

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS

For DECEMBER, 1807.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### No. 1.—AN EVENING DRESS.

A simple round gown of white satin, or coloured cloth; triangular front, finished with silver beading. Plain back, brought to a point at the bottom of the waist, which is increased in length. A full short sleeve, with loose slashed ornaments in the Spanish style; the slashes wrought in an elegant pattern of silver embroidery, and severally finished with a small correspondent tassel. The hair bound tight round the head in the Grecian style, twisted in braids behind, the ends formed in a tuft of full curls, and confined with a gold comb, from whence are seen pendent ringlets, similar to those which fall on the left shoulder; in front it is divided over the left temple with the Diana crescent, of pink topaz, above which are a few dishevelled curls. Necklace and earrings of pink topaz, bracelets of linked pearl, with correspondent studs. A Circassian scarf of orange, or crimson, figured or plain, with rich border and fringe at the ends, of colours tastefully varied. This shawl is thrown carelessly round the throat, or across the shoulders, or is formed in a negligent and graceful drapery, by the disposition of the hands. Turkish slippers of white satin; and white kid gloves rucked.

#### No. 2.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.

A high military vest of French cambric, lawn, or muslin, buttoned down the front; and formed with the chemisette waist, and high collar. Circassian robe-pelisse, of pale olive, dove, puce, or purple, formed of napped velvet, twill sarsnet, kerseymere, or Georgian cloth; bordered with a rich shaded brocade ribband, embroidery in ca-

loured silks, or trimmings of fancy fur. A beaver hat of the same colour as the coat, turned up on the left side, with cockade and band *à-la-militaire*, and ornamented with a crimped willow feather. Hair cropped; coral earrings; York tan gloves; and slippers of red Morocco.

#### No. 3.

A frock dress of plain cambric, or India muslin; with short Bishop's sleeve, round bosom, and drawn back. A plain drawn tucker of Paris net; the frock trimmed down the sides with the same, or gathered muslin. A French pelerine, of fluted velvet, or plaited lawn, with high ruff; the tippet crossing the bosom in front, is tied in a bow at the bottom of the waist behind. A poke bonnet, of basket willow, or striped velvet, with full bows, and long ends of shaded orange ribband on one side. York tan gloves above the elbow. Turkish slippers of red Morocco.

#### No. 4.

A Zealand wrap, of crimson Georgian cloth, the bosom and cuffs composed of fluted velvet the same colour. A mountain bonnet trimmed to correspond, and ornamented with a shaded handkerchief; which is formed in a full tuft on the left side, and brought under the chin. A high ruff, of French lace, with scalloped edge, brought to a point in the centre of the bosom. A rich cord and acorn tassel confining the coat round the waist, and tied in front with long ends. The under dress of plain muslin, or French cambric. Shoes of brown velvet, and gloves Limerick kid.

N n

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MOST APPROVED AND

## ELEGANT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE fashions for the winter may now be considered fixed as to style; and that intermediate and party-coloured costume which generally distinguishes the decline of autumn is completely laid aside. Articles, combining at once taste, fashion, and utility, are observable in walking and carriage habiliments. In public, a brilliant and endless variety is displayed; and elegance, grace, and beauty may be said to shine unrivalled. We shall, with our accustomed attention, select from their several orders such articles as carry the stamp of fashionable superiority, not only from their own individual elegance, but from their being chosen by females who rank high on the list of *tonish* celebrity. We have not been able to discover much diversity in the construction of mantles and pelisses. They are now considered more fashionable in proportion to their plainness; and although some few are made with robins and Grecian vests, trimmed with fancy fur, yet the most select and fashionable are in formation like the Turkish robe, with a waistcoat of the same, or composed of an appropriate silk, and breasted *à-la-militaire*. The Maltese mantle of tiger velvet is in general esteem; and the long canonical cloak of crimson, orange, or brown, formed of kerseymere, or Georgian cloth, are both useful, appropriate, and becoming articles. The edges of these are severally ornamented with velvet borders, laid flat; a full cable-twisted cord placed at a little distance from the edge, or with skins happily contrasted with the colour of the mantle. The Parisian fashion of associating colours, is adopted by the British female, though in other respects the Gallic fair have long become copyists of our English style. The coupling of our colours, however, we consider as more chaste and consistent for the season; they still continue the pale lines of summer, while we are uniting the glowing orange, or brilliant coquelicot and morone, with the most tasteful shades of contrasted elegance. In the article of gowns and robes, there is much novelty and attraction. Coloured dresses, variously constructed, and of divers forms and materials, are exhibited; and in full dress, less white garments are distinguishable than have been observable for many years, white dresses being now more generally confined to the morning costume. The sable robe is not now considered only as the symbol of sorrow, as an emblem of mournful regret for departed excellence, friendship, or love. The sprightly nymph, the cheerful matron, with fashion's gayest offspring, frequently adopt the

robe of sombre hue; but the solemnity is removed by borders and trimmings of embroidery, in colours. We have seldom seen a dress combining more taste and beauty than one of black Italian gauze, embroidered round the train, bosom, and sleeves, with a border of wild roses and jessamine, tastefully blended, and worn over a white satin slip. Velvet and superfine cloth dresses, richly embroidered, and formed in the Calypso robe, or Diana vest, stand high in richness and beauty. Lace is let in to every part of this last-mentioned habit, but is most distinguishable down each side, so as to give the appearance of a robe and petticoat. Deep embroidered borders of needle-work are continued round the trains, and across the front of dresses, in representation of the roundel wrap. Bonnets of velvet, of the poke form, cut so as to display the ears, and ornamented with fur, or puckered silk, the colour of the lining of the pelisse, are much in esteem. Figured sarsnet bonnets, with the simple round crown, and turned up in the high crescent form over the left eye, in full puffers, or reversed plaiting; beaver riding-hats, of dove or purple, and otherwise shaded to match the pelisse or mantle; fur caps, and jockey bonnets of purple leather, seamed with bright yellow, or red, are severally selected by the fashionable female. Small half-handkerchiefs, in coloured net, with rich borders, are still considered as a becoming change. The corner behind is cut off, and the border continued straight along the back, while the ends which fall on each side the head are finished with an acorn tassel, corresponding with the border; and on the forehead it is formed precisely like the Anne Bullen mob.

The Swedish peasant's jacket and petticoat, is a habit of much attraction and simplicity; combining a sort of rusticity and interest, at once appropriate, and becoming to the youthful wearer. Trains are now very general in the evening dress; and are frequently trimmed entirely round with a broad lace. Muslins are usually worn very clear, and the petticoat so short, as to exhibit the ankle through, which is laced in the sandal style, ornamented with the open-weave stocking. We have seen a dress of this kind composed of blue crape, with trimmings and drapery of silver-net and lilies. The hair still preserves the Grecian and antique style; but is variously and fancifully disposed. Some braid the whole of the hind hair, and curling the ends, form them in full curls over the left eye. Others confine it tight round the head in smooth bands, over which are placed several small braids, which are twisted at the back of the head, like that given in No. 1, of our Prints of Fashion; and some form the hind hair in dishevelled curls, and form it in a becom-

ing disorder on the crown of the head, meeting the curls on the forehead, which are divided so as to discover the left temple and eye-brow; while many prefer the simple erop, curled on the top like those worn by the gentlemen. Morning gowns are often laced behind with coloured cord, and formed with the military front made in similar lacings, and correspondent buttons.

The cap is now chiefly confined to the morning costume; and in this article we see nothing strikingly novel. Turbans seem to be entirely exploded; but hats of frosted satin, or velvet, somewhat in the turban style, may very well supply their place. In these hats the weeping willow feather is usually seen, delicately tipped with silver. Necklaces of seed coral, with gold embossed patent snaps; bracelets, of the same; brooches and earrings to correspond, wrought in antique devices, or in Egyptian characters, are articles of considerable estimation on the list of trinkets. The rainbow diadem, and Ethiopian crescent, are also new and elegant ornaments. Bracelets are now worn of different orders, one of elastic hair, with variegated stud; the other of Scotch pebbles, or mocho stone, set in gold. Slippers of red Morocco are revived in the fashionable world; white satin are considered most elegant in full dress. The prevailing colours are, mixtures of orange, *coquelicot*, green, purple, amber, and rose-pink.

## LETTER ON DRESS,

INTRODUCTORY AND DESCRIPTIVE, FROM ELIZA  
TO JULIA.

Portman-square.

You rally me, dear Julia, on my late indisposition, and ask me "if my malady was not of the heart?" You tell me, I must be formed of stoical materials to be so long surrounded with men of fashion and elegance, without becoming sensible of their attractions, and that homage I am calculated to inspire! You accuse me with want of candour; tell me "that I am a niggard in friendship; and that by concealing my emotions, I rob you of the sacred privilege of participation." Before I enter on the usual subject of fashionable intelligence, I feel bound (in justice to myself) to answer these strangely imagined accusations. And as my preliminary engagement with you necessarily enforces a subject, which however extensive in its nature, must needs admit of a little relief, it will not be amiss if I amuse myself, and satisfy you, by silencing your suggestions. Know then, dear Julia, on my faith and verity, my sickness was not of the heart! This too often rebellious part of the human frame, rests at present on perfect peace and tran-

quillity; having hitherto resisted all attacks of the arch god!—Thus am I released from one of your accusations, want of candour. Now as to your charge of stoicism, I am fearful I shall not come off quite so well. But there is merit, you know, Julia, in braving danger; and some ingenuity (when surrounded with flames and darts) in escaping without a wound. True, the men I generally mix with are fashionable, wealthy, and elegant; but do you not know that I retain a spice of the romance in my composition; and a fashionable husband (in the common acceptation of that word) would break my heart in a twelvemonth. Riches, to be sure, is the general magnet of attraction; but I prize the wealth of the heart!

"The smiles of affection are riches to me;" and here I feel that I should be a trifling exactor. Thus, Julia, you will perceive that, I am not only free, but likely to remain so! And Mary assures me, that unless I descend from my stilts, and content myself by taking "man as he is," I shall to a certainty end my days in "single blessedness."—Amen! and so be it!—at least for the present. And now, dear Julia, let me proceed to tell you, that all the world of fashion is collected in this gay city; while splendid parties, brilliant assemblies, crowded theatres, and dashing equipages, seem the order of the day. The town house of my uncle, together with several of our fashionable friends, has been entirely new furnished, and exhibits a most beautiful specimen of the Chinese and Grecian style; while the taste and elegance, distinguishable in female attire, is in conformity with this fashionable standard. Mary has just received accounts of the Parisian fashions; but as they represent nothing striking or novel, I shall content myself by shewing you how we in some instances avoid their absurdities. They tell us that feathers are now "the sign of a complete *négligé*." We have ever considered them the distinguishing mark of full, or at least of half dress, in proportion as they vary in formation, height, and size. The weeping, or crimped willow feather, coloured or plain; and in full dress, tipped or frosted with gold or silver, and drooping towards one side of the head, is a most approved and fashionable ornament with us. They are usually worn with the military, Spanish, or Chinese turban hat, formed of white, purple, or crimson velvet, *appliqued*, or interwoven with small gold or silver stars, and ornamented with corresponding cord and tassels. The *fichu*, in Paris, is disposed so as to conceal the breast, and display the back and shoulders. In this fashion they have, as is now usual, imitated us. The bosom of our robes having been long since so constructed as to shade the bust in front, which has a similar and more simple

effect, while the back and shoulders have been somewhat indecorously and unbecomingly exposed. Within this last month, however, deep lace of a most delicate texture, has been placed across the back, gathered in the centre, and on each shoulder with brooches. When I attempt, dear Julia, to give you a delineation of fashionable attire, I am puzzled with the multiplicity and variety which present themselves to my mind's eye. I have endeavoured, however, to execute your commissions to the best of my power; and with this you will receive your ball dress, or *execution robe*! so christened by my sprightly cousin, who joins me in wishing that it may prove a talisman, by which you may slaughter your envious rivals, and lay love at your feet.

Your pelisse, I have chosen of fine Georgian cloth; because it is quite as genteel, and more appropriate for your purpose than velvet. Your beaver hat, of the military order, cannot fail to please; being likely to form an agreeable association with your present state of affairs. The Chinese scarf you may twist round your figure in a diversity of forms; sometimes disposing it in a graceful drapery for your round muslin, or plain satin dress; at others, forming it as a military sash; each of which will produce an elegant effect on your sylph-like figure. As we are going to a splendid party this evening, I must hasten to give you a few more samples of fashionable attire, enclose my list of general remarks, and then proceed to my toilet. I believe I have before observed that coloured dresses of various materials, and constructions, are all the rage. White satin, with black net drapery, embroidered in colours, and tastefully disposed, is, however, considered very fashionable and elegant. Mary appears this evening in a most beautiful costume after the above design. It is a simple round dress of white satin, with a plain waist, and full short sleeve. The back and shoulders cut very low, and a drapery of black net appearing in front like a large half square. The corner taken off behind, and embroidered all round in a most beautiful border of the cape-heath and myrtle: this drapery is placed across the back, gathered in a pearl brooch of the shell form, on the left shoulder; one corner reaching below the knee, where it is finished with a variegated tassel, corresponding with the colours which compose the border. The other is extended plain over the bosom, which it delicately casts into shade. A

Chinese diadem and comb, of blended diamonds and pearls, confine and ornament the hair, and compose also the necklace, earrings, and bracelets. She wears the new Turkish slipper of white satin, which is embroidered with the red-heath at the toe. I must not forget to tell you that rings are invariably, and abundantly displayed by us fashionables; three or four are worn on the little finger. They consist of the simple gold hoop, with a small stone in the centre of each, of the diamond, ruby, emerald, and amethyst. The rainbow hoop-ring, formed in similar variety, takes place of the diamond, by way of guard to the wedding ring. But you and I, Julia, have as yet, nothing to do with this last mentioned article; and when we have, I trust that our guard will boast a more auspicious emblem than that of variety. The long sleeve of plaited lawn, which you mention, is considered very elegant and select; and that of net lace, setting close to the arm, with bracelets and ornaments on the outside, is much worn in evening parties. Coloured satin spencers trimmed with mole, linx, or swansdown, is a useful change; and may be worn with white dresses of almost every construction. We find them a comfortable and becoming shelter from the partial air of the theatres; ours are formed of rose-pink satin, trimmed with gossamer fur. And now, dear Julia, before I take my leave, a word or two for the dear vicarage.—You will make known there, that the long-wished for work of our venerable favourite, the Reverend Percival Stockdale, is just ushered into public, and is entitled "*Lectures on the Great British Poets.*" Several of the literati speak highly of this production; and my uncle (who you know is a most able judge of classical merit) says that it not only contains the most refined and correct criticisms on poets, but exhibits specimens of a truly graceful and poetic mind in the lecturer. That in the one on Spenser, all the enchantments of the most chivalric genius are displayed; and that throughout the whole of the work the reader is led through scenery as romantic as the poet's fairy land, and as interesting as any romance that has charmed the nineteenth century. In dwelling thus on its merits, I shall doubtless secure it a most welcome reception in the libraries of my Truro friends. Adieu, dear Julia! believe me ever, with love unfeigned, your

ELIZA.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1897.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant Portrait of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.
2. THREE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the Fashions of the Month.
3. AN ORIGINAL COUNTRY DANCE, composed and set to Music by Mr. Gow.
4. AN ORIGINAL WALTZ, composed by Mr. KOLLMAN.
5. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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## ALL THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL,

*Now in the Royal Palace of Hampton Court, have been most correctly copied, and are now Engraven accurately, and precisely in the style of Outline, under the inspection of the first Artist of the age, and these most valuable Prints, Seven in number, the size Royal Octavo, are given as the Embellishments in*

### THE SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER

OF

## LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

### BELL'S COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

Published this Day, together with the present Number, at the usual price of 2s. 6d. although the Cartoon Prints alone, may be justly estimated worth Two Guineas.

The following are the Subjects:

- 1st. The Death of Ananias.
- 2d. Paul Preaching at Athens.
- 3d. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
- 4th. The Charge to Peter.
- 5th. Elymas the Sorcerer.
- 5th. The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas.
- 7th. Peter and John healing the Lame Man in the Temple.

Of these Plates no accurate Engravings have ever been made; the imperfect representations of them, now extant, are only to be had at the most extravagant price. The present collection therefore being copied from the Original Pictures, and being complete and faithful, must be esteemed of the highest value to the man of taste, the lover of the Arts, the collector, and to such as value the graphic illustrations of the most beautiful and affecting part of Scriptural History.

The genius of the mighty Raphael is here presented at one view, and those works faithfully represented, which are esteemed the glory of Britain to possess, and the just pride of the ancient school to have produced.

These Engravings are accompanied with Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Details.

The Supplemental Number contains, as usual, Sixty-four Pages of Literary Review, and in it will be developed a most extensive and valuable Plan of Improve-

ment in conducting the future Numbers of LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, without abridging or abating a single particle of those Attractions which have already raised the Work to such an eminent degree of popularity.

Title-Page and Index to the Volume for 1807, are given in this Number.

N.B. The New Arrangements, and actual Extraordinary Embellishments to be introduced in LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, have been postponed, at the suggestion of many of our Subscribers, till the commencement of the New Year, and the completion of the present Volume; and as the present Number, together with the Supplement, completes the Volume,—the next Number (being No. 27,) to be published on the first of February, will commence with the New Arrangements.

A correct OUTLINE of Mr. West's memorable Historical Picture, "The Death of General Wolfe," will be given as the first Outline in this Number. It is executed under the immediate direction of that illustrious Artist,—and will be a most estimable treasure.

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Printed for JOHN BELL, Proprietor of the Westminster Messenger, Southampton-street, London.

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1807.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

### ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

#### The Twenty-fifth Number.

#### HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AUGUSTA, DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK, was born the 31st of July, 1737. She is the Sister of his present Majesty, and, with the exception of our beloved Sovereign, the only surviving issue of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second.

Her Royal Highness was married Jan. 17, 1764, to the Duke and Elector of Brunswick. This marriage, whilst it continued, was eminently happy: it was dissolved by the death of the Duke, who was wounded, at the head of his regiment, in the fatal battle of JENA.

The Duke of Brunswick was one of the first leaders of an hostile army into the territory of France, upon the breaking out of the Revolution: his name was then enrolled amongst the most illustrious commanders of Europe; he had been brought up in the school of the Great Frederick, and was an invincible advocate of the old system of tactics; which disciplined soldiers into mere machines, and made them as passive in the hands of their officers, as the muskets which they bore were instrumental in their own.

The Duke was unfortunately made ridiculous by the Cabinet of Berlin, in being the organ of the most absurd and puffing

MANIFESTO, which was ever issued by an invading General. But he was not only injured by this absurd declaration, but he suffered equally by the vacillating policy of Prussia, in being recalled at the very moment he was about to engage with Dammourier, and compelled to retreat homewards as fast as he had advanced.

This exposure, however, in the eyes of Europe, never weakened the confidence which was reposed in him by the King of Prussia, and indeed by the whole German Empire. When war, therefore, was declared against France, the King of Prussia selected the Duke of Brunswick as his Commander in Chief.—More need not be said: the event of the battle of JENA is too well known; the Duke was wounded early in the engagement; and died, a few weeks after, from the consequences of his wound.

The Duchess had now no refuge but in her native country, England; to which she fortunately escaped. She was received with the warmest affection by her brother, our beloved monarch, her daughter, the Princess of Wales, and by the whole of the royal family.

Her Royal Highness has taken up her residence with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath.

## MISS AMBROSE.

THE vice-regal administration of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland, was distinguished in many respects beyond that of any other viceroy who had preceded him. As a judge and patron of learning, his levees were always crowded with men of letters, and the Castle drawing-rooms were enlivened with a constellation of beauties.

Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star in that constellation. She was a Roman Catholic, and descended of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Her charms and vivacity (which were always tempered with modesty and prudence) furnished his Lordship with many opportunities of complimenting both, with a delicacy peculiar to a nobleman of his refined taste and wit. On the first day of July, the Protestants of Ireland wear orange lilies, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on that day; and which is a grand gala, at court. On one of these occasions, Miss Ambrose appeared with an orange lily in her bosom, which immediately caught the Viceroy's eye, and called forth the following extemporary lines.

Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest  
Of wearing orange on thy breast;

Where that same breast uncover'd shows  
The *voliteness* of the rebel rose?

A few days afterwards, a delegation from the ancient town of Drogheda waited on his Lordship with the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose happened to be present: as the box was of the finest workmanship, she jocosely requested that his Lordship would give it to her. "Madam," said he, "you have too much of my freedom already." Lord Chesterfield used to say, in allusion to the power of beauty, that she was the only dangerous Papist in Ireland.

Encircled by a crowd of admirers, in the heyday of her bloom, she had the good sense to prefer the hand of a plain worthy baronet (Sir Roger Palmer) to all the wealth and titles that were thrown at her feet. The marriage of this lady was announced in one of the Dublin prints in these words:

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of one, and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen. Lady Palmer is still alive; and has the second pleasure of seeing herself young again in a numerous train of grandchildren."

## EFFECT OF GRATITUDE.

JOHN WILSON, a young man of slender education, was condemned to suffer death for a riot. The contrition he evinced for the crime he had committed, his youth, and good character, induced his Majesty, on the representation of several respectable persons, to extend the most amiable prerogative of the crown, the royal mercy. In a few hours after the reprieve reached the repentant convict, he poured forth the effusions of his grateful heart in the following verses:—

And live I yet, by power divine?  
And have I still my course to run?  
Again brought back in its decline,  
The shadow of my parting sun?  
Wond'ring I ask, is this the breast,  
Struggling so late with grief and pain?  
The eyes which upward look'd for rest,  
And dropt their wearied lids again?  
The recent horrors still appear:  
Oh, may they never cease to awe!

Still be the King of Terrors near,  
Whom late in all his pomp I saw.  
Torture and grief prepar'd his way,  
And pointed to a yawning tomb;  
Darkness behind eclips'd the day,  
And check'd my forward hopes to come.

But now the dreadful storm is o'er,  
Ended at last the doubtful strife;  
And, living, I the hand adore,  
That gave me back again my life.

God of my life, what just return  
Can sinful dust and ashes give?  
I only live my sins to mourn,  
To love my God, I only live.

To thee, benign and sacred power,  
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;  
While, mark'd with blessings, ev'ry hour  
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

T. H.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

*[Continued from Page 238.]*

## THE IBEX, OR ROCK-GOAT; AND THE CHAMOIS.

THESE animals climb and descend precipices that to all other quadrupeds are inaccessible. They inhabit the highest Alps, Pyrenées, and other mountains; they throw themselves down a rock of thirty feet, and light securely on some place just large enough for them to set their feet upon. They strike the rock in their descent three or four times with their feet, to abate the velocity of their flight, and when they have got to the base below they seem immediately fixed and secure.

The ibex will mount a perpendicular rock of fifteen feet high, at three leaps, or rather at three successive bounds of five feet each. It does not appear to have found any footing on the rock, but to touch it merely to be repelled as an elastic substance is from a hard body. Between two rocks near each other, it bounds from the side of one rock to that of the other alternately till it has got to the top.

None but the natives of the countries where they are found, can engage in hunting them; it requires a head that can bear to look down the most tremendous perpendicular precipices without terror, sureness of foot, and such strength and activity in their pursuit as cannot be acquired by others. Sometimes these hunters are overtaken by darkness amidst steep crags, and are obliged to pass the whole night standing, and embraced, in order to support each other, and prevent themselves from sleeping.

## BUFFALO.

These animals abound in a domesticated state in many parts of Indostan; large herds of them cross the Tigris and the Euphrates, morning and evening. They swim closely wedged against each other, the herdsman riding on the back of one of them, sometimes standing upright; and if any of the exterior ones swim out of order, stepping lightly from back to back to drive them along, as shepherds' dogs run over the backs of a drove of sheep.

No. XXV. Vol. III.

In 1758, John Wesley attempted to try the taste of some animals for music. "I thought," says he, "it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try whether this was the case with other animals of the same species. I accordingly went to the Tower of London, with one who plays on the German flute; he began playing near four or five lions; only one of them (the others not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention; meantime a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechanism? can we account for it at all?"

The anonymous writer, from whose paper in a periodical work the above account is taken, adds, "Where is the mystery? Animals are affected by music just as men are who know nothing of the theory, and, like men, some have musical ears and some have not. One dog will howl on hearing a flute or trumpet, whilst another is perfectly indifferent to it. This howling is probably not the effect of pain, as the animal shows no mark of displeasure; he seems to hear it as a vocal accompaniment." This appears to be the case, as we have known dogs to be turned out of churches for howling a discordant accompaniment to the organ during psalm-singing.

## DOGS.

There is a chapter in one of our metaphysical writers, showing how dogs make syllogisms. The illustration is decisive. A dog loses sight of his master, and follows him by scent till the road branches into three; he smells at the first and at the second, and then, without smelling farther, gallops along the third.

Dogs have a sense of time, so as to count the days of the week. "My grandfather," says the last mentioned anonymous writer, "had

P p

one who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well authenticated example: a dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was by him sold in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday; the Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as he was himself. This dog never forsook the sick-bed of his last master, and when he was dead, the dog refused to eat and also died.

"A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets who had lost her master, and was ready to whelp; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her, which it may be supposed she was not suffered to want during her confinement; for his gallantry his name deserves to be mentioned—it was Pincher. Whenever he saw a trunk packing up in the house, he absconded for the next four and twenty hours. He was of opinion that home was the best place."

## BIRDS.

Latham, in his Supplement to his "Synopsis of Birds," says he knows two female swans that for three or four years past have agreed to associate, and have had each a brood yearly, bringing up together about eleven young; they sit by turns, and never quarrel.

Von Troil, in his "Observations on Iceland," mentions the eider-ducks which furnish the well-known soft, light, elastic, and expensive down, of which a couple of handfulls squeezed together are sufficient to fill a quilt, which makes a warm covering like a feather-bed. He says that sometimes two females will lay their eggs in the same nest, and that they always agree remarkably well together.

We have not read nor heard of any other species of female bipeds or quadrupeds, which or who conduct themselves in similar circumstances with the like urbanity.

## ON THE GENERAL TOPICS OF CONVERSATION.

FROM THE OLLA PODRIDA.

AMONG the various employments which engage the attention of mankind, it is not unpleasant to consider their topics of conversation. Every country has some peculiar to itself, which, as they derive their origin from the establishment of custom, and the predominance of national pride, are permanent in their duration, and extensive in their influence. Like standing dishes, they form the most substantial part of the entertainment, and are served up at the tables both of the rich and poor. The Dutchman talks incessantly of the bank of Amsterdam, the Italian of the carnival, the Spaniard of a bull-fight, and the English of politics and the weather.

That these last mentioned topics should gain so great an ascendancy over the Englishman, is by no means a subject of wonder. In a country where the administration may be changed in half a year, and the weather may alter in half a minute, the quick and surprising vicissitudes must necessarily rouse the attention, and furnish the most obvious materials for conversation. From the influence of that gravity which is remarked by foreigners to be the characteristic of the inhabitants of Britain, they are disposed to view these endemical subjects in a gloomy light, and to make them the

parents of sullen dissatisfaction, and ideal distress. John Bull, with a contracted brow, and surly voice, complains that we have April in July, and that the greatest patriots are shamefully out of place. All this may be very true; but if his Worship could be persuaded to confess his feelings, he would acknowledge that the gratification of complaining is far from inconsiderable, and that if these topics, on which he vents his spleen, were taken from him, little would remain to occupy his mind, or set his tongue in motion.

Let us indulge for a moment the whimsical supposition, that our climate was changed for that of Italy, and our government for that of the Turks; the consequences are easy to be foreseen—a general silence would reign throughout the island, from Port Patrick to the Land's End. We should be well qualified for the school of Pythagoras. Our silence, indeed, would scarcely be limited like that of his scholars to five years. Every house in England would resemble the monastery of La Trappe, where the monks are no better than walking statues. The only talkers among us would be physicians, lawyers, old maids, and travellers. The physician might fatigue us with his *Materia medica*, the lawyer with his

*Qui tam* actions, the old maid with difficult cases at cards, and the traveller with the dimensions of the Louvre without fear of interruption or contradiction. We should look up to them as students do to professors reading lectures, and like poor Dido feel a pleasure in the encouragement of loquacity.

*Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores*

*Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*

"She fondly begs him to repeat once more  
"The Trojan story that she heard before;  
"Then to distraction charm'd in rapture hung  
"On every word, and died upon his tongue."

PITT.

The game at whist would be played with uninterrupted tranquillity, and the cry of silence in the courts of justice might be omitted without the smallest inconvenience. In short, all the English who went abroad would be entitled to the compliment which was paid a nobleman at Paris. A lively French Marquis, after having been a whole evening in his company without hearing him articulate a syllable, remarked, that "Milord Anglois had admirable talents for taciturnity."

Prodigality prevails in town and economy in the country, in more instances than may at first be imagined. In town, such is the number of newspapers, that the coffee-house loungeur may sate himself, like a fly in a confectioner's shop, with an endless variety. He may see an event set in all possible lights, and may suit it to the complexion of his mind, and the sentiments of his party. Such is the advantage of a refined metropolis, where profusion enlarges the dominions of pleasure in every direction, and supplies the greatest dainties to gratify the vitiated appetite of curiosity. In the country, the case is widely different. In most genteel families a solitary paper is introduced with the tea-urn and rolls; but certain restraints are laid upon the manner of perusing it; half the news is read the first morning, and half is reserved for the entertainment of the next. This frugal distribution in the parlour is, without doubt, adopted from something similar which takes place in the store-room. The mistress of the family dispenses the proper quantity of pickles and preserves, and then locks the door till the following day. Our affairs in the east are settled at one time; whilst the burgomasters and the Princess of Orange are left to their fate till another. Enough is read to furnish the family with subjects for conversation; and as topics are not numerous, the thread of politics is spun very fine. Little Miss wonders, when she hears papa adjust the affairs of the nation,

that he is not a parliament man, and thinks that if the King were ever to hear of him, he would certainly be made prime-minister.

There is (if the expression may be allowed) a refinement in our fears. A rational apprehension of impending evil is the mother of security, but the mind that is terrified by remote dangers is weak and ridiculous. The imagination is like a magnifying-glass, which by enlarging the dimensions of distant objects, makes them appear formidable. It is the office of reason to place them in proper situations, and to suggest, that we are not exposed to their effects. The Neapolitan, who lives at the foot of Vesuvius, has just cause for trembling at the symptoms of an eruption; but he may depend upon it, his vines are in no danger from the volcanos in the moon. The stock-holder may well fear the consequences of the Belgic commotions. The farmer, whose hay is scattered over the meadows, may without the imputation of weakness, be vexed at the torrents of rain. But why should the man, who has no concern but to walk from Cheapside to Whitechapel, apply to his barometer ten times before he ventures out? or be disturbed in his dreams for the safety of the Grand Signior?

A club was once established by certain gentlemen, whose minds were too much polished by their travels not to banish every thing that is interesting to John Bull. Among their rules and orders it was enacted, that no mention should be made of the state of the weather or politics, but that all their conversation should turn upon literature and virtue. It happened that the president of the club, who was a pretty *petit maitre* of twenty stone, was attacked by a violent ague. He was seized with a cold fit whilst adjusting a dispute between two *dilettanti*, whether the church of *Santa Maria* in Navicelli, was larger than *Santa Maria* in Valicelli. This important argument was interrupted by the president's digression in abuse of the English climate, which he declared was calculated for no beings under the sun but draymen and shepherds. Some of the fraternity talked peremptorily of expelling him from the society, for breaking the first rule, and introducing a subject which ought to be left to the *canaille*. After great animosity, and abundant altercation, it was finally determined to expunge the rule, because they could not engage a party who were sufficiently refined by *liqueurs* to be freed from the grievance of their English constitutions.

It was once seriously discussed by the French Academy, whether it was possible for a German to be a wit. It would be more

worthy of the sagacity of the same learned body to determine, whether it be possible for an Englishman to be a politician. To form a right decision, let them converse with what order of men they please, and they will find, that the ruling passion is the regulation of the political machine. The ferocity which is natural to islanders may be the reason of our being more disposed to command than obey. Hence it is no uncommon case for a man so far to mistake his abilities, as to talk of riding the state horse, when he is hardly expert enough to shoe him. All persons of rank harangue as if the secrets of the state would be best entrusted to their discretion, as if their own address qualified them for the most critical situations, and the judgment of their rulers should be suspended until superior sagacity pointed out the right path. Whilst the barber snaps his fingers among his customers, he talks of managing the *Mounseers*, and laying on taxes without oppression. The aldermen, at a corporation dinner, do the same over their turbot and venison. To complete the climax, these are the identical points which perplex the understanding of the King and his counsellors in the cabinet.

Notwithstanding the severity of military

law, the different orders of society would sustain no injury, if, like a well-disciplined army, they neither broke their ranks, nor mutinied against their officers. A family is a kingdom in miniature; in that domestic, but important sphere of government, every man of common sense is able to preside. The master of a well-regulated house is more beneficial to the state, than a hundred political declaimers. To curb the passions, to fix religious principles in the minds of children, and to govern servants with mild authority, all ultimately promote the best interests of the public. Obedience branches out in various relations. The debt which we demand from our dependants, we owe to our governors. Subordination is to a subject, what resignation is to a Christian. They are both admirably well calculated to silence the clamours of party, and to administer the cordial of content. Let the Englishman repress his murmurs, by reflecting that he is a member of a constitution which combines the excellencies of all governments; and that he breathes in a climate which permits him to be exposed to the air more days in a year, and more hours in a day, without inconvenience, than any other in Europe.

## THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 207.]

### CHAP. XIV.

*Of the Cosmetics used for the purpose of beautifying the Skin.*

UNDER the general term of cosmetics are comprehended all the expedients invented to preserve its beauty or to correct its defects. All the processes which are used to embellish the skin, to soften it, to maintain its freshness and lustre, to give colour to the complexion, to prevent or efface wrinkles, to whiten or clean the teeth, to stain the hair and the eye-brows—all these processes, I say, form a part of the numerous class of cosmetics. In this chapter we shall treat only of such as immediately relate to the embellishment of the skin; the others will of course be placed in the chapters treating particularly of the cares that ought to be bestowed on each particular part of the body.

Many people may perhaps be disposed to ask,—ought cosmetics to be used at all?

Some authors having demonstrated the inefficacy of many cosmetics, and even the dangerous tendency of others, have thought fit to proscribe them all; they have, therefore, pronounced a severe sentence upon them. Among the rest, certain medical men have adopted this opinion, and because some of the compositions admitted to the toilette of the ladies were either useless or dangerous, they have concluded that none ought to be used, and that water alone might be substituted with advantage in the place of them all.

It is certainly unjust to draw general conclusions from individual facts. Would these same learned doctors proscribe all medicines, because some of them are dangerous? Ought we to renounce the aid of all physicians, because some of them kill their patients? Cer-

fainly not; let us choose the best physicians, the best medicines, and the best cosmetics. But to come to the point.

If there were nothing to do but to oppose authority to authority, I could find an infinite number of writers, ancient and modern, who have recommended the use of the means which art has enabled us to discover, to embellish nature. One of them has not thought it unworthy of the medical science to devote his attention to the care necessary for either preserving or repairing beauty, and has left us a work on that subject.

Another more modern author has observed, "that the skin, resembling a spider's web in texture, is susceptible of the slightest impressions; to moisten, to nourish, to polish it with cosmetic pomatums, mucilages, detergent and bitter ointments, is perfectly suited to its nature."

I find in the work of a third, that beauty cannot exist without the concurrence of the means which ensure the preservation of health. At the same time it requires particular cares; it must be improved, and I might even say, cultivated, for this brilliant production of civilization and luxury does not appear with all its attributes and all its charms in the wild state nor under the influence of laborious professions or chilling penury."

On this subject I could produce a hundred authorities for one on the opposite side; but of what use are authorities when facts themselves speak? Has not every one of us an opportunity of observing the astonishing difference which exists between females who bestow constant and judicious care on the preservation of their beauty, and those who neglect to cultivate their charms? If a fortunate change of circumstances enable a young female of limited means, who scarcely attracted any observation, to attend to the minute details of the toilette, we in a short time behold a new beauty expand in her. How many village girls, with charms somewhat rustic and figures rather coarse, have by means of a residence in the city, and the use of the toilette, presented us with the brilliant spectacle of the most astonishing metamorphosis. And to what cause are these prodigies owing? To the use of cosmetics.

It was thus I beheld the celestial beauty of Sophia dawn forth. It was thus I beheld her charms arrive at the most enchanting perfection. Sophia has now attained her eighteenth spring, and she is an elegant and delicate nymph. Her dark and coarse complexion has acquired lustre and whiteness; her lips, at the same time that they have become more deli-

cate, have assumed the colour of coral; her arm is finely turned, and her hands are as soft as satin.

It is unnecessary to expatiate further on the utility of cosmetics. Let us now present the ladies with an account of those which have the best claim to their confidence and attention.

#### BALSAM OF MECCA.

The balsam of Mecca, which is likewise called balsam of Judea, white balsam of Constantinople, balsam of Egypt, balsam of Grand Cairo, and opobalsamum, is a liquid resin of a whitish colour approaching to yellow, with a strong smell resembling that of a lemon, and a pungent and aromatic taste.

It is one of the most highly esteemed cosmetics, but it is very dear, and extremely difficult to be procured genuine. What is sold by the name of balsam of Mecca at London and Paris, is made by the perfumers at those cities. "It is," says M. A. Mongez, in the *Memoirs of the National Institute*, "a mixture of the finest turpentine with aromatic oils, whose aroma approaches nearest to that of the genuine balsam. These imitations sell at the rate of twenty-five to thirty-five shillings an ounce, whereas the same quantity of the real balsam of Mecca cannot be procured for less than four guineas."

It is very certain that the balsam of Mecca manufactured in the west of Europe possesses none of the qualities of the genuine balsam; it would therefore be desirable to know how to distinguish them. The following method has been pointed out by a person who has visited at Constantinople. Pour a drop into water, and put into this drop an iron knitting-needle. If the whole of the drop of balsam adheres to the needle, this proves that it has not been adulterated. To ascertain the degree of dependence that is to be placed on this kind of proof, it is necessary to have some of the balsam which we are well assured is genuine.

The ladies of Constantinople, and those of Asia and Egypt hold the opobalsamum in the highest request, and use it to render the skin white, soft and smooth.

The women of the east slightly anoint their hands and face with it at night when they go to bed; next morning minute scales are detached from the skin in every part on which this precious balsam has operated. This renovation of the skin renders it incomparably white.

The Egyptian females make use of it in a different manner. The dark colour of their complexion, it is true, requires a stronger dose. It is at the bath that they anoint themselves with this balsam. They remain in the bath

till they are very warm; they then anoint the face and neck, not slightly like the women of the East, but with an ample and copious ablution, rubbing themselves till the skin has imbibed the whole. They then remain in the bath till the skin is perfectly dry; after which they remain three days with the face and neck impregnated with the balsam. On the third day, they again repair to the bath and go through the same process. This operation they repeat several times for the space of a month, during which they take care not to wipe the skin.

The European ladies who have an opportunity of procuring a quantity of this valuable balsam, are more frugal of it; they seldom use it pure, but mix it with other similar substances, and compose a cosmetic balsam which is thought to possess considerable efficacy in preserving the beauty of the skin. The best method of making it is as follows;—

Take equal parts of balsam of Mecca and oil of sweet almonds, recently extracted. Mix these drugs carefully in a glass mortar, till they form a kind of ointment, to three drams of which, previously put into a matrix, pour six ounces of spirit of wine. Leave it to digest till you have extracted a sufficient tincture. Separate this tincture from the oil, and put one ounce of it into eight ounces of the flowers of beans, or others of a similar kind, and you will have an excellent, milky cosmetic.

Others make with it a kind of virgin-milk. For this purpose it is sufficient to dissolve the balsam of Mecca in spirit of wine, or Hungary water; then put a few drops of this solution into lily-water.

The balsam of Mecca, notwithstanding its great reputation has been decried by some. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu describes it as having agreed very ill with her. In a letter written by her at Belgrade, near Constantinople to one of her female friends in London, she says:—"As to the balsam of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot in conscience advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I assure you, is very valuable,) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning, the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H—s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time

very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and to add to my mortification, Mr. W—y reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However my face is since in *statu quo*; nay, I am told by the ladies here that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time."

Notwithstanding this mishap which befel Lady Montagu, and which might be owing to a variety of causes, it cannot be denied that the balm of Mecca is used with advantage by the most beautiful women; and that the Turkish ladies, who all make use of it, have, as her ladyship justly observes, the loveliest bloom in the world.

#### VIRGIN-MILK.

This cosmetic is not a milk, though it bears that appellation. This unmeaning name has been given to several liquids of a very different nature, rendered milky, that is, opaque and whitish, by means of a light precipitate formed and suspended in them.

I have observed that the appellation of virgin-milk has been given to liquids widely differing in their nature, and this assertion I shall maintain. Is it not, indeed, ridiculous, that under the same name one perfumer shall give me an innocent cosmetic and another a noxious drug, or that I may receive both at different times from the same perfumer? For this reason I would exhort the ladies to compose their virgin-milk themselves, which would be the easiest thing in the world.

The virgin-milk which is in most general use, and is the most salutary, is a tincture of gum-benjamin precipitated by water.

To obtain the tincture of benjamin take a certain quantity of that gum, pour spirit of wine upon it, and boil it till it becomes a rich tincture.

Virgin-milk is prepared by pouring a few drops of this tincture into a glass of water, which produces a milky mixture.

This virgin-milk, if the face be washed with it, will give a beautiful rosy colour. To render the skin clear and brilliant, let it dry upon it without wiping.

This tincture of benjamin is likewise recommended for removing spots, freckles, pimples, erysipelations, eruptions, &c.; but its efficacy is very doubtful, or rather, for the truth ought

to be spoken, it is incapable of producing any effect in these cases. We shall give in another place directions for preparing more powerful remedies.

The following kinds of virgin-milk are rather more active in their effect:—

1. Take equal parts of gum-benjamin and storax, dissolve them in a sufficient quantity of spirit of wine, which will assume a reddish colour, and emit a very disagreeable smell. Some add to it a small quantity of balm of Mecca; pour a few drops into very pure common water. The ladies make use of it with success for washing their faces.

2. Pound some house-leek in a marble mortar, express the juice and clarify it. When you want to make use of it, put a small quantity of it into a glass, and pour upon it a few drops of spirit of wine; the mixture instantly forms a kind of curdled milk, exceedingly efficacious for rendering the skin smooth, and removing pimples.

3. Take an ounce of rock alum and an ounce of sulphur reduced to a very fine powder, put the whole into a quart bottle, and add to it a pint of rose-water. Shake these substances for

half an hour, which will give the water the appearance of milk. Shake the bottle every time before it is used. Steep a cloth in this liquid, leave it all night upon the face, which must afterwards be washed with rose and plain water.

The name of virgin-milk is likewise applied to a very different liquid; I mean the vinegar of lead precipitated with that of water. This is extolled as a remedy for the eruptive disorders of the skin; but it is repercussive, and of course it is often attended with danger; as a remedy it ought therefore not to be employed without the necessary precautions, but as a cosmetic it should never be used, because it dries the skin and turns it black. It is nevertheless a fact, that most of the liquids sold by the name of virgin-milk are nothing but an extract of lead dissolved in vinegar.

To spare them the dangers attendant on the use of this dangerous drag, I again recommend to the ladies to compose their virgin-milk themselves, rather than to apply to the perfumers, who make at least fifteen or twenty different sorts.

[To be continued.]

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## WAR;—A DREAM.

[Continued from Page 274.]

HE said, and the clouds were split asunder, a spreading lustre issued from the vault of heaven, and the stream of light became so dazzling that the blood-stained multitude sunk to the ground, and vainly sought a refuge in the depth of caverns and abysses. Though still white and untainted, I was struck with a respectful fear, and fell prostrate. The Divine Justice appeared descending through the pure ether. She did not wear the false attributes which our blindness bestows upon her, an angry brow, a sword, and scales; she was clad with a blue mantle strewed with stars of gold: one of her hands wielded a sceptre, composed of a single white flame, whilst the other supported her forehead, marked with sadness at the thought of being compelled to punish. On her brow the Almighty had imprinted his celestial majesty; the noble, though severe expression of her features, inspired a sacred confidence, and she seemed to pity those she was about to condemn. What sublime beauty shone in her features, it created love and veneration, it gave birth to the most acute regret in the breasts of those who

had offended her. Surrounded with glory, and seated on the clouds of heaven, she listened to the groans of sorrow and remorse. The sun of truth formed her crown, and the whole extent of this awful scene was illumined by its beams. Time laid his hour-glass at the feet of Justice, and repassing the sand of years, they rolled before us a second time with a rapidity which thought alone could equal. All the dead beheld with terror every portion of their lives, of which a solemn account was required. On the left of the first-born of the Almighty, a faltering voice was heard, the advocate for the guilty, and exerted all its eloquence to justify their actions. This weak voice was termed Politic; all its arguments were false, inhuman, and extravagant. A stronger voice, on the right, refuted those vain speeches, it was called Humanity; whenever it spoke the murderers were struck with terror, owned their guilt, and the full knowledge of truth increased the horrors of their punishment.

Shrinking from the eyes of Justice, all the mighty conquerors of old stood naked and trembling amidst the crowd. A thousand voices

were raised against one single man, whom they pointed out as the author of the crimes they had committed. The name of Alexander the Great was thus so often repeated, that he was commanded to make his appearance. I then perceived a skeleton of rather a diminutive size, red with blood, and his head leaning on one side, coming forward with a faltering step from his hiding place; the murmurs which arose as he passed increased his confusion. Weak, short, and naked, he presented a pitiful spectacle of humbled pride. "What," exclaimed the celestial judge, "is this he who led you into guilt? whose mandates you obeyed rather than those of equity, humanity, and your own conscience? Contemplate the base idol you worshipped, he now feels and owns his insignificance. What spell changed you into blood-thirsty slaves, whilst nature cried aloud that you were not intended to serve the ambitious phrenzy of this madman. As for you who contemned my laws, behold what looks of horror your very accomplices cast upon you, but this is not sufficient, you must see the villain with whom you are worthy to be compared." She said, and waved her sceptre; a skeleton of nearly the same size as Alexander, placed himself by his side. He was not quite so deeply stained with blood, but his bones were fractured in several places, and I remarked that the blows of the executioner's iron had wiped away the largest spots. "Behold, Alexander," Justice exclaimed, "behold thy pupil, and thy equal if a crown had fallen to his lot; his courage rivalled thine, but fettered by circumstances, he was compelled to content himself with murdering his fellow citizens during the darkness of night. The mortals who watch over the strict observation of my laws, succeeded in bringing the guilty to the scaffold; there he owned his crimes, and thought himself deserving of the most shameful end. Blind wretch! there exists no difference between thee and this villain; thou art even more unfortunate, for no due punishment has rewarded thy cruel deeds. Power has supported thy iron arm, which crushed and ravaged the world; in the flaming cities which thy intoxication destroyed, thou hast burned my sacred code; thou hast compelled thy victims to adore thee as a god; hast pierced the bosom of friendship. The fame of thy victories has dazzled other monarchs, who followed thy path through blood and ruin. Approach, Cæsar, thou who sheddest tears before the statue of this murderer, longing to deserve the same honour. Neither the genius of Rome, nor the supplications of thy bleeding country, could arrest thy course; thy

dagger tore her bosom while her arms were extended to embrace thee. You overthrew the sublime edifices erected by the wisdom of six ages, to rear with their scattered ruins the odious towers of despotism. Your name, like that of Tamerlane, Attila, Charles XII. and Tshingis Khan, is held in detestation. The genius of these conquerors is now proscribed; the blind multitude alone lose sight of the criminal in the deceitful glory with which he is surrounded.

"Princes, conquerors, generals, warriors, lay down your assumed greatness, ye men of blood, and tremble; you have armed nation against nation, you have fostered the serpent of war, you have gloried in devastation, and must answer for the blood which has been shed at your command. Yet the hardened villains who did not shudder to obey you, whom gold seduced or inclination prompted to become your accomplices, shall meet with the same punishment. What right has a man to inflict death upon another? does not his life belong to his Almighty creator? His destruction is a blow you aim at the supreme Being; tremble, homicides, and prostrate before me. No excuse can shelter your guilt; your brothers' blood calls aloud for vengeance; every gory stain shall be repaid with the devouring flames of remorse during several ages; and regret shall still damp your joy when the clemency of god shall forgive the least criminal amongst you, for each spot is indelible.

"The wish of obtaining the admiration of posterity was the motive of your actions, you exclaim; well, you are doomed to suffer till the happy moment comes when the enlightened world will curse war and those who have kindled its fires: Alexander, thy name must be pronounced with horror by the inhabitants of that earth where thy folly ordered altars to be erected to thine honour; all those who have been led astray by thy example, must be ranked amongst the greatest criminals before a ray of hope of forgiveness can cheer thy heart. Bear thy torments with patience, thou hast already lost the opinion of men, thy exploits are deemed acts of injustice, and the voice of truth begins to thunder against thy modern imitator."

Another skeleton burst from the crowd, and fell prostrate at the feet of Justice. The voice on the left became its interpreter. "O Divine Justice," it exclaimed, "I am entirely covered with blood, it burns, it devours me, and yet I have never slain any man." The voice on the right answered: "Thou hast never slain thy fellow-creatures, but thou hast celebrated the heroes who feasted on death and plunder, thou

hast made their names and the bad example of their crimes immortal. Thou hast bound the temples of the murderers with laurels, and pointed to the eyes of mortals a false glory, that stands on the ruins of desolated cities, of polluted altars, and flaming palaces. Was the slaughter of mankind a fit subject for the language of the gods to celebrate? You ought to have bathed the wounds of suffering humanity with your tears; to have employed the vast genius with which nature had endowed your soul to enforce her sacred and eternal rights. Your poems would have then been more sublime and worthy of admiration. By exposing the sons of war to the contempt of nations, and the hatred of posterity, you would have overturned the car of sanguinary fame, and torn the purple mantle from her shoulders. Humanity, weeping with joy, would have clasped you to her bosom, the praise of the virtuous and the wise, and the approving smile of Heaven would have repaid your toils. But now whilst thy works are read and admired on account of the melody of thy numbers, the abuse thou hast made of thy superior talents shall meet with its due recompense.

Alas! Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, these eminent bards, these cowardly flatterers of lawless power, followed the steps of this disconsolate shade. They were punished, like Homer, for having praised and caressed the monster who signed the proscription of the noblest Roman citizens; for having deceived the world with harmonious but servile numbers, and given the shameful example of calling gods those who wear or usurp a diadem. All the historians who concealed truth, all the flatterers who advised those crimes which they feared to commit; all who abused the noble science of eloquence and perverted its end, received the same punishment as though they had shed human blood. They were ranged amidst the

foes to humanity, and in reality, Machiavel was in his closet, when wielding his pen, what the ferocious Nero was on his throne.

"Appear now, beloved heroes," said Justice, "who have only fought to conquer-peace! Ye whose valour has been a shield to the weak, a shelter for virtue and innocence; equally superior to your enemies both in wisdom and true courage. Approach, humane warriors, venerable defenders of your country, benefactors of mankind. You mix your tears with the blood which you were compelled to shed; sorrow no more and cease to regret the past; Nature, whose cause you espoused pleads aloud in your favour." She finished, and I beheld Sesostris, Epaminondas, both Scipios, Marcus Aurelius, Charlemagne, and Henry IV. They were spotless; the dazzling beams of the sun of truth streamed around them, and increased the darkness of the stains of the guilty. On a sudden Justice nodded, and the latter were plunged into the gulfs of hell, there to dwell in torments till remorse should hasten the rapturous hour of mercy. I found myself among the few who were permitted to lift up the hands of gratitude towards Heaven; how joyfully beat my heart, I was freed from the company of the wicked, and mingled with the chosen servants of God whose hymns of praise and adoration gladdened the listening host of the sky.

On a sudden a discharge of artillery burst my slumbers; it was intended to proclaim a victory. The people who only perceive the splendour of a triumph shouted with exultation; whilst I, stealing away from the tumultuous scene of popular rejoicings, retired to a lonely spot, sheltered by distance from the pealing thunders of the cannon, and the intoxication of the multitude; and beneath the wing of peace and silence wrote the foregoing dream still warm in my memory. E. R.

## THE BROTHERS.

A YOUTH who had often bathed in a river in which there were many quicksands, once more ventured in, and narrowly escaped from death. His elder brother, who a few months before had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, won her affections, and married her, and in those months had often wished both wife, and the marriage state far enough, hearing of the

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danger his brother had been in, said to him: "I am more surprized at your escape, than at the danger you have been in; how could you be so foolish as to trust this dangerous element, because it did not at other times deceive you!"

"Then let it still less be a wonder to you, (said the other) that your wife, since the time

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she has been your wife, often gives you cause for repentance; who told you to trust so-fickle a sex, as the female, because a pretty girl smiled on you, and for days seemed to think well of you?"

"And what would you have had me do with this sex?"

"Study and learn it well!"

"Fool! it would be like telling a seaman, after he had suffered all storms, to learn the depth and every rock in the fathomless deep; to both purposes one common course of life would not be sufficient, which seldom exceeds eighty or ninety years."

## MEINERS' HISTORY OF THE FEMALE SEX.

AMONG the many translations of foreign works which are continually issuing from the press, it is not the most flattering to the literary character of the nation to observe how large a number display a lamentable want of judgment in the selection, and of ability in the execution. This is particularly evident in the productions of German writers, which have been submitted to the public in an English dress. The German language presents a rich mine of literature that yet remains to be explored, most of our translators having confined their researches too near the surface to reach the sterling ore.

It is with the greater pleasure we announce the speedy appearance of a translation from that language, of a work of real merit and utility, and which cannot fail to prove highly interesting to every class of our fair readers. We allude to the "History of the Female Sex," by Professor Meiners, of Göttingen, which has justly obtained a place among the classical productions of his country. The author describes the state of the sex, both in ancient and modern times, among the principal nations of the globe; investigates the causes of its degradation among some, and its power among others; and inquires into the consequences of the influence which it has exercised and still enjoys over society, manners, dress, and public affairs. The number of curious anecdotes with which M. Meiners has interspersed these volumes, together with the fund of information which they contain, render them equally amusing and instructive.

We are happy to know that the translation of this interesting performance will be such as not to disgrace the original. The subjoined extracts, with which we have been favoured, will convince our readers that it is not the work of an inexperienced pen, and will like-

wise enable them to form some idea of the manner of the author.

### ACCOUNT OF THE GAGERS, AN AFRICAN NATION.

"To the nations who formerly, at least, were ruled with despotic power by females, belong the Gagers, the most savage and ferocious of all the cannibal tribes of Africa, and even of the world.

"These Gagers achieved the greatest conquests under the government of queens; from a queen they received their constitution and laws, which, so far from appearing to have been framed by a man, much less by a female, seem more congenial with the nature of the tiger; it is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive that they can ever be observed. It was a queen who commanded her subjects to massacre all their enemies without mercy, and afterwards to quaff their blood, and feast upon their flesh. The same queen ordered that no woman should, on pain of death, be delivered in the camp; that, under the same penalty, no twins, no children with natural infirmities, and, in general, no male infants should be reared; and if some were secreted immediately after the birth, contrary to the laws of this despotic sovereign, that such of them, at least, as cut the upper teeth before the lower, should be dispatched without mercy, because it was predicted that the state of the Gagers would be overthrown by persons of that description. When the queen promulgated this unnatural decree, dooming all the male children of her warriors to destruction, in order to ensure their ready compliance, she directed her only son, an infant at the breast, to be brought forward in the presence of the whole army, threw him into a mortar and pounded him, unmoved by the cries of the infant, or

the horrid spectacle of the mangled relics of the innocent victim. When she had reduced the body of her child to a shapeless mass, she mingled with it various kinds of herbs, powders, leaves, and oils, set it over a fire, and prepared an ointment, which, she declared, would render her invulnerable. This assurance, and the example of their queen, overcame the feelings of nature in all their warriors of both sexes, who followed the standard of this crowned female monster. All the new-born, or infant males in the whole camp were slaughtered, and this practice was continued for many years. Among the negro women to whom Cavazzi administered baptism, some acknowledged, with tears, that they had killed five, others seven, and others again ten children with their own hands.

"Notwithstanding the despotic authority of the legislatrix of the Gagers, she was unable, even by the strictest prohibition, to restrain her warriors from regaling themselves with the flesh of women. Rich and powerful chieftains continued to keep whole flocks of young girls, as they would of lambs, calves, or any other animals, and had some of them daily slaughtered for the table; for the Gagers prefer human flesh to every other species of animal food; and among the different classes of human kind, they hold that of young females in particular estimation."

#### CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

"When the men were engaged in distant expeditions, or long-protracted wars, they were always accompanied by their wives and children. These objects, according to the testimony of Tacitus, and all other Roman authors, most powerfully stimulated the valour of the ancient Germans; they were the most solemn witnesses and the warmest panegyrist of their achievements. When the German heroes were wounded, they had recourse to their mothers, or their wives, who sucked, cleansed, or dressed their wounds; all the women of Germany and the North being thoroughly skilled in the virtues of simples. Even during the engagement, wives and mothers mingled with the ranks of the combatants, carrying them refreshments, and renewing their intreaties and exhortations to fight valiantly, that they and their children might not fall into the hands of their foes, and be doomed to inevita-

ble slavery. Wives and daughters, provided with the attire and the arms of men, very often fought most courageously beside their husbands and fathers; and hence the Romans frequently observed the bodies of armed women in the field of battle among the slain. When the German warriors, unable to withstand the attack of a superior enemy, began to yield, the women, by their lamentations and reproaches, very often roused and inflamed their drooping courage to such a degree, that they returned to the charge, and attacked the enemy with redoubled fury, in order to rescue the dear objects of their love, their wives and children, from captivity. When intreaties, tears, and reproaches could not prevail on the dismayed combatants to renew the charge, the women and girls mounted the rampart with which the German camps were surrounded, placing themselves in hostile array against their dastardly brothers and husbands, as well as against the enemy, and with spears and swords making no less havoc among their fugitive countrymen than among their victorious pursuers. When, therefore, the Romans had routed the German armies, after the most obstinate engagements, they had frequently such bloody battles to fight at the ramparts, upon which the wives, sisters, and daughters of the slaughtered warriors had posted themselves, that the conquerors acknowledged they could not have been victorious, had the men displayed the same invincible intrepidity as the women. As the love of liberty overcame the tenderness for husbands and children, so the fear of servitude far outweighed the fear of death in the bosoms of the generous females of all the Celtic nations. When these heroines were surrounded and disarmed, and saw no possibility of escaping the horrors of everlasting slavery, they generally dispatched each other, or hanged themselves, having previously strangled their infants, or dashed out their brains against stones. This valour, and this love of liberty, were perpetuated undiminished among the Celtic fair till the commencement of the present century; and I sincerely hope that these virtues of the mothers may be transmitted unimpaired to the latest generations."

The work here announced will form four handsome volumes, and is expected to appear very soon.

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## THE DOG OF MELAI.

UNDER the Greeks of the middle age, the art of sculpture, after the famous destruction of their statues, never more ventured powerfully to raise its head. Paintings were the sole ornaments of their temples and palaces; and a hundred pictures were more easily found, than a single statue. The descendants of Phidias and Scopas as much forgot the arts of their forefathers, as the valour of Miltiades and Themistocles was forgotten by them.

During a few years only, under the Emperor Constantine X. this art appeared to be flattered with a more favourable destiny. He had seen Italy before his ascent to the throne, had preserved his liking to the remains of Roman grandeur he had there seen, and encouraged his subjects to imitate their example.—He succeeded! No sooner did the artists perceive that from him might be acquired what artists, particularly natives, so seldom meet with—support and reward, than they immediately collected around him in numbers, embellished his residence, and bowed at his nod.

One of the most fortunate of these workmen in metal and marble, was Melonion. The fame of his art, and the pureness of his heart were equally great; and he felt not less by the view of a fine form, than by listening to an interesting and affecting tale.

Once, about the going down of the sun, as he was preparing to leave off his employment, a man bent double with age, entered his workshop, and begged leave to look at his statues. His white hair, a certain sublimity in his eyes, the fire of which age might have diminished, but could not extinguish, his dress simple, rather indifferent than good, but cleanly and decent, the animated look with which he surveyed the masterpieces he beheld, the few observations he made on them, but those few so pointed—all this induced the artist to pay more attention to his visit than he usually did to the daily interrupters of his work. The stranger had now viewed all the pieces, and through a particular chance it so happened, they were all dedicated to famous warriors. The war with the Arabs, which was alone interrupted by an armistice, never ended by a peace—occupied in particular the contemporaries of Melonion; and the grateful Constantine had destined for many of his generals, monuments of immortality.

This singular coincidence did not escape the old man, who having at last finished his ex-

aminations, turned himself to Melonion.—“All your excellent works (said he) are, as I perceive, dedicated to heroes. To them alone, perhaps, you have devoted your art?”

“To them, even the least. I love mankind too well to be fond of their destroyers; that you find my workshop so full of their monuments, is merely accidental, and to confess honestly, an accident that occasions me more pain than pleasure. As artists, are we not oftener obliged to follow the commands of our employers than the impulse of our own inclinations? Often, whilst occupied on the exploits and characters of these warriors, my chisel is apt to drop from my hand. You will, I hope, believe me, when I tell you, that the bloody marks in this marble, not undesignedly, refer often to their swords.”

“Two-fold fame for that artist, who with a head and a hand possesses also a soul! for a deserving being, under whatever form fate had decreed him to appear, you would then willingly employ your chisel?”

“Most certainly, as soon as he is really proved deserving!”

“O that he was! that he was. Neither you nor I will ever have it in our power to be so in a higher degree.”

In the eyes of the old man, as he uttered this, tears glistened, and his voice changed from the deliberateness of age, to the eagerness of youth.—He proceeded:—

“But the price, artist, which you fix on a monument from your hands?”

“Two thousand golden bezantins.”

“Much, very much! yet not more than he is worth.”

“And who is this being (asked Melonion, somewhat surprised), of whom you have twice spoken?”

“One more answer, before I discover that. Would you, since you do not confine yourself to heroes, deem a being of a different species, deserving your chisel, if his conduct were otherwise justly deserving of admiration and praise?”

The embarrassment of the statuary increased at every word of the stranger.

“A being of a different species? What is it you mean?”

“You will be still more astonished when I name him to you.”

“So, name him then.”

“My dog.”

The old man spoke truth—Melonion at the two words appeared thunderstruck—looked doubtfully, now full into the eye of the stranger—now on his miserable dress—now on the ground. This degrading commission alone soon filled him with the idea, that either the stranger was frantic, or, by some one sent, through envy, to deride him. Yet his former sensible conversation contradicted the first suspicion, whilst the noble generous warmth of his tone and look considerably weakened the second—it was, however, a minute at least, before Melonion recovered himself; he then with calmness replied: “You are right, venerable old man! Your proposal really surprises me—it is the first of the kind that has ever been made to me—is it in jest, or in earnest?”

“Really in earnest.”

“Have you sufficiently reflected on it?”

“Perfectly.”

“And also the expence of the two thousand bezantins?”

“On that also.”

“And of the security you must give me, that this work, supposing I undertook it, is not undertaken in vain?”

“For that, this stone shall be your security.” He drew, as he said this, a ring from off his finger, the form of which, even without the preceding conversation, would alone have excited the surprise of Melonion. It could not in reality be called any longer a ring, it was only the casket of what once had been one, with some remains of its former splendour. The magnitude of its empty sockets, shewed the worth it had formerly possessed, and the two stones that remained, was a still more certain proof. The artist, who was well acquainted with the worth of jewels, valued one at about four thousand ducats of the present coin, and the other at half of that sum.

No longer could he repress his curiosity and wonder.—“Old man!” he exclaimed, as he sprang up, and carefully shutting the already half-closed door; “Old man! I conjure you to tell me who you are? and what you require of me?”

“What I require, you already know; but to discover who I am, requires consideration—at least I must exact from you an oath of the utmost secrecy.”

“Which I will make. It is true, an oath I have been used to reserve for things alone of the utmost importance, and indeed without one, my unimpeached character might render you sufficiently easy.”

“Not your character, but the tone of your appeal. It is the tone of an unspotted con-

science, and that for me is enough. Have you a room less frequented by those who may wish to speak with, or disturb you—conduct me to it, and your curiosity shall be gratified.” Melonion complied with his desire—they sat down, and the stranger thus began:—

“My father was king over the greatest part of Indostan.—I, Melai, his eldest son, and the peaceful inheritor of his throne.” Astonished and filled with awe, the artist attempted to rise; but the old man grasped his hand, and prevented him with a friendly smile.—“Forbear (said he), it is the lot of monarchs to be flattered in good fortune, censured after death—in misery despised by thousands, and only now and then, from one elevated soul, to meet with sympathy. Be you this last, and I am more than contented. My father (continued he, after a few moments’ pause) was a warlike prince, before whom his neighbours trembled, and his subjects were afraid. I was his opposite; for from my youth the chief desires of my heart were peace, and the love of my people. He had grown grey in battle, and regarded his armour as the decorations of a bridegroom. I unwillingly put it on, and never without the most fervent prayer, that I might soon be permitted to lay it off for ever.

“In my forty-eighth year, I yet retained all the fullness of health, all the powers of a youth at twenty,—and at these years I saw a girl prostrate herself at the foot of my throne—A girl, such as I had never yet beheld! A milder eye, a finer form, a more lovely bosom, no artist had ever painted, hardly imagined; and when she began to speak, the tones alone of her voice were powerful, even for those who understood not her language. Before her petition was known, it was granted; and her suit might as well have been unjust, as it proved just, without danger of being lost. Her complaint was against a covetous uncle, who would have sold her to a deformed enervated man, alike cripple in soul and body, as a sacrifice to his lust, or rather an incitement to his desires; and you may easily conceive how my judgment decided.

“But not so easy can you imagine how I felt as she prepared to retire from before my throne. The feelings of a youth of sixteen, who is in danger of being bereaved of his first love, are trifling compared to this. Had not my rank forbid, I had gladly hastened after her, embraced that fine neck before all my subjects, and kissed those lips of coral.

“I called her back once more. As she turned round, it was as the breaking forth of the sun on a lowering day; the clouds disperse, and the bright region around seems to have

been new created. I have declared you free, beautiful Gulmanac, cried I; and as a proof of your freedom, it now rests with you to give even your sovereign, before his people, a favourable answer, or a denial. Would you accept of a place among my women? She blushed.”—

“My sovereign has to command!”

“But how then, if he will not command?”

“It then will be the greatest happiness of his slave to anticipate his smallest wishes.”

“From that moment she was the sole mistress of my heart. I dismissed my whole harem; and Gulmanac from that hour reigned over me, through love, as unlimited as I, by birth-right, over my dominions.

“Soon afterwards they brought me a man, whom they accused of murderous intentions towards his nephew. His defender was, strange enough, the nephew himself. He refuted the accusers so warmly by a relation of the numerous benefits which his uncle had conferred on him; conducted the cause of the accused in so much superior a manner to the defendant himself; shewed so noble a confidence in the virtue of others, such experience, capacity, eloquence, and humanity, that he soon possessed himself of my heart. I drew him from his mediocrity, bestowed on him one honourable post after the other, and found him in every respect so useful, that at last I declared him my first vizier, and conferred on him the name of Ebn Machmd. My son grew up: he was the handsomest youth in the whole kingdom, and the most accomplished in every manly exercise. His soul was also truly worthy of the body it inhabited; he ended fortunately a couple of short campaigns against a neighbouring foe, and when returned with fame and victory, he still remained the modest youth, the dutiful son he was before he went.

“Who would not now have considered me one of the most fortunate of mankind; who would not have imagined my prosperity unalterable? A wife, so lovely and good! a vizier, so experienced and tried! both the more deeply indebted to me, as the lower I found, the higher I had exalted them. A successor to my throne, who appeared to dread, rather than wish my death; subjects who adored me! Peace without, prosperity within, in the middle of a well-spent life, yet with all the powers of youthful health; and lastly, all this connected with that bliss so seldom found in cottages, hardly ever on a throne; with the greatest of all blessings, a conscience without stain! O how much was I then to be envied; how useless appeared to me the parental caution, and the parental ring; but alas, how much too soon was I in want of the latter!

“Notwithstanding the warmth of my love, I yet knew little, or not at all, jealousy, the general failing attendant on this passion. Gulmanac was mistress of my heart, and, greatly as the custom of the country and rank decreed the reverse, also mistress of her freedom. By little cheerful suppers, some of my courtiers were often permitted to see her while they attended on us; yes! more than once I laid aside all majesty, and suffered Ebn Machmd to sit by my side, and partake of our meal.

“I have never yet learnt, whether perhaps in the beginning, from some remains of faith and gratitude, Ebn Machmd did not endeavour to suppress those inclinations, which soon mastered his whole heart; but this I unhappily too soon experienced, that a rival is to be feared even by a monarch. For as the vizier, during my government, could not have any hopes of embezzling the best jewel in my crown, the perfidious being conceived the expedient of setting himself up as lord over Indostan. Perhaps he already perceived something in the eyes of the beautiful Gulmanac, which gave to a young fascinating man, a marked preference over the husband of fifty years; perhaps, he also knew the hearts of women, generally speaking, but too well, not to know that by every change of fortune, their affections are also liable to change.

“His endeavours and ideas were now directed towards acquiring a party amongst the populace, and he soon succeeded but too well; for when I before observed, that I was adored by my subjects, I certainly meant merely the greatest part of them. The presumptuous idea of being universally beloved, is madness in any brain, and would be treble madness in the head of a monarch. He will ever give offence to some while he satisfies others; even while he is parentally employed for the welfare of the whole, he will disappoint the expectations, or at least the advantage of individuals. Moreover, with me the discontented party was the smallest, it is true in number, but the most formidable in power,—the party of the warriors. My peaceful government deprived them of the rich plunder which they had often obtained under my father! With displeasure they saw that protected through peaceful policy, which they could alone appropriate, and at the same time destroy, under cover of the sword. Their discontents did not escape the observations of Ebn Machmd; he stirred them up to demand war, and higher pay; me he persuaded to deny both; and hardly had the unfortunate No! passed my lips, when he himself—the now unmastered traitor—stood at their head, and talked to me the language of a rebel.

"Necessity forced me now to the most dreadful of all expedients—to a civil war. My loyal subjects collected numerous around me; to my son I appointed the station of field-marshal. Twice he was victorious; in the third action he fell. When they brought me his corpse, I threw myself upon it disconsolate; yet one of his most confidential slaves blunted the keen edge of this affliction by the intelligence of a still greater misery. He produced papers, which proved undeniably that Ebn Machmnd, by a pretended account of dangers prepared for him by Gulmanac, had shaken the love of my own son towards me; that his breaking with me was only delayed on account of the partition of some provinces; that my son, forced by his army, had unwillingly given the last battle; and in it had fallen, contrary to Machmnd's express orders, and solely through the ignorance of one of the enemy's soldiers.

"Had the perfidy of my favourite before wounded my inmost feelings, how much more so must the death and the guilt of my only son! I now took up arms myself; my people appeared to view me at their head with transport; my arms were by far superior to the rebel legions, and the next meeting could not but prove decisive.

"The armies soon met, for passion forced me on, and love goaded Ebn Machmnd. Already my right wing was under me victorious; the left was led by Myn Narkuli, a brave warrior, whom my father in anger had once condemned to death, and whose life I had saved. To whom could I more securely entrust myself than to the man who had to thank me for his existence? yet he betrayed me. In the midst of the heat of battle, he went over to the enemy, and with him the greater part of his division; the remainder naturally dispersed; my already victorious army fell into disorder, and a single quarter of an hour precipitated me from power and grandeur into flight and misery.

"With the look and tone of distraction, I flew to the tent of Gulmanac, and conjured her to mount the swiftest horse, and follow me to the nearest fortress. I know, exclaimed I, that there imprisonment, and lastly death, will be our fate; but let us die as we have lived!

"The wretch requested me to submit to the victor; offered herself to entreat his compassion: offered herself—Ah, I know not to what the abandoned creature offered herself! It is enough that I found her also to be unquestionably faithless. It was now no longer in my power to repress my rage; I drew a dagger, and would have stabbed the unworthy

wretch. Her fearful shrieks brought several of my officers, and I for the first time perceived, that I no longer was the sovereign before whom every knee bent; only the day before, that being against whom my arm had been uplifted, would have immediately been pierced through with ten daggers; now my arm was arrested, the miserable object removed, and the deadly weapon wrested from me. It was, it is true, with the voice of pacification; it is true it had yet all the appearance of servility, the form of submission; but I too clearly saw through the thin disguise, and no longer confided in any being around me.

"Messenger after messenger informed me of the total rout of my forces, and the nearer approach of Ebn Machmnd. I threw myself across my swiftest horse: Who yet loves me, exclaimed I, let him follow me! about fifty out of more than one hundred thousand followed. Most of them were secret enemies of Ebn Machmnd: they followed out of hatred to him, not of zeal to me. The fortress in which I intended to take refuge was distant about a day's journey. A wood lay between; night was fast approaching; we rode for life or death. The wood was gained—it was midnight—our horses had not power to proceed; we were obliged to halt. I now numbered my companions, the fifty were reduced to ten; the remainder, either fatigue or repentance had detained. Bitterly I laughed aloud; spoke not one word, and threw myself on the grass; around me lay my attendants. Sorrow, rage, anxiety, revenge, jealousy, and a hatred of life, possessed me entirely; yet weariness and hunger were still more predominant than either of the other passions. I fell asleep, and when I awoke after a few hours, I perceived by the twilight, that I was alone. How my companions stole away, I know not. Not far from me grazed my horse, and at my feet lay my dog.

"Enough, and more than enough, have I entertained you with the relation of infamous beings; it is pleasing to myself, that at last I can describe one of a better class. Yet, to make it more easily understood by you, I must first mention what sort of a dog this was.

"Among all the different kinds of hunting, I had preferred the chase of the tiger alone, because it appeared to me the most useful to the welfare of my subjects. At one of these, I saw a very young, but furious dog, lacerated and weltering in his blood; I killed the tiger at the very moment he intended giving the death-stroke to his enemy. The poor animal grieved me; I ordered him to be taken up, and

as I usually carried about me in all those dangerous sports, a most excellent balsam, I poured a few drops of it into the wounds of the dog: the alleviation he felt from it changed his hitherto violent cries into a gentle moaning, and in the midst of this moaning, he thankfully licked my hand.

"I reiterated my commands, to take the utmost care of him. It was done; the dog recovered, and as I had made repeated enquiries after him, he was brought to me as soon as he was healed. He knew me, and as if he were sensible that I solely had been the preserver of his life, he caressed me so joyfully, and in so pleasing a manner, that he was from that hour my favourite, and to have separated him from me alive, would have been almost an impossibility, so great was the attachment he shewed for me. My companion by day, my guardian by night, he had followed me every where in the camp, and in my flight; I found him still with me when all that had the power of escaping had deserted me.

"Think of it as meanly as you please; the former sovereign of Indostan, now embraced his last faithful friend, more warmly than he would have embraced those who had given him back a throne and empire. I then threw myself on my horse, and continued my flight; but no longer towards the fortress, for I was but too sure, that its doors would remain shut to me.

"It appears incredible that a single fugitive could have escaped unknown, through a country of war and tumult; but at the beginning of my flight, I had chosen clothes and turban of the most common sort; my horse was fleet and good, but nothing less than handsome; and in short, I was protected by him in whose power it is to strike the eye of an enemy with blindness, and the arm with impotence, when he intends to save us. My plan was thus to steal along as far as Persia; and I might be distant from the frontiers about twenty miles, when I, one evening, applied for shelter in a farm-house, and obtained it. I sat at table and ate, or at least pretended I could eat; there entered a young soldier, who came just home from the action, and, as I soon learned, was the son of my host. They welcomed him with acclamations; and their enquiries how every thing stood? how he had fared? on which side he had fought? what the unfortunate? what the new monarch was doing? these, and a thousand other questions, almost deafened the youth. He was one of those who, during the battle, had gone over to Mahmud; he exalted the liberality of the victor to the utmost; he related, that my capital had joyfully

opened its gates to the new sovereign; that he had entered it triumphantly on the side of Gulmanac; and ended by saying, that my head was not worth less than a province. During his harangue I sat in such a manner that he could not easily see my face; he appeared to be very curious of doing so, and as he at last from time to time succeeded, he conversed whispering with his father a few moments.

"It is true I only understood a few words; but among those few was the word suspicious, and soon after he departed. More was not necessary to fill me with apprehensions; I feigned to be sleepy; seized a pretext to go out once more before bed-time; hurried into a garden near to the house; and having mounted my horse, took to flight, leaping over fences and ditches.

"I had hardly got a hundred yards before I heard myself called after; and in about a quarter of an hour, I perceived by the glimmer of the moon, some appearances which seemed to be moving about a great way off. I remained not a moment in doubt of their being persons who were pursuing me; but I relied on my excellent horse, and not without reason; for I soon could no longer distinguish those appearances; I rode or rather raced the whole night through in this manner; I always purposely avoided the high road, and I soon saw that I had but too much avoided it; for by break of day I found myself in a large sandy plain. I grieved for my horse, yet my safety was to me—to me, barbarian—of perhaps greater value than the life of the poor horse; I continued now and then to press him forward; he performed what he could; towards noon, when the sun was at its height, he fell down with fatigue, and without the power of raising himself up again.

"And you also forsake me? I cried out, as I loosened his girths and bridle; poor animal! at least with thee thy will expired only with thy ability. O! that the base wretches with whom I was surrounded, whom I brought up, whom I nourished—ah, whom I considered as my friends, had only performed their duty half so well!—with tears I left him; I would have sacrificed one of my arms, if through that I could have had it in my power to have helped him; but for myself, there was no where either strength or comfort.

"On foot I now continued my flight. Necessity constrained me to approach the first village, which after some hours I perceived; I bought here some food, gave myself out for a merchant, who had fallen among robbers, and asked the way to Persia. They answered me, 'that there were two, the one was a high road,

but very much about; the other was considerably nearer, but lonely and dangerous, because it was very easy to lose oneself in the desert, of which I had crossed only a small corner. I chose the latter, and at the end of the third day, found myself really in that predicament from which they had warned me.

"If the lot of any person, in a desert, without a village, without a guide, without food, without a path, without knowledge or hope, be sufficiently dreadful, how terrible must it be for a prince, trained up in effeminacy, and grown grey in prosperity; who had every care of this kind warded off by his attendants, every misery lightened, every want removed far away from him! And yet, with emaciated body, I dragged myself along one more day and night. My strength was at an end; not so was the desert.

"The sun now went down, and as I imagined, my last. No singing of birds attended it, for no one thing existed around me, my dog excepted! No redness of the sky followed; for the air was much too clear of vapours. No dew fell, for all around was a burning sand. I threw myself sorrowfully down on one of the sand hillocks. Here, said I, will I lie; lie and slumber the eternal sleep! How enfeebled was I! close to me nestled my dog, who looked on me and moaned. He also had not eat any thing the whole day; faithfully had I, the day before, divided with him my last morsel of bread. I now bent weeping over him, caressed him, and exclaimed, how gladly would I feed you, had I only a few crumbs of bread for myself remaining!—As if he understood the words; as if he had interpreted the tears in my eyes, he regarded me fixedly; licked once more my chin and hands, sprang up quickly, and flew off.

"Perhaps, my dear Melonion, it may to you be incredible, but I swear to you, that among all the trials I before and since have suffered, this last was the most severe, the only one which I sunk under.—At last even him! I exclaimed; my feelings unmanned me; I sunk down, and lost speech and recollection. I know not how long I may have continued laying in that manner; but at least some hours must have elapsed, for it was just as the day began to break, that a pulling and scratching awoke me; I painfully lifted up my breaking eyes, and perceived—my returned friend, whom I had conceived faithless. His mouth was bloody, and at my feet lay an animal, of a species to me unknown, but which looked very much like a rabbit. When he perceived that I was awake, he moaned gently once more; lifted up his booty, and laid it in my lap.—

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Not one word of my sensations; I am speaking with a man whose eyes inform me what his heart feels.

"Undoubtedly what my preserver offered me was no royal dish; yet no one of all those I had formerly, in all the splendour of majesty partaken of, appeared so sumptuous to me, or revived me so efficaciously as this little raw morsel. I now proceeded on my perigrination; saw myself towards afternoon on rather a beaten path, at the day's close on Persian ground, and by times the next morning in a small town. My money still lasted long enough to feed me for a couple of days; an hospitable old man lodged me. I crept, as soon as I had an opportunity, into the most remote corner of the house, and with much trouble, broke out of my father's ring, the first and smallest of the stones; the price I received for it maintained me till I arrived at Ispahan. I travelled thither in company, or rather under the protection of a caravan; for during the whole journey I hardly spoke an hundred words, answered every question with a monosyllable, and never proffered one.

"When arrived at Ispahan, we found every street full of people, and in commotion. My companions asked the reason of this tumult; before they could learn it, I already saw it with my own eyes; saw it, and my mind had again a trial for all its fortitude, not to betray me. It was neither more nor less than the entry of the ambassador from the usurper of my throne. He was mounted on the elephant I used to ride, and the envoy himself had been one of my favourites. How many thousand times had he formerly sworn to me eternal fidelity! he now came to demand my death.

"What I surmised now came to pass. I once, it is true, quite against the general conduct of neighbouring monarchs, in a dangerous rebellion, had been the means of keeping the King of Persia on his throne; yet now, to please the malicious conqueror, he, by public proclamation, set a great reward on my head, and with it so minute a description of my person was given, that any one even at the first view must have known me—supposing that I really had remained the same as I had been on the throne. Yet, minutely as the painter had taken off my likeness, one circumstance had certainly not come under his consideration, nor yet could it,—the alteration which in the interim my misery had occasioned. That unfortunate being, whom his faithful dog had delivered from death, resembled so little the one who had fled from the field of battle, that quite safe from ever being recognised, I could remain a full month at Ispahan.

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I then, at my convenience, removed further on, till I came to Constantinople: there I bought a small retired house, and have lived sixteen years, totally secluded from that shameful race of men. My economy required but little; my ring from time to time furnished me with that little. Never have I stooped to ask a favour; never have I wished back again the burthen of a throne; never murmured at my fate; never again shed a tear till yesterday, when my companion, my friend and deliverer, my Murkim died. He died of old age, still in the last pangs he licked my hand; unwillingly he appeared to die, unwillingly he must have died, for he was separating from me."

The old man faltered here a few seconds, then proceeded:—"My history is drawing towards its close; of eleven stones I have yet two remaining: they are the most precious of them all; of my days, certainly but few remain; the smallest jewel is sufficient for those few. Take the largest, and honour with your chisel a being, which was undoubtedly, only a dog, but if you will speak sincerely, was possessed of nobler feelings than many a man, hero, or conqueror."

During this relation, which partook more of the warmth of the relator, than it is possible for the pen of an historian to express, the eyes of the artist overflowed often, very often, with tears; now that Melai had concluded, Melonion required some minutes before he could dry his cheeks, and find words to speak.

"O monarch!" stammered he at length—

"Not monarch! that I was once. Regard in me now, only the old man."

"Noblest old man, then! how deeply has your fate affected me! with feelings how warm do I thank you, that you will make use of my poor abilities for a subject, which certainly appeared to me at first a debasement, but which now will be to me of more value, than the mausoleum of many a prince—only grant me first two requests."

"Two for one!—Well, then, let me hear; what are they?"

"Keep your stone! Fate has bestowed on me property sufficient. Enough of my former years has been dedicated merely to industry and profit; my next will I devote solely to you, and my own pleasure. This is my first request; and be this my second; well grounded as your misanthropy appears to be, do not give up entirely your faith in the virtue of man! what by instinct in animals is so often effected, sensibility and reflection can now and then, should it even happen but seldom, be produced with us. I certainly have no crown to offer you as a substitute for the one you have lost; but your last, your heaviest loss, the loss of friend, perhaps it may be in my power to supply.

"You?"

"Yes, me! forsake your retirement! Be master of my house; be with me, father and king! contemplate from time to time, with your own eyes, the progress of that monument which is to do honour to your favourite."

The source of which I made use in composing this tale, was at once dried up. I only found related in but very few words, that the old man, after repeated denials, at last had consented to pass the remainder of his life with Melonion; that he never repented, and that a monument of the finest alabaster, to the remembrance of the faithful dog, had really been executed. The signification of it must undoubtedly have appeared to a great number of spectators very obscure, and to no one, in reality, intelligible; but after the death of the monarch, Melonion imparted to many the history and meaning of the monument; and it is said to have been in being at the time when Muhamed made himself master of Constantinople.

M. G.

## ON PRINTING.

PRINTING is the best gift that Heaven, in its clemency, has granted man. It will ere long change the face of the universe. From the narrow space of a printer's press issue forth the most exalted and generous ideas, which it will be impossible for man to resist; he will adopt them even against his

will, and the result is already visible. Printing had scarcely been discovered, when every thing seemed to assume a general and distinct bent towards perfection. Ideas became more pure, despotism was civilized, and humanity held in higher repute; researches were made from all parts; men scrutinized, examined,

and laboured hard in order to overthrow the ancient temple of ignorance and error; every attention was paid to the general good, and all undertakings received the seal of utility. Properly to comprehend this truth, one must not confine oneself within a city; but view the whole face of Europe, see the numerous useful establishments which have arisen in every country, cross the seas, and look at America, and meditate on the astonishing change which has there taken place.

America is, perhaps, destined to new mould human kind; its inhabitants may adopt a sublime code of laws, they may perhaps bring the arts and sciences to perfection, and be the representatives of the ancients. In this asylum of liberty, the magnanimous souls of the Greeks may again arise; and this example will prove to the world what man can accomplish, if he will dedicate his courage and understanding to the common good.

The means of arriving at universal happiness are already marked out; the present concern is the expansion of them, and from this, there is but one step to make to put them in practice. Look back and you will find whether ideas of this sort conceived thirty years ago, be not at present realised, and then judge of the strength and sense of human reason. When genius shall have bent against error, the thunder of its majestic voice, what people are there who will not sooner or later hear it, and awake from the lethargy in which they had so long slumbered.

Noble art! thou alone hast been able to counterbalance all the fire-arms of the universe! Thou art the counterpoise of that fatal powder which was going to condemn us all to slavery. Printing! thou mayest truly be deemed an invention from heaven.

The tyrant, surrounded by his guards, defended by two hundred thousand naked swords, insensible to the stings of conscience, will not be so to that of a pen; this dart will find a way to his heart, even in the bosom of grandeur. He would wish to smile and conceal the wound he has received, but it is the convulsion of rage which agitates his lips, and he is punished, let him be ever so powerful. Yes he is, and his children would also be punished by inheriting his detested name, did they not by their actions acquire a different fame.

The labours and succession of several ages

will throw light on what is still involved in darkness, and no useful discovery will again be lost.

Printing will immortalize the books that have been dictated by the genius of humanity; and all these accumulated works, and various thoughts improved by reflection will form a general code of laws for nations. Even if nature were no more to produce any of those geniuses of whom she is so sparing, the assiduity of ordinary minds will raise the edifice of physical knowledge.

"The mind of one single man may be exhausted, but not that of mankind," has been said by a poet. Genius seems to walk with giant steps, because the sparks which fly from all parts of the globe, may be united in one focus by the aid of printing, which collects every scattered ray. Posterity will then be much astonished at our ignorance respecting many objects which time will have more clearly developed. From this we may infer that it will be more agreeable to live a thousand years hence than at present, for I have too good an opinion of man, to believe he will reject the truths which crowd around him.

Philosophy is a beacon which spreads afar its light; it has not an active power, yet it directs our course; it only points out the road, it is the wind that must swell the sails, and impel the vessel. True philosophy has never been the cause of troubles or crimes; it is the sublime voice of reason that speaks to the universe, and is only powerful when listened to. Man becomes enlightened unconsciously; he cannot reject truth, when, cut and fashioned like to the diamond, it is unfolded by the hands of genius.

There have been opinions, which, similar to the plague, have travelled round the world; have caused people to perish in the flames in Europe, to be massacred in America; have filled Asia with blood, and spread their ravages as far as the poles of the earth. The plague has had its run, it has only carried away two-thirds of the human race; but these barbarous extravagancies have reigned twelve hundred years, and degraded men beneath the brute creation. Philosophical writers are the benevolent sages who have arrested and disarmed this epidemic disease, more dangerous than the most dreaded calamities.

E. R.

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## ON THE RAGE FOR BUILDING.

WHEN Greece and Rome had emerged from barbarism to an exalted state of civilization, a distinguished place among the arts was given to architecture. The accomplished Pericles, assisted by the refined genius of Phidias, adorned Athens with those temples, theatres, and porticos, which ever in ruins have excited the admiration of posterity.—After Augustus had established the peace of the Roman world, a similar display of magnificence was exhibited, and equalled, or rather surpassed the glory of Athens. This memorable era of architecture is eminently distinguished by the elegance of the Palatine Temple of Apollo, and the sublimity of the Pantheon.

The progress of refinement from public to private works must necessarily be hasty and immediate, because nothing is more natural to man than imitation, particularly of that which is the object of his wonder and applause. They who daily surveyed such edifices as were remarkable for capaciousness and grandeur, projected the erection of similar structures upon a more confined plan. Their designs were frequently carried to such an excess in the execution, as to pass the limits of convenience and economy, and give a loose to the sallies of ostentation and extravagance. From this source was derived the just indignation with which Demosthenes inveighed against the degenerate Athenians, whose houses eclipsed the public buildings, and were lasting monuments of vanity triumphant over patriotism. The strictures of Horace flow in a similar channel, and plainly indicate that the same preposterous rage for building prevailed among the Romans. Even if we make allowance for the hyperbolical flights of the lyric muse, we must still suppose that vast and continued operations of architects were carried on by land and water, "since a few acres only were left for the exercise of the plough, and the fish were sensible of the contraction of their element."

The transition from the ancients to the moderns is easy and obvious. It must be confessed, that, like servile copyists, we have too closely followed the originals of our great masters, and have delineated their faults as well as their beauties. The contagion of the building-influenza was not peculiar to the Greeks and Romans, but has extended its virulence to this country, where it rages with

unabating violence. Neither the acuteness of Pott, nor the erudition of Jebb, are necessary to ascertain its symptoms in various parts of England. Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Brighton, and Margate, bear evident marks of its wide diffusion. The metropolis is manifestly the centre of the disease. In other places, the accumulation is made by occasionally adding house to house; but in London, street is suddenly added to street, and square to square. The adjacent villages in a short time undergo a complete transformation, and bear no more resemblance to their original state, than Phillis the milk-maid does to a Lady Mayoress. The citizen who twenty years ago enjoyed at his country seat pure air, undisturbed retirement, and an extensive prospect, is now surrounded by a populous neighbourhood. The purity of the air is sullied with smoke, and the prospect is cut off by the opposite houses. The retirement is interrupted by the London cries, and the vociferations of the watchmen. In the vicinity of the capital every situation is propitious to the mason and the carpenter. Mansions daily arise upon the marshes of Lambeth, the roads of Kensington, and the hills of Hampstead. The chain of buildings so closely unites the country with the town, that the distinction is lost between Cheapside and St. George's Fields. This idea struck the mind of a child, who lives at Clapham, with so much force, that he observed, "If they go on building at such a rate, London will soon be next door to us."

A strong light is often thrown upon the manners of a people by their proverbial sayings. When the Irish are highly enraged, they express a wish which is not tempered with much of the milk of kindness, by saying, "May the spirit of building come upon you." If an Irishman be once possessed by this demon, it is difficult to stop his progress through brick and mortar, till he exchanges the superintendence of his workmen for the confinement of a prison. But this propensity is not merely visible in the environs of Dublin, or upon the shores of Cork; it is equally a characteristic of the sister kingdom.

England can furnish not a few instances of men of taste who have sold the best oaks of their estates for gilding and girandoles; of fathers who have beggared their families to enjoy the pleasure of seeing green-houses and pineries arise under their inspection; and of

fox-hunters who have begun with a dog-kennel, and ended with a dwelling-house. Enough is every day done by the amateurs of Wyatt and Chambers, to palliate the censure of ostentation and uselessness that is lavishly thrown upon the King's-house at Winchester, and the Radcliffe library at Oxford.

My cousin, Obadiah Project, Esq. formerly a respectable deputy of Farringdon Ward Within, retired into the country, when he had reached his grand climacteric, upon a small estate. While he lived in town, his favourite hobby-horse, which was building, had never carried him farther than to change the situation of a door, or erecting a chimney. On settling in his new habitation, as he was no sportsman, he found himself inclined to turn student. His genius led him to peruse books of architecture. For two years nothing pleased him so much as the *The Builder's Compleat Guide*, *Campbell's Vitruvius*, and *Sandby's Views*. All these heated his imagination with the beauties of palaces, and delighted his eye with the regularity of the orders, for which he felt a vague and confused fondness. He had, perhaps, no more idea of the distinction between a cornice and a colonnade, than the monstrous craws. Unluckily, Sir Maximilian Barleycorn, was his neighbour, who had lately erected a house upon the Italian plan. As my cousin was laying out his garden, he found that the soil was composed of a fine vein of clay. It immediately struck him, that bricks might be procured at a very cheap rate. The force of inclination, combined with rivalry, and encouraged by opportunity, is too powerful for man to resist. He therefore flew to tell his wife of the grand discovery, and inveighed with much warmth against the smallness of their parlour, the badness of the kitchen floor, and the ruinous state of the garrets. She mildly represented that they had no money to throw away upon a new house, and that the old one might cheaply be put into repair. Her remarks had just as much effect, as the advice of the barber and the curate had upon Don Quixote. The next day he played Geoffrey Gambado, by taking a ride to consult Mr. Puff, the architect. Mr. Puff was confident that the old house must fall down in a day or two, and proposed the following plan for a new one, which exactly reflected my cousin's ideas. The rooms were to be all cubes. In front, a Venetian door, with a portico supported by brick pillars, with wooden capitals; and six bow windows. A balcony was proposed, but afterwards given up because it was vulgar.—

My cousin retired to a neighbouring cottage. The old house was pulled down, and the brick-makers began their operations. Unfortunately the wind happened to blow in such a direction as to create much annoyance with clouds of smoke from the kilns. Whilst my cousin was half suffocated and half buried in rubbish, Sir Maximilian Barleycorn and his lady came to pay a morning visit. They entered the cottage just at the moment when Mrs. Project was setting the boiler upon the fire, and her husband was paring potatoes. They were obliged to perform these offices for themselves, because the only servant for whom they could find room had been turned off that morning for abusing carpenters and masons. Sir Maximilian hastily took his leave, and swore by his knighthood, *that apes were the lowest animals in the creation*. My cousin had calculated, that as he burnt his own bricks for home consumption, they would not be subject to any tax. An exciseman undeceived him before the house was finished, by hinting that he had incurred a heavy penalty, which he was obliged to pay. He contrived, however, to keep up his spirits, by marking the progress of his house, and the improvements around it. Not far from the Venetian door was a horsepond, which the genius of Project enlarged into a circular piece of water. He requested his friends to suggest the most tasty ornaments. One proposed a shepherd and shepherdess upon a pedestal in the middle. Another observed, that if Farmer Peascod's gander could be placed in it when company came, they would give him credit for keeping a swan. A third, whose notion of things was improved by frequent visits to Vauxhall, was sure that a tin cascade would look very pretty by moonlight. Project, not liking to take up with one good thing, when four were to be had, resolved to adorn his water with them all. He soon after removed into his new habitation, long before the walls were dry. An ague and fever were the consequence of this rash step. His fever was probably increased by Puff's bill, to pay which he sold the greater part of his estate. During his illness, he gradually awoke to a sense of his late imprudence, requested the forgiveness of his wife for not listening to her advice, and begged me to impress his dying injunctions indelibly on my memory, *Never build after you are five and forty; have five years income in hand before you lay a brick; and always calculate the expence at double the estimate.*

## ON GOOD TRAVELLERS.

"The grown Boy, too tall for school,  
"With travel finishes the Fool."

GAY'S FABLES.

WE are informed by Plutarch, that Lycurgus forbade the Spartans from visiting other countries, from an apprehension that they would contract foreign manners, relax their rigid discipline, and grow fond of a form of government different from their own. This law was the result of the most judicious policy, as the comparison made by a Spartan in the course of his travels would necessarily have produced disaffection to his country, and aversion to its establishments. It was therefore the design of the rigid legislator to confirm the prejudices of his subjects, and to cherish that intense flame of patriotism which afterwards blazed out in the most renowned exploits.

So propitious is the British government to the rights of the people, so free is its constitution, and so mild are its laws, that the more intimate our acquaintance with foreign states is, the more reason we find to confirm our predilection for the place of our birth. Our legislature has no necessity, like that of the Spartan republic, to secure the obedience of its subjects by making ignorance an engine of state. But although England may rise superior in the comparison with foreign countries, it is much to be wished that its pre-eminence was more frequently ascertained by cool heads and mature understanding; and that some check was given to the general custom of sending youths abroad at too early an age. Innumerable instances could be adduced to prove, that, so far from any solid advantages being derived from the practice, it is generally pregnant with great and incurable evils. As soon as boys are emancipated from school, or have kept a few terms at the university, they are sent to ramble about the Continent. The critical and highly improper age of nineteen or twenty, is usually destined for this purpose. Their curiosity is eager and indiscriminate; their passions warm and impetuous; their judgment merely beginning to dawn, and of course inadequate to the just comparison between what they have left at home, and what they observe abroad. It is vainly expected by their parents, that the authority of their tutors will restrain the sallies of their sons, and confine their attention to proper objects of improvement. But granting every tutor to be a Mentor, every pupil is not a Telemachus.

The gaiety, the follies, and the voluptuousness of the Continent address themselves in such captivating forms to the inclinations of youth, that they soon become deaf to the calls of admonition. No longer confined by the shackles of scholastic or parental restraint, they launch out at once into the wide ocean of fashionable indulgence. The only check which curbs the young gentleman with any force, is the father's threat, to withhold the necessary remittances. The son, however, expostulates with some plausibility, and represents that his style of living introduces him into the brilliant circles of the gay and great, among whom alone can be obtained the graces of polished behaviour, and the elegant attainments of genteel life. How much he has improved by such refined intercourse is evident on his return home. He can boast of having employed the most fashionable taylor at Paris, of intriguing with some celebrated Madame, and appearing before the *Lieutenant de Police* for a drunken fray. He may, perhaps, more than once have lost his money at the Ambassador's card-parties, supped in the stables at Chantilli, and been introduced to the Grand Monarque, at Versailles. The acquisitions he has made are such as must establish his character among those who have never travelled, as a *virtuoso* and a *bon vivant*. By great good fortune he may have brought over a Paris watch, a counterfeit Correggio, and a hog'shead of genuine Champagne. But it is well if his mind be not furnished with things more useless than those which he has collected for his pocket, his drawing-room, and his cellar. He has, perhaps, established a kind of commercial treaty with our polite neighbours, and has exchanged simplicity for artifice, candour for affectation, steadiness for frivolity, and principle for libertinism. If he has continued long among the votaries of fashion, gallantry, and wit, he must be a perfect Grandison if he return not to his native country in manners a monkey, in attainments a sciolist, and in religion a sceptic.

From the expedition of some travellers, we are not to conclude, that knowledge of the world may be caught with a glance; or, in other words, that they are geniuses who "grasp a system by intuition." They might gain as much information if they skimmed over the Continent with a balloon. The various places they fly through appear like the shifting scenes of a pantomime, which just catch the eye, and obliterate the faint impressions of each other.

We are told of a noble Roman, who could recollect all the articles that had been purchased at an auction, and the names of the several buyers. The memory of our travellers ought to be of equal capacity and retentiveness, considering the short time they allow themselves for the inspection of curiosities.

The fact is, these birds of passage consult more for their fame than their improvement. To ride post through Europe is, in their opinion, an achievement of no small glory. Like Powel, the celebrated walker, their object is to go and return in the shortest time possible. It is not easy to determine how they can more profitably employ their whiffling activity than by commencing jockies, expresses, or mail-coachmen.

Ignorance of the modern languages, and particularly the French, is a material obstacle against an Englishman's reaping the desired advantages from his travels. It is a common custom to postpone any application to them until a few months before the grand tour is commenced. The scholar vainly supposes that his own moderate diligence, and his master's compendious mode of teaching, will work wonders, by making him a complete linguist. From a slight knowledge of the customary forms of address, and a few detached words, the French language is supposed to be very easy. No allowance is made for the variety of the irregular verbs, the nice combination of particles, the peculiar turn of fashionable phrases, and the propriety of pronunciation. The great deficiencies in all these particulars are abundantly apparent as soon as *Milord Anglois* lands on the other side of the channel. After venturing to tell his friends, to whom he has letters of recommendation, that he is *ravished* to see them, his conversation is at an end. His contracted brow, faltering tongue, and embarrassed air, discover that he labours with ideas which he

wants words to express. Even the most just remarks, the most brilliant conceptions of wit, are smothered in their birth. To such a distressing case, the observation of Horace will not apply—

*"Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequuntur."*

If he can arrive after much stammering and hesitation at the arrangement of a sentence, it abounds with such blunders and Anglicisms as require all the politeness even of a Frenchman to excuse. Frequent attempts will, without doubt, produce fluency, and constant care will secure correctness; but the misfortune is, that the young traveller is employed by words, when his mind ought to be engaged with things. It is not less unseasonable than ridiculous, that he should be perplexing himself with the distinction between *femme sage* and *sage femme*, when he ought to be examining the amphitheatre at Nîmes, or the canal at Languedoc.

Ignorance of the languages is a great inducement to the English to associate together when abroad. The misfortune of this practice is, that they spend their time in poisoning each other's minds with prejudices against foreigners, of whom they know little from personal experience, and of whom they have not the laudable ambition of knowing more. Their more active employments consist in such diversion as they have transplanted from home. They game, play at cricket, and ride races. The Frenchman gives a contemptuous smile at these exhibitions; and shrewdly remarks, that Monsieur John Bull travels more to divert himself than to improve himself. Rather than give occasion for this ridicule, our young gentlemen had better remain at home, upon their paternal estates, and collect their knowledge of other countries from *Brydone's Tour*, *Moore's Travels*, or *Kearsley's Guides*. Q.

## BARBITO; OR, THE GHOST OF CUENCA.

A SPANISH TALE.

UNDER the reign of Philip the Second, in the environs of Cuenca, in New Castile, on the banks of the river Xucar, dwelt a rich Hidalgo, named Don Lopez. He possessed a good heart, a good constitution, a good table, numerous friends, and was in every respect a happy man. He went regularly to church, feared the Inquisition, honoured the king, and was, in short, every thing that a Spaniard

ought to be for his salvation, his credit, and his repose.

Each day did Don Lopez bless his fortunate destiny:—"What have I done (said he), that Heaven should overwhelm me with its gifts? I have the honour of belonging to the first nation in the universe; I have shared in its glory; I have fought under the standard of the great commander, and I have seen, at Pa-

via, Francis the First taken prisoner. In my private concerns I have nothing to wish for: my wife is virtuous and sedate, my tastes are her's; when she speaks, she utters my exact sentiments, and I even sometimes think that she clothes them in prettier language than I should have done; she even spares me the trouble of scolding our servants, who, I must own, often deserve it. Our only cause for grief is not having any children; but in this life we must resign ourselves to some trouble or other. I have some relations to whom I am tenderly attached, who return my attachment, and friends who never leave me: they are a large family who surround me voluntarily for my happiness and their own; they love me; they are people of good sense: I know not how it is, but they are always of my opinion; for why should they descend to flattery? I give them a dinner, it is true; but is a dinner worth purchasing? Does not one of my guests, the reverend father Ignacio, say, that "*man needs but little*." This worthy prior of the order of St. Jerome, in effect, was continually repeating this adage; yet he particularly distinguished the fowls of Cuenca, and the game of Badajoz, and never mistook the wine of Biscay for that of La Mancha. Don Lopez, in the midst of his happiness, had one cause of vexation; he would have wished to procure for those by whom he was surrounded some new unexpected pleasure, which might augment and enliven the sum of earthly felicity which he believed they shared with him. After having long meditated, he at length conceived a plan of giving himself and others the pleasure of a very novel, very extraordinary, very great, and very unexpected surprise. He resolved to disappear; and in a very serious manner too, as those do who depart this life, and are buried. He enjoyed the change which in six months he should behold in the countenances of his dear friends, and kind relatives: What a sweet, happy, unexpected, agreeable transition, from the deepest grief to the most lively joy, would they experience, when he should fall amidst them as if from the clouds, and they would hear him say: "Dry up your tears, here I am!"

I suspect from whence he derived the idea of his plan. Not long before, Charles the Fifth had caused himself to be pompously interred in his convent of Estremadura, and this had set poor Lopez's head to work. A new proof of the circumspection which princes ought to maintain in the examples which they hold forth to public notice.

Only one week intervened between the conception and the execution of his project.

Don Lopez first confided his intentions to a faithful servant, and afterwards pretended to be taken very ill, and became progressively worse and worse. All the physicians of Cuenca were of opinion that he would not recover, as he refused, for a very good reason, to allow himself to be bled, which four of them had ordered as a preliminary prescription, according to the practice of the faculty of Madrid.

At length, wearied with his obstinacy, they abandoned him, and declared him a dead man. His servant, the only person he now allowed to approach him, hastily formed a resemblance of his master with cloth, stuffed with straw; while Don Lopez made his escape by a back staircase, and galloped away towards Cadiz, where he proposed to embark for the Low Countries; while Pedrillo announced his decease to his wife and friends, who were all too much grieved to look at his corpse, and soon he was interred with great pomp in the principal church of Cuenca.

All the bells in Cuenca were in motion; surrounded by priests, and followed by numerous mourners, the false Don Lopez was carried to the cathedral, which was hung with black; the five aisles, and all the small chapels, were illuminated. The reverend father Ignacio delivered with great emphasis the funeral sermon, and the choristers sang the *de profundis* with such compass of voice, and displayed so much science, that the impression they gave to the congregation is not yet forgotten.

Meanwhile Don Lopez arrived, without any accident, in the Low Countries, and resolved to enter the army, to amuse himself during the period he proposed being absent. He found himself just in time to gain the battle of St. Quintin, and to lose the little finger of his left hand. This circumstance was even mentioned in the newspapers of those times, but under the name of Don Victorio, as it will easily be conceived, that Don Lopez wished to remain *incognito*. His faithful servant Pedrillo soon joined him, and gave him the account of his funeral, but fearful of deterring him from his project, he concealed a part of the grief which his friends and relatives felt at his loss. Pedrillo, however, did not hide from his master, that when leaving the house, on a plausible pretext, of all those to whom he bade adieu, the one he had the most difficulty to make remain at Cuenca, was Barbito. Barbito was a dog from the Pyrenées, as handsome as brave, as strong as faithful, and whom Lopez had brought up from a puppy. Our traveller felt extremely grateful to his dear Barbito for the attachment he had shewn; as Pedrillo informed him, that since his disappearance the poor

animal had remained stationary beside the clothes of his master. Don Lopez promised that on his return his dog should be fed on rabbits and partridges, and that on the 28th of August, the day on which he had shewn so affecting a mark of his remembrance, he should have an olla podrida for himself.

Those who serve under the standard of Mars run more than one risk. Don Lopez was made a prisoner, by a knight from Lower Brittany, who conducted him to his castle, where he kept him in close confinement until the war was at an end, which did not happen till after the expiration of two tedious years. During the whole of this time Don Lopez did not hear a word of what was going forward in New Castile, and could only see from his prison the tops of the chimnies of Quimper-Corentin.

In this interval, a few events had occurred at Cuenca. The grief which every one had felt at the death of Don Lopez was too violent to be of long duration. The worthy Castilian, it must be observed, was prudence itself, and to be certain of finding his house exactly as he had left it, had taken the precaution of bequeathing all he possessed to his wife Donna Beatrice. She was, as we have already said, a virtuous, careful, orderly woman, who had not even deranged a chair out of the place which it had held for fifteen years.

The will was found in the deceased's secretaire; but his beloved nephews, who had reckoned upon inheriting the fortune of their uncle, disputed the validity of the bequest. A lawyer discovered that a comma was inserted where there should have been a full stop, and a particle where a conjunction ought to have been placed. The affair was brought before the corregidor, and from the corregidor to the oydor of the royal audience of Valentia, and from these it was handed to the oydor of the Chancery of Grenada; who, on account of the comma, gave it in favour of the nephews.

Thus the affair was settled, and the nephews took immediate possession of Don Lopez's fortune. The house, with a very slender pittance, was all that remained to Donna Beatrice; but as her tastes were simple, and her wants small, as her work-bag remained in the same place, her provision of chocolate in the same cupboard, and her parrot's cage in the same corner, she was only grieved because the loss of her suit made her remember that of her husband.

This news, however, was the theme of conversation in all the surrounding provinces. Don Lopez, once more free, and disgusted with his project, returned to his home with at least as much speed as he had left it. At an inn at Sara, ossa he was informed of what had

happened; he was rather astonished, but he had no doubt that his appearance would give much more astonishment to his nephews, and re-establish every thing in its usual order. Instead of a splendid feast, which he had intended to have caused to be prepared previous to his appearance, in the midst of which he proposed to have fallen as if from the clouds, and to have spread universal joy, he hastily ran home to inform his wife that all that had happened was a joke, which he had not intended should have lasted so long.

He precipitately entered, and found Donna Beatrice seated in the same arm-chair, on the same side, and employed at the same work, always some ornament for our lady of Cuenca. He rushed in with all the impatience of an affectionate husband. Donna Beatrice was, perhaps, thinking of him, but she did not expect to see him, and had no sooner beheld him, than, making the sign of the cross, she fell upon her knees before the image of St. James of Compostello: "Oh! my beloved husband," she exclaimed, "do not hurt me, you know I never vexed you." Don Lopez would have approached her, but she continued hiding her face with her hands. "Oh, Holy Virgin! do not touch me, my dear husband; return, return: if your soul needs something, I promise to have two masses said for its repose; depart, depart, I beseech you, or you will make me expire with fear."

The good hidalgo seeing that his wife took him for a ghost, and was too much terrified to hearken to him, knew not whether to laugh or cry; but to restore her the sooner to her senses, he determined to run to the convent of St. Jerome, and visit the reverend father Ignacio. He found the prior employed in copying for the holy week a sermon written by a missionary of Galicia, which he intended to apply to his own use; it ran on the appearance which evil spirits may assume in order to tempt the daughters of the lord, and was to be preached in all the nunneries of Cuenca, which amounted to six. Scarcely had Don Lopez entered, and opened his lips to make himself known to his old friend, than the monk, who was wrapped in his subject, and whose mind was not the most resolute, looked at him with a countenance expressive of the utmost dismay. The poor unfortunate ghost, in despair at the state of terror in which he had left his wife, and not less astonished at the stupefaction of Ignacio, pulled him rudely by the sleeve. This roused the fat prior, as if he had awakened from his nap after a good dinner; and divided betwixt the fear of the devil, whom he had been attacking in his sermon,

and the figure of Don Lopez, which the devil alone could have assumed, he hastily fled through the door which had remained open, and without looking once behind him, left the field to Don Lopez, or rather, as he imagined, to an evil spirit.

Don Lopez now left the convent, and repaired to the house of his nephews. He first gained access to the youngest, whom he asked whether he did not recognise him? The young man, who did not believe in ghosts, burst into a loud laugh. "Thank God!" said Don Lopez, "I have at length found a reasonable being." He then began to enter into an explanation with his dear nephew, and to relate how his wife and the prior had taken him for what he was not; he assured him he was no spirit, but real flesh and blood, and his loving uncle, the good hidalgo Lopez, who still had a particular affection for him; and concluded by asking for his fortune, which they had taken possession of a great deal too soon. The young man, who was a gay satirical Andalusian, laughed still louder, and said: "Go your way, good man, you have been wept for."

Don Lopez, at these words, got into a great passion, which it was very natural for a man to do who was really what he said, and yet was treated as an impostor. The noise drew the attention of the elder brother, who soon made his appearance. But our poor Castilian did not meet with a more favourable reception from him; his threats and entreaties were all equally useless. Soon they were surrounded by the servants, and many of the neighbours; one said that it could not be Don Lopez, the hidalgo, for he had been at his funeral; another, that father Ignacio had preached the funeral sermon; and a third, that he had carried a taper in the procession. All agreed that the unknown bore some small resemblance to Don Lopez, but that that made him the more to be feared. A little man, in a black coat, judiciously observed, that it would be right to secure his person, and to take him before the corregidor. This advice was approved of by every body, but more particularly by the nephews. They were proceeding to put it in execution, notwithstanding the very natural fury of our poor hidalgo, when four alguazils entered and seized him in the name of the holy Inquisition, and forced him, not without some resistance, to accompany them to this very respectable tribunal.

We shall not give a detailed account of the examination of Don Lopez, nor the torture which was inflicted on him, in order to make him confess what devil had taken possession of

him, and to what order and class it belonged. The good hidalgo displayed great fortitude for the three first glasses of water which he was compelled to swallow; but when they extended him on a table, and fixed an enormous funnel to his lips, to double or treble the fatal beverage, his courage forsook him, and he would have declared himself a devil of any class they had pleased, if a loud noise had not suddenly arisen, which made the dismal vault re-echo; and arrested the attention of the executioners.

The sound of Astolpho's horn, or that of the trumpets of Israel when they caused the downfall of the walls of Jericho, could only be compared with the voices a thousand times repeated, which awakened all the echoes of this dread abode. The familiars fell on their knees, thinking that the day of judgment was come; poor Don Lopez raised himself up; the pen dropped from the hand of the secretary, and the inquisitor grew pale. It was Barbito, the faithful, the furious Barbito. He had traced his master's footsteps, first to the convent of St. Jerome, and from thence to the Inquisition; the jailors through fear, and the dogs of the prison through friendship, had allowed him to enter. The impatient, furious animal, seemed to ask for his master, and no sooner perceived him, than he threw every thing down that impeded his progress, leaped on the table, licked his face and hands, and then crouched at his feet. Woe to those who would have dared to molest him!

Barbito in an instant changed the fate of Don Lopez. The most he could before have hoped, would have been imprisonment for life, after having figured at an *auto da fe*; but the dog's testimony was a flash of light which instantly convinced the secretary. He was a little wise man, who was at that time publishing a dissertation on the souls of beasts. Barbito had just arrived in time to confirm his system; he demonstrated to the inquisitor, that the testimony of a dog would never be doubted in any country. What also assisted to exculpate Don Lopez from the imputation of being a devil in disguise, was, that the little man had perceived that he did not smell of sulphur, as was the case with those who usually passed through his hands.

Barbito and his master were immediately conducted by the secretary to Donna Beatrice. This good lady could scarcely support the united emotions of fear and conjugal affection which assailed her; but the hidalgo could not help perceiving that his arrival had somewhat disturbed her. We have already observed, that she was very methodical; for two years she had been accustomed to the garb and deport-

ment of a widow, she must now resume that of a wife; but she was so worthy a woman, and so much attached to her husband, that she was only vexed for a few hours, and afterwards thought of nothing but the happiness she experienced in seeing him again.

Don Lopez's wife was the only person who followed the example of Barbito. The two nephews, who had inherited his fortune, would not acknowledge him; and would only own that he bore some faint resemblance to the defunct. The reverend father, Ignacio, endeavoured to excuse himself, on the plea of having preached his funeral sermon. Don Lopez recovered no part of his possessions; as, independent of the trouble which a retrograde step must have occasioned, the corregidor of Cuenca, the royal assembly of Valentia, and the chancery of Grenada, could not be found to have erred in their decision.

But the little secretary, who supported his book in protecting Don Lopez, had a sister

who was first waiting-maid to the King's mistress, Donna Clara de Mendoc, whom at that time Titian was painting in the character of Venus; and the waiting-maid introduced the worthy Lopez and his dog to this celebrated beauty.

The first act of benevolence certainly came from a woman. Donna Clara warmly espoused the hidalgo's cause, and made the most of his adventures, when she related them to the King, from Barbito down to the little finger which he had lost. She would see nothing but his misfortune and his goodness; but his majesty regarded the services of a brave Spaniard, and gave him a pension from his private purse. Don Lopez purchased the little secretary's book, and wrote the above relation to warn those who may wish to adopt a similar whim, to be careful to make themselves recognized by their favourite dog.

E. R.

## ON KNOTTING.

SOME years ago this art was quite the rage all over England, among women and children of all ranks and ages. At that time almost every female might be seen, from little Miss up to her grandmother, dressed out with her knotting-bag, affectedly busy with her shuttle, and with great importance doing little or nothing. Young raw arms, and old withered ones, were all in motion, with numberless gestures, grimaces, and turns of the head and eyes, as if in a general convulsion. Wherever ladies went, they carried their bags and implements with them, and thus brought their playthings into company.

As it may probably come into fashion again, the following substance of a paper, which was published in Ireland, on the subject, may not prove unentertaining to our fair readers.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*

HOR. lib. i. ep. 11.

"Laborious idleness our time employs."

In the first place, knotting is to be admired for its innocent simplicity. It is pure nature, a little, and but a little improved by art. We may observe that one of the first efforts towards action in the infant state, is that of tying knots on little threads, and bits of pack-

thread. These knots are, by the help of maturer reason, only more regularly and closely arranged, and the shuttle is introduced to give a facility of execution; but the sameness of idea, and strict unity of design, are still preserved, and form a striking instance of true taste in an age when false refinement too generally prevails.

In the next place, it may be demonstrated that it is a profitable species of industry. A young lady, who is very expert at her shuttle, took a yard of thread, and sat down to knot it, chatting to me at the same time, so as to preserve a middle rate of velocity. It was finished in ten minutes, and produced a quarter of a yard of knotting; so that in an hour, one yard and a half may be easily manufactured.

Now, supposing a lady, on a moderate average, to work only six hours out of the twenty-four, there will be a produce of nine yards per day. Out of the days of the year we shall deduct the Sundays and holidays, so as to make the even number of three hundred remain, which will produce two thousand seven hundred yards of knotting; and at the rate of a penny per yard, will amount to the sum of eleven pounds five shillings per annum.

Then to examine the *per contra*, a quarter of an ounce of common thread, of five shillings a pound, was measured, which ran to seventy yards, so that the pound contained four thousand four hundred and eighty. Now, in order to knot this thread, it must be doubled; therefore the two thousand seven hundred yards of knotting, finished in the year, must consume twenty-one thousand six hundred yards of thread, which, according to the above proportion, will be something less than five pounds, which cost about one pound four shillings and two-pence, leaving to the fair manufacturer, a net profit of ten pounds and almost eleven-pence sterling, for the work of the year, or rather of only eighteen hundred hours.

Some persons have been puzzled to conceive what becomes of the vast quantity of this commodity which is made; for supposing only ten thousand of the fair sex to be employed according to the days and hours above stated, they would manufacture twenty-seven millions of yards annually; so that after ornamenting all the toilets, quilts, and curtains, besides trimming and festooning those under garments which are hidden, a vast redundancy must still be left, sufficient to form a large export trade to the West India islands, so that the balance will be turned in our favour; and every gentleman may be provided with his rum out of the industry of his wife and daughters.

But the circumstance that charms me most, in this invention, is its elegance. I cannot but think that shirts and smocks are rather unfit for any lady of delicacy to handle. As to millinery matters, they are to be had from the shops at not above four times the price they could be made for at home; and it is a strong proof of humanity to avoid interfering with those who have no other means of getting their bread. Indeed all kinds of needle-work, like poring over books, help to doze the spirits, and ruin those fine eyes which were formed for nobler purposes.

As to knitting stockings, I presume that is quite out of the question. When a young Queen of Spain was going home after her nuptials, she passed through a little town famous for making stockings. A deputation from the poor people immediately waited on her, to beseech her acceptance of some of their finest manufacture; but the Duke of Alva, who escorted her, turned them from her presence in a rage. "Know," says he, "base peasants, that a Queen of Spain has no legs."

All rallery aside, I can see more art in this fashion than men are generally aware of. Be-

sides displaying the roundness of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, and the lustre of the diamond ring, it may be often brought to act in concert with the eyes, and give additional force to their expression. The shuttle is an easy-flowing object, to which the eye may remove with propriety and grace, and helps to give an air of nature to those quick transitions and subtle glances which shoot like lightning to the heart. A look thrown downward on the knot, has all the bewitching effect of genuine modesty, and the very eye-lid may do execution. Sweetly rising again, attended with a smile, it pours a volley of charms on the lover; and even a pretty struggle with some inequality in the thread, may express that alluring kind of inattention which has no small effect on our unaccountable natures.—The use of the shuttle is, in short, more powerful and various than even that of the fan. It takes away the air of still life, which is apt to attend a state of formal inaction, and brings into play those innumerable little graces, which, without some degree of gentle motion, must lie totally concealed.

But I must request my fair readers to observe, that all the effects of this graceful amusement are lost by its being too constantly exhibited. Penelope's web was not more endless than the industry of some of our ladies; so that without rising in the night to undo their work, they may safely promise a disagreeable lover to be kind when they have finished their knotting. An insipid sameness must ever displease, and too eager and indiscriminating a passion for every little fashionable invention, conveys no favourable idea of the understanding.

Few persons know how to dispose of their hands; and if they are laid one over the other, in an awkward manner, it gives an air of stiffness to the whole figure, and puts one in mind of the personages in old family pictures, dressed out in conical hats, ruffs, and furbelows. This is prevented by knotting, which takes away that formality so destructive to all grace. It were to be wished, some amusement could be contrived, of the same kind, for gentlemen, who are equally at a loss in this particular.—Netting, for instance.

It is not every woman who can knot, that is qualified to wield the shuttle. An expression of sentiment can only arise from an informed mind; and the same slight movements, which are capable of displaying grace, are equally adapted to betray inanity. An improved understanding, and cultivated taste, will inspire the whole form, give a dignity to trifles, and

communicate meaning even to the fingers' ends. These maxims are particularly recommended to the younger part of the sex. While they labour to enrich the curtain and the toilet, the mind ought not, surely, to remain unfurnished. They should consider, that all their

future value in life depends on the due application of their present hours; and always remember, that Minerva, who was the inventress of the shuttle, was also the goddess of wisdom.

## ON ANGER.

ANGER is accompanied by the most absurd, as well as the most injurious consequences, of all the passions. Among fools it is contagious, and often seizes on a whole company infected by a single patient. What imbecility! There is a beautiful and apt allegory in the Persian language, which exhibits this passion in a very contemptuous light.—"A shallow puddle, and not the sea, is troubled by the falling of a pebble."

I attribute all the happiness of my life to the instruction of this allegorical adage. In my very extensive travels, I was often the object of anger, from my ignorance of particular customs in particular countries. This anger of strangers I studied to soothe, and not to irritate; and I saw as much folly in appropriating this moral disorder, as I should in giving myself a head-ache because my companion had got one.

Before I began my travels, I was of a very irritable disposition; but, after a very short period, I had found so much opposition to my will, and so much offence to my feelings, in the censure and curiosity of strange nations, that I at length acquired a temperance of toleration which taught me to pity, and not to resent the passions of others; and when to an angry or illiberal observation I reply with complacent language, it is but marking my own superiority of moral temperament, and showing that I am not to be infested with moral as with physical contagion. A philosopher may catch the small-pox from a conversant; but if he catches his passions, he must be a fool.

This invaluable maxim of avoiding moral contagion, by behaving politely to the vulgar, complaisantly to the angry, humbly to the proud, and wisely to the foolish, has conducted me over all the world, through the constant shock of customs, tempers, and opinions, without a single personal quarrel; and I have

often met with European travellers, in the eastern parts of the world, who, in a few days' journey, had met with more disasters of quarrel in a single hour than I had done in thirty years travel.

How often does the ignorance of this maxim, in managing the temper, cause the misery of human life! How many unhappy victims of the passion of anger would be relieved by attending to the Persian adage!

What valuable friendships are often dissolved by a reciprocal, or contagious anger, in the interchange of a few unmeaning words! What long and sacred connexions are dissolved between respectable masters and worthy servants, by a hasty expression! What interruptions to social intercourse, among neighbours, are caused by the contagion of ill-humour!

I have always observed, in company, that a soft and soothing reply, made to an angry observation, has carried in it such influential reproof, that the angry person has been abashed and consternated with overwhelming shame, while the complacent and mild conversant, became the idol of every man's esteem.

The practice of the foregoing maxim introduced me to the great secret of human happiness, which was the independence of self on the vice and ignorance of its own species. I attached myself to no nation, that I might follow liberty, peace, security, and pleasure, wherever they appeared. And I gave my applause, my support, and residence to England, because its laws preserved those blessings.

The preceding dissertation is taken from one of the works of a well known traveller, who has visited all Europe, and several parts of Asia, Africa, and America. With some modifications, the maxims it contains appear worthy of attention.

## THE CESTUS; OR, GIRDLE OF VENUS.

— *Fas est et ab hoste diceri.*

OVID.

"Nor need we blush from even a foe to learn."

THE interests of society have been considerably injured by the injudicious conduct of some of our moral writers. They have laid down many general positions of right and wrong, without any precise discrimination of their boundaries, and given authoritative precepts for human conduct, without sufficiently attending to human nature. In attempting to remove the disease, instead of trying the lenient arts of cure, they have frequently made short work, and directly prescribed amputation.

In one important instance, this error has particularly appeared. The fair sex are formed with a propensity to dress and elegance, to gaiety, tenderness, and love. This disposition is their characteristic, and is given them for the best purposes. It is the source of all their influence, and of the highest joys which man can taste. The little excesses of it are undoubtedly foibles, but the want of it is a capital imperfection. Yet, either from spleen, apathy, or affectation, those grave censors have laboured to destroy it in the gross, and have employed for that purpose all the solemnity of learning, and the smartness of ridicule. Every instance of attention to personal attractions, and the minute, but powerful articles of decoration, have been condemned as unpardonable vanity and folly. The tender insinuations, and exquisite blandishments of love, are, according to them, no better than indelicacy or immodesty. Nature, in short, is shown as entirely wrong, and her finest endowments are set at variance with virtue and good sense.

These documents have been particularly injurious to the married state. Women have been led by them into false ideas of themselves, as well as of the other sex, and have been discouraged from the use of those engaging qualities which secure the willing captive in his chains, and from exerting those little tenderesses without which no real happiness can be found. It is much easier to despise than to practise, so that lessons like these have flattered at once their indolence and their ambition. Desirous of being thought above the common character of the sex, superior to trifles, levity, and weakness, and refined into sentimental purity, they have been too easily argued into a

contempt of those powerful attractions which have still the most difficult and essential part of their task to perform.

Yet the facts of which they most complain, should, one would imagine, show them their mistake. I mean the many instances of superior, nay, unbounded dominion possessed by those females who associate with our sex without the sanction of the law. But from a partiality too natural, though they see and feel the effects, they cannot divine the cause. Convinced that they themselves are right, they look for it in the depravity of man's disposition, and think he is managed by arts which lie out of the province of modesty; that he sees peculiar charms in vice, and is governed not so much by the woman as the wanton.

Could they but personally observe the conduct of these their formidable rivals, they would soon be undeceived. Were they to look behind the curtain, they would see every thing effected by the most natural means, without the aid of any magic, but that which the sex in general possesses. They would be astonished to find that all these mighty powers lie within their own reach, and that the whole secret consists in the proper use of those qualities which they had thrown aside as useless, or condemned as improper. The nature of man would be fairly laid open to their view, and they would learn to touch the springs by which he is actuated. Their knowledge would be founded on experiment, and could, with a slight variation, be adapted to the amiable purposes of virtue.

Scenes of this kind would show them woman in her natural state of superiority; and an amazing one it is! Without strength, property, or dominion, they are all laid at her feet. Weak, tender, and timid, she moves fleets and armies with a nod. Independent of all laws, she rules over the makers of those laws. Her influence is all self-centered, and she has only to call it judiciously into action. She stands the most eminent instance in nature, of a gentle force setting a mighty body in motion. She is a combination of mechanic powers beyond any of Archimedes, and can move the world by a hair, without stirring out of her bed-chamber.

This is the universal prerogative of the sex, and only more conspicuous in one part of it, because necessity forces into action those

qualities by which it is supported. Every woman is formed for dominion, and to submit to it, is the pride and happiness of man. Not the ungenerous dominion of the shrew, but that gentle, yet unlimited influence over the affections, arising from their numberless, nameless, and bewitching powers. These are by no means peculiar to vice; she seems rather to have stolen them from virtue, when in a fit of remissness; for, to give poignancy to her joys, she is obliged to hide her own features, and assume the air, the language, and the inviting reluctance of her rival. Man loves not vice; he only seeks his own happiness; and, from an honest instinctive gratitude, repays it, wherever found, with affection and tenderness. Would virtue only display the banner of pleasure, the whole male world would go over to her party.

But custom denies the ladies this scene of observation, they can only resort to their own imaginations. We feel, but we cannot describe the powers by which they subdue, captivate, and command. They are too subtle to be clothed in words, and pass directly to the heart, too rapid even for observation. They operate like spells, or charms, and raise the most unaccountable, as well as the most delightful sympathies which the human frame can feel.

The prettiest allegory in the world is that of the Girdle of Venus, which may be exhibited under the single appellation of good-humour. This is undoubtedly the ground, but the embroidering is thus beautifully attempted by Homer, or rather by Pope, though I could wish he had not omitted the *molle baci* (soft kisses), of Tasso, for they seem to be essentially necessary.

"In this was every art, and every charm,  
 "To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;  
 "Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
 "The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;  
 "Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
 "Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

I would recommend the whole passage, which is both amusing and instructive, to the perusal of my fair married readers. Proposing only, that instead of occasionally borrowing this bewitching ornament from Venus, they should wrest it from her as their property, and wear it by night as well as by day.

I never knew a lady without a competent share of pride or ambition. Two noble qualities, if they were called in from trifling pursuits, and employed on the valuable purposes of nature. Pride would then blush at being excelled by the lowest of the sex in that art which does honour to woman, and indeed to

human nature, the art of pleasing; and ambition would reject every degree of dominion inferior to that unbounded one, which the exertion of this art must necessarily confer.

It is far from my intention to insist on the trite, and, I hope, needless topics of neatness and good temper. There is but little merit in not being a termagant, or a slattern. Something more than negatives is required. Man is an animal with multifarious appetites; it is a noble point gained to command esteem, but it is paying him much too high a compliment, to treat him as a being consisting only of spirit, or capable of subsisting merely on spiritual food. The senses, the passions, the imagination, all expect their share. Every art of elegance, every power of endearment, should therefore be exerted without reserve. Nothing should be deemed trifling that leads to happiness, nor should coldness or austerity be indulged under the specious name of delicacy. Marriage would then get rid of the dull idea which custom too frequently annexes to it, and appear in the inviting form of a perfect union of the sexes, under the protection of all laws, not only for mutual comfort and support, but also for the full and free enjoyment of every rapture which their natures are formed to give and receive.

I beg leave to call upon the ladies to do themselves due honour, and assert their rank in the creation. They are intrusted with the happiness of the world, and the stores of pleasure are in their hands. Man is thrown dependent on their bounty, and implores their kindness as the great palliative of pain, the reward for all the toils, the dangers, and the vicissitudes of life. When he has renounced all other sources of joy but one, it were cruel, ungenerous, and unjust to make him a loser by his virtue. Amidst the hurry of artificial pleasures, let not nature be overlooked, nor her gentle dictates disregarded, but let it be the pride and happiness of every married woman to make her husband a virtuous voluptuary.

We shall now, in order to give an example of the good effects which attend the observation of the foregoing maxims, insert a true story of an amiable and respectable pair, as communicated by an old gentleman, who was well acquainted with both the parties.

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
 "The power of beauty I remember yet:"

DRYDEN.

Even at my time of life, it refreshes the imagination and diffuses a kind of vernal cheerfulness over every idea. Its efficacy is

indeed so irresistible, that women have, in my opinion, most of the moral, and much of the natural evil of the world to account for. The potency of their influence may prevent the one, and disarm the other of its sting. How superstition could be so stupid as to attribute witchcraft to old hags, hardly human, is amazing; but it is no more than a natural truth to say, that every amiable woman is a sorceress; fascination is in her eye, magic in her smile, and a legion of little demons in her touch. When virtue deigns to assume the enchanted wand, the arts of Circe are reversed; man starts from the brute into his proper nature, and rises into refinement and bliss.

#### A CONNUBIAL STORY.

*Nec minor est virtus, quam quærere, partu tueri;  
Casus inest illic, hoc erit artis opus.*

OVID.

"The glory's more to keep than win the prize,  
"Chance may do one, in t'other merit lies.

Sir Edward G. the son of an English Baronet, at the age of eighteen, succeeded to the title and fortune of his father: he thus entered into the fashionable world with every advantage. His estate was a clear 3000*l.* a year, his constitution excellent, and his person handsome. A liberal education had afforded him a large share of knowledge, and his strong understanding had made it all his own. His principles, well turned by nature, had been formed by the strictest rules of honour and virtue. Add to all these, the attractions of the sweetest temper, great vivacity, and a fine address, and you have a sketch of Sir Edward's picture.

Nothing could bid fairer for happiness than such an outset. Great were the expectations of his friends. But I, who knew him best, could perceive, through all his excellences a weak part, which made me fear for him. Joined to a general social affection, and an uncommon tenderness of heart, he possessed a sensibility of female charms which carried him almost to enthusiasm. It was easy to foresee the rock on which this habit of mind, aided by the vigour of a genial constitution, would inevitably hurry a young man of his rank and fortune; and I clearly saw that, with a firmness that no violence could shake, a judgment not to be deceived, and morals which the world's riches could not vitiate, my friend was doomed to be the dupe, the absolute slave of female dominion.

I met him in London, after his return from the tour of Europe. He came back enriched with every valuable acquirement, and his solid understanding polished into genuine elegance.

But the pleasure of our interview was not a little abated on my finding that he had brought over with him a lady, with whom he had formed a connexion in Paris, and from whom I saw but little prospect of his ever being released. Mademoiselle Duval had every gift of nature and art that was necessary for such a conquest. Besides a considerable share of well-improved good sense, she had great sweetness of temper, and an unaffected desire to please. To a very beautiful person was added a perfect skill in all the arts of decoration. She had a tenderness of aspect and manner very difficult to be resisted, and a modest elegance of address, which flattered his delicacy, and threw a veil over the very nature of vice.

In her fetters I found him, nor could any influence of mine, nor indeed any human means, but her own mercenary mind have ever set him free. Some time after my return to the country, I learned that her repeated infidelities had at last broken his chain. I thought this a good time to remonstrate, but before my letter reached him, his unruly leading passion had resumed its way, and thrown him into the bondage of a celebrated Italian Opera singer, more notorious for her address than for her charms, but whose great proficiency in artifice promised to be more dangerous than even the beauty of La Duval.

But I must introduce my heroine to you. Eliza's family and fortune were good. Her person extremely fine, and her face, though far from regular, the most attractive that I ever saw. Besides the most even and whitest teeth, and pouting lips, "like the ruby rosebud moist with morning dew," about which ten thousand graces revelled, she had a pair of the most charming blue eyes, full of the bewitching softness peculiar to that colour. Her spirits were excellent; her temper sweet; and, added to every polite accomplishment, she possessed a good understanding, and an affectionate heart. Such a young woman could not fail of having admirers. She had indeed, before the age of twenty, declined several offers, which, in the language of the world, were extraordinarily advantageous.

She came with her family to pass a few of the winter months in town, where it was my fortune frequently to escort her to the theatre. One night, to my great surprise, Sir Edward entered the box, just arrived from his country-seat. We met with mutual pleasure; but I soon perceived his attention stealing from me to another object. Eliza struck him; and I fancied I could see in his eyes she was equally smitten. The next morning disclosed his intentions. I opposed them strongly, and pictured

him to himself with friendly severity; but he pleaded so well, and so forcibly urged that both his reformation and his happiness depended on Eliza, that I was obliged to submit. I carried his message, and at the same time honestly exhibited his character. The mother hesitated; Eliza was referred to for a decisive answer. With the most modest candour she declared that she saw some strong marks of constancy in the portrait, on which she would venture to rely, and was willing to run the risk. They were married soon after, and went to reside at his seat.

A perverse turn in my own affairs, caused me, about this time to go abroad. The pain of a ten years' absence was however a good deal lessened by the regular accounts I received of my amiable friends being completely happy. As soon as I returned to London, hearing they were in the country, I set out thither immediately.

I got there the second day about three, and was shown into a parlour, where I found my fair friend at work, her eldest girl reading to her, and two sweet little boys playing on the carpet. Our first salutes were scarcely over, when Sir Edward flew into the room, and hung upon my neck. Words were not necessary to tell me their mutual happiness. I have seldom felt more joy. Dinner was served, and, the first hurry of spirits subsiding, my attention was attracted by Eliza. Ladies may laugh, and perhaps not believe me, when I say, that though the day was extremely wet, and no prospect of any company, she came down very elegantly dressed. The whole had an unstudied air, yet I could see that the minutest article was carefully adjusted; I was particularly struck with the beautiful decorations of her head, and, when she drew off her gloves, with a pair of diamond bracelets, which he had lately presented to her. Love had diffused an exquisite tenderness over her features; and an habitual wish of pleasing, animated by success, had so pointed every charm, that though she had been frequently a mother, she was a much finer woman than when I last saw her. My spirits were raised; I shared sincerely in their happiness. The piano-porté succeeded our tea, and I found her improved into a capital performer.

The enraptured husband gazed like a lover; his enamoured regards ran over her various charms; her bright eyes beaming sensibility; her lips breathing sweets, and emitting the most melodious tones; her snow-white tapering fingers rapidly flying over the keys of the instrument, through all the complicated mazes of the most brilliant execution, and her tempting bosom swelling with expression. I am sixty-

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five, yet I found it convenient to turn my attention for a while towards some historical pictures which were near me. Indeed my worthy friends seemed to have been married but ten days instead of as many years. I withdrew before supper.

A month's stay in this delightful retreat gave me hourly occasions to admire her. Joined to a steady uniformity of purpose, she contrived to throw such an amazing variety in her dress, her manner, the disposal of our hours, and all her little schemes of amusement, that inconstancy itself would have doated on her. By always turning the bright side of domestic life to her husband, she avoided dwelling on the dark one. A cheerful alacrity in her economy made it perceptible only by the effects; and though they lived remarkably well, she had nearly liquidated a debt of six thousand pounds, incurred by his former indiscretions, before he could conceive it possible. Indeed I wondered not at his being happy. He possessed all that La Duval, or the Italian singer could give, and much more; he had affection pure and unalloyed; with a worthy heart besides, which neither of them had to bestow.

The morning I came away, meeting her alone in the garden, I could not avoid paying her some well-deserved compliments on her conduct. "I know, my dear Sir," said she, "you were in pain for me, but, with vanity I say it, I found the task full as easy as I had imagined. My husband has too many virtues to be lost. He took a liking to my person; all the rest depended upon myself. I resolved that my appearance should not be impaired by my own fault; my temper I could trust to; and I felt a lively affection, which I hoped, would supply the place of better abilities, and dictate as I proceeded, the means of making him happy. To please and be pleased are, in reality, the mutual cause and effect of each other; so that my labour is a round of pleasure. The business of my toilet, being habitual, is easy, nay, agreeable. I regard my glass as a friend who daily gives me new hints for pleasing the man I love. To you, Sir, I will own, that I love him, in the full extent of the word, with the ardour which he deserves; with the ardour which he requires. Had he met with only the cold return of esteem, Sir Edward would have been far from happy.

"Happiness like mine," continued she, "would be more general, would women but observe two maxims. One is, never to attempt an opposition to nature, but gently to lead it right by flattering the ruling propensity. The other, never to concern small matters as

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trifles, for by them only can our purpose be effected. There is no such thing as a trifle. Minutenesses form the magazine of female power. Connubial delight is accomplished somewhat like a dotted miniature picture.

Each single touch is too fine to produce a visible effect, yet, from their frequency, the portrait soon begins to open to the view, and shows how judiciously and happily the pencil was applied."

## AN ACCOUNT OF THOMAS WILLIAMS MALKIN,

A CHILD OF EXTRAORDINARY ATTAINMENTS, WHO LATELY DIED AT HACKNEY, IN AMERICA, AT THE AGE OF SIX YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.

THE bare mention of the death of so young a person would, in an ordinary case, be deemed sufficient; but we cannot pass over a circumstance which equally arrests the attention of the moralist, and the sympathy of the philanthropist, without observing how suddenly and unexpectedly the brightest prospects vanish which depend on the precarious tenure of human life, however bright and promising the dawn of intellect, however encouraging the appearances of corporeal stability. With respect to the uncommon child whose early fate we have to lament, the extent of his attainments may excite surprise, and possibly in some minds doubt. Yet we have well-authenticated accounts of juvenile proficiency; and in the present instance there are many and most respectable witnesses to attest, that amiable dispositions and superior talents were never united in a more distinguished manner than in the subject of this biographical sketch. His knowledge of the English language was correct and copious; and his expression, whether in speaking or writing, remarkable as well for fertility as selection. In the Latin he had proceeded so far as to read with ease the more popular parts of Cicero's works. He had made some progress in French; and was so thorough a proficient in geography, as not only to be able, when questioned, to particularize the situation of the principal countries, cities, rivers, &c. but to draw maps from memory, with a neatness and accuracy which could scarcely be credited but by those who are in possession of the specimens. Without any professional assistance, he had acquired considerable execution in the art of drawing; and some of his copies from Raphael's heads, though wanting the precision of the academy students, evinced a fellow-feeling with the style and sentiment of the originals, which seemed likely, had he pursued it, to have ranked him with the more eminent professors of the art.

But the most striking feature in his character was a strength of intellect, and rapidity of comprehension on all subjects, independent of those to which his studies were immediately directed, which increasing with his growth, seemed likely in manhood to have placed more within his reach than usually falls to the lot of humanity to grasp at. He united, in a remarkable manner, the solid and the brilliant; for the powers of his memory kept pace with those of his understanding and imagination; and the character of his mind may be comprized in these few but comprehensive words, that he remembered whatever he had once seen done.

But it may not be uninteresting to particularize the periods of his short life at which the leading traits of his character first presented themselves to observation. He was familiar with the alphabet long before he could speak, as exhibited on counters, a practice very judicious, because very enticing to children, and as expressed in books, to which, from seeing them constantly about him, he shewed an early partiality. At the age of three years, on his birthday, he wrote his first letter to his mother; and though it contained nothing but short expressions of affection, he soon afterwards began to write in a style and on subjects to which childhood in general is a total stranger; and this practice of writing his sentiments on all subjects, he persevered in with a continually increasing expansion and improvement, both as to matter and manner, which we regret that our limits will not allow us to authenticate by specimens. At the time of which we are speaking, (three years old,) he could not only read and spell with unflinching accuracy, but knew the Greek characters, and would have attempted the language, had not the caution of his parents, in this instance, discouraged the forwardness of his inclination. When he was five, he had made considerable advances in Latin, as well as in all the other studies, which he pursued so successively for

nearly two years longer. His study of Latin, in particular, was far removed from that mechanical routine by which scholars of more advanced age too frequently proceed. His comparison of the idiom and construction with those of his own and the French language, his acuteness in tracing the etymology, and detecting the component parts of words, hunting them through English and French, and inquiring the forms they assumed in Greek and Italian, with which he was acquainted, proved him to have possessed a mind peculiarly calculated for philological inquiries. Nor was his attention confined to words; he never passed over any passage, the style of subject of which was obscure or difficult, without such an explanation as satisfied his doubts: nor did he ever suffer errors of the press, even the trifling ones of punctuation, to escape, without detecting and correcting them with a pencil he kept for the purpose. Notwithstanding these studious inclinations, he was a child of manly corporeal structure, of unusual liveliness and activity. He was by no means grave in his disposition, except in the pursuit of knowledge, from which, however, active sports were successful in detaching him; but the bane of all improvement, both of mind and body, indolence, and the habit of lounging, were totally excluded from the catalogue of his pleasures.

But as mere description, unassisted by anecdote, seldom conveys a lively and accurate idea of character, it will not, we hope, be thought impertinent to mention an observation or two, which may serve to illustrate the turn of his mind. On being told by a lady that she would send for him the following day, when he should draw as much as he pleased, he said, "I wish to-morrow would come directly." After a short pause, he added, "Where can to-morrow be now? it must be somewhere; for every thing is in some place." After a little further reflection, he said, "Perhaps to-morrow is in the sun." On meeting with the following aphorism; "Learning is not so much esteemed by wise men, as it is despised by fools;" he said, "I think the person who wrote that sentence was himself very foolish; for wise men esteem learning as much as possible, and fools cannot despise it more."

But the most singular instance in which he displayed fertility of imagination, united with the power of making every thing he met with in books and conversation his own, was his invention of an imaginary country, called Allestone, of which he considered himself as king. It resembled Utopia, though he had never heard of that celebrated political ro-

mance. Of this country he wrote the history, and drew a most curious and ingenious map, giving names of his own invention to the principal cities, rivers, mountains, &c.; and as learning was always the object of his highest respect, he endowed it most liberally with universities, to which he appointed professors by name, with numerous statutes and regulations, which would have reflected no disgrace on graver founders.

But though in the progress of his short life he was continually employed in laying up stores of knowledge, apparently for purposes which, the event proved, were never to be fulfilled, his last illness, which he supported with a patience and fortitude almost unexampled, amply evinced that he knew how to apply the treasures he had acquired to the solace and relief of his own mind, under circumstances of trial and suffering. He frequently beguiled the tedious hours of a sick-bed with the recollections of what he had read, seen, or done, in the days of health; and little points of interest or information, which might have been supposed to have made a transient impression, were as much present to his mind as when they first engaged his attention.—When a blister was applied to his stomach, he observed, that, from the appearance of it, he supposed it corresponded with what he had seen called a cataplasm; and one day, when he was at the worst, he desired to know the meaning of the phrase, "a still-born child," which he had once seen in an inscription on a tombstone, though he said the inscription itself was too poor to be worth remembering. He often talked of the period of his recovery, but never with impatience; and the triumph of mind over body continued so complete to the last, that he looked with interest and pleasure at his dissected maps within half an hour of his dissolution. Without entering with unnecessary minuteness into the nature of his disorder, it will be interesting to parents in general to be informed, that it afforded no confirmation of the common idea, that early expansion of intellect is unfavourable to the continuance of life. In consequence of the remarkable form of his head, which had been much admired, especially by artists, some doubts had been suggested, to render it desirable to have the head as well as the body examined. From the result of this investigation it appeared, that the brain was unusually large, and in the most perfect and healthy state; and there was more than ordinary probability, from the vigour of his constitution, and the well-proportioned formation of his body, of his arriving at manhood, but for one of those accidents in the

system, to which the old and young, the healthy and infirm, are equally exposed.

His illness lasted from the first to the thirty-first of July; a period which, under such severe sufferings, none but a naturally strong patient could have reached. On the morning of the thirty-first, his medical friends, Dr. Lister and Mr. Toulmin, saw him, and conversed with him, as he with them, after their usual manner; and though they had given little or no encouragement for many days, they did not, on their last visit, (such was the collected state of his mind, and strength of his spirits) apprehend his dissolution to be so near. Soon after eleven o'clock he appeared much exhausted; his breathing became very difficult; his voice, which through his illness had been strong and clear, began to falter.—Still, however, he was firm and composed, without the slightest appearance of dissatisfaction or alarm; he talked at intervals with the most perfect consistency, with his accustomed powers, and usual kindness for those about him, till he could no longer utter a sound. In a few minutes after he had ceased

to articulate, and a little before twelve o'clock, he sunk without a struggle or a groan, exciting more admiration under circumstances from which human nature is apt to revolt, than when in the full career of mental and bodily improvement.

Thus ends this short history of a child, whose mind, though his years were few, seemed to have arrived at maturity. His powers of understanding, of memory, of imagination, were all remarkable, and the reasonableness of his mind was such, that he always yielded his own to the wishes of his friends, as much from conviction as compliance. His dispositions were as generous and amiable as his talents were brilliant and universal; and there can be little doubt, that in after-life, whether he had devoted the powers of his mind to the fine arts, to belles-lettres, or to the severer studies, his success would have been pre-eminent, and would have placed him in the estimation of the wise, whatever might be his external condition, high in the catalogue of worthy and useful members of society.

## FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

### ON MAGNETISM.

AMONG the various powers applied by our wise Creator to effect his purposes, none excite more astonishment than those of Magnetism; which like all the others are known only by their effects—effects useful, peculiar, wonderful!

The natural magnet is a solid mineral substance, of a dark greyish colour, and of a compact and weighty nature. It is found in different soils and situations, but chiefly in iron mines, and possesses the powers of attraction and direction. The artificial magnet is a piece of iron or steel, to which the properties of the natural magnet have been communicated. The flame magnet is supposed to have been derived from Magnesia, the province in which the effects of the loadstone were discovered. A true magnet, whether natural or artificial, has the following characteristics:—it attracts iron, and points nearly to the poles of the world; possesses both an attractive and

repulsive power within itself; and always inclines or tends to a point below the horizon.

The ancients were totally unacquainted with the nautical use now made of the magnet, having only discovered one of its properties, that called attraction. To Columbus we are indebted for a great part of its present extensive usefulness in navigation; for which benefit his memory must be revered by all lovers of science, and particularly by those persons who are benefited by commercial advantages. The essential properties which cause the phenomena of the magnet have not been ascertained; yet those conjectures formed on the subject, which ascribe its properties and affections to a subtle effluvia, universally disseminated through the earth and its atmosphere, and produced from a central body of a spherical form, appear to be well founded in reason, and are also confirmed by experiment. But the cause of its directive power, and the

variableness of its direction, appear to be almost inscrutable.

The magnet has no particular form, or distinguished external marks, but appears like a stone. Meteorologists have extracted iron from it, but in such scanty proportion, as not to pay the expence of fusion. Modern chemistry has discovered that iron, in its oxyde state, pervades all nature: but the magnet attracts it only in its metallic form.

We will now proceed to examine the known properties and laws of magnetism; in which useful science we shall find much in the extreme subtilty of its nature to admire, much in its elaborate affections to amuse, and in its results every thing to excite our admiration, astonishment and gratitude.

We are already acquainted, by our former investigations, with five kinds of attraction:—First, gravitation, which enables all bodies on the surface of the earth to retain their situations; and, combined with the centrifugal force, causes all the planetary bodies of our system to revolve round the sun at certain distances from that luminary and from each other: secondly, cohesive attraction, which keeps the parts of bodies together, and unites them in close compact: thirdly, chemical attraction, called affinity, which causes certain bodies to distinguish each other in preference to other substances introduced into a compounded mass, and to unite together: fourthly, capillary attraction, which causes fluids to rise in very small tubes (this may be connected with cohesive attraction, being only a different effect perceived of the same cause): fifthly, we have magnetical attraction; the affections of which the experiments we shall have the pleasure of exhibiting will explain.

The tendency of the needle to the north and south, is called its direction. Its variation from due north and south, is called its declination; and its dip below the horizon, its inclination.

#### EXPERIMENT OF COMMUNICATING THE MAGNETIC VIRTUE.

The magnetic virtue may be communicated to a bar of iron or steel, by placing two natural magnets, in a straight line, the north end of the one opposite to the south end of the other; and at such a distance, that the two ends of the bar to be touched may rest separately upon them: the end designed to point north resting on the south pole of the bar, and *vice versa*. Two other steel bars must be placed in such a manner, that the north end of one and the south end of the other may

rest on the middle of the horizontal bar, the end of each being elevated so as to form an acute angle with it. The two oblique bars should be separated, by drawing them contrary ways along the cross bar, towards the natural magnets, keeping them at the same elevation all the way; when removing them from the cross-bar, and bringing their north and south ends in contact, then applying them again to it as before, and repeating this four or five times; after which, performing the same operation with the other surface of the cross-bar, it will have acquired a permanent magnetism and polarity. Small needles for compass boxes do not require this process, but may be rendered magnetic by friction, merely passing them three or four times over a magnet in one direction.

A compass needle while receiving the magnetic virtue is violently agitated; but when it has fully acquired the property, the agitation ceases. A magnet loses nothing of its own strength by a communication of its property to other bodies, but gains some addition to its power by the performance. A north or south pole of a magnet, when applied to a bar or needle, produces the contrary polarity; therefore two magnetic bars should not have the poles of the same description placed together, for that position will diminish their individual power.

Each point of a magnet may be considered as the pole of a smaller one, tending to produce on the points of the magnet a force contrary to its own. The degree of this effort will be greater in proportion to the force of the point, and its nearness to the poles on which it acts; hence, a narrow and long bar of steel is more powerful than a short and broad one.

Whatever may be in reality the cause which produces magnetism, we see that its nature is very subtle and active; by its passing through substances of the most compact nature, and by its virtue remaining unaltered.

#### EXPERIMENT ON MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

This fact may be proved by placing a magnet on one piece of cork, and a piece of steel on another, and floating them on water; when, both being unconfin'd, they will approach each other: and on holding the piece of steel in the hand, the magnet will approach to it with the same velocity as they approached to each other when both were at liberty.

It appears from the foregoing experiment, that the iron being placed near the pole of a magnet becomes possessed of a contrary

power. Their mutual attraction may also be explained by the laws of action and re-action, which are always equal and opposite to each other.

Neither magnetic attraction nor repulsion is affected by an intervening body; but heat weakens the power of magnetism, and sometimes destroys it: yet its property may be restored, though not its power in the same degree as before. May not this circumstance arise from some of the effluvia having gone off in consequence of heat? Iron when red hot is not attracted by the magnet; perhaps its whole affinity with that power has evaporated.

Philosophers have in vain endeavoured to estimate the force with which the magnetic attraction acts at different distances; but as that law has not yet been fully ascertained, all that we can infer from their observations and experiments is—that the magnetic power extends further at one time than at another, and therefore its sphere of action is variable.

A magnet cannot support even its own weight of metal, but its power may be much increased by means of arming, which is thus performed:

#### TO ARM A MAGNET.

Cut the magnet into a parallelopipedon, and let its two poles be parallel planes: place this magnet in an armour of soft iron, which, having a cross piece, with a hook attached, will support great weights suspended from it. The advantage gained by arming is very considerable; a magnet that will of itself support four or five ounces, will when armed sustain twenty times that weight. A magnet and its armour may be enclosed in any material excepting iron.

The power of a magnet may also be augmented without arming, by simply introducing another piece of iron below that it at first supports; as is evident on presenting to it a piece of iron heavier than it can sustain, and afterwards holding under it another piece at a small distance from the former, when the magnet will support what before it could not lift. The cause of this is assigned by Cavallo to the last piece becoming magnetic, and so increasing the attraction of the first piece, and in the following manner. The end of a piece of iron which is presented near the north pole of a magnet becomes possessed of the south, while the other extremity possesses the north polarity. Again, the second piece being held near to the north pole of the first piece of iron, acquires a south polarity. This must increase the north power of the first piece, when its south power must also be augmented in

the same degree, and thus it is that the magnet supports a greater weight by the communication. That this is the true cause of its increased power of attraction is evident by placing the south pole of another magnet below the piece of iron; when the same effect takes place. Presenting the north pole of a magnet to the first piece of iron produces a contrary effect; for it diminishes the power of the first magnet.

#### EXPERIMENT ON THE INCREASING POWER OF A MAGNET.

Suspend a magnet by a hook from some fixed point, and attach as much iron to it as it will support together, with a scale, which must also be affixed: and you will find that every day you may put additional weight in the scale, and the magnet will support it; which shews—that its power is constantly increasing.

It is supposed that the iron, becoming magnetic, increases the power of the magnet in the manner before described. When the iron is removed from the magnet, the power of the latter is rendered weaker than it was before the experiment was made. This illustrates the theory of *Æpinus*, that the magnetic fluid is unequally distributed in a magnet which has a fixed polarity, one pole being overcharged, while the other is undercharged with it: and that there is always a strong attraction between these contrary poles, in consequence of this unequal distribution of power; but when a piece of iron is presented to either, that, by its becoming possessed of a contrary polarity to that of the magnet, the power of each end on the other is weakened by the communication, and thereby its individual power increased; for there is in every magnet a strong attraction between its poles; but when another substance, or a magnet, is presented to either, the effect is stronger by being drawn from the contrary pole. Hence we may suppose that a magnet becomes continually weaker when left alone, so that it is necessary either to place it in armour, or leave a piece of steel or iron on its poles; because at these points the powers are at the greatest distance from each other's effects.

It is not more extraordinary than true, that the magnetic power may be acquired without the application of a magnet, and by friction be made to communicate that power to iron or steel. Rubbing one piece of iron on another will produce evidences of the magnetic virtue; and even a certain position of either, long continued, will render that effect permanent. The famous philosopher of our

country, Dr. Gilbert, in the sixteenth century, observed that the small bars of a window which were placed obliquely to the horizon, and nearly north and south, by remaining in that situation for many years became magnetic. The polarity thus communicated may be from the earth and its atmosphere; for all the effects of magnetism evince that the power is derived from those sources, though the peculiar directive power cannot be traced to its primary natural cause. The particles of iron being universally diffused through all animated nature, as well as in all substances in the earth, may not a magnet have some effect on the animal economy? As this universal diffusion of iron fully justifies the idea that the magnetic fluid is one of the elements of the earth and its atmosphere, may we not also conceive the magnetic effluvia to be equally disseminated through the globe, in such bodies as do not exhibit any evidences of its existence: and that its visible effects result from that equilibrium being destroyed?

#### EXPERIMENT ON THE ACTION OF THE POLES ON EACH OTHER.

The dipping-needle serves to shew the action of the two different poles on each other; for on presenting the north pole of a magnet to the south pole of the needle, it is attracted; but if we present the same pole of the magnet to the north pole of the needle, it is then repelled and flies from the magnet. Strew steel filings on a pane of glass, and put the north pole of a magnet under it, they will then rise on the paper; but on holding the north pole of another magnet directly over these filings, they will immediately fall. Dip the north pole of one magnet and the south pole of another in steel filings, and bring the ends of the bars toward each other; then the filings will unite. But dip the two north poles and bring them in contact, and the filings will recede from each other.

Two magnets placed in a straight line at a small distance from each other, the south pole of one opposed to the north pole of the other, with a pane of glass over them; on sprinkling steel filings, and tapping the glass to produce a little motion in the filings, they will arrange themselves in the direction of the magnetic fluid; those lying between the two poles, and near the axis, being disposed in straight lines, going from the north pole of one magnet to the south pole of the other. Reverse the order of the magnets, by placing the two poles of the same name opposite, and the filings will be arranged in curves receding from each other.

#### OF THE DECLINATION OF THE NEEDLE.

The north pole of the magnet, in every part of the world, points nearly north; yet it very seldom shews that direction exactly. Hence the magnetic meridian seldom coincides with the observed meridian of any place on our globe, but generally varies either to the east or west. This variation is not uniform at different places, nor does it always agree even in the same place; at London, for instance, in the year 1640 it was  $11^{\circ}$  east, but now it is  $23^{\circ}$  west. This variation is always reckoned from the north, either east or west. The directive power of magnetism, though generally exhibited by a touched needle, is also evident in small bars of steel or iron freely suspended; as may be seen by fine pieces of either floating on the surface of water; but to exhibit this property, they must remain some hours, when they will point nearly, if not exactly, north and south.

The directive property of the magnet, according to Dr. Halley's hypothesis, is supposed to arise from the current of the magnetic fluid issuing from a central magnetic globe, which passing through the earth and its atmosphere, causes light bodies to move with it.

To account for the direction of the magnet being variable, and this variation not regular at the same place, nor in an uniform degree at the same time at different places, various hypothesis have been formed, and some truly curious and interesting experiments have been made to illustrate them, of which number the following appears the most ingenious and satisfactory.

Messrs. de la Hire, senior and junior, formed a globe out of a very large magnet, and by suspending it, found its poles; they next traced out its equatorial and meridional circles. The globe was about a foot in diameter, and weighed one hundred pounds. Placing it due north and south, and in a position that answered for the latitude of the place of observation, they perceived its declension east and west, in regard to situations of places on it. From these remarks they inferred that the magnetic fluid is diffused through the whole earth, and obeys the universal laws of magnetism; yet they do not explain the causes of the different variations of it at the same place. The regular declination observed on the magnetic globe was owing to the equality of contexture in its parts, and the varying magnetic force at different places on its surface. But as the contexture of the earth is very irregular, perhaps that circumstance, united with the numerous processes carrying on within it,

is the cause of the variation. Perceiving that the regular variation on the magnetic globe arose from its uniform contexture, we may infer that the inconstancy of the variation of the needle on the globe of our earth arises from the inequality of its parts. No perfectly satisfactory hypothesis having yet been formed respecting the variation of the needle that can be authenticated by facts, it is impossible to foretel what this irregularity will be at a future time at any particular place, or other circumstances depending on that knowledge, though derived from the experience of a long continued series of observations.

The ingenious Mr. Canton discovered a new variation of the magnetic needle, which he communicated to the Royal Society. Observing the direction of a touched needle for a whole day, he perceived that it was never perfectly at rest; that its western declination from the pole was greatest in the morning, and least at night; about noon in a medium of its diurnal variation. He offers the following rational solution of these phenomena, founded on the known fact, that a magnet when heated loses something of its natural force. He supposes the direction of the needle to be occasioned by the attraction of the magnetic fluid, and that the attraction is strongest where the heat is weakest; therefore that the needle at sun-rise with us, is not so forcibly impelled towards the east, because the magnetic force is lessened by the sun's influence; consequently the needle points rather more westerly at that time. When the sun is on our meridian, the variation is not changed, the action of the sun on each side of us being then equal; towards evening the needle points more easterly, because it naturally points to the part within its range the least heated by the sun.

#### EXPERIMENT.

This effect may be understood by heating a magnet, and placing it on one side of a needle, and another magnet in its natural state on the other side, when the needle will decline from the heated one. Mr. Canton perceived, from repeated experiments, that the diurnal variation of the needle was about 20 minutes of a degree, from sun-rise to sun-set.

#### OF THE DIP OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

The needle has a dip, or inclination; the cause of which, like every other peculiar cha-

racteristic of this curious phenomenon, is unknown. It may be seen, by placing an untouched needle on a pivot, and presenting a magnet to it, when it will incline towards a point below our horizon. To counteract this effect, the mechanist who constructs compasses, files off part of the inclining end; and by that means balances the needle on the pivot. The inclination of the needle is as variable as its declination. It also varies at different parts of the earth at the same time. The idea of the inclination having reference to latitude only is a mistake, it being as irregular in that respect as the declination; for at Paris in 1800 it was  $72^{\circ} 25'$  north, and at Siena  $18^{\circ}$  south. No doubt these variations depend on the same causes as those of the direction of the needle.

#### THEORY OF MAGNETISM.

The whole that can be inferred of the nature of the phenomena of the magnet, is briefly this:—that it attracts bodies in the earth; and that it has a directive power which is variable, arising perhaps from the unequal diffusion of the magnetic power in the earth and atmosphere, depending on the different constitutional circumstances of each of them, together with the effects of heat and cold on that power. Its attraction is evident on bodies on the earth; and we know that the earth contains bodies of this attractive nature, for from the earth they are procured; and we must suppose its direction depends on the inequality of attraction in the earth. The variation in that direction may also depend on the parts which contain the attractive power being more or less heated. These natural and hidden causes being incalculable by us, we never must expect to arrive at a perfect knowledge or estimation of them.

The magnetic fluid may be either formed of two kinds of elements united by affinity; these elements having a greater tendency to each other than to themselves: or the phenomena perceived of attraction and repulsion, in the former case, may be produced by the endeavour of the disturbed effluvium to place itself in equilibrium, and in the latter form its natural repulsion to itself. The directive power of the needle, and the mode of constructing compasses, are so well known, that it would be superfluous to introduce them here.

## CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[Continued from Page 207.]

## THE USELESS TOAST.

Mr. R——, was one of the most celebrated epicures of his time. Being very rich he needed nothing but a good appetite to satisfy it to the fullest extent; and his house was always well stored with every delicacy which money could procure. He would devour a pigeon-pye with the same ease as if it were a twopenny cheese-cake, swallow truffles like so many cherries, and eat a fricasseed chicken for his luncheon. But his wife, who doubtless feared widowhood, incessantly contradicted him, and thwarted him in all his tastes, so much so, that in order to enjoy himself at his ease he was obliged to shut himself up, and not allow her admittance, in order that he might, without any obstacle, yield himself up to the delights of epicurism. At length, however, he fell ill; and the remedy prescribed by the faculty was a strong dose of medicine, and a strict regimen. This was for our epicure the most unwelcome order in the world, and he would certainly have very ill complied with it, had it not been for the vigilance of Mrs. R——, who took possession of all his keys, and assuming the station of his nurse, made him act completely according to her wishes, as is always the case with those who are confined to their beds. The medicines were of service; Mr. R—— was much relieved, and judged to be in a state of convalescence. At length he was permitted to eat; and the physician, well aware of his weak side, scrupulously ordered the exact quantity of food he should take, which consisted for the first time of a soft egg, and one round of toast. Mr. R—— would rather that the egg should have been laid by an ostrich than a fowl, but he consoled himself in thinking of the toast; he caused the largest loaf that could be procured to be bought, so that when made it was more than a yard long, and weighed nearly a pound. Mrs. R—— would have interfered but without success, as he only followed the physician's ordinance. The egg was ushered in with great solemnity, and placed on the sick man's bed, who proposed himself a great enjoyment; but, fatal misfortune, he sipped the white with so much avidity that he swallowed the yolk! O dire calamity, deplorable precipitation, which rendered the delicious toast completely useless; and Mrs. R—— gravely caused it to be taken away with the egg-shell. The despair into

which this occurrence plunged Mr. R—— very nearly made him have a relapse, and he only recovered his good humour at the next indigestion.

## A PLAN FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CULINARY ART.

It would be highly beneficial to the culinary art, that all the new discoveries and inventions which take place during the period of each year, should be carefully recorded for the increase of our present enjoyment, and for the advantage of future generations. A periodical work of this nature, which, to avoid the frequent expence of stamp duties (which often paralyzes thought even in its birth) need only appear once a month, would be of infinite utility. All that the genius of good living each day delights to invent, would be faithfully recorded; the progress of each ingenious artist would be made known, and their constant efforts to deserve public approbation; added to which a long list of all kind of provisions would be given, and the whole to conclude with an account of all the celebrated indigestions that have taken place, with their causes and effects. This work might also become a channel of correspondence between the epicures of every country. It would establish a medium of communication between all large cities for every thing relating to cookery; each town already celebrated by its alimentary productions, or that wished to acquire a name, would exert all its abilities to merit a place in the proposed publication.

This monthly course of emulation, in which each town would seek to cut a figure, by sparing no pains to outdo their rivals, would very speedily bring about a visible amelioration in all the productions of the culinary system; poultry would be more carefully fattened, pastry kneaded more scientifically, game more skilfully selected, and not whether old or young, tender or tough, indiscriminately put to the spit; pickles and preserves would be more cautiously prepared; in short, the glory of each town and country would be interested that nothing beneath the standard of mediocrity should reach the capital; for this periodical work would exercise on these productions a criticism as severe, though far more impartial than the Reviews is on every publication, and Newspapers on our most favourite comedians.

U u

An undertaking on the above plan would insure success, for every town and city would take an interest in its support, and every true born epicure would joyfully contribute something to its improvement. But a considerable sum would be required to establish a work of this kind, as it would need a very extensive correspondence, and numerous travellers must be kept at a high salary, in order to make discoveries, and these must be men scientifically acquainted with the art. It is true that this advance would soon be repaid with interest: as many celebrated provincial epicures, animated with the zeal of furthering so glorious a cause, stimulated with the hope of being

made honourable mention of in this work, would not delay in offering themselves as gratuitous travellers. Subscribers would come in crowds, and the Editor's table would daily be covered with exquisite dainties which, as presents, would shower upon them from every quarter. We do not applaud ourselves a little for having conceived this plan, and hope that some of our readers will put it in execution; but while waiting in the hope of our wishes being realized, we will in our next give an account of a few discoveries that have been lately made on the Continent, and which our correspondents have kindly forwarded to us.

## POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

STAY, sylvan friend, with plenty blest,  
Who scorn'st the niggard's icy breast;  
And as alone, at early morn,  
Your brush the thicket, trace the lawn,  
List to what sings Amintor:

To thee the friendly hint is sent,  
Where more than meets the ear is meant;  
The while, with dog and gun, you roam,  
Think on your townsmen, far from home,  
Deny'd the sports of winter.

When Easter chicks begin to crow,  
And azure decks the mountain sloe;  
When forest trees wear sickly hues,  
And agues wait on evening dews,  
Lay up health, nor stint her:

Prepare the ham, the chick, the chine,  
Nor spare the produce of the vine;  
Fill, fill thy stores with brightest coal,  
And something for the Christmas bowl,  
To cheer thy friend in winter.

The reaper's moon and harvest past,  
Rude blows the equinoctial blast,  
Ah! now, my rural friend, beware,  
This season claims thy utmost care;  
Health bids thee store, nor stint her:

Survey thy cot, secure thy roof,  
Soon make it rain and tempest proof;  
So when the sable cloud falls low,  
Thy heart shall yield the pleasing glow,  
That soothes the rage of winter.

Re-furbish up thy warm surtout,  
The buckskin glove and friendly boot;

And let the hat that shields thy head,  
Around its ample cover spread;  
This do for health, nor stint her:  
Above the rest, be this your care,  
Use exercise and morning air;  
And this you'll find of such avail,  
While city fops look thin and pale,  
You'll wear the rose in winter.

### THE FILBERT.

NAY gather not that filbert, Nicholas,  
There is a maggot there, it is his house,  
His castle—oh commit no burglary!  
Strip him not naked, 'tis his clothes, his shell,  
His bones, the very armour of his life,  
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!  
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,  
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth—  
So easily all things may be destroyed!  
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man  
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.  
There were two great men once amused themselves  
With watching maggots run their wriggling  
race,  
And wagering on their speed; but Nick, to us  
It were no sport to see the pampered worm  
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,  
Like to some barber's leathern powder bag  
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers  
Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.  
Enough of dangers and of enemies  
Hath nature's wisdom for the worm ordained;

Increase not thou the number! him the mouse,  
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shells' defence,

May from his native tenement eject;  
Him may the nut-hatch, piercing with strong bill,

Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard  
The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.  
Man also hath his dangers and his foes  
As this poor maggot hath, and when I muse  
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,  
The maggot knows not—Nicholas, methinks  
It were a happy metamorphosis  
To be enkeruelled thus: never to hear  
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,  
Kings, jacobines, and tax-commissioners;  
To feel no motion but the wind that shook  
The filbert-tree, and rock'd me to my rest;  
And in the middle of such exquisite food  
To live luxurious! the perfection this  
Of comfort! it were to unite at once  
Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,  
And stoic independence of mankind.

### THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

AWAY with your fiction of flimsy romance,  
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove;  
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breaking glance,  
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers whose bosoms with fantasy glow,  
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;  
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,  
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,  
Or the Nine be dispos'd from your service to rove,  
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,  
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,  
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,  
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,  
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks—those fantastical themes,  
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move,

Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:

What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm, that man, since his birth,  
From Adam, till now, has with wretchedness strove;

Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,  
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,

For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,—

The dearest remembrance will still be the last,  
Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love.

### SONG.

DEAR Chloe, let not pride devour

That little, vain, affected heart;

Because I said the fairest flower

Ne'er breathed the sweets thy lips impart.

Nor spoil that face with airs so silly,

Nor point those lovely eyes with scorn;

Because I swore the rose and lily

Ne'er gave such beauties to the morn.

Yes! thou art like—so like the flower,

Its warning fate should fill with sorrow;

The blooming plaything of an hour,

But pluck'd, and torn, and dead to-morrow.

### WOMAN.

THE pride of the hero—the theme of the bard,  
Whom valour and genius rival to guard;  
The soother of grief, of pleasure the zest,  
Refining the passions that rage in his breast;  
Shall not Man, whom these virtues were giv'n to bless,

Sweet Woman! thy charms and perfections confess?

When the Deity bade his new planet descend,  
And deign'd in the system the orb to commend,  
Benignant beheld creation's vast frame,  
And Man, his own image, there destin'd to reign;

He saw the sole void in the mighty design,  
And Woman perfected—proclaim'd all divine,  
Hence ye sophists, who vain would Omniscience controul,

And in Woman's bright form deny dwells a soul;

By prejudice blinded, fair science ye veil,  
From minds that would soar where ye could not prevail:

Then assume that no sense the fair statues possess,

And weakly assign them to folly and dress.

But oft, like a meteor, the spirit bursts bright,  
Sheds a radiance that dazzles with awe and  
delight;

Freed from trammels of ignorance, Woman  
ascends,

And the sage to her lesson delighted attends.  
In the contest of wit—a sweet victor she shines,  
And from custom, not weakness, stern learning  
resigns.

In Greece, when refinement first smil'd upon  
Man,

When Art her new model and statue began;  
When Credulity gave each perfection a form,  
And bade them the fanes of her worship adorn:  
What symbols chose sages, whom still we ad-  
mire,

What emblems for virtues they wrote to in-  
spire?

Thy form, lovely Woman, embodied each  
thought,

And sculptors ador'd the fair marble they  
wrought.

Ev'n now, when religion has beam'd on the  
mind,

And no longer we worship the fair-ones en-  
shrined,

What heart but yields homage to honour and  
truth,

As they charm in the person of beauty and  
youth.

That breast so repellent to reason's controul,  
In the test of her converse to mark not a soul;

To him be the regions of dullness assign'd,  
Not thou, lovely Woman, but he wants a mind.

### TO LOVE.

WHILE all to sing thee, gentle passion,  
Each Muse's aid implore,  
Since thou art now, 'tis said, in fashion,  
Receive one Laureat more.

Spirit of life! thy boundless sway  
Erects the warrior's plume,  
When thund'ring volleys dim the day,  
And threat his instant doom.

Cold though the courtier's bosom be,  
Distrustful of each friend,  
It glows, auspicious Love! to thee—  
To thee his brows unbend.

The plodding eit whose vigils still  
At int'rest's shrine are paid,  
Through his dense soul feels passion thrill,  
To sooth the toils of trade.

The Poet—wild enthusiast—tunes  
Thy harp's sweet chords alone:  
The player Romeo assumes  
And feels his flame at home.

Long, mighty Love, here smiling reign,  
Where Freedom's banners wave,  
Thy chaste delights shall ever claim  
The valour of the brave.

While tyrants iron sceptres sway,  
While abject vassals groan,  
Long may thy pow'r, 'mid Time's decay,  
Beam on our happier throne.

### SONNET.

COLD is the senseless heart that never strove  
With the wild tumults of a real flame,  
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,  
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love.  
The pathless vale, the long forsaken grove,  
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's  
name,

With ivy mantled o'er. For empty fame  
Let him amidst the rabble toil, or rove  
In search of plunder far to Western clime.  
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play  
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the  
rhyme,  
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,  
And all the prodigality of charms,  
Form'd to enslave my heart, and grace my lay!

### ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL, pensive virgin! ever hail!  
Oft have I met thee in the vale,  
And oft inscribed a song to thee,  
When musing near you aged tree:  
Nor serious, silent Solitude,  
Did'st thou despise my numbers rude.  
Remote from man, in shady dell,  
Thou hearest the loud funereal bell,  
Or from the thronged city far,  
At evening counts each little star;  
Or by the pale moon's silver light,  
O'er hill and forest takes thy flight.  
Sweet nun, who haunts the lonely lane,  
Teach me that life is short and vain,  
That grandeur, pageantry, and pow'r,  
Will vanish all at death's dread hour;  
That beauty's roses soon decay,  
Like oderiferous flow'rs in May;  
Teach me to weep for others woe,  
O cause the tender tear to flow!  
Fair woodland nymph! when all is still,  
Thou climb'st the high adjacent hill,  
And oft by Thames's rushy side,  
Delight'st to hear the smooth waves glide;  
Sister of Peace and Piety,  
Sweet nun, I long to visit thee.

## THE CALENDAR.\*

## JANUARIUS.

The fyrst six yeres of mannes byrth and aege,  
May well be compared to Janyuere  
For in this month is no strength nor courage  
More than in a chylde of the aege of six  
yere.

## FEBRUARIUS.

The other six yeres is like February  
In the ende thereof begyneth the sprynge  
That tyme children is most apt and redy.  
To receyve chatysement, nurture, and lern-  
ynge.

## MARTIUS.

Marche betokeneth the six yeres followynge  
Araying the erthe with pleasant verdure  
That season youth thought for nothyng,  
And without thought dooth his sporte and  
pleasure.

## APRILIS.

The next six yere maketh foure and twenty  
And figured is to joly Aprill  
That tyme of pleasures man hath most plenty  
Fresche and luying his lustes to fulfill.

## MAYUS.

As in the month of Maye all thing in mygth  
So at thirty yeres man is in chyef lyking  
Pleasant and lusty to every mannes sygth  
In beaute and strength to women pleasyng.

## JUNIUS.

In June all thyng falleth to rypenesse  
And so dooth man at thirty-six yere old  
And studyeth for to acquire rychesse  
And taketh a wife to keepe his householde.

## JULIUS.

At forty yere of aege or elles never  
Is ony man endowed with wysdome  
For than forth his myght fayleth ever  
As in July doth every blossome.

## AUGUSTUS.

The goddess of the erthe is gadred evermore  
In August so at forty eight yere  
Man ought to gather some goodes in store  
To susteyne aege that than draweth nere.

## SEPTEMBER.

Lete no man thynke for to gather plenty  
Yf at fifty four yere he have none

\* From a Sarum black-letter Missal, which appears to have been printed in the reign of Henry II. I send you these quaint lines, which are subjoined to the calendar. As books of that early date are now become rare, perhaps these verses will be esteemed a curiosity by general readers.

H.

No more than yf his barne were empty  
In Septembre when all his corne is gone.

## OCTOBER.

By Octobre betokeneth sixty yere  
That age hastily dooth man assayle  
Yf he have outgh than it dooth appere  
To lyve quietly after his travayle.

## NOVEMBER.

Wan man is at sixty six yere olde  
Which lykened is to bareyne Novembre  
He waxeth unwelgy sekely and cold  
Than his soule helth is time to remembre.

## DECEMBER.

The yere by Decembre taketh his ende  
And so dooth man of threescore and twelve  
Nature with aege wyll him on message sende  
Tho' tyme is come that he must go hymselfe

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,  
AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man  
cried,

The few locks that are left you are grey;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old  
man,

Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William re-  
plied,

I remember'd that youth would fly fast;  
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,  
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man  
cried,

And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,  
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William re-  
plied,

I remember'd that youth could not last;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man  
cried,

And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon  
death!

Now tell me the reason I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William  
replied,

Let the cause thy attention engage;—  
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!  
And he hath not forgotten my age.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR DECEMBER.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Tuesday, November 17th, was produced at this theatre for the first time, a new Opera, from the pen of Mr. Dibdin, entitled *Two Faces under a Hood*.

The public have been so much indebted to this gentleman for a pleasant laugh at the theatre, that it would be but justice to pardon him greater errors than he is called to plead guilty to in the present piece.

It is perhaps not the best of his dramas, but it most certainly is not the worst. It has the raciness of its parent soil, the smack of its original growth, in as strong a manner as any of the other productions of this gentleman; but it has not (we will be bold enough to say) that exaggerated caricature, and pleasing eccentricity which, with all their grotesque violations of nature, never failed to please us better than the studied attempts at seriousness and dramatic skill, which have of late been frequent with the writers of this school.

Why will Mr. Dibdin relinquish his old habit of punning? It was extremely amusing, and made us laugh heartily. He has not the grace or dignity to be serious, and he fails when he ceases to be comical.

The plot of this piece is nothing worth mentioning. It is a female disguise, which commences with a straw bonnet and a stuff gown, and is set to rights again by the assumption of a silk and muslin one. This is scarcely an incident, much less a plot; but this is all the plot which is shewn in the action.

There was no character, properly so called, in which a general humour was exhibited in action. Liston was, as usual, a simpleton; Fawcett a droll; and Simmens a foolish town clerk.

The great excellence of this Opera is its music, which is principally the composition of Shield. His part of it is at once scientific and simple, tender without weakness, and simple without monotony.

The fine solos on the bassoon, flute, and harp, were ably executed by the orchestra, and the accompaniments on the harpsichord and organ were performed, for the most part, with judgment and precision; but we were disappointed in not finding the whole of the music to be new, and originally composed for the Opera. This may be concluded from an ambiguous line in the title-page of the book sold

at the theatre, viz.—“The *Overture and New Music* composed by Mr. Shield;” and even if several of the melodies could not be traced to former tunes, the manner in which they have been adapted to the new words would shew that Mr. Shield cannot have originally composed them. In several of the songs the metre of the poetry does not naturally correspond with that of the music, and the awkward pronunciation of many words which arises from it cannot please a discerning hearer.

However, in other points of consideration, this Opera is of a very respectable kind. For such well composed, and equally well executed sestets, chorusses, trios, and duets, are not generally to be met with in English Operas; and almost every song, from those in the *bravura* style, to the *pretty* ones in the style of a Vauxhall song, with the *row dow dow*, is good in all its kind. Mrs. Dickons shews in this piece that she is not only a very respectable singer, but also a very elegant and judicious actress; but if she could hear the effect of her good and powerful voice at a distance, she would find that she has no occasion to aim at loudness, which sometimes takes away the higher finish of a passage, or overstrains a note—with the most natural flow of her voice she has power enough.

Mr. Inceledon has not so many opportunities of shewing his abilities to advantage in this Opera as Mrs. Dickons, but in the song, “*The blast of war may loudly blow*,” with the finale after it, and in other difficult pieces, he maintains his usual respectability.

Mr. Bellamy has a beautiful ballad which he sung delightfully, and was rewarded with an encore and great applause. The good effects however, of this song and several others, would have been much encreased if the band had been less *fierce* in their accompaniments. We were disappointed that Mr. Shield had not made more use of this performer's powers, as he possesses an extensive and melodious voice, with a full even tone, which enables him to give a new character to our bass songs, by adding to the strength and expression of the English school, the taste and elegance of the Italian.

Mrs. C. Kemble performed as well as her part would admit; and Miss Bolton sung with sweetness and taste.

## DRURY-LANE.

A new tragedy, entitled *Faulkener* was brought forward at this theatre on Wednesday, December 16th. The following are the principal

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Faulkener.....Mr. ELLISTON.  
Count Orsini.....Mr. POWELL.  
Stanley.....Mr. H. SIDDONS.  
Benedetto.....Mr. PALMER.  
Countess Orsini...Mrs. POWELL.  
Lauretta.....Mrs. H. SIDDONS.

This play is ascribed to Mr. Godwin; but, we are persuaded, without reason. Mr. Godwin is a gentleman of an eccentric but vigorous mind; a writer perhaps not very conversant with the Muse of Tragedy, but who has never been suspected of failing in his intimacy with Common Sense. If Mr. Godwin, however, be the author of the present piece, he must be an alien to the society of both,—an outcast both of Poetry and Prose,—a wanderer on the wide wastes of folly,—not indeed without a home,—for he found one at that welcome Hospital of Fools,—that long established eleemosynary Board of Dullness,—yclept Drury-Lane.

In the name of wonder, what do the managers mean by this rank fraud upon the public? Have they no name in their diversified tribe of fools,—no worn out stump of authorship,—no tacker of terce pantomimic prose,—no miserable compiler of old rhimes for old music, a larcener without the merit of that brave theft which compensates for its disgrace in its dexterity;—have they none of these (or have their slaves rebelled against them) that they should attempt to sink down a popular and splendid name, by so heavy a charge as making him the Author of this Tragedy. We have no patience with this trick.

The principal *figurante* in the tragedy is *Arabella*, Countess of Orsini; a lady to whom England had the honour of giving birth, and Italy a husband. It appears, by her own confession, that she had been guilty of some gallantries in her youth; that she had some share in the private history of Charles II. a monarch who seems to have possessed as many mistresses as King Priam, and who, from his fame in secret amours, has the honour of being imputed father to most of the illustrious families of European bastards.

The Countess, however, seems fairly entitled to have her portrait suspended in the "Gallery of Beauties at Hampton-Court," and to rank with Polly Horton, Nell Gwynne, and the Duchess of Portsmouth. We should have

been happy to see her any where but in this tragedy.

It seems that this worthy matron had a son by an English gentleman of the name of *Faulkener*, previous to her becoming the mistress of *Charles*, and wife of *Count Orsini*.—This son (from whom she conceals herself as a parent) she protects in the character of a benefactress; and the piece is set in motion by the anxiety of *Faulkener* to discover his mother, and the eagerness of his mother to conceal herself.

After going over the old ground of intrigue, and a course of much common-place plotting, *Faulkener* is seized in his mother's bed-chamber, and taken to trial for the murder of *Benedetto*, a fellow who seems introduced for little purpose, but who, as being the first of them dispatched out of the way, is to be ranked as the most pleasing character in the play.

*Faulkener* is tried in a manner more ridiculous than solemn—in a scene in which the majesty of justice is sullied by ribaldry and nonsense.—He is acquitted of course. Now enters his mother, and discovers herself, much in the same manner in which the *Justice's* wife, in the *Critic*, develops the mystery of his birth to her son *Tom*.

Whilst *Faulkener* is in an agony of filial affection, and the dullness and dialogue are hastening to an equal crisis, Mr. *Stanley* walks in, in an erect posture, and an easy tone. This gentleman has not much to say for himself; he mentions however, with much *nonchalance*, a trifling circumstance—"that he has cut the throat of *Orsini*, and that his *relict* may now again take to her weeds."

One word more.—The language of this play is the flattest prose we ever remember in a piece styling itself tragedy.

## THE STAGE.

THE knowledge of human nature has been retarded by the difficulty of making just experiments.—The materials of this study are commonly gathered from reflection on our own feelings, or from observations on the conduct of others. Each of these methods is exposed to difficulty, and consequently to error.

Natural philosophers possess great advantages over moralists and metaphysicians, in so far as the subjects of their inquiries belong to the senses, are external, material, and often permanent. Hence they can retain them in their presence till they have examined their motion, parts, or composition: they can have recourse to them for a renewal of their im-

pressions when they grow languid or obscure, or when they feel their minds vigorous, and disposed to philosophize. But passions are excited independent of our volition, and arise or subside without our desire or concurrence. Compassion is never awakened but by the view of pain or of sorrow. Resentment is never kindled but by actual suffering, or by the view of injustice.

Will anger, jealousy, and revenge, attend the summons of the dispassionate sage, that he may examine their conduct and dismiss them? Will pride and ambition obey the voice of the humble hermit, and assist him in explaining the principles of human nature? Or by what powerful spell can the abstracted philosopher, whose passions are all chastened and subdued, whose heart never throbs with desire, prevail with the tender affections to appear at his unkindly command, and submit the delicacy of their features to the rigour of strict inquiry. The philosopher, accustomed to moderate his passions, rather than indulge them, is of all men least able to provoke their violence; and, in order to succeed in his researches, he must recall emotions felt by him at some former period; or he must seize their impression, and mark their operations at the very moment they are accidentally excited.—Thus, with other obvious disadvantages, he will often lose the opportunity of a happy mood, unable to avail himself of those animating returns of vivacity and attention essential to genius, but independent of the will.

Observations made, while the mind is inflamed, are difficult in the execution, incomplete, and erroneous. Eager passions admit no partners, and endure no rivals in their authority. The moment reflection, or any foreign or opposing principle, begins to operate, they are either exceedingly exasperated, agitating the mind, and leaving it no leisure for speculation; or, if they are unable to maintain their ascendant, they become cool and indistinct, their aspect grows dim, and observations made during their decline are imperfect. The passions are swift and evanescent; we cannot arrest their celerity, nor suspend them in the mind during pleasure. You are moved by a strong affection: seize the opportunity, let none of its motions escape you, and observe every sentiment it excites. You cannot. While the passion prevails you have no leisure for speculation; and be assured it has suffered abatement, if you have time to philosophize.

But you proceed by recollection. Still, however, your observations are limited, and your theory partial. To be acquainted with the nature of any passion, we must know by what combination of feelings it is excited, to what temperament it is allied; in what proportion it gathers force and swiftness; what propensities, and what associations of thought either retard or accelerate its impetuosity; and how it may be opposed, weakened, or suppressed. But, if these circumstances escape the most vigilant and abstracted attention, when the mind is actually agitated, how can they be recollected when the passion is entirely quieted? Moreover, every passion is compounded of inferior and subordinate feelings; essential to its existence, in their own nature nicely and minutely varied, but whose different shades and gradations are difficult to be discerned.—To these we must be acutely attentive, to mark how they are combined, blended, or opposed; how they are suddenly extinguished, in a moment renewed, and again extinguished. But these fleet volatile feelings, perceived only when the mind is affected, elude the most dexterous and active memory. Add to this, that an object suggested by memory is ever fainter and less distinct than an actual perception, especially if the object to be renewed is of a spiritual nature, a thought, sentiment, or internal sensation.

Even allowing the possibility of accurate observation, our theories will continue partial and inadequate. We have only one view of the subject, and know not what aspects it may assume, or what powers it may possess in the constitution of another. No principle has been more variously treated, nor has given rise to a greater number of systems, than that by which we are denominated moral agents, and determine the merit or demerit of human actions. But this can scarcely proceed from any other cause than the diversity of our feelings, and the necessity we are under of measuring the dispositions of others by our own. Even this moral principle, though a competent judge of the virtue and propriety of human actions, is apt to mislead us, in our inquiries concerning the structure and dispositions of the mind. Desirous of avoiding the rebuke of this severe and vigilant censor, we are ready to extenuate every blameable quality, and magnify what we approve.

[To be continued.]