queen. Mary tried in vain to save her favourite, and when she found that neither her presence nor her intreaties were respected by the murderous lords, she doubtless poignantly felt the insult she had experienced. Who would not have felt it ?

Darnley was conscious that he had deeply offended the woman who had raised him to a throne, and bestowed on him a hand sought by kings and princes. It cannot now be proved whether his premature death was sanctioned by the Queen, but it is too true that the house in which he was residing

was blown up with gunpowder, so that he perished miserably by a deep laid plot. The Earl of Bothwell was always considered as one of the plotters, but Mary married him shortly afterwards.

The people of Scotland were now greatly offended with their lovely, but imprudent sovereign, and a party rising against her, she was taken prisoner ; but escaping from confinement, took refuge in England. Elizabeth at first sent orders for her rival to be treated with respect and attention, but by degrees, a less courteous conduct was observed. Mary was at last imprisoned, tried on a charge of conspiring to dethrone Elizabeth and make

herself Queen. How far these charges were proved, you must judge for yourselves when you have read good authors on the subject : for some describe her as guilty, and some declare her innocent. To give you the final result of one queen's imprudence, and another queen's policy, I with pain inform you that Mary Stuart was beheaded.

The circumstances attending this mournful event, are deeply pathetic, and I will shew you a full account of it in Goldsmith's History of England. Mary died with more grace and dignity, than she had lived.

Just before her head was severed from the body, as she was undressing for

the block, she observed, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to undress before so much company. She gently restrained the grief of her attendants, and declaring that she heartily forgave her enemies, as she herself hoped to be forgiven, she knelt down, and calmly submitted to the stroke of the executioner. Do not your hearts mourn at this image of a beautiful and accomplished princess, thus cut off in the maturity of her existence? I regret her faults; I pity her sufferings; I respect her dignified patience on the scaffold.— Mary Stuart was beheaded in the forty-fifth year of her age.

Elizabeth felt, or feigned to feel, violent sorrow on the execution of her rival. Perhaps when she was no more, her claims to compassion appeared stronger than her desert of punishment. At all events the Queen of England might then, first begin to question her right to chastise a sister Queen.

The murmurs of the people were dissipated by a near and pressing danger. Philip II. of Spain had been the sovereign of the Netherlands, but had so cruelly abused his rights of sovereignty, that the people of that country revolted against him, and proclaimed the Prince of Orange, their Stadtholder. Philip dispatched the

Duke of Alva to quell the revolt, and this nobleman was as barbarous as his master. In five years the Duke caused the execution of *eighteen thousand* persons. After this information, I think the word Alva will stand in your mind as synonymous (that is meaning the same) with cruelty.

In spite of Philip's severe measures, the Prince of Orange liberated his country from the Spanish yoke. *Seven* of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands (or Low Countries) declared themselves an independant republic, like the Swiss cantons, and assumed the name of Holland, or the Seven United Provinces, 1579; making

William Prince of Orange their Stadtholder, or chief governor.

Elizabeth had essentially assisted the revolters, therefore Philip determined to invade England. For this purpose he armed a large force, and fitted out an immense fleet, which was called the "Invincible Armada." A pompous title, but one it little deserved, for a heavy storm of wind dispersed this wonderous fleet, and the navy of England completed its destruction. Elizabeth shewed great spirit on this occasion ; she shewed herself to her army at Tilbury, mounted on a fine horse ; cheered the spirits of her subjects, aroused the valour of her sol-

diers, and infused courage and confidence into all who saw or heard her. Thus she in some degree earned the victory she obtained.

Elizabeth had more than one favorite, the most distinguished was the Earl of Essex. This impetuous young nobleman too often encroached on the indulgence of his royal mistress, and once particularly spoke in so haughty a manner, that the Queen gave him a box on the ear. Essex put his hand to his sword, muttering some threats; altogether his conduct was so improper; he raised such commotions both in England and Ireland, that at last he

was tried for his misdemeanours, and beheaded.

You remember the anecdote of the Queen having formerly given him a ring, with a promise, that when he presented that ring to her, she would grant him whatever he demanded.

After his death she discovered that he had sent this ring with a request for pardon, but the lady whom he intrusted with this commission never delivered it. Elizabeth when she heard of this treachery was deeply shocked, and it is said she began to droop from that moment. She told the perfidious lady, "that God might forgive

“ her but she never would.” A sentiment little honourable to her Christian principles.

Elizabeth having named James, King of Scotland, for her successor, expired in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign. Our inimitable bard, William Shakespeare, wrote some of his incomparable plays by the command of Queen Elizabeth.

I must tell you that the East-India Company was first established in the reign of Elizabeth. This is a company of merchants trading to India, and is managed by its own directors. It has an army, and numerous ships, and the principal settlements at Bombay,

Madras, and Calcutta, are governed by its servants. Its present rights and powers are greatly different from those enjoyed on its first establishment; but though I may not enter into particulars I thought you would be glad to know when this very respectable company was originally associated.

Torquato Tasso, the Italian Poet, equally remarkable for his genius and his misfortunes died in the reign of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.
1572.

Do you recollect the “ Sicilian Vespers?” and that in relating that dreadful massacre, I told you, you would hear of a still more bloody tragedy acted in one of the most polished countries of Europe? It was during the reign of Elizabeth this sanguinary transaction took place. And where, think you? why in the polite kingdom of France. When learning French, one of you started at the verb *hair* ex-

claiming “ can so polite a people as the
“ French use so harsh a word ?” How
then will you be shocked at what I am
going to tell you ; that on the 24th of
August 1572, St. Bartholomew’s day,
25,000 Protestants were murdered in
France! It is related that the King,
Charles IX., looked out of the windows
of the palace, calling out “ kill, kill ;”
and that when he gave orders for
this butchering, he said, “ take care
“ that not one escapes to reproach
“ me.”

By this extirpation of the Protes-
tants, (or Huguenots as they were
called in contempt) their religion was
at once exterminated, and the Catho-

lic has ever since been the national religion of France.

But I turn from the melancholy and disgraceful transaction, to the military exploits of the King of Portugal. Don Sebastian, grandson of Catharine, Princess of Austria and sister of the Emperor Charles V., succeeded his grandfather, Don John III. At an early age he turned his thoughts to an invasion of Africa, as if willing to retaliate on the Moors, for their former subjugation of his country. Morocco was distracted by civil war, a propitious time for the invasion of foreign foes; for when a people quarrel among themselves, they are easily conquered by their enemies.

Do you remember the story of the old man and the bundle of sticks, which his sons in vain endeavoured to break, while bound up together ; but when the uniting band was removed, the youths found it perfectly easy to break each separated stick. The moral of this fable is truly admirable ; a united nation or a united family need not fear foreign enemies, for so connected they are invulnerable. But let the nation, or the family, quarrel among themselves, and the first artful foe that chuses it, may interfere, and gain every advantage. Do you understand this moral ? Will you try to remember it ?

Muley Moluc, a great captain, was

at war with his nephew Muley Mahomet, and Don Sebastian took the part of Mahomet, and hastened into Africa to assist him.

On the fourth of August 1578, a tremendous engagement took place. Moluc, was at the time seriously ill, but his mind remaining firm and vigorous, though his body was enfeebled, he gave his orders with skill and resolution, and being carried amidst his troops harangued them with energy. He then caused himself to be placed in a litter, commanding his officers not to divulge his death should he die during the battle, lest the news might appal his army. In the midst of the engage-

ment seeing his troops give way he sprang out of his litter, and drawing his sabre, strove to rally them. But his body sank beneath the effort, and he fainted in the arms of his pages; they replaced him in his litter, when feeling himself expiring, his mind gave a last sign of its undecayed faculties; he put his finger on his lips as if reminding his officers of his command, and instantly expired.

His death remained unknown to both parties, and his soldiers returned to the charge with such fury, that the Portuguese troops were routed, and Don Sebastian killed in the indiscriminate carnage. Mahomet attempt-

ing to escape, was drowned in crossing a river, thus three monarchs perished in one day. Philip II., King of Spain, seized on the crown of Portugal.

Just about this period the favorite monarch of the Persians, Schah Abbas the Great, ruled Persia. He fought successfully against the Turks, and drove the Portuguese from their settlement in Persia. He was the grandson of that Ismael Sophi, who introduced a new form of religion into that country, which, though in some respect like Mahomet's, makes Ali his successor instead of Omar. You will often hear of Hafiz, the charming Persian Poet, some very exquisite verses of his

have been translated into English, and as they are well worth the trouble, more will doubtless be hereafter translated.

I must now bring you nearer home, and from kings and sultans descend to the privacy of humble life, for I wish to tell you of a Scotch writer named James Crichton. This man was so remarkable for his mental and bodily endowments, that he was universally intitled the Admirable Crichton. He received a common education such as most boys receive, but so brilliant were his talents, and so great his application, that at twenty he was master of all the learning of the times, could speak ten languages, and was perfectly ver-

sed in all the lighter accomplishments of fencing, dancing, music, &c.

He travelled into different countries and wherever he approached, he surpassed the most skilful proficient in every art or science. There was a celebrated fencer in Mantua, who offered to fight a combat with Crichton for a sum of money, this fencer had already killed three expert champions who had accepted his challenge. Crichton readily agreed to meet him, and soon disarmed and wounded the haughty boaster, then generously gave the sum of money he thus acquired to the widows of the three persons who had been killed.

The Duke of Mantua charmed with the prowess and liberality of Crichton, immediately engaged him to be the tutor of his son Vincentio. In Italy once a year there is a sort of jubilee called the Carnival,* when masquerades and all sorts of public amusements engage all ranks of people. Crichton in this gay season was walking in the streets of Mantua, playing on his guitar, when several persons disguised in masks attacked him. These he soon repelled, and disarmed their leader, who pulling off his mask pleaded for his life. It was Vincentio. Crichton apologizing for his mistake with more

* It takes place just before Lent.

gallantry than propriety, fell on his knees, and giving his sword to the prince bade him to take his life if he pleased. The base Vincentio, actuated by mean and dirty passions, profited by his tutor's generosity, and seizing the offered sabre, stabbed Crichton to the heart! 1581.

How undeserved a fate for the Admirable Crichton! Yet I hope you all feel that you would rather so excelling, have so died, than like the cowardly Vincentio, have purchased eternal dishonor by the indulgence of the basest passions.

CHAPTER III.

JAMES I. 1603.

THE son of Mary Stuart, James (the first of his name that was King of England, but the sixth of that name who was King of Scotland,) by his accession to the English throne united the crowns of England and Scotland. Did I not bid you remember that Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling (called for her piety St. Margaret,) married Malcolm III., King of Scotland, son of the murdered Duncan? James V. was descended from this Margaret, and, by espousing the sister of Henry

VIII., their child Mary was, on her father's as well as her mother's side, lineally descended from the royal houses of England. James, the son of this Mary, was therefore, on the death of Elizabeth, doubly heir to her vacated throne.

He had not long been King, when a dark plot was laid for his destruction, and that of his family and adherents. You often observe the popular ceremonies that mark the fifth of November, and you probably know the origin of the custom then observed. Guy Fawkes (or Vaux,) assisted by his partisans, hired a cellar under the Parliament-house. This cellar they filled with

barrels of gunpowder, artfully covered with coals and faggots of wood. You know that gunpowder explodes (that is, blows up) when touched with fire. The plan was, to blow up the Parliament-house when the King, the princes, and nobles were in it. A gentleman desirous to save a nobleman, his particular friend, sent him a mysterious note, to warn him not to go to the Parliament-house on the fifth of November, the day fixed upon to perpetrate this horrid plot.

The nobleman shewed this strange note to the King and his council. It is said James discovered its meaning, and ordered a careful search to be made

in the cellars under the Parliament-house. There Guy Vaux was discovered with a dark lantern in his hand, preparing every thing for executing the plot, as he was to set fire to the gunpowder. Of course you will suppose that the conspirators were put to death; and, after what I have told you of the intermeddling Jesuits, you will not be surprized to hear, that two of that society were engaged in this cruel project.

James had shewn much penetration in solving the enigmatical note, and his moderation in punishing the offenders was equally honourable to him :

those only suffered who were conspicuously criminal. But he is reproached with the weakness of devoting himself, like Edward II., to silly favourites. The most remarkable of these was George Villiers, afterwards made Duke of Buckingham. This Villiers accompanied the King's eldest son, Charles, in his travels abroad ; Charles disguised as a knight-errant, and hiding his real rank, Villiers attending him dressed as his 'squire. They called themselves Jack and Tom Smith ; and, going to a ball at Paris, the Prince of Wales fell in love with Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. the Great, King of France.

This princess he afterwards married. Charles had visited the continent to behold the daughter of the Spanish monarch ; but he lost his heart before he reached Spain.

The order of Knights Baronets, which gives the privilege of attaching *Sir* to the Christian and surname, was instituted by James, 1611. It is related that he was advised to this measure as a means of supplying himself with money, by the sale of these patents of honour. A thousand pounds was the price of this new dignity, and *Sir Nicholas Bacon* the first who obtained it. In 1623, to reward those adventurers who went over to settle in

the province of Nova Scotia* in America, James planned (what his son afterwards executed) the institution of Barons of Nova Scotia.

The execution of the learned and enterprising Sir Walter Raleigh casts a deep gloom on the reputation of James. Raleigh had been accused of a conspiracy, but the charge was never proved; yet, after the lapse of many years; after Raleigh had sailed to America with the King's permission, he was doomed to the block by James, on former unproved and obsolete

* The Scots who settled in America called their new residence "Nova Scotia," New Scotland.

charges ; a lamentable instance of injustice !

I record with regret that the celebrated Bacon (Lord Verulam), rich, powerful, and learned, was convicted of receiving bribes ; and, confessing his guilt, was degraded from his office of chancellor, and heavily fined.

James died of an ague in the fifty-ninth year of his age. In his reign died many famous men.—Shakespeare, the immortal bard ; Napier, the inventor of logarithms ; Cervantes, the author of Don Quixotte ; Camden, the historian.

The Jesuits were expelled from England in 1604, after the discovery

of the gunpowder plot, in which it was supposed they were, as usual, mischievously active. Their expulsion from the other states of Europe took place at different times. They were expelled from Portugal in 1759; from France in 1762; from Spain in 1767; and, finally, in 1773, the society was suppressed by an edict of Pope Clement XIV. This Pope was the celebrated Ganganelli, who, it is supposed, was poisoned by a Jesuit, in revenge for his bull of suppression. He died in a very lingering manner; and, as if conscious that he had swallowed some slow consuming poison, he said, "I am going to eternity, and I know
" for what."

It is lamentable to record, that, in 1814, Pope Pius restored the society, and gave it every encouragement, unwarned by the serious charges brought forwards against numerous members of this intriguing and artful sect.

CHAPTER IV.

HENRY IV. THE GREAT, KING OF
FRANCE, MURDERED. 1610.

I MUST must give a whole chapter to my favourite monarch. Henry was the son of Antony, Duke of Bourbon, and Jane, Queen of Navarre. As Henry III.* of Valois died without children, Henry of Bourbon became heir to the throne of France, and the Bourbons have ever since given Kings to that country.

* Henry III. was the younger brother of that Charles IX. who directed the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Henry was brought up by his grandfather, who early inured him to bear every variety of climate ; to be active, abstemious, and hardy. His dress was the same as that worn by peasant-boys ; his food brown bread, beef, and cheese. He ran about in the vallies and on the hills in all seasons and all sorts of weather, very often without hat or shoes. His mind was improved with studious care, and he was fond of reading.

A league (that is, a united party) had been formed to support the Roman Catholic and suppress the Protestant religion. Now Henry was reared by his mother to be a Protestant ; but he

afterwards became a Catholic, the religion of France.

As his accession was opposed by a considerable party, headed by the members of the league, a civil war ensued. Henry was compelled to fight for his crown. At the battle of Ivry he harangued his officers; and, shewing them the white plume which adorned his hat, he exclaimed, “If you
“lose sight of your colours, rally
“round this white plume; you will
“always find it in the path to ho-
“nour.” When he beheld the dreadful carnage that ensued by the success of his own soldiers, he anxiously called out, “Spare my French subjects!”

Thus humanely feeling for those troops that were actually fighting against him.

When he besieged Paris, and heard that a general scarcity of food existed in that rebellious city, he allowed provisions to be carried into it; observing that “ he would not desire to possess Paris by the destruction of its inhabitants.”

When he afterwards heard that fresh forces had collected against him, he calmly said, “ Well, the more enemies we have, the more bravely and cautiously we must fight, and the more glory will attend victory.”

But I really cannot pretend to tell you one quarter of the entertaining anecdotes of this great King. For this I am not very sorry, because you will have the high treat of reading them altogether in that charming work,—
“Sully’s Memoirs.”

The Marquis de Rosny, afterwards created Duke of Sully, was the general, the statesman, and, best of all, the friend of Henry. His wisdom, his virtue, his attachment, greatly assisted to render glorious the reign of his royal master. When Henry was about to marry very foolishly, and shewed Sully a paper in which he had given

the promise of this silly marriage, Sully very quietly tore the paper to pieces. "I believe you are become a fool!" said the King. "I know it," replied the undaunted minister; "and I wish "I were the only fool in France." He afterwards persuaded Henry to espouse a lady more worthy of his rank, Mary de Medicis, niece to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Sully, residing constantly near the King, knew him and the events of his life. After Henry's death, he wrote and published his "Memoirs," which of course may be depended upon, as giving an exact and faithful account

of the life and manners of this illustrious monarch. You will there behold many fine qualities tarnished by a few blemishes, many noble actions blended with some silly frolics. In short, you will see Henry, what he was in the field, in the cabinet, and in domestic life.

Sully himself is there depicted ; and you will watch with delight the traits of his singular character. Firm in duty—ingenious in expedients—indefatigable in business ; tenderly loving Henry, and honestly telling him of his faults ; wise, brave, persevering. Sully as well earned the title of “ Great,” as did his sovereign.

seem inclined to put off the pain of detailing the death of Henry. Alas! he was cut off in the prime of his days, in the midst of his virtuous labours, by the hand of an assassin.

Francis Ravailac, a mad enthusiast, stabbed the King in his coach. Henry, exclaiming "I am wounded," with one heavy sigh expired, May 14th, 1610. He had reigned twenty years, and was only fifty-eight.

Sully retired from court, and spent his days in retirement, employing himself in compiling his "Memoirs." When he once attended the court of Lewis XIII. (son of Henry,) he observed the courtiers ridiculing his dress

and manners. He sternly remarked to Lewis, “ When your father, the late King, did me the honour to consult me, he always previously dismissed all fops and buffoons ;” a severe but just censure on the coxcombs who ridiculed him !

CHAPTER V.

CHARLES I. 1625.

I AM mistaken if you will not be deeply affected by the fate of Charles I., the son of James I. ; he who, when Prince of Wales, travelled abroad in disguise, and afterwards married Henrietta, daughter of the great Henry, of whom you have just heard a few anecdotes.

The errors and mistakes by which King Charles lost the affection of many of his subjects ; the turbulent temper of the nation at that particular period, which no conduct would pro-

bably have subdued : of all these particulars I cannot speak ; nor, if I could, would you be able to judge. Certain it is, that sad commotions troubled the peace of England, and that very disastrous times ensued. A civil war (that is, a war between the inhabitants of the same country) entailed various evils on all ranks, and justice was for a while overthrown.

The Duke of Buckingham, the companion of Charles's youthful travels, mischievously biassed his regal government. He became very obnoxious to the nation, and was stabbed to the heart by one Felton at Portsmouth. The Duke was talking to some gentle-

man at the moment, quite unconscious of the coming blow. "The villain, "has killed me!" were the only words he pronounced; and from a state of health, vigour, rank, and fortune, in one instant he was deprived of all, and fell lifeless to the ground.

Felton scorned to deny a crime of which he was proud, and died glorying in his guilt.

Charles, having lost his favourite minister, had the wisdom to supply his place with more deserving men. Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was worthy the royal confidence. In private life he was amiable; as a minister, he was faithful to his King. Unhappily, the

people did not think him equally friendly to their interests. Strafford was accused of treason to the state, tried, and condemned to death. Some passages of his most interesting address to his judges I must extract for you. Wise, virtuous, yet oppressed, behold him surrounded by his children pleading his own cause. As he was about to conclude, he looked tenderly upon his little ones, and added, “ My
“ Lords, I have troubled you too long
“ —much longer than I should have
“ done, but for the sake of these dear
“ pledges, which a saint in heaven has
“ left me. That I suffer myself is
“ nothing ; that my posterity will suf-

“ fer for my indiscretions, wounds my
“ heart. Pardon my infirmity ! Some-
“ thing I should have added, but am
“ not able : let it pass. I have been
“ taught that the afflictions of this
“ world are overpaid to the innocent
“ in another : therefore, with tranquil-
“ lity, I submit myself to your judg-
“ ment, whether that judgment be life
“ or death.....Not my will, but
“ thine, O God ! be done.”

Charles endeavoured in vain to save his faithful servant. Strafford suffered on the block ; to the last moment sustaining himself with dignity and meekness.

But I am not come to the end of the catalogue of interesting executions ; for I have to tell you that Charles himself, the anointed and acknowledged King of England, suffered death by the commands of his subjects.

No rank can excuse vice ; no titles ought to screen guilt. But Charles was not vicious ; Charles was not guilty ; and historians concur in bearing testimony to his many excellent qualities. Faults, no doubt, he had ; and who is faultless certainly, not the traitors who condemned him. After various struggles with his people ; after a protracted civil war, he was so totally de-

defeated at the battle of Naseby,* that he never again could make a vigorous effort, and finally took refuge in the Scotch camp. The Scots delivered him up to the Parliamentary rebels. Among these, Oliver Cromwell now began to appear. The King was moved from place to place, and guarded as a state prisoner. At last, a mock trial was performed, and he was sentenced to death.

Do you not observe how great minds shine in adversity? Charles evinced an equanimity, a patience, truly magnanimous. He slept soundly every night, though placed in Whitehall,

* In Yorkshire.

within hearing of the workmen who were constructing the scaffold on which he was to die. He took a tender leave of his younger children : the Queen and his elder sons had fled to France. He walked out of the window of the banqueting-house on to the scaffold, and addressed the people within hearing, justifying his conduct, and declaring himself innocent of the calamities of his country, having only taken up arms when compelled to do so.

He then laid his head upon the block, and it was struck off at a blow. Many of the crowd melted into tears, and none were heard to repeat the

words of the executioner, when he exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!" Charles was murdered in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign.

During this period lived many celebrated men:—Dr. Harvey, who discovered that the blood circulated through the arteries and veins; Kepler, the German astronomer; Davila, the Italian historian; Lopes de Vega, the Spanish poet, who is said to have written 2,200 plays; Vandyke, the Dutch painter; Galileo, the Italian philosopher; Richelieu, the minister of Lewis XIII.; Des Cartes, the French astronomer; Inigo Jones, the English

architect; John Selden, the antiquarian; Archbishop Usher, the chronologer.

I write down the names of these famous personages: I beg you, when you hear any of them spoken of, to look into the page where they are named, to ascertain about what period they lived. By constantly doing so, you will learn in what reign to place their existence, and thus be able to judge what periods of time have been most enriched by the labours of the learned and the ingenious.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REVOLUTION OF PORTUGAL.

1640.

I TOLD you that Philip II. of Spain had seized on the crown of Portugal ; but his was not the strongest claim. The Duke of Braganza's was stronger ; and the wife of his grandson being of a very ambitious and daring temper, assisted by her friends, worked upon the milder disposition of her husband to assert his right.

The cruel Duke of Alva, at the head of a large army, had obtained the crown of Portugal for his master, Phi-

lip II. Philip III. and Philip IV., his son, and his grandson, in turn, inherited it. But these sovereigns treated the Portuguese more like a conquered people than like their lawful subjects, and discontent and displeasure of course spread through the nation.

Of these murmurs the friends of the House of Braganza took advantage; by a well-managed conspiracy they effected the liberation of Portugal from the galling dominion of Spain, and raised to the throne the Duke of Braganza, grandson to that Duke of Braganza who opposed the claim of Philip II.

The address with which the Duchess managed the timid mind of her husband; the dauntless spirit she displayed under most trying circumstances; the ability and courage with which she assisted and inspirited the conspirators, are all laudable, because exerted in a worthy cause—the liberation of her country, and the restoration of his just rights to her husband.

I should have much pleasure in detailing the incidents of this interesting Revolution, but I cannot abridge the account without destroying its attraction. You will find it written in very easy French by M. Vertot, in one

small volume ; and to that I refer you for particulars.

Among the many females who, besides the Duchess of Braganza, shewed their spirit on this occasion, Donna Philippa de Villenes was not the least prominent. With her own hands she armed her two sons, and sending them forth, observed, “ Go, my children !
“ extinguish tyranny and revenge us
“ on your enemies ; and be sure that,
“ if success does not crown our efforts,
“ your mother will not survive the
“ misfortunes of her country.”

Two other royal females were about the same time distinguishing themselves in Europe. Christina, Queen of

Sweden, was as remarkable for her love of literature as for the sacrifices she made to indulge her favourite taste. After a short and prosperous reign, she abdicated her throne, that she might more fully resign herself to the charms of study.

She visited France and Italy, and various other parts of Europe. It is said that, when she quitted Sweden, she dismissed her female attendants, and assumed the manly attire. You will read of the murder of one of her officers with emotions of horror. Monaldeschi, this unfortunate man having incurred her displeasure, was stabbed by her order in a room adjoining

to the one she occupied. Ask me to shew you the story at large in "Thick-
" nesse's Letters."

Christina afterwards desired to recover her crown; a proof not so much of her fickleness, as that we are fitted to our condition, and therefore ought gratefully to enjoy it, and not wish for a change that would most probably cause us more evil than good. Christina failed in her desire of remounting her throne, and died in privacy at Rome.

Of Anne of Austria, the mother of Lewis XIV., the third renowned female of this period, you will hear when I come to speak of that monarch.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMMONWEALTH. 1649.

FOR a few years after the murder of Charles I., England was wholly governed by the Parliamenters, or House of Commons. Charles had called this meeting, and it continued to subsist for so many years, that it is distinguished in history as the “Long Parliament.” The son of the late King, Charles II., proceeded from Paris to Scotland, and asserted his birthright to the united crowns, of that country and England. But he was unfortunate in all his at-

tempts. At length, finally defeated by Cromwell at Worcester, he fled for safety in a wretched disguise. At one time, dressed like a peasant, he subsisted by cutting faggots ; at another, he took shelter under the protection of a poor cottager, named Pendrill. One day, almost detected by his enemies, he climbed up into a fine oak, the thick foliage of which screened him from observation, and his pursuers passed without discovering him. This surprising adventure is still commemorated amongst us. Have you not seen oak boughs placed over house doors, and carried about by boys on the 29th of May ?

Next he appeared as a servant, and in that capacity rode before a lady ; and once was one of a crowd listening to a fanatic preacher, when a blacksmith present had nearly detected him by his horse. At last he escaped to France, and his various adventures would form a volume of wonderful and amusing incidents.

Though forty persons had, at different times, been acquainted with his situation, not one betrayed him ; an honourable testimony of the good faith of so many English !

Oliver Cromwell now began to think of extending his own power, by annihilating that of the Long Parliament.

He, therefore, boldly entered the House of Commons, followed by three hundred soldiers, rudely exclaiming to the members, "Get you gone, and give place to honest men. You are no longer a Parliament: I tell you, that you are no longer a Parliament!" Shortly clearing the apartment, by turning out all the alarmed members, he locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

At the head of a powerful army, and assured of the attachment of his troops, Cromwell was now master of England. But afraid of assuming the title of King, he chose to decline it, and was invested in supreme power by the title

of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England; a strange elevation for such a man! Oliver Cromwell was born of respectable parents, and was very dissipated in early life. He spent all his property, and was about to emigrate to America, had not a law just then passed to prevent such emigrations. He early gave proof of his extraordinary abilities, and seemed capable of completing whatever he chose to undertake.

But, in spite of his successful exertions, in spite of his reaching so exalted a station, the latter days of Cromwell were embittered with distrust and affliction. He lost his fa-

avourite daughter, and was perpetually harassed by dread of conspiracy and assassination. He always carried pistols in his pockets, and wore armour under his clothes. He seldom slept twice in the same room, and never went abroad without guards. Such a state of constant terror could not fail of affecting the body. Cromwell's health declined with his peace of mind; and, after nine years of troubled greatness, he expired in the sixtieth year of his age, naming his son, Richard, for his successor.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEWIS XIV., KING OF FRANCE.

LEWIS XIII., the son of the great Henry, was so young at the time of his father's death, that his mother, Mary de Medicis, was appointed Regent. Mary was a weak, but cunning woman, and was much ruled by favourites. When one of these, an Italian lady, the wife of Concini, Marquis d'Ancre, was asked how she contrived so wholly to govern the Queen-mother, she firmly replied, "By the influence which a strong mind has over a feeble one."

Cardinal Richelieu was the celebrated minister of Lewis XIII. On the death of Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarine succeeded to some of his power.

Mary de Medicis, desiring too much consequence, lost what she ought to have possessed, and died in obscurity.

Lewis XIV. was a child of four years old when he ascended the throne of France. His mother, Anne of Austria, and Cardinal Mazarin, principally governed the kingdom. Mazarine being much disliked, a strong party rose against him, called the *Fronde*. Thus a civil war arose.— When Mazarin died, Lewis, then twenty-two years of age, was asked

by his state-officers, "To whom shall we address ourselves on matters of business?" The young King surprised them by replying, "To me!"—very wisely resolving to take upon himself the duties as well as the splendours of royalty.

Lewis married a Spanish princess: his brother espoused Henrietta, the sister of our second Charles. When you are older, you will probably read "M. Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*" I have to beg, if you do so, that you will not be misled by his remarks on these royal ladies. He says of the Queen of Louis XIV., "that goodness constituted her *only* merit." Pray what higher merit could she have?

Then he proceeds to warmly praise the charms and graces of the Princess Henrietta, and mentions that the elegance and propriety that reigned in the court of Lewis was greatly owing to the winning manners of the English Princess. As, in another passage, he remarks the excessive attention of Lewis to his fair sister-in-law, and her open preference of his society, I conceive that she was in real merit every way *inferior* to her sister, the Queen, and should not have been praised as *superior* to her. It is thus that shining qualities draw more notice and celebration than virtuous and more intrinsic ones.

Therefore it is that women should

rather shun than court celebrity, since the actions and attributes that procure renown are seldom compatible with the purity of feminine virtue, and the delicacy of feminine feelings. Be assured, that, in all respects, it were better not to be talked of; and that, by persons of good sense and right feelings, more respect is bestowed on the memory of Marie Thérèse by the simple remark, “*La bonté faisait son seul mérite,*” than by the long paragraph that applauds the various attractions of the less amiable Henrietta.

The reign of Lewis has been long extolled for its splendour. It seems to

me to owe its chief distinction to the numerous learned and ingenious men who then enriched France. Lewis, indeed, was fond of war, and pursued many expensive wars; but, by so doing, did he purchase commensurate blessings for his subjects? His people contributed large sums to forward the projects of their monarch. Did those projects ultimately benefit those who had thus paid for them? You must ask yourselves these questions when you are conversant with the history of Lewis. If you answer them in the affirmative, Lewis was certainly a great king; if you answer them in the negative, as surely, Lewis was *not* a great king.

He seems himself to have been aware that he had pursued a mistaken course, and indulged unworthy desires; for with his dying breath he counselled his son “to do what he had not done; and “not to do what he had done.” Lewis died in the seventy-eighth year of his age, 1st September, 1715.

Of the many wise and virtuous men who shed a lustre on this reign, I must give you and myself the pleasure of naming some:—

The admirable Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, the author of *Telema- chus*, and other admired works, and the tutor of Lewis’s grandson, the Duke of Burgundy; the charming

dramatists, Racine, Corneille, Molière; the elegant preachers, Massillon and Bourdaloue; the great statesman, Colbert; the famous generals, Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Catinat; among numerous poets, the witty writer, Boileau.

Lewis XIV. was succeeded by his grandson Lewis XV., the son of the Dauphin, and the younger brother of the Duke of Burgundy. Observe that Lewis XIV. lived during the reign of five English monarchs, from Charles I. to George I.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLES II. 1660.

RICHARD Cromwell was proclaimed Protector, according to the wishes of his father ; but he soon resigned this title. General Monk, at the head of a powerful army, asserted the claims of the Stuarts, and by his aid Charles II. was recalled to England. He fled from it, a wretched exile ; he returned to it, its undisputed sovereign.

On his birth-day, the twenty-ninth of May, Charles II. entered London, amidst the shouts of an exulting populace. Perhaps the very same crowd

had formerly as loudly cheered his adversary, Oliver Cromwell; perhaps the very same crowd would just as readily have beheld the execution, as the coronation of their King. Learn, therefore, to set small value on the acclamations of a thoughtless and ignorant mob. Desire only the silent, but heartfelt and judicious, approbation of the wise and the good.

The reign of Charles is little honourable to his fame; and his prosperity will be one among many proofs, that, *in this world*, man is not always rewarded according to his merits. — Charles I., possessing an excellent heart, and exhibiting many traits of a

generous and affectionate character, was a martyr to the turbulence and the hyprocrisy of the times in which he lived: his son, Charles II., with little of his father's virtue, ruled with despotism over a willing and acclaiming people!

In the year 1665 a dreadful plague depopulated the island. The entertaining author* of "Robinson Crusoe" has written a history of this calamity that will deeply affect you; pray read it. The account of such direful scenes will lead you more justly to prize the health you enjoy, and which you see enjoyed by those who are dear to you.

* De Foe.

When you read of whole families swept off in the course of a few days, you will look around upon your relatives with emotions of freshened gratitude. When you hear of the solitary survivor of a once numerous household, whilst a tender compassion will be awakened for that ill-fated individual, a prayer of thankfulness will swell your bosom for your own happier lot. For its moral service, therefore, a perusal of this mournful narrative is useful. You know where it is said "that sorrow amendeth the heart;" and I have ever treasured up, as a serviceable adage, the following sentiment from a novel: "Consummate misery has a

“ moral tendency, in teaching the re-
“ piner at little evils to be juster to his
“ God and to himself, by unavoidable
“ comparison.”

Among the many distressing executions that stained the government of Charles II., not one is more impressive and afflicting than that of Lord Russel. On a charge of conspiracy this young nobleman was tried, condemned, and executed. At his trial he required a secretary ; and who, think you, officiated for him in that capacity?—his gentle and amiable wife ! The court were as much touched by the presence of this heroic woman, as I know you

will be at the recital of her fortitude. No woman ever did more honour to her sex than did Lady Rachael Russel. Remember her name, and respect her memory. Tenderly loving her husband, she yet smothered her sorrows for his suffering, and sustained him under them. Delicate in form, and agonized by her fears, she yet made every possible effort to save her beloved lord ; but failing in all her attempts, she summoned her fortitude, and, far from wounding him by her complaints, she parted from him without shedding a tear ! Lord Russel, sensibly aware of her excellencies, and

profoundly grateful for her magnanimous patience, when she retired from his parting embrace, exclaimed, “ Now
“ the bitterness of death is past !”

Lord Cavendish, the youthful friend of Russel, wished him to effect his escape by changing dresses with him, and thus let him become a prisoner for him. But Russel nobly declined the generous proposal. A little before his execution he wound up his watch, observing that it was for the last time ;
“ Since now I have done with time,
“ and must think only of eternity.”
He laid his head on the block with the same meek and pious resignation with which he had heard his sentence, and

quitted existence as benignly as he had lived.

After his death, Lady Russel devoted herself to the education of her children, and wrote some "Letters," which beautifully display her piety, her fortitude, her resignation. These letters I hope you will read: they must make every woman proud of her sex, and every man honour it. One evening, when Lady Rachael was alone, reading in the Bible, her candles suddenly went out. Unappalled by this sudden and unusual circumstance, she quietly summoned her domestics to explain it. The butler, with shame and repentance, confessed the candles

had been prepared to go out suddenly,* but they were not intended for his lady. She heard his apology with gentleness, and warned him not to frighten those who could not so easily forgive him.

Have you not often heard of Whig and Tory? Well, I must inform you that those terms were first used during the reign of Charles II. The *King's* friends were called *Tories*; their opposers, Whigs.

John Milton, the writer of the finest poem that perhaps ever enriched any

* Perhaps by cutting through the candle, and introducing water; for moisture, you know, will quickly extinguish a flame.

language, died 1764, just ten years before Charles II. Milton, like the Greek bard, Homer, was blind for the latter part of his life : but, though his body was dark, his mind was illuminated with unparalleled brightness. Indeed, to shew you that, however profligate the monarch, the British* were now a refined and literary people, I must tell you that a society for the advancement of arts and sciences was instituted in England, 1662. This society still continues to subsist, and is patronized by our Sovereign, by the

* From the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, by the accession of our first James, this island is called Britain.

highest nobles, and by the best informed gentry.

Charles II. died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and twenty-fifth of his reign. He left a son called the Duke of Monmouth; but, as this son was not the child of his wife, he had no right to his father's crown. Five noblemen, seeking to increase the power of the King, the initials of their names introduced the word *cabal*, as a term for an intriguing party—Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, Lauderdale.

CHAPTER X.

PETER I. CZAR OF RUSSIA. 1682.

RUSSIA was much benefitted, as you have seen, by the exertions of Ivan or John. That vast empire was still more indebted to the labours of Peter, commonly called “the Great.” In what light he deserved that title you must discover.

Peter I. was the son of Alexis, who was himself a prince of no mean worth, and who is acknowledged to have laid the foundation of much of the after greatness of Russia. Whilst Peter and his elder brother Feodor, were very

young, their sister Sophia, a very intelligent and spirited woman, ruled the empire.* But when Peter became old enough to judge for himself, he thought that his sister was striving to obtain and keep too much power in her own hands. He, therefore, rallied his chief friends around him, deprived Sophia of undue authority, and, with his brother, assumed the reins of government. Feodor, being a weak-minded youth, was incapable of acting up to his dignity ; and after some years bearing the name, but not fulfilling the duties of Czar, he died.

Sophia was put into a convent at

* See Castera's Life of Catherine II.

Moscow, where she ended her days. Mr. Coxe speaks very favourably of this princess, and asserts that Peter knew and highly estimated his sister's abilities. Her ambition was the sole cause of her downfall.

When I tell you of Peter's many cruel acts, you will be disposed to call him Peter the Wicked. When I tell you of the improvements in arts and sciences which he caused to be introduced into Russia, you will be ready to confess that he earned the title of Great.

Among his numerous bloody deeds, I find that, on his ordering the Russians to leave off wearing beards (a

very unwise decree, because the coldness of the climate renders the beard a great protection to the throat and the bosom), a violent insurrection took place. To punish these revolters, he caused *eight thousand* of them to be beheaded; and himself, taking a hatchet, began the bloody work!

His own son, Alexis, he seems never to have loved. Alexis, indeed, appears to have been too much like his father—badly educated and badly disposed. This youth fled from Russia, but was deceived to return by a promise of pardon and safety. Yet was he afterwards tried, and, as it is notoriously

known, put to death by the command of his obdurate parent.

Peter saw and fell in love with a Livonian girl, who was a servant to one of his generals. So well did she manage her influence over this strange being, that he married her, and by the name of Catherine had her crowned Czarina, or Empress of Russia. Catherine was cunning and ambitious, and though she behaved very ill to her husband, she contrived to escape his just resentment, and, after his death, to be proclaimed sovereign of Russia.

But we will now say a few words of the benefits conferred on his subjects

by Peter I. He travelled abroad to England and elsewhere, to obtain information as to what would best conduce to the improvement of his people. He caused ingenious men from distant countries to visit Russia, and instruct its inhabitants ; especially, he hired workmen from England and Holland to construct ships, and thus raised a fleet for the service of his kingdom. He built the city of Petersburgh, and made it the capital of Russia : until his time, Moscow had borne that name. He raised a fine army, with which he not only defended his kingdom from invaders, but gained many splendid conquests. At the famous battle of

Pultowa he completely defeated Charles XII. of Sweden. Of this Charles you shall hear more fully by and by.

Peter died very suddenly, not without suspicion that his death was hastened. The artful conduct of Catherine, after his demise, gives room for suspicion. Peter is related to have observed, “ I can reform my people, “ but I cannot reform myself.” This is considered a fine saying. I do not consider it as such ; I should have called it a *true* saying had it run thus : “ I *will* reform my people, but I will “ not reform myself.” How much oftener do we want the *will* rather than the *power* of self-amendment !

CHAPTER XI.

JAMES II. 1685.

JAMES II. succeeded his brother Charles II. The Duke of Monmouth was the darling of the people : being persecuted by the King, and supported by some of the nobles, he resolved to make an effort for the crown. At Taunton, in Somersetshire, Monmouth assumed the name of King. Twenty young ladies presented him with a pair of colours of their own embroidering, and numbers crowded to his standards. The battle of Sedgemore decided his fate : Monmouth's army was routed,

and he fled for safety. By the assistance of bloodhounds (an inhuman practice) the unfortunate prince was tracked and discovered. He was disguised in the dress of a peasant ; and a few raw pease were found in his pocket, which he had gathered in the fields to support his miserable existence. Overcome with fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, he was too much exhausted to defend himself, and shed some bitter tears on being thus made a hopeless captive. King James consented to see his nephew, who, falling at this monarch's feet, besought for life and pardon. James sternly spurned the suppliant ; and when Monmouth per-

ceived his uncle's obduracy, he sprang from the ground, and assumed an air of loftiness. From that moment his demeanour was firm and tranquil; and though he was dreadfully lacerated by the agitation, or the want of skill in his executioner, he betrayed no feebleness on the scaffold.

The many executions that followed that of Monmouth only shew how undeserving James was of his crown. His Queen, and a Jesuit his confessor, encouraged all his cruel projects. It was soon evident that the monarch desired to restore the Roman Catholic religion; and a nation which had so long tasted the happiness of the Protestant faith was little inclined to the change.

The King's eldest daughter, Mary, was married to William, Prince of Orange ; and the English invited William to rule over them. This prince, you may be sure, gladly accepted the offer, and hastened to collect an army to enforce his claim. James, when too late, saw his mistake : he made some fruitless efforts to preserve his crown, and having a son just then born, he more sanguinely anticipated success. This infant the Queen secretly conveyed to France, whither James himself soon followed. The Parliament assembled, and declared that the King, by flying from his throne and breaking his oath to his subjects, had abdicated it ; and that, therefore, it was vacant.

Now it is one of the fundamental laws of our constitution, that, when the throne is vacant, the Parliament shall have the power of supplying the vacancy by electing a new monarch. After some debates it was therefore determined that Mary, the eldest daughter of the late King, and her husband, William, should jointly reign. It seems difficult to determine what could have been better done in such an emergency. The only son of James was an infant, incapable of ruling, and when grown up would probably have shewn the same disposition as his father.

This removal of James, and the establishment of a Protestant prince on the British throne, is known in history as the Glorious Revolution of 1688.

James and his Queen lived many years in retirement in France, educating their son, Charles-Edward, in the expectation of recovering his father's lost throne. Of this Charles-Edward you will hear much in later reigns, by the name of the "Young Pretender."

Butler, the author of *Hudibras*; Otway, the poet; Corneille, the French dramatist, died during the short reign of our second James.



CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN, BORN 1682.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden has been denominated the most extraordinary man that perhaps has ever been in the world. M. de Voltaire, who says this, wrote his history; and of all that celebrated author's narrative works, you will probably deem his history of Charles XII. the most amusing. To enjoy it, you must read it in French, since the most skilful translation can never do justice to any original work.

At seven years old, Charles was a good horseman, and gave proofs of his

martial disposition ; at fifteen he ascended the throne of Sweden, and at sixteen he undertook his first campaign. The sovereigns of Russia, Poland, and Denmark, at once attacked the dominions of the young King, as perhaps deeming him incapable of opposing them. But he soon taught them to feel and to fear his warlike energy.

The King of Denmark first felt the youthful monarch's prowess ; for, before the battle of Narva, he had appeared with his forces near Copenhagen, and by the payment of a considerable tribute only was that city saved from attack. Previous to his

setting out on these expeditions, he had surprised his ministers by the following address: “ I have resolved
“ never to make an unjust war ; but
“ never to finish a just one, except by
“ the destruction of my enemies. . . .
“ My resolution is taken.” Happy had it been for Sweden had he precisely fulfilled what he here proposed ! But his life was spent in war ; and when he had secured his country’s tranquillity, he began to look about how he should increase her glory ; as if all national glory consists in successful warfare !

At the battle of Narva, he totally defeated Peter the Great, Czar

of Muscovy, at the head of a hundred thousand men, whilst he himself only commanded eight thousand Swedes. In the very commencement of the battle, Charles was wounded in the left arm; but his ardour seemed to render him insensible to the wound. Two horses were killed under him: he sprang upon a third, saying, "These men will make me do my exercise!" and continued to combat and command with undiminished energy.

When an account of this battle was written to be forwarded to Stockholm, the King perused it, and with his own hand struck out any passages that were too favourable to him, or that were

disadvantageous to the reputation of the Czar. If this be true, such conduct was more honourable to Charles than even the great victory he had just won.

At Pultowa, Peter I. was the victor, and Charles retreated to Bender, in Turkey. His conduct there was most singular; for, when desired by the Turks to quit their territory, he actually barricadoed his dwelling-house, and sought to defend himself in it. After his brave soldiers and attendants were almost all cut to pieces, and Charles, sword in hand, was fighting like a madman, he was surrounded and taken prisoner by the Turks.

His return to Sweden, like all his movements, was extraordinary. He travelled in disguise, attended only by a friend or two ; and when he reached Stralsund,* his feet were so swelled by his having travelled sixteen days without once going to bed, that his boots were obliged to be cut off from his legs. Yet, the next day, amidst the rejoicings of his subjects, he proceeded to transact public business, to dispatch orders, and review his troops. That his mind, however, was not insensible to the benefits of peace, has been conjectured from an anecdote recorded by Mr. Coxe, that Charles “ planned

* November 21, 1714.—*Voltaire.*

“ for himself a life of tranquillity in
“ his own kingdom, when he would
“ pay greater attention to the interior
“ administration of affairs, and endea-
“ vour to promote the real interests of
“ his subjects.” That period, even
were it desired, never arrived. At
the early age of thirty-six, Charles lost
his life at Fredericshall, in Norway.
He was killed by a ball,* whilst sur-
veying the works carrying on at the
siege of that place ; but whether that
ball came from the Danish batteries,
or from some hand near him, is a point
not yet settled, and which must now

* On the evening of the 11th of December,
1718.—*Voltaire.*

remain unsettled. Sweden, drained of men and money, could not deplore his death, and almost every state of Europe must have desired it; for, at the time he was killed, his head was full of martial projects—wresting Norway from Denmark, giving a king to Poland, and placing the Pretender on the throne of England. Do you consider any of these plans as coming within the description of those just wars, Charles proposed solely to prosecute?*

Once, when this warrior was dictat-

* Unless, indeed, he meant to be a Don Quixote among kings, redressing their wrongs, &c. &c.

ing a letter to his secretary, a bomb burst near the room in which the King was seated. His secretary let fall his pen. "What is the matter?" said Charles with a tranquil air. "Ah! "Sire, the bomb!" replied the trembling secretary. "Well, and what is "the bomb to do with the letter I am "dictating?" answered the King.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIAM AND MARY. 1689.

WILLIAM III. seemed more fitted to be a general than a king; yet, though often unfortunate in his military operations, he was never daunted by disasters and disappointments.

After being acknowledged King of England, he hastened to Ireland to oppose the plans of James, who, with an army from France, was attacking and oppressing the Irish Protestants. The siege of Londonderry is replete with interesting circumstances. James in vain attempted to take this town :

the small garrison under the command of Mr. Walker, a Protestant clergyman, made a vigorous resistance. The inhabitants endured every species of want: shut up within the walls of a small town; an enemy's army surrounding them, so that no provisions could reach them from the adjacent country, they had no hopes of relief, but what the passage of the river allowed. Some vessels, in attempting to sail to Londonderry, were arrested by the batteries and the contrivances of the enemy. All hope seemed now lost: the suffering inhabitants had eaten all that it was possible to eat. Proper food had long been consumed;

dogs, horses, and other loathsome flesh had been devoured ; the lingering and exquisitely painful death by hunger stared them in the face. At length, overcoming every obstacle, some small vessels reached the town, and cheered the fainting inhabitants with wholesome food. All now was joy and thankfulness, and the enemy retired from the invincible little town.

William and his favourite general, the Duke of Schomberg, hastened to the relief of his oppressed and harassed subjects. At the battle of the Boyne James was defeated. Schomberg was killed by a discharge from his own troops, having unwisely hurried for-

ward into the midst of the enemy. This ardent old soldier was eighty-two when he died, and is said to have been present at as many battles as he was years old.

Though James quitted Ireland on this discomfiture, his partisans continued to support his cause.

A naval engagement, near La Hogue, on the coast of France, more firmly established William, and still further shook the pretensions of James. The French fleet was almost completely destroyed by the English, and the Jacobites (the friends of James) lost much of their ardour in his cause. The Queen (Mary) died of the small

pox, and left King William to rule alone. He continued his martial enterprises, as if more solicitous to obtain consequence in Europe, than to confer benefits on England. At last he was thrown from his horse, and so much hurt, that, being of a delicate constitution, he did not long survive the accident; dying at Kensington, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign.

About the same time died John Dryden, the celebrated poet; as also the unfortunate rival of William, James II.; and it was at this period that the famous Prince Eugene of Savoy flourished. He was the son of the Earl of

Soissons, General of the Swiss ; and being offended by Lewis XIV., he left France, vowing vengeance against its sovereign.

He first served under the Emperor of Germany against the Turks, and from that time took a distinguished post in all the wars that occurred in Europe. You will hear of him, by and by, as the friend of our great Duke of Marlborough.

Whenever an interval of peace intervened, Eugene devoted himself to the elegant arts and studies. He was wont to say, that if the ministers of a country knew, as well as he did, all the miseries inflicted by war, they would

be very cautious how they plunged their country into one. For himself, he spent the last days of his life in complete seclusion, amusing himself with the society of young people, comforting himself with the conversation of friends, and improving himself by a close attention to his religious duties. He often exclaimed, " I have been
" happy in this life, and hope to be
" happy in the life to come. I have
" led the life of a soldier ; but my
" death I wish to be that of a Chris-
" tian."

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP V. KING OF SPAIN. 1700.

You remember Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles was the first prince of the House of Austria that possessed the crown of Spain, and his descendants inherited it until 1700, when Charles II. of Spain died without issue.

The brother of Charles V., Ferdinand, you may recollect, became Emperor of Germany; and when Spain wanted a king, this branch of the House of Austria desired to give it one.

Lewis XIV. of Bourbon, the enterprising King of France, put in his claim for the Spanish crown, as being descended, on the mother's side, from Philip III., who was his grandfather.

William III. of England, ever desirous of curtailing the power of Lewis, opposed his claim. But after many contests, and some deliberation, Charles II. of Spain was persuaded to bequeath his crown to the House of Bourbon, and to nominate the grandson of Lewis as his heir. This Prince was, therefore, proclaimed King of Spain, by the title of Philip V.; and his grandfather, Lewis, managed to have his title acknowledged by most of the states of Europe.

Lewis was not equally successful in all his undertakings; for before his death he found himself stripped of all those conquests on which he had expended so much blood and treasure: and that France and Spain might not be united, it was decreed that the younger brother of Philip should ascend the throne of his grandfather.

The present was a period adorned by many illustrious sovereigns; for now flourished Lewis XIV. of France; Peter the Great, of Muscovy; Charles XII. of Sweden; William III. of England; Prince Eugene of Savoy.

In India a successful conqueror held the Mogul sceptre. Aureng-Zebe the

Great, acknowledged by all writers to have been a valiant and skilful general, is depicted by some to have been virtuous, by others to have been cruel and tyrannical in peace. In Hindostan his character is venerated, as the founder and legislator of that vast empire ; the government of which, however, he obtained by the dethronement and murder of his brothers. It is also recorded that he benevolently declared, “ that the food was bitter “ which was drawn from the sweat of “ his subjects.” Thus good and bad seem to have mingled in the disposition of Aureng-Zebe.

About 1640, the Tartars made a

formidable invasion into China, and, after a severe conflict, succeeded in obtaining possession of that extensive empire. Shee-tsong, a Tartar prince, ascended the throne; and, from that period to the present, the crown of China has been possessed by his descendants. Shee-tsong was a meritorious monarch; he patronized learning, and was friendly to the Jesuits, who resided in China under pretence of propagating the Christian religion, but in fact to disseminate their own most unchristian principles, and spread the influence of their own sect.

Shee-tsong, the Tartar, conducted himself with much wisdom towards his

conquered subjects. He humoured their national prejudices, by adopting their dress, language, and manners, and in no material point changed their customs and laws. Instead, however, of shutting himself up in his palace, according to the custom of former emperors, Shee-tsong often shewed himself to his people, and allowed them to have free access to his presence; an invaluable privilege in an absolute monarchy, such as that of China.

CHAPTER XV.

ANNE. 1702.

ON the death of William, Anne, the youngest daughter of James II., ascended the English throne. Anne had been married to Prince George of Denmark; and her mother was the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, the first wife of James.

I cannot give you the history of Anne without making you acquainted with her renowned general, the great Duke of Marlborough.

John Churchill, the son of a baronet, was early introduced at court,

and in the reign of Charles II. accompanied the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) in the capacity of his page. He married a Miss Sarah Jennings, one of the maids of honour to the Princess Anne; and, as his wife was a great favourite with her royal mistress, when Anne became Queen, she preserved a considerable influence at court, and through her intrigues her husband obtained great power and rank.

In process of time he was made Duke of Marlborough, and entrusted with the command of the armies of England. His talents and bravery richly deserved every recompence.

England, Germany, and Holland declared war against France; and Marlborough was appointed generalissimo of the allied forces. At the battle of Blenheim,* Marlborough and Prince Eugene gained a signal victory over the French under the command of Tallard. This general was taken prisoner, and, when visited by Marlborough, observed, “ Sir, you have “ beaten the finest troops in the “ world.”—“ I hope you will except “ those troops by whom they were “ beaten,” replied the Duke. It was on occasion of this victory that a noble

* It is sometimes called the battle of Hochstet, as occurring equally near to that village.

estate at Woodstock, near Oxford, was given to Marlborough, and a magnificent palace built upon it for his residence, called Blenheim House, in honour of the glorious victory that caused its erection.

Another less splendid, but more important conquest, marked the same era. In the narrow western entrance into the Mediteranean Sea, formerly called the Pillars of Hercules, stand two fortified towns. The one on the north coast, Gibraltar, then belonged to the Spaniards. Look on the map; you will quickly perceive how advantageous the possession of such a place must be. By the skilful manœuvring

of Sir George Rooke, the English became masters of it in 1703, the year before the battle of Blenheim, and have kept it in their hands ever since ; not, indeed, without many struggles with the Spaniards.

The Earl of Peterborough now performed an action more honourable to the English name, than the most splendid conquests achieved by her most eminent generals. Anne assisted Charles, son of the Emperor, with some troops, to establish himself, if possible, in Spain ; and the Earl of Peterborough was appointed the general of these troops. At the siege of Barcelona, when that city capitulated,

the Earl entered the walls to sign the articles of surrender. Whilst doing so a loud cry was heard, and the Governor of Barcelona called out, “ My Lord, you have betrayed us; your English are pillaging our city.”— “ It cannot be,” replied the Earl; “ my English know better: it must be our allies, the Germans. Let me enter with my troops, and I will quickly appease the clamour.” — Though these words were spoken by a man of a mean and deformed figure, the tone of sincerity with which they were uttered was most imposing. The Governor acceded to his extraordinary request. The Earl, as he predicted,

found it was the allies who had so perfidiously entered the city. He drove these pillagers from the place, compelled them to restore their booty, and then quietly returned and signed the capitulation.

A regular and solemn union of the kingdoms of Scotland and England was now effected. The treaty was signed by the principal nobility of both nations, and is still preserved and shewn to the curious in the Register-Office in Edinburgh. I assure you, it is very gratifying to behold this important document—to notice the various signatures—and to reflect, that not one hand that subscribed to the treaty

but is now mouldered to its parent dust.

Marlborough, after all his successes, was doomed to be disgraced. Mrs. Masham, a relation of the Duchess's, was introduced by her to the Queen, and soon gained so much influence over the mind of Anne, that she brought about the disgrace of her friend and kinswoman. Whilst Mrs. Masham thus intrigued under the direction of Harley, Lord Oxford, this nobleman, one of the Queen's ministers, called to his aid Henry St. John, the famous Lord Bolingbroke. This junto shortly succeeded in depriving Marlborough of the Queen's confi-

dence and favour. Heavy charges of taking the public money for his own use were brought against him ; and as he very unsatisfactorily explained this imputation of his honesty, he was removed from his employments. It was during this season of degradation that Prince Eugene, meeting his old friend, generously threw himself into his arms —too warm-hearted and too noble-minded to allow a change of fortune to induce a change of feeling. Thus giving an example worthy of universal imitation ; since none but the base and the cowardly would recommend or adopt coldness and unkindness to the

companion humbled, not by his own failings, but by the caprice of others.

For the rest of Anne's reign, Marlborough lived in retirement, travelling on the continent as a private gentleman, but being every where received with marks of respect and honour. In the next reign he was restored to all his dignities, but died shortly afterwards, in the seventy-third year of his age. The influence of the Duchess declined more quickly than her husband's; and when at last she visited the Queen, to try and regain, if possible, her lost power, Anne answered her supplications by repeating an inso-

lent expression in one of her own letters to the Queen : “ You desired no answer, and shall have none.”

So much for the fate of intriguing courtiers ! Who would condescend to flatter the great, and spend life in scheming for power, when dignity, peace of mind, and truth must be sacrificed in the pursuit ?

The Queen had several children, but not one survived her ; and the death of the Duke of Gloucester, a prince of much promise, in the fourteenth year of his age, the last survivor of her family, deeply afflicted her. After a prosperous reign of twelve years, Anne expired in the forty-ninth year

of her age, leaving her name to be recorded in history by the honourable title of Good Queen Anne. In her ended the line of the Stuarts.

John Locke, the celebrated metaphysical writer, died in this reign. Metaphysics, or the science of the mind, is a study highly improving, and Mr. Locke first established its principles. When you are old enough, you must read his work on the subject.—Since our actions arise from our thoughts, must it not be very useful, nay, very necessary, that we should learn to think clearly and justly? Mr. Locke's Treatise will teach you to think.

CHAPTER XVI.

EAST INDIES.

AFTER the Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they proceeded in their venturous voyage until they reached the Coast of Malabar, and landed at Calicut the 22d of May, 1498. At that period, many native princes governed in Hindostan. Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese navigator, attempted to conclude a commercial treaty with some of these princes, and though he failed, the Portuguese commander who followed him succeeded.

Goa was taken by Albuquerque ; some degree of injustice must always attach to the invasion and subjugation of country, over which no right of conquest could be possessed ; yet the European settlers in Asia did not disgrace themselves and their country, as those in America had done. Portugal soon obtained extensive dominions in India ; and the island of Bombay was given to our second Charles as part of the dowry of his wife Catherine, Infanta of Portugal.

The Dutch followed the path opened by the Portuguese, and hastened to send colonies to India.

The English, in the reign of Elizabeth also, adventured thither; and the Queen, as I have told you, granted permission to a company of merchants to trade thither. Pepper and spices were the first objects of commerce; afterwards silks, cotton, coffee, rice, sugar, and tea became articles eagerly sought for. The Mogul Emperor resided at Delhi, and permitted the establishment of a factory at Surat. Other settlements were made on the other side of the peninsula of India, at Madras and Bengal.

Long after the Portuguese, Dutch, and English had settled in India, the French turned their speculations thi-

therwards, and, by treaty or force of arms, gradually obtained a footing there.

Thus a regular commerce was established between the different states of Europe and their several colonies in the East Indies. Troops were sent over to defend the settlements, or to acquire new territories; the native princes were subdued by arms, or bound by treaties to respect the European colonies. Towns and cities were built, and laws and governments arranged.

In the island of Amboyna, one of the Moluccas, a dreadful butchery was perpetrated by the Dutch during the reign of our first James.

The Portuguese had been expelled by the Dutch from this island, and the English had settled there under the protection of the Dutch government. Some disagreement arose between these two people, and they were referred to be adjusted by their respective East India companies. But the Dutch chose not to wait the slow awards of justice ; they chose to tarnish their names for ever by an unparalleled act of treachery and barbarity. Under the pretext that the English were conspiring against them, they broke through every law of humanity, violated the promise of protection given, and at once seized upon all the

English as so many criminals : nor here stopped their shameless perfidy. They put to death the prisoners collected with the most exquisite tortures ; and, though not one proof could be found of the pretended plot, all the English on the island were butchered in the most barbarous manner.

Are we speaking of Christians ? Alas ! that so pure and merciful a creed should be soiled by the deeds of its professors !

After the death of Aurung-Zebe, the Mogul Emperor, the settlement of Bengal made favourable arrangements with the court of Delhi. But, surrounded as were our Eastern colonies

with Asiatic and European forces, war, in one quarter or another, was always harassing them. The chief presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, were, and are the seats of government and judicature. After a voyage of many weeks—it may be, of many months—it must be very interesting to find on a distant shore towns inhabited by our countrymen, and customs, as far as climate will admit, similar to our own. The mixture of the dark natives; their peculiar buildings, and as peculiar dress and manners; with the differing trees and plants that enrich their soil, must give strong interest to a first view of the town and country

scenes of India ; and Europeans ought graciously to contemplate a country from which they have so long drawn wealth and luxuries, and a people with whom it is their own fault if they do not live in peace and confidence.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE I. 1714.

IN the reign of William an act of parliament had been passed, that the Princess Sophia, Duchess Dowager of Hanover, and her heirs, should be next in succession to Anne. Sophia was the granddaughter of James I., and had married the Elector of Hanover,* George-Louis. Her son, therefore, ascended the throne of Britain on the death of Queen Anne.

George I. landed at Greenwich, and was received with distinguished re-

* He was also Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg.—*Gibbon*.

spect. Soon after his arrival he took occasion to say, " My maxim is never
" to abandon my friends, to do jus-
" tice to all the world, and to fear no
" man." A sentiment wise from any
mouth, but singularly appropriate from
that of a king.

Charles-Edward, the son of James II., by his second wife, had made an attempt to obtain his father's crown in the reign of Anne. In the reign of George I. he again visited Scotland, and was solemnly proclaimed king at Aberdeen. A powerful party had already collected under the command of the Earl of Mar, and had gained some advantages. The Earl of Argyle, the

King's general, however, soon subdued these irregular troops; and the Pretender shortly after quitting Scotland, the rebellion in that country in his favour was quickly extinguished.

The principal noblemen who had engaged in it were condemned to death: among these was Lord Nithsdale. The tender ingenuity of his wife, however, saved him. Lady Nithsdale was permitted to visit her husband the evening before his execution, to bid him a mournful farewell. She entered the Tower leaning on a couple of female attendants, and holding a handkerchief to her eyes, as if to hide her tears. Whilst in the prison she pre-

vailed upon her lord to exchange dresses with her, and to quit the Tower in the same attitude in which she had entered it. He did so ; safely entered the carriage, which drove him to the banks of the Thames, where a boat was attending to transport him to a small vessel, which instantly sailed for France. At three in the morning he landed at Calais ; and, sinking on his knees, he exclaimed, “ Heaven be
“ praised ! I am safe.”

The next morning, when a clergyman entered the prison to prepare the prisoner for death, he was much surprised to behold a woman in disguise. The news was soon made public, and

the Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to immediately liberate Lady Nithsdale. We may easily imagine the joy and celerity with which she hastened to join her rescued husband !

I will not talk to you about the various intrigues of the politicians and statesmen that formed the prominent incidents in the reign of George I., nor of the trials of the Earl of Orford and the Duke of Ormond. The last time these two celebrated personages met, the Earl earnestly dissuaded Ormond from quitting England ; and when he found his intreaties unavailing, he bade farewell to his friend ; the

Duke saying, "Farewell, Orford, without a head!" and the Earl replying, "Farewell, Duke, without a duchy!" The Duke of Ormond fled to Spain, where he afterwards chiefly resided. The Earl of Orford, after a two years imprisonment, was brought to his trial; but, no accusers appearing against him, he was set at liberty.

That George I. was a prince of mild and benevolent principles, the following anecdote gives proof. He was once at a masqued ball, and discoursed with a lady who did not know him. When they drank wine together, the lady said, "To the health of the Pre-

“tender!”—“With all my heart,” replied the King; “I drink willingly “to the health of unfortunate princes.”

On one of his visits to Hanover, he was taken suddenly ill on the road: the day before he had appeared quite well, and had eaten very heartily at supper. Whilst travelling the next morning he ordered his coach to stop, and it was then discovered by his attendants that one of his hands lay motionless. Every thing was done to revive the King; but he fainted into the arms of his servant, Fabricio, and never spoke again. At eleven the next morning he ceased to breathe, being then in the thirteenth year of

his reign, and the sixty-eighth of his age, June 11th, 1727.

In 1720, much public distress was experienced by the breaking up of a society, called the "South Sea Company." This society originated on some commercial project, and the hopes of a lucrative settlement in South America. By the folly of some of its directors, and by the cunning dishonesty of others, immense sums of money lent by numerous persons was unaccountably lost, and many respectable families and individuals at once hurled from affluence to poverty. The government did what it could to remedy these evils. But their magni-

tude and number were beyond all power of complete reparation.

Many celebrated characters now adorned Britain. Mr. Prior, the poet, acted as ambassador at Paris before and after the accession of George I. Among his numerous poems, a few lines written in the form of his own epitaph, very happily ridicule the silly pride of ancestry :

“ Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
“ Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
“ The son of Adam and of Eve ;
“ Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?”

Mr. Addison, the author of that much-admired work, “The Spectator,”

now flourished. He served in Ireland as secretary to the profligate and worthless Earl of Wharton. He afterwards married Lady Warwick; and when dying, sent for her son, the young Earl, to witness his death.—“ See how a Christian can die!” was the affecting address of Mr. Addison to his youthful son-in-law. Soon after the death of George I. expired Sir Isaac Newton; perhaps the greatest philosopher that ever enlightened the world. In astronomy his discoveries were so astonishing, that he has been likened to light illuminating darkness :—

“ Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in night ;
“ God said, ‘ Let Newton be !’ and all was light.”

What a pity that Newton’s wonderful acquirements could not be bequeathed, as other acquired property can be to an heir !

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEWIS XV. OF FRANCE. 1715.

LEWIS XV. succeeded his grandfather, Lewis XIV., and found the kingdom of France more injured than benefited by the splendid reign of his predecessor. The people had been drained of their wealth, and the want of money was sensibly felt by all ranks. John Law, a Scotchman, had been compelled to fly his country for manslaughter,* and, escaping to France, set his wits to work to obtain a subsistence. He proposed a scheme for paying off the national debt with bank notes, and

* Having killed a man in a duel.

established a bank in his own name, which he afterwards connected with the Mississippi Company. His bank was taken under the protection of the government,* declared to be royal, and the principal direction of it was placed in the hands of Law. This scheme, though at first very promising, failed ultimately in relieving the public necessity; Law had again to fly for safety, and the nation remained more embarrassed than before the adoption of his ill-digested plan. He lived some time in London, and travelling thence to Venice, died there in want and obscurity.

* By the Duke of Orleans.

Cardinal Fleury became minister at the age of seventy-three, and ably fulfilled his many and important duties until he almost counted ninety years, preserving his intellects unimpaired; a striking instance of faculties vigorous amidst the decay of limbs and body.

The Pragmatic Sanction had secured the possessions of the House of Austria to the female as well as male heirs of that family. In England you have seen queens placed on the throne; in France and other countries no woman could reign. The *salique** or salic

* From *sala* [house]; a law determining the inheritance of property among the Germans.—

Montesquieu.

law excluded them from the succession. This law was derived from the ancient Germans. A regulation to disregard this law, in favour of the House of Austria, was entitled the “Pragmatic Sanction.”

Charles VI. Emperor of Germany, died without male issue ; and, according to the above regulation, his daughter, Maria Theresa, the wife of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, was heir to his dominion. Many princes opposed her claim ; among the rest the brother kings of Spain and France. They collected a large army, which, under the command of the famous Prince of

Conti, forced a passage over the Alps, and gained important victories.

War was at the same time declared against England, although the French navy, the only means of attacking our sea-girt isle, was in a most despicable condition ; scarcely one man of war being in a state to put to sea. Hence the English obtained many a glorious triumph over their neighbours, and continued to hold the empire of the ocean.

These destructive wars, and heavy losses in America and the East Indies, all conspired to shake the grandeur and the internal peace of France. Other

causes also, of a more domestic nature, further injured the national prosperity. When you are old enough, you will read the works of some French writers of that era, which will sufficiently convince you, that a country poisoned by such baneful publications was in the way to lose all dignity and all happiness.

On the 5th of January, 1757, Lewis was stabbed at Versailles, in the presence of his son and his courtiers, and in the midst of his guards. A poor wretch, named Damiens, had indulged a melancholy and vindictive disposition till he became almost mad. Hearing murmurs from the people on all

sides, he presumed that, by killing the King, he should strike at the root of the public calamity. Armed with a sharp knife, he watched his opportunity, and wounded his monarch.— Lewis, when he felt the blow, looked on the ruffian, whose wild glances easily marked him, and quietly said, “ This is the man : seize him, but do not hurt him.”

The King recovered ; but his lenient command did not save the wretched Damiens from being put to death in the most cruel manner.

The Queen died in 1769, and Lewis from that time became the slave of his mistresses. Madame du Barré ruled him with unlimited power.

In the sixty-fourth year of his age, the King was seized with the small-pox. The nature of the disease not being known in time, he was improperly treated, and expired in the fifty-ninth year of his reign, 1774.

A celebrated female gave honour to this period. Madame Dacier, the admired translator of Homer, by her profound knowledge of Greek, and her other shining accomplishments, acquired a deathless fame: she died soon after Lewis ascended the throne of France, 1718. Vertot, the historian, died in 1735.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE II. 1727.

GEORGE I. had married the Princess Sophia of Zell ; they had two children, George II. and the Queen of Prussia, mother to the great Frederic III.

Of the many wars began and prosecuted during this reign, I need not speak ; you will read of them when you can better understand their causes and their consequences. England was alternately embroiled with almost every state of Europe, till in 1748 the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle gave peace to the civilized world.

The rebellion of Scotland, as more near and more interesting, deserves greater attention. Charles, the young Pretender, aided by France, again urged his pretensions. Count Saxe was put at the head of the troops destined for his service ; and George II., never deficient in personal courage, resolved to fight in his own cause. Charles having landed in Scotland, and proclaimed his father King of England, at first gained some advantages, and marched forward with spirit. But the Duke of Cumberland, with a large and well-disciplined army, quickly appeared to oppose him. A battle on the plains of Culloden, nine miles from

Inverness, decided the fate of the Pretender. His army was completely routed; and were I to describe to you his flight from the field of battle, you would think I was repeating the disastrous narrative of our second Charles. Though thirty thousand pounds were offered as a reward for whoever would bring him, dead or alive, to the English camp, not one of fifty persons, with whom he trusted himself, was base enough to betray his confidence.

One day, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and grown desperate by the severity of his sufferings, he entered a house, the master of which he knew was unfriendly to his cause. "The

“ son of your King,” he exclaimed,
“ comes to beg a little bread and a
“ few clothes. I know you are against
“ me; but I believe you to be too
“ honourable to betray me. Take
“ these rags; when I am King of
“ England, you may restore them to
“ me.” The person so addressed
shewed himself worthy of the confi-
dence reposed in him: he assisted the
Prince, and never divulged his secret.

After many months spent in wander-
ing amidst desolate wilds, Charles-
Edward escaped to France, and never
again troubled the repose of Britain.
He resided on the continent the rest
of his life, and in a humble rank per-

haps enjoyed more true satisfaction than a throne would have bestowed. His principal adherents were tried and executed as rebels, and tranquillity was restored to the whole island, 1746.

It had been long known, that, by an inaccurate calculation of time, the months of the year did not fall on that exact part of the sun's course which they ought to have done. In 1582 Pope Gregory had rectified this increasing error, and, by making the 5th of October to be reckoned as the 15th, restored the days of the year to their right place. Almost two hundred years afterwards, 1752, this "*New Style*," as it is called, was

introduced into Britain ; as before, several days were skipped over, and the 3d of September reckoned the 14th; the two centuries that had intervened requiring the addition of another day when the arrangement was made with us. You will thus be able to form some idea what is meant by Old and New Style, and the occurrence of the letters O. S. or N. S. added to dates.

The King had several children. Frederic, Prince of Wales, was married, and had a son named George—the same amiable and beloved George III. that now sways the British sceptre. The Prince of Wales and his

father did not live upon good terms, and having offended the King, Frederic was forbidden to appear in his presence. These differences were, however, happily reconciled ; for Frederic died prematurely : and to have expired in a state of enmity with his parent would have embittered his last moments, and increased the affliction of his loss to his father.

In 1744, Commodore Anson completed a voyage round the world. He first proceeded to America, and, doubling Cape Horn, stretched across the Pacific Ocean to China ; then pursuing his course, he returned by the Cape of Good Hope to his native land.

Amuse yourselves by tracing his voyage on a globe. Captain Cooke afterwards, more than once achieved this great undertaking. You are well acquainted with the prints in Cooke's Voyages ; as you grow older, you must make yourselves as conversant with his Narrative.

In 1755 the city of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake. Can you imagine this awful event? the earth opening, and swallowing up a large and populous city ! The quay of Lisbon, newly built of stone, ran far into the sea ; it was crowded by human beings. In one instant it disappeared, and every creature perished. It has

been calculated that sixty thousand lives were lost on that fatal day. Churches were thrown down, and houses fell, as if built of cards. In the tremendous convulsion, some edifices caught fire, and raging flames added horrors to the scene. Be grateful that you live on an island, very seldom and very slightly affected by these sublime operations of nature.

The last great event that distinguished the reign of George II. was the taking of Quebec. General Wolfe, in the prime of life, achieved that splendid conquest. Quebec, a fortified town of Canada, in North America, was the capital of the French

dominions in the New World. M. de Montcalm, a brave officer, relied too much on the inaccessible situation of the town he was appointed to defend. —When he found the English had gained an important post, he hastened to retrieve his error, and fought valiantly amidst his French soldiers. Wolfe was shot in the wrist in the beginning of the engagement, but wrapping a handkerchief round the place, he continued his exertions. A second ball pierced his bosom, and he leaned on the shoulder of one of his men, still striving to rally. Whilst thus struggling in acute pain, he heard the cry, “ They run ! they run ! ” — “ Who

“run?” asked the dying warrior.
“The French!” replied the surrounding soldiers. “Then I die happy,” murmured the general, and expired.

England by this victory obtained possession of Canada, which has ever since owned her sway.

George II. died rather suddenly at Kensington, in the thirty-third year of his reign, and seventy-seventh of his life, 1760.

CHAPTER XX.

CELEBRATED PERSONS WHO LIVED DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

So many clever and excellent persons lived during the reign of George II. that I must give a chapter to the enumeration of them. Indeed, this period may be called the Augustan age of England. The life of Lewis XIV. is deemed the Augustan age of France. Pray, what do I mean by this expression? I hope you have not forgotten Augustus, Emperor of Rome, and that numerous learned and

accomplished persons lived during his reign.

1729, died Sir Richard Steele, who wrote the *Tatler*, and was the principal author of the papers of the *Spectator*. He was a great friend and admirer of Mr Addison.

1732, died Mr. Gay. His very amusing Fables have often entertained you, and if you will attend to the *moral* they convey, the perusal of them will equally instruct you.

1741, died M. Rollin, a Frenchman, the author of "Ancient History," and other excellent books for young people. His History is one of the most

useful works that you can peruse, and, though long, will not weary you if properly read; for many parts are deeply interesting, and the whole is full of anecdotes and stories of the great, and the learned, and the good of former times.

1744, died Mr. Alexander Pope, to whom English readers are so much indebted for a charming translation of Homer, the ancient Greek poet's works. Mr. Pope wrote also ingenious Imitations of Horace, the Roman bard, and many original poems.

1745, died Dr. Jonathan Swift; he was very clever and very witty; and you will laugh at his History of Gulliver, a

fabulous tale. But, in general, his works are not calculated for juvenile readers.

1748, died Mr. James Thomson. His fine poems, "The Seasons," are justly and universally admired, and while they please the fancy, warm and elevate the heart.

1748, died Dr. Isaac Watts. This learned and amiable divine composed so many works for the gratification and improvement of youth, that you must early learn to respect his memory; his talents you cannot fail to respect. His pleasing little Hymns you already are familiar with, and his longer and graver compositions I trust you will be ac-

quainted with, as soon as you are capable of understanding and relishing their excellencies.

1754, died Mr. Henry Fielding. This gentleman wrote many plays, among the rest that very laughable one called "Tom Thumb," founded on the little story of that name. He also published many novels, which, though full of wit, are not always full of good examples : his heroes are none of them worthy to be imitated.

1759, died Frederic Handel, the great musician. He was so devoted to his favourite art, that by great application he was capable, at the age of fourteen, of acting as the manager of

a band. He composed a prodigious number of pieces; and if ever you hear his oratorio of "The Messiah," in a full orchestra, you will feel what was the extent of his mighty genius.

1760, died Count Zinzendorf. Why do I tell you of him? Because he was the founder of that quiet and unassuming sect, the "Moravians." Of these Moravians, and their several retired stations in England, Germany, and elsewhere, you will often hear. Pray, observe I have only named a *few* of the most remarkable persons who died during the reign of George II.

CHAPTER XXI.

FREDERIC THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.

1740.

FREDERIC III., King of Prussia, was the son of Sophia, daughter of George I. of England. His father, Frederic II., treated him with great severity, and seemed desirous of educating him only for a military character. But young Frederic took all opportunities of improving his mind, and acquiring the various elegant accomplishments. He once attempted to escape from Prussia, and to travel into foreign countries; but

he was arrested, and was punished by six months imprisonment in a dungeon. His juvenile friend and travelling companion, Lieutenant Catt, was more rigorously treated; he was beheaded, and the young Prince was compelled to behold the execution of the amiable young man, who thus suffered in his cause.

When Frederic was released from confinement, he retired to a secluded castle, where he employed his time in literary pursuits, and was visited by men of taste and genius. When his father died, he ascended the throne of Prussia, and assiduously devoted himself to public business, and with

especial care superintended the military department. He engaged in several wars, and made his name feared by his neighbours. When a season of peace intervened, he occupied himself with writing and publishing books; thus giving evidence of the variety and excellence of his mental powers.

He persuaded the celebrated Frenchman, M. de Voltaire, to reside at his court; but these eccentric personages were not likely long to agree. The King was in the habit of sending his writings for the Frenchman to correct and prepare for printing. One day, when some papers arrived from Frederic, Voltaire excused himself from

obliging a friend, who had asked a similar favour, by saying, “ I cannot look over your work ; for see ! the King has sent me his dirty linen to clean.” This sarcasm was repeated to the King, and, it is said, was never forgiven by him. These two philosophers parted : Voltaire hastily quit- ted Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and Frederic made him suffer for his pro- voking jest.

This monarch effected so much in the course of twenty-four hours, that you may be sure he carefully regulated his time. “ Every hour brought its appointed occupation.” He rose at five—sometimes before ; for he too

well knew the value of morning hours to lose many of them in sleep or idle wakings. He allowed himself *two minutes* to dress his own hair; he gave one hour to his dinner, and filled up almost every other till midnight in some useful or improving employment. He dressed very plainly, was fond of music, but shunned the society of females. Even at the age of seventy-four, when disease had shaken his frame, he pursued nearly the same system of attention to public business and self-improvement. When his disorder became very painful and oppressive, and he could not lie down on his bed, he persisted in his plans, was

cheerful and uncomplaining, and listened to his attendants perusing works of celebrity. Whilst his friends were reading to him from Cicero and Plutarch, he fainted, and the following morning expired, August 17, 1786, aged seventy-five.

You have here the pleasing side of Frederic's picture:—let us look at its reverse. Frederic was one of the potentates who, in 1772, dismembered Poland. What should we say to three peasants, who, after seizing our garden, divided it among themselves, and each called the appropriated portion his own? I suppose we should at once name such persons robbers. The

greater the theft, must not the crime be greater? Three powerful monarchs, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, seized upon Poland, turned away its king, and shared among themselves that kingdom. What was this but a robbery?

Some day you may, perhaps, read the adventures of Baron Trenck : he was beloved by the Princess Amelia, Frederic's sister ; and for presuming to return the love of so elevated a fair one, Trenck was cruelly persecuted by this sovereign. His sufferings were, indeed, almost unparalleled, and you will admire his unbroken spirit of endurance. Frederic is also accused of in-

gratitude to the family of poor Lieutenant Catt, whose death his imprudence certainly caused ; but, worse than all, he is accused of *impiety* ! For fools to be impious is not wonderful, for they know no better ; but for *wise* men to be impious, is most strange !

Catherine II. was the Empress of Russia, who assisted Frederic of Prussia, and Joseph II. Emperor of Germany, in dismembering Poland. She has been much extolled as a patron of learning, and a beneficial sovereign to Russia ; but I think you will consider her character as deeply stained with crime. Not to say any thing of her

share in the above-named most unjust and disgraceful transaction, she obtained her crown by intrigue, and, if report speaks true, by the murder of her husband, the weak and unfortunate Peter III.

To read the list of her numerous lovers puts to flight every sentiment of respect for this licentious and guilty Princess; but in the catalogue of her faults, not one is more painfully conspicuous than her cruel execution of Prince Ivan. This youthful sufferer could be charged with no other crime than that of having been chosen heir, and proclaimed Emperor of Russia.

Catherine I. the *wife*, Peter II.* the *grandson*, and Anne, the *niece* of Peter I. the Great, successively ascended his throne. The Empress Anne in her will bequeathed the crown of Russia to Ivan, the infant son of her niece, the Duchess of Brunswick-Luneburg.

But Elizabeth, the younger daughter of Peter the Great, contrived to have Ivan III. deposed, and herself proclaimed Empress. Ivan was then an infant, and was carried from his cradle to Elizabeth, who took him into

* The son of the unfortunate Alexis, who was killed by order of his father, Peter the Great.

her arms. At that moment loud shouts were heard from the populace hailing the new Empress. The innocent child smiled at the noise; Elizabeth was touched by his unconscious gaiety, and exclaimed, "Poor child! you do not know that those shouts announce your loss of a crown." However, to secure her own power and safety, she put the child into a strong fortress, where he remained imprisoned upwards of twenty years, and was at last put to death by his guards on the order of Catherine II., the wife of Peter III. This Peter was the son of Anne, daughter of Peter the Great,

and the successor of his aunt, the Empress Elizabeth.

Ivan was a beautiful and artless youth. When his merciless keepers entered his lonely dungeon, he made a brave resistance, and fell, mangled with many wounds, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and the second of Catherine II.'s reign, 1764. Read his tragical history in "Castera's Life of Catherine II.," or "Coxe's Travels in Russia."

CHAPTER XXII.

GEORGE III. 1760.

WE are now come to the eventful reign of our venerable and venerated monarch, George III. He was the son of Frederic, Prince of Wales, and succeeded his grandfather, George II., the 25th October, 1760, being then in the twenty-second year of his age.

Volumes would not suffice to give you a precise detail of the several events that have distinguished the long and busy reign of our amiable monarch. Two or three of the most prominent I will slightly notice, and when

you are old enough, you must read of the rest in better books.

In 1763, Mr. Wilkes, a member of parliament, was committed to the Tower for publishing a seditious paper in "The North Britain," a periodical work. You will often hear of "Number 45," the number of this paper. After various struggles between Mr. Wilkes and his prosecutors, he was outlawed, and retired to Paris. After four years of exile, he petitioned the King for leave to return to England, and spent the latter part of his life in his native island. He was of so active a character, that he used to say, "I have always lived two days in one."

1776. The American colonies declared themselves an independent republic. After the discovery of the New World, all the states of Europe sent colonies thither, and, by force or purchase, obtained large tracts of lands. The English did so, at various times, from the reign of Elizabeth; and these persons, though living so far distant from our country, were considered as subjects of England, and under the authority of the English government. By degrees their numbers and their consequent power greatly increased; and finally, taking offence at a tax levied upon them by the English ministry, they declared themselves an

independent republic, and took up arms to support their declaration.—Troops from England were immediately sent over to quell this revolt. The struggle between the mother-country and her colonies continued long, and was attended with various success, till at length,

1783, The independence of America was formally acknowledged by England and the other states of Europe; and from that time the thirteen United Provinces have been governed by their own laws and their own congress.* This arrangement had been opposed, because it was deemed inju-

* Congress—a meeting, an assembly.

rious to the prosperity of Britain ; but on its taking place, it has been thought beneficial to the mother-country, since America caused more expense than it repaid.

1782. The justly-celebrated William Pitt, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. When I inform you that this extraordinary young man was only in the *twenty-fourth* year of his age at that time, you will be astonished to behold him filling the office of prime minister to a mighty empire. His life was, indeed, one splendid course of active duty ; and if incomparable talents and extraordinary virtue could

ensure prosperity, England must have prospered under the administration of Mr. Pitt. But though he could make the best of events, he could not govern them ; and besides, his rivals, with more love of opposition than of justice or patriotism, continually obstructed his views and defeated his plans. Worn out with exertion, and repeated disappointment, to the irreparable loss of his country, Mr. Pitt died on the 23d of January, 1806. His last words spoke the subject of his thoughts, and explained the cause of his premature decease ; for with a sigh he murmured, “ Oh ! my country ! ”

So wholly had he devoted himself

to the service of that country, that he allowed his private affairs to become embarrassed! So little did he think of his own aggrandizement, that though able to appropriate to himself numerous rich sinecures,* he died poor.

Mr. Fox, the great opponent of Mr. Pitt, and remarkable for many shining talents, died the same year. On the floor of Westminster Abbey you will mark the tombstones of these great men. They lie close together; and, after a life of warfare, repose in peace, almost side by side!

* Sinecure, without duty; a place which receives a salary, but requires no service.

1795. After a trial which had lasted *seven years*, Mr. Warren Hastings was acquitted of the charges brought against him. He had been in high power in the East Indies, and was accused of various crimes and misdemeanours. Of all these he was not only declared innocent, but the East India Company voted him a handsome indemnification for the trouble and expense he had sustained. How pure must have been his conduct, when it could bear, uninjured, the close scrutiny to which it was subjected!

1806. The slave-trade was abolished by act of parliament. You will hear with as much astonishment, as I write

it with shame, that ships were annually sent to Africa, to buy men, women, and children, and transport them to America, to be sold there as slaves to work in the sugar-plantations and other servile offices. Can you possibly imagine any right one man has over another, thus to purchase his freedom; thus to traffic for human flesh, as for the senseless articles of commerce; to buy a fellow-creature, as he would buy an irrational brute! Feebly can any of us imagine the agonies of the unfortunate creatures, torn rudely from country, family, and friends; borne to a strange and distant land, and compelled by stripes and tortures

(dreadful to be described—how much more dreadful to be endured!) to toil for a thankless and unfeeling master! How such a system could ever be adopted, is truly surprising. That it could be so long practised, is still more wonderful. And did they, who followed this diabolical traffic, impiously presume to call themselves Christians? Their deeds would have disgraced the rudest barbarians! It were passing an undeserved censure on the wild beasts of the forest to couple them with such men! Mr. Wilberforce, a name ever dear to humanity, was the principal actor in this benevolent undertaking of abolishing

this nefarious trade. In 1788, this intelligent and excellent man first gave notice of his intention to propose the abolition of the slave-trade; and he pledged himself never to cease his efforts, till he had accomplished his object. Though all good men seconded his views, the desired act was not passed until 1806; when, to the honour of England, she set the example to all other states—"That where British *power* is felt, mankind shall feel her *mercy* too."

A rebellion in Ireland was not subdued without great waste of blood; and the revolution in France was one of the most sanguinary events that

ever tarnished the page of history. Some account of it shall be given in another chapter. Suffice it here to say, that the energy of the British government, and the valour of the British troops, assisted to give peace to that distracted country.

Who has not heard—who, in ages yet unborn, will not hear—of Waterloo!—of the valiant soldiers and the skilful general that, on the plains near that now renowned village, won a glorious victory!* Glorious, because it gave peace to all the world!

* The troops of the allies, with the Duke of Wellington and his army, fought and won the battle of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEWIS XVI. KING OF FRANCE. 1774.

THE amiable and unfortunate Lewis XVI. succeeded his grandfather in the twentieth year of his age. He married the beautiful and accomplished Maria Antoinette, sister of the Emperor of Germany.

You have seen how much France suffered by the bloody and expensive wars carried on by Lewis XIV. In the reign of Lewis XV. the state of affairs became more embarrassed, and a mischievous philosophy began to pervade the minds of men. At such

a crisis, a mild and benignant sovereign, like Lewis XVI., was unfit to rule a harassed and turbulent people. Severe measures might have recalled the nation to a sense of duty and propriety; but the gentle nature of Lewis XVI. was averse to severity.

All the historians of those disastrous times concur in pronouncing Lewis as more "sinned against than sinning;" as suffering for the faults of others, rather than for his own. It will be impossible for me to give the melancholy detail of the circumstances that led to his undeserved and mournful fate.

In the first instance, under the plausible pretext of recovering a just de-

gree of liberty, a licentious mob pulled down the ancient prison called the Bastile. In this strong building it had been the custom for former monarchs and governors to immure obnoxious persons, sometimes for life, sometimes when not guilty; and though Lewis XVI. was too lenient so to abuse his power, the demolition of this edifice cannot be regretted by the humane. Unfortunately, however, the populace seldom know where to stop their exertions. That of France arrested not its headlong career until all rule and order was overthrown. M. Necker, of whom you will often hear as a cele-

brated financier,* made some efforts to restore tranquillity, and partially succeeded; but the nation was not in a state to be easily appeased. M. Necker retired from office, and matters grew worse.

The King and Queen, when too late, attempted to fly from the gathering storm. They were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. Within two years after this arrest, a mock trial was performed, and the royal pair were guillotined. The dignity with which Lewis sustained his various bitter trials, the meekness and

* Financier, a manager of the public money.

uncomplaining patience with which he yielded himself to death, have ensured him the respect and admiration of posterity; have given to his memory a purer and nobler fame than attends the remembrance of successful warriors, and prosperous despots; an elegant female writer,* speaking of the execution of Lewis, touchingly remarks, “The heroism of philosophy was constrained to prostrate itself before his simple resignation.”

The Queen sustained her fate with as much magnanimity as her heroic consort. Their only son, the Dauphin, a young boy, is supposed to

* Madame de Stael, daughter of M. Necker.

have been killed by unkind treatment. In the rage for *equality* of rank, that was then the universal cry, the royal child was bound apprentice to a shoemaker.

All titles of honour were abolished. Duchesses were compelled to marry any mean person who chose to ask them, and "Citizen" was the address to all classes of persons. Religion was entirely overthrown and the clergy and nobles, who escaped death, fled for safety from their native land; many of these unhappy emigrants found a refuge in England. Robespierre, a daring villain, made himself the chief of the national convention, and the

reign of Robespierre was a reign of bloodshed and iniquity too horrible for description ; at last he fell from his height, and he was executed by the very guillotine * to which he had sentenced thousands of his fellow creatures. Another of this diabolical party, Marat, was stabbed by Charlotte Corday, who dipped her hands in blood to rid the world of a monster.

But I cannot pursue the hideous detail of transactions in France during this hideous revolution ; a hundred accounts have been written of it, any

* I leave this hideous machine, and the fate of its inventor, to be described by word of mouth.

one of which will suffice to impress the terrific narrative on your minds. The powerful interest it raises, insures its indelible impression, and, I dare say, you will suffer too much in the perusal to desire a repetition of such reading.

But the French soon found, that in their mad fury, they had sacrificed a gracious and legitimate monarch to make room for a stern and low-born usurper. Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican, from the rank of an ensign in the army, was elevated to the throne of France. This was unquestionably a man of uncommon powers of mind; you will think so when you have read

his history. But vast as was his genius, his ambition was still more vast: at one time he might have been confirmed in his title of "Emperor of France." In desiring to grasp more, he lost all. The states of Europe combined against a man, whom they found no concessions would satisfy. The battle of Waterloo decided the fate of the usurper. Bonaparte fled from his throne, surrendered himself to Britain, and was sent to the Island of St. Helena, where he resides surrounded by every comfort.

The brother of the unfortunate Lewis XVI, who had lived in England during the season of French turbulence, hastened to Paris, and was pro-

claimed by the title of Lewis XVIII. The only child of his ill-fated brother, the Princess Elizabeth, is married to his son, the Duke d'Angoulême.

Bonaparte had cunningly married a Princess of Germany, and has a son, a little boy, now living with his mother.

One cannot close this detail without heartily wishing a continuance of peace and prosperity to France; and near neighbours as we are to that cheerful and polite people, it seems almost our duty to live with them on terms of confidence and friendliness. Each nation would benefit by the intercourse; *they* would acquire some of our stern though sterling virtues; *we* should learn politeness, gaiety, and grace.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

I CANNOT resist subjoining on the following page, a list of the names of some of the many celebrated persons who died after the accession of George III. They will make themselves hereafter better known to you by their works, and I think you will feel high satisfaction in seeing how rich a store of amusement and instruction lies before you in the numerous publications of so many illustrious writers.

1761. Samuel Richardson, novel writer.

1765. Dr. Edward Young, poet.
1768. Lawrence Sterne.
1770. Dr. Monk Akenside, poet.
- Dr. Tobias Smollett, historian,
&c.
1771. Thomas Gray, poet.
1774. Oliver Goldsmith, poet.
1776. David Hume, historian.
1777. Samuel Foote, comic actor.
1778. Voltaire, historian, &c.
- Linnæus, the great naturalist.
- Rousseau, novelist, &c.
1779. David Garrick, the great actor.
1780. Sir William Blackstone.
1782. Metastasio, the Italian poet.
1784. Dr. Samuel Johnson.
1787. Count de Buffon, naturalist.

- . 1790. Dr. Benjamin Franklin.
— John Howard, the philanthro-
pist.
1791. Mrs. Catherine Macauley, his-
torian.
1793. Dr. W. Robertson, historian.
1794. Edward Gibbon, historian of
Rome.
1796. Robert Burns, the poet.
1800. William Cowper, poet.
-

You cannot peruse the slight sketch of history here given, without remarking with surprise and exultation, the high rank your country has borne, now bears, and will, I trust, ever bear in the civilized world. How small ap-

pears our little island by the side of so many extensive empires! Yet how vast is her influence! Respected and feared by the states of Europe; possessing considerable territories in Asia and America and valuable ports in Africa.—No part of the globe but does honour to her fame, or pays homage to her authority.

How has this little island acquired this eminence? by the talents and virtues of her inhabitants. The same means that obtained distinction can only ensure a continuance of prosperity and glory. Her inhabitants must continue to excel in wisdom and in virtue. Every individual who forms one of her

favoured people can help to uphold her dignity. Let this truth be deeply impressed on each youthful heart ; let love of country add energy to every other claim on exertion ; be grateful that you are Britons ; be earnest to do honour to that title.

FINIS.

Of HARRIS and SON may also be had:

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“ care and judgment, and convey a very accurate outline
“ of the General History of the World during the period
“ to which they refer ; the style is easy and perspicuous,
“ and, without being childish, is peculiarly adapted to the
“ capacities of children ; but, above all, the narrative is
“ interspersed with reflections so skilfully introduced as
“ to seem the natural deduction from the story, and so
“ well-timed as to make the impression at the very mo-
“ ment when it is probable, that the wax of the youthful
“ mind is in a soft and yielding state.”



