

lodging, and as her appearance was elegant, she passed as a young lady just come from the country. In this retirement she applied herself to the reading of plays, and having a little money arising from her wages, and ten guineas from her lover the lawyer, she went often to the play, and took in as many ideas of theatrical action as she could possibly treasure in her mind. After living a month or two in this manner, she wrote a letter to Bettorton, inviting him to her lodgings, and disclosing her scheme of coming on the stage. When Bettorton had heard her recitation, he advised her to give up all idea of becoming a performer, though he admitted her genius lay that way.

Her scheme being so far frustrated, and her money greatly diminished, she began to be alarmed lest poverty should overtake her. Her resolution to appear on the stage was, however, none daunted.—She quitted her gay apartments, dressed herself as an orange girl, and went to the playhouse to follow the occupation. Her beauty soon drew attention, the eyes of the players and of those sparkish gentlemen who frequent the theatre, were fixed upon her, and their ears became greedy to hear the story and birth of the handsome orange-girl.

Bettorton soon discovered her, and, astonished at her resolution, began to form better expectations of one whose propensity to the stage was so violent as to excite her to appear in so low a character for the sake of acquiring instruction. He advised her to follow her bent, and appointed one of his subalterns to initiate her in the principles of acting. This player became enamored of her, but she rejected his proposals. He, however, prevailed, upon her to leave the profession of orange-selling.

One day, when she was seeing her instructor perform the part of Creon in Dryden's *Edipus*, her old lover, the counsellor, in all the splendor of a consummate beau, came into the same box, and annoyed her ear with a repetition of his protestations. She heard him with indifference. He, however, resolved at all hazards to make her his own, and accordingly seized her as she came out of the theatre, hurried her into his chariot, and drove off for Richmond.

The King having gone to the play with the Duke of York, as private gentlemen, they sat in the next box to Nell and her lover, a young Nobleman; and as soon as the play was finished, Charles, the Duke, and the Nobleman, retired with Nell to a tavern, where his Majesty, by his attentions, greatly annoyed her friend. When the reckoning came to be paid, the

King, searching his pockets, found he had not money to discharge it, his brother was in the same situation, and Nell observed that she had got into the poorest company she had ever before been with at a tavern. The nobleman, however, paid the reckoning, and parted both with his money and his mistress.

No sooner had she risen in the King's favor, than her heart, naturally warm and generous, overflowed in acts of kindness. One of the greatest of our national monuments of benevolence owes its rise to her; and in consequence, it is said, to the following circumstance. One day, when she was rolling about town in her carriage, a poor man soliciting charity, told her of his having been wounded in the civil wars in defence of the royal cause. Moved by his story, she considered it sad to think that wounds and scars, a stock for beggary, were often all the rewards that soldiers received for defending their country, and that it was ingratitude on the part of the nation to suffer them to sink to such distress. She represented to the King the case of misery she had seen, and entreated him to permit some scheme to be proposed for alleviating the sufferings of those in old age, whose wounds and infirmities rendered them unfit for service. This idea she also communicated to persons of distinction, who were public spirited enough to encourage it, and Chelsea Hospital was the result.

During the troubles between his son the Duke of Monmouth, and the Duke of York, his Majesty, who loved both his son and brother, behaved with so much indifference and negligence in the business, that it was with great difficulty he could be persuaded to attend the council, or dispatch any affair whatever. One day, when the council had met and waited long for him, a member came to his apartments, but was refused admittance. His Lordship complained to Nell of this dilatoriness, upon which she swaggered him a hundred pounds, that the King would that evening attend the council.

Accordingly he sent for Killigrew, naturally a buffoon, but a free favorite with his Majesty, and desired him to dress himself in every respect as if for a journey, and enter the King's apartments without ceremony. As soon as his Majesty saw him—"What, Killigrew! are you mad? Why, where are you going? Did not I order that no one should disturb me?"

"I don't mind your orders—not I," said Killigrew; "and I am going as fast as I can."

"Why?—where?" said his Majesty—"where are you going?"

"Going! why, to Hell," said Killigrew.

"To Hell!—and what is to do there?"

"To fetch back Oliver Cromwell, to take some care of national concerns, for I am sure your Majesty takes none."—*From Galt's Lives of the Players.*

The Casket.

Devoted to Select Tales, Sketches from Biography, Natural and Civil History, Poetry, Anecdotes, the Arts, Essays, and Interesting Miscellany.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 27, 1831.

"Nec desit Jucundis gratia verblis."

Our Motto.—We have somewhere read an anecdote of a young saddle & harness maker, who, on opening a shop, was very fickle and fastidious about the phraseology of his sign. Several inscriptions pleased him for a day, but none could endure the ordeal of his criticism for a greater length of time; and, in his perplexity, he had recourse to the advice of friends. At length a venerable old man reconciled all his doubts, by suggesting for his sign a hobby-horse, splendidly equipped; and then recommending him to be *always* in his shop, for the information of those who might wish particulars.

It is almost as customary for editors to hang out a motto under the title-heads of their papers, as it is for shopkeepers to stick up sign-boards under their gables. But *we*, being somewhat at a loss for a classic line, which would convey a ready hint at the secret purposes of our closet, were about to avail ourselves of the old man's advice. We had nearly concluded to expose *our hobby* in the market of letters, and let our contributors and correspondents *ride* or run their literary courses according to their own caprice: meantime we would endeavor, as far as possible, to fulfil the pledges already given in our Prospectus; and be *always* in our garret, ready for the reception of packages containing either the "root of evil," or the "spice of life."

Just at this crisis, we thought of our friend —, for whose literary talents we feel much deference; and, on applying to him for a motto, we were presented with the line which constitutes the subject of this article, and which he translates thus:—"And let not Gracefulness be wanting to entertaining words." Thus we received it, without comment from the donor; from which we conclude he only intended a hint, that we should not only be careful to admit none but "entertaining" matter into the Casket, but that we should make "gracefulness" of diction another indispensable quality.

We had an early propensity to murder