

The king was at the expence of all the engravings which adorned this work; they were very fine and numerous. The richness and selection of rhymes, both in these rondeaux and in all his writings is astonishing. No one has excelled him in this part of poetry. He also composed several books of devotion; among others, the Of-

fice of the Virgin, many Prayers, and all the Psalms of David.

He died at Paris, October 16th, 1691, at the age of 78 years, with all the piety of a true christian; after having suffered exquisite pain from a nephritic complaint with which he was long troubled, and which at length brought him to the grave.

---

## DETACHED ANECDOTES, &c.

---

JEAN RACINE.

THIS poet was buried at Port Royal des Champs, where he was carried the day after his death, according to the directions of his will, which contained but one clause, expressed in the following words: "I desire, that after my death, my body be carried to port Royal des Champs, and buried in the cemetery at the foot of M. Hamont. I humbly entreat the mother abbess and the nuns to grant me this honour, altho' I acknowledge I am wholly unworthy of it, both on account of the irregularities of my past life, and the bad use I have made of the excellent education I formerly received in this house, and the great examples of piety and repentance I have here seen, of which I have been but an empty admirer. But the more I have offended God, the more do I stand in need of the prayers of so holy a society, to procure his mercy."

IMPROMPTU BY THE SULTAN AKBER.

This prince, whose mild and beneficent policy is still the theme of applause to Mussulman and Hindoo, when engaged in hostilities with a neighbouring prince, directed a brave but bigoted Rajeput, to conduct a body of troops across the Attoc. This river, as its name indicates, is the bar or limit which no Hindoo must pass: the Rajeput therefore represented the impossibility of his compliance with the Sultan's order: To this excuse, Akber replied in the following extempore verse:

O'er every land great Rama reigns;  
What bar then shall our steps controul?  
That bar eternally remains  
Which circumscribes the narrow soul.

SANTEUIL.

Some person was so ill-bred as to complain in the presence of this poet, that he had been cheated by a monk. The company present expected he would have received a sharp reprimand for such an attack upon Santeuil's profession. He, however, only assumed a serious look, and asked the person aggrieved, how long he

had been at Paris? "Many years," answered the other. "Then you are not entitled to any pity," replied Santeuil with equal gravity. "The man who has lived many years in a city abounding with monks, and is cheated by them, deserves no compassion. While you live, Sir, let me advise you to beware of four things; of a woman before, of a mule behind, of a cat sideways, and of a monk every way.

MONTESQUIEU.

Dassier, an artist, celebrated for cutting medals, went from London to Paris to engrave that of the author of the Spirit of Laws; but Montesquieu, through modesty, always declined sitting to him. At length, the artist said to him one day, "do not you think there is more pride in refusing, than acceding to my request?" Disarmed by this pleasantry, Montesquieu immediately yielded.

TURENNE.

TURENNE once remarked that an officer of distinguished merit, but poor, was very ill mounted. He invited him to dinner, and after the repast was over, took him aside, and in a very friendly manner said to him: I have a favour to beg of you; which perhaps you will think somewhat too bold; but I hope you will not refuse a request made by your general. I am now old and somewhat unhealthy. Swift horses fatigue me; but I observe you have one that I think will suit me. If I thought it would not be too great a sacrifice for you to make, I would request it of you." The officer replied by a low bow, and immediately brought the horse to the general's stables. Turenne, the next day, sent him one of the finest and best horses in the army.

EXTRAORDINARY GOOD FORTUNE.

WHEN Pope Sextus the fifth, heard that Elizabeth, queen of England, had beheaded her rival, the queen of Scotland, he cried out in a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, "What a lucky woman to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head."

CROPS.

General Wolf was remarkable for very

fine hair. One day observing several young officers too attentive to the outside of their heads in the field, and wishing to give the strongest mark of his disapprobation to an instance of effeminacy so unbecoming to soldiers, he drew a pair of scissors from his pocket, and cut off those locks which had so often been the envied object of female admiration. Then turning to one of his young officers who seemed to pay most attention to the etiquette of his hair, "I dare say, Sir," said he, "you will be polite enough to follow my example." He could not refuse; and was imitated by all the rest in company.

POPULAR ERROR.

The foresight of ants has been highly extolled; and during the lapse of 3000 years, authors have repeated with complacency, that they hoard provisions for the winter, and that they construct magazines in which they deposite the grain that they have collected during the fine season...

These provisions would be quite useless to them, since it has been proved that they sleep during the whole of winter, and that a very moderate degree of cold is sufficient to benumb the whole family. What use, then, could they make of those pretended granaries? The fact is, that they do not construct them. The grain, which they convey with so much activity, to their city, is merely designed for materials to be employed in the construction of their dwellings, as are also little splinters of wood, straw or any other substance.

*Latreilles Nat. Hist. of Insects.*

INGENUITY IN A BRUTE.

The southern shores of Islandmagee is steep and craggy, and the cavities of the rocks inhabited by foxes; concerning one of these, the following anecdote is related. A fox was observed to have his den in a cavity of a rock, in a situation which seemed to bid defiance to the approach of either man or beast; many conjectures past how the animal ascended or descended thither: when one morning being closely pursued, he was observed to enter in the following manner...Some briars growing on the verge of the precipice, and hanging towards his den, he laid hold of them in his mouth, and slung himself down to a part of the rock which projected, from which he could easily reach his den. The first time after this that he was observed abroad, a man went and cut the briars nearly through, by which he descended; then hunting him with a dog, he proceeded to his usual place of refuge, and caught hold of the briars with his wonted confidence...they gave

way! and he was killed with the fall down the precipice.

SPECIFIC FOR BLINDNESS.

A Quack Doctor, in the neighbourhood of York, who advertised an universal specific for the ills of mankind, adds, that he attends to communications by letter, "but it is necessary that persons afflicted with loss of sight, should see the doctor.

"ONE MUST LIVE."

A Frenchman once related to me an instance of perhaps the most coolblooded villainy that is to be met with in the annals of history. It was of a French soldier who in the short space of twenty-five minutes, dispatched five out of a family of seven persons; the oldest seventy years of age, the youngest not five, in hopes of being able to extort from the fears of the survivors some confession relative to a sum of money, which, it was said, the family were in possession of. The concomitant circumstances were such as compelled me to express my feelings with some warmth on the occasion, to which the narrator replied that "it was undoubtedly shocking" "But, sir," added he, with all the philosophical calmness imaginable, "the brave soldier was poor, and you know... *one must live.*"

RABELAIS.

The Cardinal de Billy, to whom Rabelais was domestic physician, being troubled with an hypochondriac disorder, it was resolved at a consultation of his physicians, that an opening decoction should be prepared without delay for his eminence... upon this Rabelais retires, leaving the rest in deep consultation, orders a large fire in the yard, places on it a huge kettle, brimful of water, into which he throws all the keys he could collect; then stripping himself to his doublet, sets about stirring them with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not boil well. The doctors, on coming down astonished at this, asked him the meaning of his extraordinary conduct; "Gentlemen," says he, "I am making your prescription: I know of no better openers than keys. If you are not satisfied with these, I will dispatch a messenger to the arsenal for half a dozen battering cannon."

IRISH GALLANTRY.

Before one of the battles of the old German war, in which the English arms obtained so much glory, when the two hostile armies were drawn up opposite to each other, waiting for the signal to charge: the horse of a young Irish cornet, named Richardson, took fright, and suddenly

darted forward from the line, and in spite of all his rider's exertions, carried him into the midst of a squadron of French cavalry. The enemy immediately surrounded him, and all vied with each other for the honour of seizing the English standard; but with a generosity which then characterised them, they wished, if possible, to obtain it without sacrificing the life of one whom they already considered their prisoner. They, however cut at his arm, hoping thus to force him to drop his charge. He was totally defenceless, one hand grasping the standard, the other holding the reins; but he kept firm, and as they cried "*rendez l'étendart,*" his only answer was, "*Oui, avec le bras.*"\* The crowd of combatants impeded each other, and the impetuosity of his charger prevented the effect of many of their blows. He received several severe wounds, which, however, failed of changing his determination. He remained resolute to be cut down, rather than forfeit the honour of the regiment. At length the unruly beast, making a sudden turn, broke through the throng and bore him safely back to his friends, who received with astonishment and transport the young hero and the standard. He lived to be an old man, and has frequently repeated the story to his intimate friends, and showed his arm, all seamed with the gashes he had received in that glorious struggle.

---

\*Surrender the standard... Yes, with my arm.

---

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

---

### A FRAGMENT.

... THEN the short, and sullen meal, and silent,  
 Save where silence yields to the bell's summons,  
 That calls up the slim and agile waiter,  
 Who slides in, writhing his lithe proboscis,  
 To tell me what's to pay, and bows as low  
 As to a god; counts the strict measur'd change,  
 Flies off in fume, and gives me to the devil.  
 One plate...one dish...and, then, to round the hour,  
 One pint of porter...I sit and seem to think,  
 But all is dark...all without form and void,  
 No human face divine, sheds on my face  
 A pure and lambent light. No spirit of love

### A FRENCH COMPLIMENT.

When General Humbert was taken prisoner at Ballynamuck, he dined with some of the British officers...On drinking toasts after dinner, when he was called upon for his, he proposed *General Vereker*. No one objected to it; but one of the company corrected him, by saying, that he had used a wrong title, the gentleman named being only a Colonel...“ You may call him what you please,” replied the republican officer, with more truth than good breeding; “ but, in my opinion, *he was the only general I met with since I landed.*”

### TOPSY-TURVEY.

At a dinner in London, a large turbot graced the head of the table...The carver, as may be supposed, was not allowed to ground his arms: he found great difficulty in cutting out the nice bits, which were most in demand, and which, as every connoisseur knows, always lie undermost, as the fish is served up. On complaining of this, the entertainer endeavoured to console him, by assuring him that when he next occupied that post, the inconvenience should be remedied; “ for,” says he, “ I will give particular directions to the cook, hereafter to serve up turbot with the *underside uppermost.*”

### FRENCH BULL.

Denon, in his travels through Egypt, says that the army on arriving at a village, found the whole population in arms to oppose their entrance. “ We had no other means,” continues he, “ to show that we meant to do them no harm, *than by putting them all to the sword.*”

Draws from its depth the meeting tide of soul  
 That mounts into the eyes, where sympathy  
 Sits like a halcyon, on the wat'ry swell.  
 No feasts, where sense adds zest to sentiment,  
 Such feasts as Booth shar'd with Amelia,  
 When woo'd by her angelic voice to take  
 What her white hand had carv'd which took from his  
 The pledge, the sparkling pledge of love and friendship.  
 Not the mere jingle of two frigid glasses,  
 But the sweet interchange of kindred souls,  
 And wishes meeting like the lips of her that fram'd them,  
 As soft and warm, and tender;  
 He, her dear Booth, and she, his darling girl.