

mentioned the artillery, and holdly summoned him to keep his word; the king told him the moment was past, he had given it him under the rose, and he had betrayed his secret. Peguilhem retreats some steps from the king, turns his back upon him, draws his sword, snaps the blade with his foot, and swears with vehemence that he will never serve a prince again who violates his word. The king, though in a fit of rage, performed perhaps that moment the most brilliant action of his life; he turns likewise, opens the window, throws his cane out of it, says, 'he should be sorry to strike a man of quality,' and departs.

The next morning, Peguilhem, who had not dared to shew himself after his exploit, was arrested in his apartment and conducted to the bastille; he was the intimate friend of Guestrie the king's favourite, grand master of the wardrobe. Guestrie dared to intercede in his favour, and to rekindle the boundless inclination which he knew his master had for his friend. He made the king sensible that he himself had turned Peguilhem's head, by so magnificent a promise, which his friend had considered as irrevocable—and pleaded so successfully, that the king determined to atone for his refusal.

He gave the artillery to the Comte de Lude, whom he loved from habit, and a conformity of taste; Lude, to defray the expenses of his new place, sold his former one of gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke de Gevres, captain of the guards, and this last the king offered as an indemnification to Peguilhem in the bastille.

Peguilhem considering this incredible and sudden return of royal favour, had audacity sufficient to flatter himself he could obtain more, and refused. The king persisted: Guestrie went to reprimand his friend in the bastille, and with great difficulty made him condescend to accept the king's offer.

CHARACTER OF ROSE, SECRETARY TO LOUIS XIV.

[From the same.]

ROSE, the king's private secretary, who had been in the possession of the pen for fifty years, died at the age of eighty-six or seven years; perfect in powers of health and mind; he was likewise president of the chamber of accounts; a rich miser, but full of wit and repartee; lettered; with a memory precise and instantaneous; a perfect inventory of what was relative to court and business.

Gay, free, bold, and often audacious;

but respectful and polished to those who kept their distance, or made him keep his own; never out of his place; a limb of the ancient court.

His pen, his fidelity and discretion had kept him in intimacy with the king, and made him privy with affairs which sometimes remained unknown even to the minister.

It is not possible to make a king speak with greater dignity or more general propriety than in the letters which Rose dispatched on an infinite variety of subjects in his master's name, all which the king signed himself, for their hands were not distinguishable.

Rose had a fine estate, and a house near Chantilly, and often resided there. The prince of Condé wanted to buy it, and on the secretary's refusal, to put him out of humour with it. For this purpose, he ordered some hundred foxes, old and young, to be flung over his park walls—the havoc made by this midnight colony may be easily imagined.

Rose enraged, went to the king in his cabinet, and resolutely demanded leave to ask a downright question. 'What is it?' says the king? 'What is it,' answered Rose, with an inflamed face, 'what is it? I beg you will tell me if we have two kings in France?'—'What do you mean,' says the king, reddening and surprised?—'What do I mean,' answers Rose? what I mean is, that if the prince of Condé is king like you, we must cry and bend our necks,—if he be only a prince of the blood, I demand justice of you,' and then relates the fact.—The king obliged the prince to remove the whole nest of foxes from first to last, at his own expense, and to repair all the damage they had done, and to remain on good terms with Rose.

Rose had married his daughter to M. Portail, counsellor, and afterwards first president of parliament. The husband continually complained to the father, of his daughter's bad humour.—'You are in the right,' answers Rose, 'she is impertinent, and if I hear any more of her, I shall disinherit her.' After this the husband held his tongue.

VISIT TO A TURKISH AGA.

[From Savary's Letters on Greece.]

I AM now going to introduce you, madam, to one of the most amiable Turks in the island. Nor can I suppose you will be displeased with your new acquaintance. Ismael Aga, one of the wealthiest and pro-