

ENGLISH WOMEN.

Nothing could be more easy than to prove, in the reflected light of our literature, that from the period of our Revolution to the present time, the education of women has improved amongst us, as much, at least, as that of men. Unquestionably that advancement has been greater within this last fifty years than during any previous period of equal length; and it may even be doubted whether the modern rage of our fair countrywomen for universal acquirement has not already been carried to a height injurious to the attainment of excellence in the more important branches of literary information.

But in every age since that of Charles II., Englishwomen have been better educated than their mothers. For much of this we are indebted to Addison. Since the Spectator set the example, a great part of our lighter literature, unlike that of the preceding age, has been addressed to the sex in common; whatever language could shock the ear of woman, whatever sentiment could sully her purity of thought, has been gradually expunged from the far greater and better portion of our works of imagination and taste; and it is this growing refinement and delicacy of expression, throughout the last century, which prove, as much as any thing, the increasing number of female readers, and the increasing homage which has been paid to the better feelings of their sex.

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen walks the streets, the paviers cry—
“God bless you, sir,” and lay their rammers by.

It was said of Mr. Stephen Kemble, that he was *constitutionally great*. It will be within the recollection of our readers, that his size was so immense, that he always played Falstaff without stuffing; and quantity and quality considered, was respectable as a man and an actor.

On one of his visits to London he was engaged to play three nights at Drury Lane. Stephen was always afraid of the sarcasm of Fawcett, the unrivalled Falstaff of the other house, and he was told that Fawcett meant to witness his performance on the first night, in company with John Bannister. Stephen whispered thus to the latter—“John, I understand Fawcett comes to the house to-night, to quiz my Falstaff; now I know, John, you are my friend—don't let him run his riggs upon me; I know you'll defend me.” “My dear fellow,” replied Bannister, “that I will, you may rely on me.” The next morning Kemble eagerly sought him; “Well, John, what said Fawcett?” “Why he was very quiet till the play was over.” “Well, what then?” “Why then he said—’drabbit it, I must not tell you.’” “Nonsense, nonsense man—what was it?”—“I know you defended me.”—“He said,” replied John, “that you were *not fit to carry g-ts to a bear!*” “Well, but you contradicted it, didn't you?” “O yes, directly—I said you were!”

Mr. Stephen Kemble having engaged Miss Fanny Booth for a few nights at one of his theatres in the north, advertised her in very prominent characters the first night, for a dance of Parisot's. The house was unusually full; and the last coach came in, but no Miss Booth. The audience becoming boisterous. Stephen came forward, and addressed them thus—
“Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you, that some unforeseen accident has prevented the lady from making her appearance; but, in order that you should not be disappointed, you shall have a dance. I do not know the shawl dance myself but I will do my endeavours at a hornpipe.” And to the no small astonishment of the audience, he danced a hornpipe.

Stephen used to say that he was sufficient ballast for a collier. One day a gentleman at Newcastle, wishing to get to London, advertised for a post-chaise companion. He received a note, informing him that a gentleman, who also wished to go, would call upon him in the evening. At the appointed time Stephen made his appearance, and declared himself to be the person who wished to accompany him. “You accompany me!” exclaimed the advertiser, “what the devil do you mean!—*Do you think I am going by the waggon!*”

Mr. Kemble was one morning in the travellers' room of an inn, in Newcastle, sitting upon three chairs as usual, occupying an entire corner of the room, and reading the newspaper, when a commercial traveller from Leeds (called in ridicule by his familiars, the polite Yorkshireman) came in, and looking at Stephen said—
“Be you ganging to tak brickfast, sur?”—
“Yes, sir.” “A' should be happy to join you.”—“With great pleasure, sir.” “Dang it!” returned the Yorkshireman, “I think a's seed you before.”—“Perhaps you have.”—
“Ah? a' paid a' shillin to see you.”—“Ha! ha! ha! perhaps you might sir,” (fancying he had been at the gallery in the theatre). “Ah! a' know'd it war you; it was at Lester.”—“No, sir, you mistake—I never was at Leicester.” “Nay, dang it but you war!—I seed you in a wild-beast cart like.”—“Wild-beast cart!” retorted Stephen. “Aye, man—*Why your't great big Lambert, bean't you?*”—“D—n me, sir,” said Stephen in a passion, “do you mean to insult me?—breakfast by yourself.”

WADLEIGH'S TRIAL FOR SLEEPING IN MEETING.

Justice Winslow.—What do you know about Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting?

Witness.—I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

Just.—Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

Wit.—(Scratching his head).—Well, the long and the short of it is, John Wadleigh is a hard working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing; and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy-leaves. So it stands to reason that Wadleigh would nat'rally be a very sleepy sort of person. Well, the weather is sometimes nat'rally considerable warm, and