

"THAT WHICH IS WELL DONE, IS TWICE DONE."

occasion, and instructed Baron Marchetti to prepare a monument worthy of a princess—and the task was well executed. The unhappy Elizabeth is represented in the attitude in which she was found dead. The following inscription records the kindly feeling which prompted the deed:—

"To the Memory of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke Castle, on Sunday, September 8th, 1659, and is interred beneath the Chancel of this Church. This monument is erected, a token of respect for her Virtues, and of sympathy for her Misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856."

JOHN BOYDELL'S INDUSTRIOUS CAREER.

(11.)—THE career of JOHN BOYDELL is an illustration of what perseverance and industry, combined with cleverness, may accomplish, as the following brief sketch will show:—

He was brought up as a land-surveyor, until he was of the age of twenty-one, when chance threw in his way "*Lad-destay's Views of different Country Seats*;" amongst them was one of Hawarden Castle, which being situated in the parish of which his father was an inhabitant, naturally attracted his attention. From that moment he determined to quit the pen, and take up the graver; and with that spirit and perseverance which he manifested in every succeeding scene of his life, he, at twenty-one years of age, walked up to the metropolis, and bound himself apprentice to Mr. Toms, the engraver of the print which so forcibly attracted his attention. After steadily pursuing his business for six years, finding himself a better artist than his master, he bought from Mr. Toms the last year of his apprenticeship, and became his own master as a print-seller, and then devoted himself to promoting a school of British engraving, engaging the best artists to copy the finest pictures of the day. The result was eminently successful; and during a long life he expended no less a sum than £350,000, and accumulated a stock of steel and copper-plate engravings, which, as he stated, all the print-sellers in Europe could not purchase. By his talents as an artist, and his industry afterwards as a publisher, he amassed an ample fortune, and attained the highest of civic honours—that of being Lord Mayor of London. But when the French Revolution and the ensuing war broke out, Alderman Boydell (by which title he is best known) experienced such great losses as to be under the necessity of procuring an Act of Parliament for the disposal, by way of lottery, of his "Shakespeare Gallery," being a collection of paintings, executed at his expense, by the best artists of the day, in illustration of the works of Shakespeare. The act was passed, but Boydell did not see the lottery terminated by the decision of the wheel; but, before he closed his eyes in death, he had the satisfaction of knowing that every ticket had been sold. He died on the 12th December, 1804, a public funeral being accorded to him.

A LOVE FOR OLD CHINA!

(16.)—LORD KAMES (better known as Henry Home—a Scotch judge, who became senior lord of session in Scotland), was the author of "*Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session*," and also several other works—his last being "*Loose Hints upon Education, chiefly concerning the Culture of the Heart*," and which was published when he was in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The wife of Lord Kames was a Miss Agatha Drummond, a lady greatly distinguished for her attention to domestic duties; and Lord Woodhouselee, the biographer of Lord Kames, narrates the following amusing anecdote respecting one of her foibles—a weakness which is said to prevail amongst the fair sex:—

"In the management of her household, where it was the more becoming in her to attend to economy, that her husband's turn for hospitality, and her own sense of what was suitable to the rank they occupied in life, rendered it necessary to maintain a liberal establishment, Mrs. Home's conduct was a model of propriety. Abridging every superfluous expense, indulging in none of the frivolous gratifications of vanity, but studious alone of uniting the real comforts of life with that modest measure of external show which the station of a gentleman demands, she kept an elegant but simple table, at which the guests of her husband met always with a cheerful welcome. In the earlier period of Mr. Home's married life, attention to economy was a necessary duty; and he found in his partner that excellent good sense and discretion, which felt it no sacrifice to conform their mode of living to the just bounds of their income; but in one thing she caused her husband some uneasiness: Mrs. Home, who had a taste for everything that was elegant, was passionately fond of old china; and soon after her marriage she had made such frequent purchases in that way, as to impress her husband with some little apprehensions of her extravagance. But how to cure her of this propensity was the question; and after some consideration, he devised an ingenious expedient. He framed a will, bequeathing to his spouse the whole china that should be found in his possession at his death—and this deed he contrived that she should read surreptitiously! The success of the plot was complete; the lady was cured from

that moment of her passion for old china! This little pious fraud Mr. Home was wont frequently to mention with some exultation; but it was not so much the effect as the ingenuity of the stratagem that touched him."

SOMETHING WORSE STILL!

(28.)—EDWARD MOORE was the son of a dissenting minister, and was born at Abingdon. He was for some years engaged in the business of a linen-draper, but adopted literature as a more congenial profession. He became editor of "*The World*," a weekly paper, to which Lords Littleton, and Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole contributed—all of whom interested themselves warmly in the fortunes of the poet. The following anecdote is related of him:—

Moore was the author of "*Poems for the Female Sex*," and other ingenious pieces. For a long time he had the misfortune to labour under an expensive prosecution in Doctors' Commons, for marrying two sisters, and was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his excellent domestic tragedy of "*The Gleaner*." The proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all that at that time were finished. The proctor was so affected by it, that he exclaimed, "Good Heavens! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in this last act?" "Oh, very easily," said the poet; "there I intend to put them both into the *Spiritual Court*!"

A little pastoral, written by Moore, entitled "*The Happy Marriage*," from which the two following verses are taken, has a fine vein of sentiment, versified with ease and elegance:—

"How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

"What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time, still as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth."

"GEORGY" AND THE PIG-BOY!

(29.)—MANY are the anecdotes told of the private life of GEORGE III., who took a great delight in the pursuit of farming, and spent a great deal of his time in walking about his farm, and would occasionally stop and gossip with any rustic whom he met, to whom he was sometimes unknown. One day he had to pass over a hedge-gate, on which sat a young rustic, who showed no readiness in moving.

"Who are you, boy?" said the king. "I be a pig-boy," answered he. "Where do you come from? Who do you work



for here?" "I be from the low country; out of work at present." "Don't they want lads here?" said the king. "I doant know," rejoined the boy, "all belongs hereabouts to Georgy." "Pray," said his majesty, "who is Georgy?" "He be the king, and live at the castle, but he does no good for me."

His Majesty immediately gave orders at his farm that the boy should be employed, and when next he saw him, told him to be a steady lad, and "Georgy" might do some good for him.