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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fifth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA AUGUSTA.

SOPHIA AUGUSTA, the second daughter of our most gracious Sovereign, George the Third, and Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain, was born November 8, 1768.

Our readers are already aware of the narrow limits to which our biographical sketches are confined; and they become yet more restricted when the subject is placed upon that elevation which precludes a near and familiar survey. The privacy of domestic life affords very little incident for biography; nor are the materials much augmented when the mention is even that of a princess. Notwithstanding the amiable and useful virtues are always most successfully cultivated at home, in that sphere which comprehends, if not the most splendid, yet certainly the most beneficial portion of life.

It is the just pride of the female branch of the Royal Family of England to court this privacy and seclusion, which affords full scope for the practice of the amiable

and benevolent qualities of their nature, and, at the same time, does not confine their examples to themselves; they cultivate the virtues, and practise the duties of retirement, but, nevertheless, do not withhold their influence from society.

Her Royal Highness Sophia Augusta is universally allowed by all who have had the honour to approach her, to be one of the most accomplished women of the age; her manners are courtly and polished, without affectation and insincerity; and her demeanour is that of a princess, with all the condescension of the most humble subject; her mind is highly cultivated, and she is mistress of several languages, but the art in which she is most accomplished is music; her preference of this delightful study has been prosecuted to that degree of excellence which entitles her to rank as a complete mistress of the science. It is unnecessary to say more.

BATHMENDI:

A PERSIAN TALE.

UNDER the reign of one of the Monarchs of Persia, a merchant of Balsora, by some unfortunate speculations, was nearly ruined. He gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired to the province of Kousistan. There he purchased an humble cottage, and a small tract of land, which he but ill cultivated, because he still regretted the time when all his wishes were amply gratified, without the aid of labour. Grief shortened the tide of life, he felt the last ebb fast approaching, and calling his four sons around him, he said to them, "My children, I have nothing to bestow on you but this cottage, and the knowledge of a secret which, till the present moment, I would not reveal. In the time of my prosperity the genius Abzim was my friend; he gave me his promise that when I was no more he would be your protector, and share amongst you a treasure. This genius inhabits the great forest of Kom. Go seek him; remind him of his promise, but be far from believing—" Death would not allow him to conclude.

The merchant's four sons, after having wept and buried their father, journeyed towards the forest of Kom. When arrived, they enquired for Abzim's residence, and were soon directed to it, as he was generally known; all those that went to him met with a kind reception, he listened to their complaints, consoled them, and lent them money when they needed it. But his kindness was bestowed only on one condition—what he advised must be blindly followed. This was his command, and no one was admitted into his palace before having vowed implicit obedience.

This oath did not intimidate the three elder brothers; but the fourth, who was named Selim, conceived this ceremony very ridiculous. Still he must enter to receive the treasure; he swore as his brothers did; but reflecting on the dangerous consequences which might attend this indiscreet vow, and remembering that his father, whose life had been a series of follies, often visited Abzim's palace, he wished, without violating his oath, to guard against all danger; and to effect this, while he was conducted to the genius, he stopped both his ears with odoriferous wax; armed with this precaution he knelt before the throne of Abzim.

Abzim raised the four sons of his late friend, embraced them, spoke to them of their father, and while shedding tears to his memory, ordered a large coffer to be brought to him, which, upon being opened, was discovered to be filled with

dariques. "This," said he, "is the treasure which I have destined for you; I am going to divide it into four equal parts, and then I will tell each of you the road he must pursue to attain the summit of happiness.

Selim heard nothing; but he observed the genius with attention, and thought he discovered in his eyes and countenance an expression of cunning and malignity that gave him much suspicion. However he received with gratitude his share of the treasure. Abzim, after having thus enriched them, assuming an affectionate air, said, "My dear children, your happiness or misery depend on your meeting, sooner or later, a certain being named Bathmendi, of whom every one speaks, but very few are acquainted with." All unhappy mortals slowly seek him; I am your sincere friend, and will whisper in the ear of each of you where he will be able to find Bathmendi." At these words Abzim took Bekir, the eldest of the brothers, apart; "My son," said he, "nature has endowed you with courage, and great warlike talents; the King of Persia is sending an army against the Turks; join this army. It is in the Persian camp where you may find Bathmendi." Bekir thanked the genius, and was impatient to depart.

Abzim beckoned the second son to approach; it was Mesrou: "You have wit," said he, "dexterity, and a great disposition to tell lies; take the road to Ispahan, it is at Court you should seek Bathmendi."

He called the third brother, who was named Omir: "You," said he, "are endowed with a teeming and lively imagination, you regard objects, not as they really are, but as you wish them to be; you have often genius, but seldom common sense; you will become a poet; take the road to Agra; it is among the wits and beauties of that town that you may find Bathmendi."

Selim advanced in his turn, and thanks to the wax in his ears, heard not a word of what Abzim said. It has been since known that he advised him to become a Dervise.

The four brothers, after thanking the beneficent genius, returned to their habitation. The three eldest dreamed but of Bathmendi; Selim took the wax from his ears, and heard them arrange their departure, and propose selling their little house to the first bidder, that they might share the profit arising from it. Selim asked to become the purchaser; this they readily agreed

to : the house and field were valued, and he paid what was coming to each of his brothers, wished them much prosperity, embraced them tenderly, and remained alone under the paternal roof.

It was then he wished to execute a project he had long thought of. He loved the young Amina, daughter of a neighbouring peasant. Beauty and wisdom had lavished their choicest gifts upon Amina. She took care of her father's house, watched attentively over his declining years, and only asked of God two things—that her father might long be spared, and that she might become the wife of Selim. Her wishes were granted. Selim asked her hand, and obtained it. Amina's father consented to live with his beloved child, and taught Selim how to cultivate the land to advantage. Selim had still a little gold remaining, which was employed in improving his estate, and purchasing a flock of sheep ; the fields were soon doubled in value ; the sheep paid their tribute of wool, abundance reigned in his house, and as he was laborious, and his wife economical, each year augmented their revenue. Amina annually presented him with a pledge of their mutual love ; children who impoverish the wealthy sons of idleness, enrich the industrious cultivator of the fields. In seven years Selim was the father of seven blooming children, blessed with an amiable and virtuous wife, a wise and affectionate father-in-law, master of numerous slaves, and possessor of two flocks, he was the happiest and wealthiest farmer of all Kousistan.

Meanwhile his three brothers were running after Bathmendi. Bekir, on arriving at the Persian camp, had presented himself before the Grand Vizir, and begged to be enrolled in the corps most exposed to danger.

His figure and courage pleased the Vizir, who admitted him into a troop of cavalry. A few days after the battle took place ; it was bloody. Bekir wrought miracles, he saved the life of his general, and took prisoner the enemy's chief. Every one echoed Bekir's praises ; each soldier called him the hero of Persia ; and the grateful Vizir raised him to the rank of Officer General. "Abzim was right," thought Bekir, "it was here that fortune awaited me ; all foretels that I shall soon meet Bathmendi."

Bekir's success, and particularly his elevation, excited in the breasts of the Satrapes envy and murmuring. Some came to ask news of his father, and complained of having their debts compromised in his bankruptcy ; others pretended that his mother had been their slave ; and all refused to serve under him, because they were his seniors.

Bekir, unhappy even by his successes, lived solitary, always on his guard, always expecting

some outrage, which he could avenge, but not prevent ; he regretted the time when he was only a simple soldier, and waited with impatience for the termination of the war, when the Turks, with a fresh reinforcements, and commanded by a new general, came and attacked Bekir's division.

The Satrapes had long wished for this opportunity, and employed a hundred times more skill to have their general defeated, than they had in the whole course of their lives displayed to defend themselves. Bekir fought like a lion, but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. The Persian soldiers vainly resisted, their officers guided, and only prompted them to flight. The brave Bekir, abandoned, covered with wounds, sunk under the weight of them, and was taken by the Janissaries. The Turkish general was base enough to have him loaded with irons, as soon as he could bear them, and sent him to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

"Alas !" exclaimed he, "I begin to fear that Abzim has deceived me, for I cannot hope here to meet Bathmendi."

The war lasted fifteen years, and the Satrapes always prevented Bekir's being exchanged.—Peace at length restored him his liberty ; he immediately returned to Ispahan, and sought his friend the Vizier, whose life he had saved. It was three weeks before he could gain access to him ; at the expiration of this time he obtained an audience. Fifteen years imprisonment had greatly altered a very handsome young man. Bekir was scarcely to be recognized, and the Vizir did not remember him ; at last, on recalling the many glorious epochs of his life, he remembered that Bekir had formerly rendered him a trifling service. "Yes, yes, my friend," said he, "I remember you ; you are a brave fellow ; but the state is loaded with debts, a long war and great festivals have exhausted our finances ; however, call again, I will try, I will see, I will see." "But I am in want of bread, and for three weeks have sought the opportunity of speaking to your Highness. I should have died with hunger, if an old soldier, my former comrade, had not shared with me his pay." "This soldier's conduct is much to be commended," answered the Vizir, "it is truly affecting ; I will relate it to the King ; return to see me, you know I esteem you." Saying these words he turned his back on Bekir, who called the next day, but could not obtain an audience ; in despair he quitted the palace, resolving never to enter it again.

He travelled on till he came to the river Zondron ; overcome with fatigue, he fell at the foot of a tree ; there he reflected on the ingratitude

of Vizirs, and on all the troubles he had experienced; on those which still menaced him, and being no longer able to support his wretched existence, he arose with the intention of precipitating himself into the river. But just as he had reached it, he found himself closely encircled in the arms of a mendicant, who bathed his face with tears, and sobbing cried, "It is my brother, it is my brother Bekir!" Bekir looked, and recognized Mesrou.

Doubtless every man feels pleasure in meeting a long lost brother; but a wretched being without resources, without friends, and in despair on the point of hastening his fate, thinks he beholds an angel descending from heaven, in seeing a beloved brother. These were the sentiments Bekir and Mesrou experienced; they clasped each other in their arms, and melted into tears; and after having given a few moments to affection, they regarded each other with looks of surprise and affliction. "You are then as miserable as myself," cried Bekir, "This is the first moment of happiness I have felt," answered Mesrou, "since we separated." At these words the unfortunate brothers again embraced; and Mesrou, seated beside Bekir, thus commenced his history:—

You remember the fatal day in which we visited Abzim. This perfidious genius told me I might find Bathmendi, whom we all wished so much to meet, at Court. I followed his fatal advice, and soon arrived at Ispahan. There I became acquainted with a young slave, who belonged to the mistress of the first secretary of the Grand Vizir. This slave loved me, and presented me to her mistress, who, finding me handsomer and younger than her lover, invited me to her house, and made me pass for her brother. She soon introduced me to the Vizir, and in a few days I obtained an employment in the palace.

I had only to pursue the path that had led me so high; and as the Sultan's mother was old and ugly, but enjoyed absolute sway, I took care assiduously to pay her my court. She distinguished me, and displayed as much friendship towards me as the slave and her mistress had formerly done. From this instant honour and riches rained down upon me. The Sultana obliged the Sophi to give me all the gold of the treasury; all the dignities of the state. The monarch himself was graciously disposed towards me; he loved to converse with me, because I flattered with address, and my counsels were always in unison with his desires—These were the means I employed to make him do what I wished, which did not fail to happen. At the expiration of three years I was at the same time first minister and favourite of the King, beloved by his mother, and had the

power of naming and changing the Vizirs. Nothing was decided without the sanction of my authority. Every morning all the nobility of the empire attended my levee to obtain from me a smile of protection.

In the midst of my glory and success I was astonished at not finding Bathmendi. This idea, and the hurried life I led, poisoned all my pleasures. The Sultana grew every day more capricious as she descended into the vale of years.—She often burst forth, without cause, into violent fits of jealousy, loaded me with reproaches, and finished with caresses still more fatiguing than her injuries. On the other side, my elevation drew around me a crowd of tiresome courtiers, and awoke enmity in the minds of thousands. For every favour I granted, one single mouth scarcely offered me thanks, while I was cursed by thousands. The generals I appointed were defeated, and I bore the blame of their disasters. The King's good actions were solely his; but all his evil ones were placed to my account. I was detested by the people; all the Court held me in abhorrence; numerous libels attacked my fame; my master often frowned on me; the Sultana incessantly tormented me, and Bathmendi seemed to be still further than ever from my grasp.

The King's passion for a young Mingrilian completed my misfortune. All the court looked up to her, hoping the mistress might by her influence turn out the minister. I parried this blow by uniting with her, and in flattering the King. But this passion became so violent, that he decided to espouse his mistress, and asked my advice. For some days my answers were evasive. The Sultana, fearing her power would end with her son's marriage, came and declared to me, that if I did not prevent their nuptials, she would have me murdered on the day of their celebration. An hour after the Mingrilian came, and swore that if I did not oblige the King to marry her I should be strangled the next day. My situation was truly embarrassing; I must chuse the dagger, the rope, or flight; I embraced the latter. Disguised as you see I escaped from the palace, with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will purchase me ease and convenience with you in some retired part of Indostan, far from Sultanas, Mingrilian favourites, and the splendid vanity of courts.

After this, Bekir related his adventures to Mesrou. They both agreed that it would have been as well if they had not entered the mazy paths of a capricious world, and that the wisest thing they could do would be to return to their brother Selim, at Kowsistan; where Mesrou's diamonds would ensure them a comfortable subsistence. After this resolution they began their

journey, and travelled several days without meeting any adventure.

As they were traversing the province of Kousistan, they arrived at a little village, where they proposed to pass the night. It was a day of festivity; on entering the village they observed a number of rustic children walking, conducted by a schoolmaster of a very shabby appearance, and who, with his eyes bent to the ground, seemed wrapped in thought. On approaching and examining his features, what was their surprise? It was Omir, their brother, whom they embraced. "What, my friend," exclaimed Bekir, "Oh, is it thus genius is recompensed!" "You see," replied Omir, "valour meets with much the same reward; but the philosopher finds great subject for reflection, and that is some consolation." Saying this, he conducted the children home to their parents, and then led Bekir and Mesrou into his little cottage, and prepared with his own hands some rice for their supper; and after having listened to his brothers' adventures, he related his own in the following words:—

The genius Abzim, who I very much suspect to delight in mischief, advised me to seek this yet unfound Bathmendi among the wits and beauties, in the splendid city of Agra. I arrived there, and before I made myself known I wished to complete a work that might make me enter the literary world with *eclat*. At the end of a month my book appeared, it was a complete description of all human sciences, in a little volume, in 18mo, of sixty pages, divided into chapters; each chapter contained a tale, and each tale taught a science.

My work met with prodigious success. Some critics, indeed, chose to say it was rather tedious, but all the first people purchased it, and this consoled me for what they had pleased to advance. I was sought after, and invited by all who thought themselves learned; all I did was admirable; none was spoken of but Omir; I was courted by every body; and the favourite Sultana wrote me a note, without orthography, to beg I would visit the court.

Courage, thought I; Abzim has not deceived me, my fame is at its height, I will support myself by means more secure than intrigue; I will please, I will charm, and I shall find Bathmendi.

I met with a very gracious reception in the palace of the Great Mogul; the favourite Sultana publicly declared herself my protectress, presented me to the Emperor, desired me to write verses, gave me a pension, admitted me to her supper parties, and swore to me a hundred times a day sentiments of friendship. On my side, I devoted my heart to unbounded gratitude,

and promised to consecrate my days to sing and celebrate my benefactress. I composed a poem in her praise, in which the sun was but a false gem compared to her eyes; where the ivory, the coral, the finest pearls were nothing beside her face, her lips, and her teeth. These crafty and delicate praises ensured me her support.

I fancied I almost beheld Bathmendi, when my protectress quarrelled with the Vizir, because he refused to give the government of a province to the son of her confectioner. Enraged at his audacity she asked the Emperor to banish the insolent minister, but the Emperor esteemed his Vizir, and refused his favourite. Then it was necessary to form a regular plan of intrigue to overthrow the Vizir. I was of the plot, and received orders to compose an acrimonious satire. It is not difficult to write a satire, mine was soon completed, and tolerably good; it was read with avidity, which is always the case.

The Vizir soon discovered the author, he sought the favourite, presented her the government he had refused, and an order to receive a hundred thousand *dariques* from the Royal treasury; and for all this only asked her permission to condemn me to a death by hunger in a dungeon. It is a trifle, answered the favourite, I am too happy in being able to oblige you. I will, if you wish, immediately send for that insolent wretch, who has dared to insult you, notwithstanding my express orders to the contrary, and I will deliver him into your hands." Happily a slave who was present came and apprized me of my danger, I had only time to escape. Since that period I have traversed Indostan, scarcely gaining a subsistence by writing romances and verses for booksellers, who cheated me, and were more severe on my talents than their own consciences, and even would not allow that my style possessed merit; when I had money, my writings were sublime, no sooner was I in poverty, than I wrote nothing but nonsense. At last, disgusted and tired of enlightening the world, I have preferred teaching peasants to read; I established myself in this village, where I eat brown-bread without any hope of finding Bathmendi.

"Leaving it, and returning with us to our native village depends entirely upon you," said Mesrou, "where some diamonds I take with me will ensure ease and comfort." They easily prevailed on Omir to accompany them, and the next day the three brothers left the village, and took the road of Kousistan.

After journeying for a few days they approached the habitation of Selim: the idea of seeing him gave them hope, but that hope was not unmingled with fear.

"Shall we find our brother, we left him very

poor; how could he have met with Bathmendi, since he did not seek him?" said Omir; "I have deeply reflected on that Bathmendi whom Abzin mentioned to us, and truly I suspect the genius only meant to laugh at us. Bathmendi does not exist, and has never existed; for since Bekir did not find him when he commanded the Persian army; since Mesrou never heard of him when he was the favourite of the great king; since I could not even guess who he was, when fortune and glory showered down their favours upon me, it is plain that Bathmendi is an imaginary being, a chimera, after which all men run, because they are all fond of running."

He was going to prove that Bathmendi was not an inhabitant of this world, when suddenly a band of robbers rushed from the rocks, surrounded the travellers, and commanded them to give up all they had. Bekir wished to resist, but four of the villains presented their daggers, and took every thing from him, scarcely leaving enough of clothes to cover him, while their comrades did the same to Mesrou. After this ceremony, which was the affair of a moment, the chief wished them a good journey, and departed.

"This proves the truth of my reasoning," said Omir, looking at his brothers. "Ah! the villains," exclaimed Bekir, "they have torn my sword from me." "Ah! my poor diamonds," sighed Mesrou.

It was now night, and the unfortunate brothers hastened to go in Selim's house; they soon arrived, and the sight of it filled their eyes with tears; all their fears recommenced and they dared not knock. While they were balancing, Bekir perceived a hole in the window-shutter, and got upon a large stone and looked in. In a room very neatly furnished he discovered Selim, seated at table, surrounded by twelve children, who were eating, laughing, and chattering; on his right sat Amina, who was cutting the food of her youngest child; and on his left was a little old man of a very mild and pleasing countenance, who was filling a glass for Selim. At this spectacle Bekir joyfully leaped from the stone, and clasping his brothers in his arms, knocked loudly at the door. A servant opened, who, seeing three men of their strange appearance, uttered a loud scream. Selim advanced, and found himself encircled in the warm embraces of his long-lost brothers. He was at first astonished, but soon recognized Bekir, Mesrou, and Omir, returned their embraces, and presented them to Amina, his children, and the little old man, who still remained at table; he then brought them

three suits of his own clothes to replace their tattered rags.

"Alas!" said the affected Bekir, "your fate recompences us for all we have suffered; since the instant of our separation, our lives have been a continued chain of misfortunes, and we have not even caught a glimpse of that Bathmendi." "I readily believe you," said the little old man, "for I have not stirred from hence."

"What!" cried Mesrou, "you are——"

"I am Bathmendi," rejoined he. "It is perfectly natural you should not know me, since you never before beheld me; but ask Selim, ask the good Amina, and all these little children; there is not one but can lisp my name. I have lived here fifteen years, and in that time have only left my friends one day, and that was the one on which Amina lost her father; but I returned, and have promised myself never to withdraw again. It depends upon you, gentlemen adventurers, to make my acquaintance, if it pleases you I shall be very glad; if you do not care, I can do without you. I am not troublesome; I remain in my corner, never dispute, and detest noise."

The three brothers, who during this speech had been gazing on him with admiration, now wished to embrace him. "Softly," cried he, "I do not like these violent emotions. I am extremely delicate, and pressing stifles me. We must also be friends before we caress. If you wish to become mine, you must not trouble yourselves too much about me. I prefer ease to politeness, and all that is not moderate is my aversion." Saying these words he arose, kissed each of the children, bowed to the brothers, and smiling at Selim and Amina, left the room. Selim ordered beds to be prepared for his brothers and resumed his seat at the table; after having heartily supped they all retired to rest.

The next morning Selim showed them his fields, his flocks, and his oxen, and described all the pleasures he enjoyed. Bekir resolved to till the ground immediately, and he soon became the friend of Bathmendi; Mesrou who had been first minister, turned first shepherd of the farm; the poet took upon him the charge of going to town to sell the corn, wool, and milk, which was sent to market; his eloquence attracted custom, and he was as useful as the rest. At the end of six months Bathmendi was perfectly pleased with them, and their days gently glided on in the bosom of happiness.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF THE MODE;

OR,

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAMES.

SIR ROBERT —, the father of the present Sir —, was a man of mean birth, mean fortune, and a still meaner soul; being successful, however, in his trade, he amassed immense wealth. His former meanness was now forgotten; he purchased a baronetage, and to give it greater weight, a borough. His services to the ministry rendered him a favourite at court; and he now acted that part of servility in a more splendid scene which he had formerly exhibited in his shop. The most singular trait in his character was a peculiar shrewdness of remark; and I remember one of his maxims, which is still repeated with praise, "Nothing is lost," he would say, "in the purchase of promotion, by general flattery, the only current coin of courts: it is buying a commodity with bad money; the seller is indeed a dupe, but the buyer is certainly a gainer." With this species of Scotch morality, it is no reasonable subject of surprise that Sir Robert was the favourite of a court.

There was something, however, still wanting to Sir Robert. His baronetage, his seat in parliament, and his court favour had indeed advanced his consequence. He had been appointed chairman of many petty societies; and where the business was not of too great importance, had appeared in the list of a Select Committee. He had ventured to propose several new turnpikes; and, to the astonishment of his warmest friends, once defended the utility of a navigable canal, even in a full house. Something, however, was still wanting to inspire him with greater confidence. His former occupation, in a low and menial trade, was not so wholly forgotten, but that the rival candidate of his borough interest would sometimes recall it to his memory; he was even fearful of giving his silent *aye* with too much warmth of gesture, lest the Opposition should level a jest at so respectable an associate of their adversaries.

To guard against these inconveniences, nothing could be fully effectual but to increase his consequence to a point which must awe them to respect. He had recourse to the usual means—a matrimonial alliance. His friends procured him a wife to his wishes, one who as heartily despised him as she loved his wealth. Sir Robert, however, according to his own expression, was here even with her; for he hated her person as much as he admired her quality. This mutual

hatred and mutual attachment, however, are the usual foundation of a fashionable union; Sir Robert therefore received the hand of the lady as the patent of a new title. The present Sir — was the only issue of this marriage; and became so strong a cement, that the subsequent affection of Sir Robert and his Lady could only be equalled by their former contempt—an effect of matrimony more usual than credible.

Sir Robert was resolved that his son should enjoy those advantages of which the narrow circumstances of his early life had deprived himself. "I tremble," said Sir Robert, "when I rise to propose a turnpike; but it shall not be so with my son, he shall propose a budget without a blush. I hesitate when I fix a parish-rate; it shall not be so with my son, he shall tax a nation with a confidence as unblushing as the Premier himself; he shall stand unmoved amidst contending benches, and command order with the dignity and authority of the Chair himself." Such were the resolutions of Sir Robert, and such his rule of education for his only son and heir.

Nor was the care of the lady less occupied upon the future figure of her son. About a year before her union with Sir Robert, she had been addressed by a libertine of fashion; but as her lover had started a better fortune, he had not hesitated to desert his former pursuit, and hunt his new game. He had married this his second mistress but a few months before the lady herself accepted the hand of Sir Robert; and it was to resentment of this infidelity, perhaps, that Sir Robert owed the rapid success of his solicitation. She had not as yet forgotten this injury, and the first wish of her heart was revenge upon her faithless lover. I relate these circumstances, because they are necessary to the narrative, and will furnish a singular example as well of the permanence, as of the long reach and persevering progress of female vengeance. In one word, the lady was resolved to employ her son as the instrument of her revenge upon her lover, and determined to educate him upon a system suited to this purpose.

"The manly and regular features of my son," said she, "resemble those of my lover. His manners and accomplishments shall have the same similitude. He shall be the same seductive libertine, have the same brilliancy of fashion, contempt of morals, and gay indifference to every

thing which the more vulgar part of his species esteem of importance; by this means will he become an effectual means of my vengeance. The daughters of my lover shall be his first attempt; he shall return upon them the injury I have received from their father; my vengeance may perhaps still be complete. The wife of my perjured lover may be the victim of my son's seduction. Glorious vengeance! I will hesitate no longer!"

Such was the purpose of this lady in the education of her son; and so lively and durable was her resolution, that she persevered in this system from the earliest years of her son's youth to the final accomplishment of her purpose. Such was the origin of the character of Sir —; and you will find the harvest has not disappointed the hopes of the cultivators.

At the proper age he was sent to Westminster School; his father and mother very properly considered this as the *menage* of his future life and character. They did not fail, therefore, to accompany their adieu upon his departure with suitable advice.

"Remember boy," said Sir Robert, "the sole end of your life is promotion, and that of your education the talents to attain it. Be it your's therefore, to acquire these means of your elevation—a never-blushing confidence and a command of face. Be it your's to obtain that constancy of purpose, that obstinacy of resolution, that the hiss of the united nation shall in vain assail your resolved mind. Remember that worth is utility with another name."

Thus spoke the father, nor did the lady address her son with less earnestness or less effect: she presented him with a splendid edition of Chesterfield; and with a parting embrace, commanded him, as he valued her parental blessing, to study it, and resemble its all-accomplished author. "Remember," said she, "that the true end of your life is pleasure, and that fortune and honour are to be sought but as the means of its attainment. Where is the value of the Ribbon, but that it recommends you with more effect to your mistress? Where is the value of wealth, but that it supplies you with the sources of pleasure? Be it your's, therefore, to unite the talents of pleasure with those less necessary qualities of business—remember the Graces."

With such advice was the young Sir — dismissed to the scene of a public school; nor was it long before he began to fulfil the hopes of his parents: his expences were so far beyond his allowance, that it became necessary to double the original appointment: every post brought a complaint of the irregularity and contempt of discipline of the young Sir —. The father began at length to be somewhat alarmed; but as

the vacation approached, he waited with patience to judge with his own eyes.

The young Sir — at length arrived; his voice was manly, his air confident, and his deportment haughty. Sir Robert was satisfied. "This boy will do," exclaimed he; "he will not blush at an Income tax!"

Sir Robert, upon this reflection, embraced him with new rapture; and as he threw his eyes upon his features, already fancied himself in the presence of a future Premier. Nor did the mother regard him with less interest or less satisfaction: his person was well composed, and his features marked with the characters of manliness; his conversation was not without gaiety; in one word, his whole air was that of a youthful libertine. His mother could scarcely contain her rapture as she made this observation.

Having thus run his course through Westminster, he was sent to college for the finish of his education. His talents, and the happiness of his nature, were equally conspicuous upon this as upon his former stage; his fame was soon spread through the University; and the heart of his mother beat with rapture when she found him to have become a too fashionable libertine for the sobriety of collegiate discipline. An allowance liberal to excess at once excited and gratified his most turbulent passions. The gay propensities of his nature were still further encouraged by the praises and example of his companions: it was true that his irregularities would sometimes reach the ear of his tutor; but as Sir — drank claret, the tutor had the prudence to overlook any deficiency in his conduct, in the redundancy of his table. The young Sir —, indeed, would sometimes conceal a mistress in his chamber; the matter would become whispered in the Hall, and the tutor would pronounce a public remonstrance. A tutor, however, is not a Cato; though the son of Sir Robert, "*dando et largiundo*," appeared to emulate a Cæsar.

In this manner was performed the collegiate course of the young Sir —, and in the same manner, with equal splendor and equal profit, is performed that of a thousand others. His mother no sooner beheld him upon the conclusion of this second act of his education, than she exclaimed in a rapture, that he had exceeded her fondest hopes: she even uttered an apostrophe to the long departed spirit of the bearded Alfred, by whose pious care and munificent protection the collegiate towers had raised their lofty heads. "Let the blockheads who mistake the spirit of these courtly institutions, let them," exclaimed she, "drone away their lives in the pursuit of science; it has been your's, my son, to avail yourself of their real utility: from a constrained

attendance upon their chapels, you have contracted a wise indifference to all religions; from an unconstrained indulgence in every pleasure, you have formed yourself by habit to pursue it as the only end of life!"

Nor was the satisfaction of his father less than that of the lady herself: as he regarded the *area frons*, the haughty air of defiance, and the countenance which was never disgraced by a blush, of this his only son and future hope and representative, he found it equally difficult to contain his paternal satisfaction. "This boy will do," said he: "a Premier himself would not blush to acknowledge him for his own: what, indeed, may I not expect from him! he may suspend the Habeas Corpus act, and double a national debt!"

Such were the mutual congratulations of Sir Robert and his Lady upon their survey of the qualities of their hopeful heir. The last act, however, of fashionable education still remained, and the son of Sir Robert was sent upon his grand tour. But previous to his departure his father and mother had been equally anxious to provide him with proper companions, nor was this anxiety fruitless; they had procured a Scotch tutor, with the morality and happy dexterity which, to do them justice, is not uncommon with this class of the learned. This gentleman was not without learning; but he had what recommended him with more force, a spirit of servility and of the most courtly compliance: he was a declared infidel, and as such, Sir Robert observed, could not fill the head of his son with those prejudices of conscience which might be a check to him in his progress to future dignity—the sole end of all Sir Robert's aims and hopes:—he had been expelled the kirk for blasphemy; but blasphemy, as Sir Robert well observed, was no small argument of confidence; and who could deny that confidence was a talent of value to a minister? He had, moreover, been kicked; but patience, according to the opinion of Sir Robert, was equally ministerial with confidence:—he finished this remark by engaging the tutor at a salary of five hundred a year. Nor did his mother delay to add another member to his travelling suite—this was a French dancing-master: but as this fellow had formerly been a corporal in one of the regiments of Calais, and deserted from it to seek a fortune upon the opposite shore, it was arranged that he should not join our traveller till his entrance into Italy. The young gentleman himself added the third, and perhaps most necessary of all his suite—an Italian opera-dancer. You must not, however, suppose that this was without the knowledge of the good lady, his mother; for, to do justice to her tender affection to her son, she no sooner learned this addition to his

party, than she prevailed upon his father to add another five hundred to his appointment, for the support of Signora in all due splendour. Sir Robert, indeed, was somewhat inclined to hold out against this new demand; but as the lady happened fortunately to observe that intrigue was a ministerial talent, Sir Robert, without further hesitation, nodded, and signed.

You now, therefore, behold the young Sir—on his travels in the style, suite, and equipage of an English gentleman;—a Scotch tutor, an infidel and an apostate, a disciple of Hume, and an *élève* of Smith—a French dancing-master—and an Italian mistress!—Add to this, an allowance of two thousand a year, and such a confidence in the blind indulgence of his father, that he would not hesitate, upon occasion, to draw upon him to one half of the amount of his estate; and you have a finished image of the young Sir—upon his grand tour: nor indeed of him alone—*ex uno disce omnes*; he may stand for the whole class of his country—our young travelling Nobles.

The travels of our hero were not without their full fruit and effect; he had indeed too much spirit and too much money not to reap the usual benefits of the grand tour. With the happy industry of the bee, he collected something upon every ground; and with so much ardour did he apply himself to these attainments, that he was soon celebrated in every country as one who possessed, in the highest degree, what was considered as their peculiar vice, and as it were characteristic disgrace. Thus, whilst in France, he outdid the court itself in a studied inconsistency of his performance with his professions; he no sooner obtained an introduction into a family, than, remembering his favourite and model, Chesterfield, he cultivated the good graces of the females, and repaid the kindness of his host with seduction or adultery. An affair of this nature occasioned a challenge:—our traveller had something of our national courage; he delayed not, therefore, to meet the injured husband, and, to use his own expression, being a tolerable marksman, shot him through the head! the guilty wife, the cause of this rather unlucky adventure, had traced the combatants to the spot; she arrived in the moment in which her injured husband received the ball of his adversary, and her arms grasped his dying body. The young Sir—, with his usual courtly politeness, advanced to conduct her to a more pleasing scene; but though the approach was made with all his usual grace, and according to the strict rules of Chesterfield, the lady repulsed him with a look of horror, and still further increased his astonishment by a torrent of the most passionate reproach. She accused him of having availed

himself of one of her unguarded moments—one of her moments of levity and irregular passion, and thus betrayed her into this crime against her husband—a husband whom she loved in the same degree in which she had ever despised, and now abhorred his murderer!

The young Sir ——— was agast with astonishment:—he doubted, however, the sincerity of this address; and to put it to the proof, again renewed his entreaties. The lady, however, again repelled him; and perceiving a brace of pistols yet undischarged laying upon the ground, she seized them, and presenting one towards the breast of her seducer:—

“But we will not die unrevenged!” exclaimed she, “nor shalt thou survive to triumph!”

Saying this, she discharged the pistol, and the young Sir ——— fell to all appearance dead. The remaining pistol she presented, and discharged into her own bosom. Its effect, as may well be supposed, was immediate: she fell upon the body of her husband, threw her arms around his neck, and pressing him to her heart, now in the convulsions of death, breathed her last sigh in his arms!

You will now, perhaps, enquire what was the situation of our traveller, who had fallen to every appearance breathless, from the ball of the repentant subject of his seduction: the ball, indeed, had entered his body, and the future premier had never revived to open a budget, had not the happy fate of the nation, or of himself, brought his Scotch tutor to the spot of combat. This gentleman had too much philosophy to be extravagantly agitated by any thing; he could not, however, survey the field and the three bodies without some emotion both of surprise and alarm. As he was of that Scotch philosophy which considers self-love as the centre of all moral motion, his first resolution was to return to his apartments, and leave every thing as he had found it upon his arrival. He had not time, however, to execute this resolution; for our young traveller happened in this moment to open his eyes, and to recognise his friend and tutor. He was immediately conveyed to his lodgings, and his wound was found to be less dangerous than was imagined. In a word, the strength of his constitution, and, to do him justice, the fortitude with which he supported a most painful operation, at length succeeded; and in a few weeks after his confinement, his health was fully restored.

You may think, perhaps, that an affair of a nature so fatal might have produced a reformation in his manners and pursuits; but our traveller was too much a man of fashion to be long affected by what he considered as an accident of fortune.—“As to the husband, I shot him

fairly,” said he, “as he would have wished to have shot me:—as to the wife, plague take her for a fool, she shot herself!—In what have I offended?”

In this manner did he reconcile himself to the fatal effects of his duel and amour; nor did his tutor hesitate to give his assent to this logic. Our traveller, therefore, was restored to peace as to health.

From Paris he departed towards Italy, and Rome soon became the scene of his pleasures, and the admiring spectatress of his folly. A daughter of one of the most noble families had taken the vows but a few weeks previous to his arrival; her beauty was the subject of general conversation, and her voluntary desertion from a world whose pleasures she appeared so formed to taste, was equally the subject of surprise and applause. Our travellers had undertaken their tour for no other purpose than to see in every country what was most singular;—could any thing, therefore, be more natural than their anxiety to behold this female miracle?

It was thus that the Scotch tutor encouraged the desire which his pupil expressed to gratify this laudable curiosity. This gentleman, indeed, like many others of the same class, was one of the most complaisant of men, and had such a laudable regard to the pleasures and even the caprices of his young companion, that, whatever might be the profligacy or wickedness of any of his proposals, it was sufficient for him that it was proposed; he delayed not to lend his heart and hand to its accomplishment:—such was this worthy tutor!

Our young traveller, therefore, whom I shall hereafter call by the name of the *Man of the Mode*, for you must acknowledge that he has well merited this appellation, had no sooner expressed his desire to rally the nun, than his tutor contrived the means of their first interview. In a word, the Man of the Mode scaled the walls of the convent garden, and appeared, to her surprise and terror, at the feet of the lady: she had the spirit, however, to repulse him with merited disdain.

The Man of the Mode was too accustomed to these first defences to be thus diverted from his pursuit: he had recourse to other means—he bribed her attendants, her companions, and even her confessor. By the perfidy of her confidant, he at length concealed himself in her dormitory. The nun had no sooner retired to her bed, than he appeared upon his knees at her side; his tears, his oaths, his tender and passionate address at length excited her pity, and she suffered herself to be persuaded not to summon the convent to her assistance. As the portress, however, according to the rules of the house, had

locked on the outside the door of the dormitory, it was impossible he should retreat; the nun was therefore contented with commanding him to the furthest part of her chamber. The Man of the Mode obeyed; his feelings, however, were too great to be restrained; he burst into tears, and took care that he should not be unheard. The nun endeavoured to console him; in a word, her heart was softened, her vows forgotten, and she fell a victim to his seduction! The intercourse continued for some months; when, to their mutual terror, the unhappy nun became pregnant!

The laws of the Holy See condemn to the most cruel death the breach of chastity; nor was our traveller himself exempt from the same penalty. It is impossible, therefore, to describe the mutual terror of the parties upon this discovery of the consequences of their amour. There appeared, however, but one means of escape—that of flight: upon this, therefore, they mutually resolved; and it was agreed that it should be put in execution the same evening:—the nun was to be in the gardens of the convent at an appointed time; her lover was to scale the walls, and receiving her in his arms, break open a gate, and depart for England. By this expectation the fears of the lady were in some degree softened; and after a repeated flood of tears, as if divining what was to happen, suffered her lover to depart.

The Man of the Mode had no sooner left the convent, than he went in search of his tutor, and without further delay informed him of his difficulty, and his proposed method of escape. The gentleman heard him with his usual attention and complaisance, but at length interrupted him.

“Is the lady to accompany us in our flight?” said he.

“Doubtless,” replied the Man of the Mode, and with a look of some astonishment; “but why that question?”

“Do you still love her?” rejoined the tutor.

The Man of the Mode replied with a gay negative; adding, that he had started new game.

“Then the nun must not accompany us,” returned the tutor; “it will only occasion a pursuit from which it will be impossible for us to escape. Our lives are at stake; let us not lose a moment. If we fly before your crime is known, we shall gain such ground, that we may defy them; but if we take the nun, we are lost.”

This argument was decisive:—horses were ordered; and the Man of the Mode and his worthy tutor departed, leaving the nun to her fate!—They arrived at the seaport without obstacle or pursuit.

You will enquire, perhaps, what was the fate of the nun. The travellers, as I have said, gained the coast without interruption: here, however, they could find no vessel, and therefore were compelled to wait for their passage. This time, as I have heard from the travellers themselves, passed very heavily—from remorse perhaps?—not at all; but the opera had been suspended from some mismanagement of its conductors.

One day, however, they happened to enter a coffee-house, and to take up a newspaper. The first paragraph was as follows:—

“They write from Rome that a most melancholy occurrence has become the subject of conversation and curiosity throughout the court and city:”—here the name of the nun was mentioned.—“A daughter of the house of Colonna, and a nun of the convent of St. —, after some days of insanity, of which no cause is known, had at length disappeared. All efforts to recover her have hitherto been fruitless; it is generally believed she has drowned herself in one of the numerous lakes with which the neighbourhood of the city abounds. The cause of this melancholy event is totally unknown.”

“What can have become of her?” said the Man of the Mode as he read this.

His companion and tutor had no time to answer this demand; for the attention both of the enquirer and himself was in the same instant called off by a crowd collected opposite to the windows of the tavern; the hoots and laughter of the mob attracted the Man of the Mode and his tutor to the window, to know the subject of their unusual merriment. The first object which saluted their eyes was that of a lunatic, whose dishevelled hair, and wildness of look and gesture, excited alternately the tears and involuntary laughter of the surrounding mob. She at length turned her eyes towards the window, and the Man of the Mode recognised the nun!—The Man of the Mode blushed!

Seeing, however, that the shattered reason of his mistress left her no recollection of him, he regained his composure, and consulted with his tutor in what manner to act. It was at length resolved that the landlord of the house should conduct her, as an unknown patient, to the public receptacle of lunatics, and should pay the usual fee for her admission. This was accordingly executed; and the whole town commended the charity of the English gentlemen, who could thus feel and pay for unhappy strangers.

The Man of the Mode, indeed, was at first inclined to inform her relations of her situation; but, as the tutor observed that this might perhaps enable them to trace their acquaintance with her, and thus might lead to some suspicion

of what had hitherto so wholly escaped them, the design was laid aside. A few days afterwards they departed from the city, and returned to England.

Such was the Man of the Mode upon his entrance on his grand tour, and such were the advantages which, in common with many others of his countrymen, he derived from it. With these improvements did he return to the expecting arms of his mother. His father was no more:—I had forgotten to mention this incident in the period in which it happened—that is to say, whilst our travellers were upon their tour. His mother, however, received him with a transport of maternal affection, and regarded with equal wonder and rapture the indeed visible change in his person and manners.

Being thus in every respect completed, and by a fashionable education adapted to her long-retained purpose, nothing further remained but to unfold it, and excite him to its immediate execution. She did not long delay this avowal; and the Man of the Mode adopted her revenge, and approved of the means with a piety truly filial:—not a moment was lost; a new equipage was ordered, and upon its completion, the Man of the Mode, without further delay, departed for the scene of action.

The faithless lover of his mother had married, as we have already mentioned, a woman of no less virtue than more brilliant accomplishments. A daughter was the only fruit of this union; and at the period of this first visit of the Man of the Mode, she had entered her seventeenth year. She possessed the beauty and merit of her mother; her character, however, perhaps from an uninterrupted residence in the country, and a fondness for books of imagination, had something of a dangerous sensibility, and an excess of warmth and confidence, which made her a too easy victim to the hand which was now preparing for her sacrifice. Upon this his first interview, he could not fail to see the foible of his mistress;—upon this foible he built as upon a foundation.

As he returned home from his visit, he revolved in his mind the means of success.—“Her virtue,” said he, “to which she is attached with all the passionate ardour of her nature, is too well founded to be shaken by an immediate attack upon itself: there are no means of betraying her, but by making this virtue itself the instrument of its own ruin; her sensibility, her enthusiasm, the romance and sickly delicacy of her mind must be in the same moment my aim and instruments—by these I cannot fail.”

He had no sooner resolved upon this plan of conduct, than with a persevering industry, which is not unfrequently found in Men of the Mode in the pursuit of any extraordinary mischief, he

followed it without weariness or deviation through its minutest steps. His advantages of travel, and a brilliancy of address, were too successful in the attacks upon the heart of the inexperienced girl; her age was that of love—that season of life when the soul is alive to every impression of tenderness. The Man of the Mode, however, was not without those talents of eloquence which enabled him to improve and advance this prejudice. To adapt himself more to the foibles of his mistress, and to represent in his own that image of excellence with which her favourite romances had furnished the mind of the unsuspecting girl, he hesitated not to adopt the style, and even the manners of her most adored heroes. In a word, these arts had so well succeeded, that he was loved with a warmth and sincerity which could only be equalled by his own hypocrisy: he saw his advantage, and resolved, without further delay, to avail himself of what he too justly considered as signs of weakness.

During all this time he had said nothing of marriage; the equality of their rank and even fortune had, doubtless, rendered this the understood motive of his visits and attention: he had hitherto, however, avoided every mention of this subject;—though the modesty of his mistress would not admit her to appear to notice this silence, the increasing tenderness of her affection could not but feel its cruelty. She would sometimes steal a look of languor, and when his eyes happened to meet her own, would withdraw them with confusion. The Man of the Mode saw his time: the affection of his mistress was now at its full height. He hesitated not, therefore, to fix the day; but upon one of those excuses so ready to men of intrigue, he insisted that the ceremony should be performed privately, and without the knowledge of any one but themselves. This proposal appeared extraordinary: he demanded her consent, however, as a proof of her love and confidence, and she hesitated not to comply.

The unhappy girl was thus put off her guard. The nuptials were to take place within a fortnight after the day on which it was thus appointed; this time, therefore, appeared to her fixed beyond recall; her love, her confidence were thus raised to their full height. Unsuspicious of any thing, unconscious of her own weakness, and not doubting the intention of her lover, she hesitated not to grant him a private meeting. The Man of the Mode was too versed in intrigue to seek to avail himself of this first imprudence. A second and a third interview passed without any consequence. Her confidence thus increased; a fourth was demanded, and granted;—it is needless to add that her virtue submitted.

The Man of the Mode no sooner left the scene of his triumph, than he flew to the arms of his mother, and proclaimed his success.—It is difficult to describe the rapture of her joy upon this conclusion of her revenge.

The Man of the Mode, to dissolve his connection with the unhappy victim of his seduction with perfect honour, wrote to her father, demanding her in marriage, with a portion double to what he knew it was either in his intention or even power to give her:—the proposal was of consequence rejected, and the Man of the Mode, with every suitable formality, declined his visits.

The young lady was for some days astonished at the absence, and still more at the unusual silence of her lover. Perceiving the impression that the young Sir — had made upon the mind of her daughter, her mother had the pru-

dence to endeavour to conceal this termination. The secret, however, could not long escape.

It is needless to add what were the emotions of this victim of fashionable seduction upon the full knowledge of her misfortune: it will be sufficient to say that another patient was added to the justly celebrated Dr. W—. Her madness, however, was not without those lucid intervals which are, perhaps, more wretched than the disease itself. In one of those intervals she was seized with the pains of childbirth: her sense of the infamy of her situation occasioned the immediate return of a more furious insanity: her keepers were unable to retain her. With a convulsive strength she broke from their grasp; and throwing herself headlong against an opposite wall, scattered her brains on the floor.—Thus ends the history of the hitherto course of the Man of the Mode.

Your's, &c. R H—.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

DEDICATION OF THE CHINESE TRANSLATOR TO
THE EMPEROR TAI-TSU.

Most gracious Son of Heaven!

It is your Majesty's most ardent desire to see your people happy. This alone is the aim of your unwearied endeavours; the grand object of your deliberations, the substance of your laws and commands, the soul of all the laudable undertakings which you commence and accomplish, and that which preserves you from harm, which you, after the example of other great men, might do, and do not.

How happy would you be yourself, O! best of kings! if it were alike easy to wish a nation happy, and to make them so! if, like the King of Heaven, you need only to will, in order to perform, only to speak and see your sentiments converted into actions!

But, how unhappy would you probably be, were you to know, at how remote a distance, with all your endeavours, the execution remains behind your wishes. The numberless assistants, of such various classes, orders, and species, amongst whom you are obliged to divide your power, since nature sets bounds even to the most unlimited monarch; the necessity you are under of relying in almost all things on the instruments of your benevolent intentions, renders you—be not alarmed at the disagreeable but salutary

truth—the most dependent of all the inhabitants of your immense domain. It is but too often in the power of an ambitious, an hypocritical, a vindictive, a rapacious,—yet, why accumulate the names of the passions and vices, when I may comprise them all in one word—a man doing in your sacred name exactly the reverse of what you intend. Each day, each hour, I may even say in every moment of your reign, in the wide circuit of your numerous provinces, some injustice is practised, some law perverted, some order exceeded, some other unobserved; some innocent man oppressed, some orphan robbed, some worthless wretch promoted, a villain protected, virtue disheartened, vice encouraged.

What expressions of rage would flash on me from the eyes of your courtiers, if they heard me unfold these honours! How is it possible, that under so good a prince vice can so boldly raise her head, and dare commit such wickedness with impunity? The bare supposal seems injurious to your glory, and disgraceful to the honours of your reign. Pardon me, O, gracious sovereign! unpunished, but not openly and triumphantly does vice raise her head; for the face she shews is not her own; it assumes the features of justice, of grace, of zeal for religion and morals, of loyalty to the prince and to the state; in short, the semblance of every virtue whereof she is the eternal enemy and destroyer. Her dexterity in

this black art is inexhaustible; and it is scarcely possible, that the wisdom of the best of princes should be able at all times to secure him from her impostures. He thinks, perhaps, he is signing the sentence of a malefactor, while he is sanctioning the ruin of a virtuous character, whose merit was his only crime. They imagine they are promoting a worthy man, while they are conferring promotion on a vile impostor. Yet these are truths of which they are but too well convinced. They lament the unhappiness of their station. Whom can one trust? Virtue and vice, truth and deceit, have the same countenance, speak the same language, wear the same colour; nay, the cunning impostor (the most noxious of all noxious creatures) knows better how to maintain the outward appearance of sound principles and blameless manners than the honest man. The former is expert in the art of confining his passions in the secret recesses of his black heart, knows best how to flatter, and how most fitly to employ every advantage which the weak side of his object presents. His complaisance, his self-denial, his virtue, his religion, cost him nothing, as they are only on his lips and in the outward movements which conceal his inward designs; and he is richly repaid for his disguises, in gratifying, under this mask, each inordinate passion, in accomplishing every base design, and with a brazen front can still demand a reward for his crimes. Is it to be wondered at, O, Son of Heaven! that there should be such numbers, who neglect all other talents, pass by all the lawful generous ways to respect and fortune, and bend all their faculties to arrive at perfection in the arts of deceit?

But how? Must the Prince, who is fond of truth, though surrounded on all sides with masks and false colours, despair of ever being able to distinguish the undisguised countenance from the varnished impostor? Forbid it, Heaven! He who sincerely loves the truth (and what can be amiable without it?) who even loves her when she does not flatter, he has only need of practised eyes for distinguishing her more delicate features, which can but rarely be counterfeited so well, that the artifice is not betrayed. And for acquiring these practised eyes—without which the best heart only so much the surer and oftener gives us a prey to the arts of imposture—no better means can be had than by perusing the history of wisdom and folly, of opinions and passions, of truth and imposture in the annals of the human race. In this faithful mirror we perceive men, manners, and times, divested of all that is wont to mislead our judgment, even though we are entangled in the intricate web of the present comedy. Or, even though simplicity or artifice, passion or prejudice, have been

employed to impose on us, yet nothing is easier than to wipe off the false varnish which has been laid on the true colour of the object. The most genuine sources of the history of human follies are the writings of those who were the most zealous promoters of those follies. The abuse they make of the signification of the words does not deceive our judgment; though they relate the absurdest matters with the most earnest composition, are even firmly convinced of them, or seem to be convinced of them; yet this will not prevent us from finding ridiculous what common sense must ascribe to fools. A self-deceived enthusiast may pervert the nature of moral objects, and pronounce vicious, unjust, inhuman actions, laudable, heroic, divine; and, on the other hand, give the most odious names to such as are lawful, generous, honourable: after the lapse of a few centuries the world has no trouble to see through the magic cloud that deluded the fanatic. Confucius might have called him an impostor, and Lao-kiun have deemed him a sage: their judgment would not alter the nature of the case, and the impression which it should make on the unbiassed mind; the character and the actions of these men would teach us what we were to think of them.

For this reason, the venerable teachers of our nation recommend to us the history of ancient times as the best school of morality and politics, as the purest source of that sublime philosophy which renders its disciples wise and independent, and by teaching them to discriminate between what things appear and what they are, between their imaginary and their real value, between their relations to the general good and of individuals, to the interest or passions, and affords an infallible preservative against self-deceit and infection from the folly of others; a philosophy to which no one can be an utter stranger without loss, but which, in the most exalted sense, is the philosophy of kings.

Persuaded of this truth, devote, O, best of kings! a portion of those hours which the immediate exercise of your venerable office leaves at your own disposal, to the profitable and delightful employment of making yourself acquainted with the memorable occurrences of former times, to explore the revolution of states in mankind, to study men in their actions, in their opinions and passions, and in the combination of all these causes to find the reasons of the prosperity and the misery of the human race.

If I mistake not, the history of the Kings of Sheshian, which I lay at your majesty's feet, is not totally unworthy of being admitted amongst the serious recreations, in which your never inactive mind is used to relieve itself from the se-

tigue of higher concerns. Great truths, interesting to the whole human race, remarkable periods, instructive examples, and a faithful delineation of the mistakes and excesses of the human understanding and heart, seem to distinguish this history from many others of its species; and to give it a claim to the title with which it has been honoured by the chief judicature of police of China; a mirror within the natural consequences of wisdom and of folly are represented in so strong a light, with such plain strokes and warm colours, that he must be wise and good, or foolish and corrupt, to an extraordinary degree, who may not become wiser and better by the use of it.

Captivated with the desire of marking the moment of existence which nature has allotted us on this scene of things, at least with one token of the good will I bear to my fellow-creatures, I have taken the trouble to translate this remarkable piece of ancient history from the Indian language into our own; and, wrapped up in the consciousness of an honest intention, I resign this book and myself to fate, which, in its unavoidableness, has more comfort than terror to the sage; tranquil under the protection of a king who loves truth, and honours virtue; happy in the friendship of the worthiest of my contemporaries, and as indifferent as a mortal can be, to* — — —

INTRODUCTION.

All the world knows the famous Sultan of India, Shah-Kiar, who, from a wonderful jealousy of the negroes of his court, took every night a consort, and every morning caused her to be strangled; and who was so fond of hearing tales, that in a thousand and one nights, it never once came into his head to interrupt the inexhaustible Sheherezade by any exclamation, question, or caresses, whatever pains she took to give him an opportunity for it.

A disposition so unconquerably phlegmatic was not the virtue of his descendant Shah Baham, who (as every one knows), by the wise and acute remarks with which he was wont to season the stories of his Vizir, is become incomparably more famous in history than his illustrious grandfather by his silence and inactivity. Shah-Kiar gave his courtiers reason to entertain a great opi-

* Here I am obliged to leave a chasm, which though only accidentally left in my Chinese copy, I am utterly unable to supply for want of another. In all probability what Hiang-Fu-Tsen had farther to say, was a rhodomontade against the Zouises, of whom the Chinese authors any more than ours seldom fail to make mention; the reader therefore loses nothing by this defect.—Remark of the Latin translator.

nion of what he might have said if he had not held his tongue; but his descendant left behind him the fame, that it is impossible, and will remain impossible for ever to make such remarks or reflections (as he was pleased to call them) as Shah Baham.

We have taken all possible pains to discover the reason why the author, to whom we are indebted for the life and exploits of these two sultans, has omitted to mention a word concerning the son of the former and the father of the latter: but we have not been so happy as to find any other reason for it, than because in reality there was nothing to be said of him. The only chronicler who takes any notice of him, does it in this manner:—"Sultan Lolo," says he, "vegetated one-and-sixty years. He eat four times every day, with an amazing appetite, and besides that, and the love which he bore to his cats, no particular inclination towards any thing was ever perceivable in him. The dervises and the cats are the only creatures in the world that have reason to bless his memory. For he caused, without ever rightly knowing why, two thousand six hundred and thirty-six new derviseries, each for sixty men, to be erected in his dominions; and, in all the cities and large towns of the empire of Indostan he founded institutions where a certain number of cats were obliged to be kept; and it must be confessed, that he provided so well for both of them, that in all Asia no fatter dervises and cats were to be seen than those of his foundations.† He, moreover, begat, between waking and sleeping, a son, who succeeded him in the government, under the name of Shah Baham, and died of an indigestion." Thus far this chronicler, the only one who makes mention of Sultan Lolo; and indeed we are afraid that what he says of him is still worse than nothing at all.

† A certain Persian author, at the mention of these foundations, breaks out into the following singular exclamation: "Could it ever enter into a man's head, even but in a dream, to establish such foundations! It is an essential part of a public institution that it should be useful to the state. But Sultan Lolo's institutions must have had a directly contrary effect. Had he left his dervises and his cats to their fate, it is a hundred to one that the former must have worked, and the latter have caught rats for their livelihood. Thus both would have been serviceable to the state. What a conceit! to make them fat, that they might grow lazy! However, as to the cats, that might be suffered to pass; their fat may be turned to some use. But dervise fat! What can be done with dervise fat?"—Sheik Seif al Horam, Hist. of Folly, vol. cccxiv. p. 538.

His son, Shah Baham, had the good fortune to be brought up till his fourteenth year by a nurse, whose mother had the same honourable employment about the inimitable Sheherezade.

There must have been a general concurrence of circumstances for making this prince the most intemperate lover of stories that ever was known. It was not enough that he drew in this taste with his first nourishment, and the ground-work of his education laid in the tales of his grandmother, celebrated throughout the world: his destiny also provided him with a preceptor, who had taken it into his head that all the wisdom of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, were wrapped up in tales.

It was at that time the laudable custom in India to imagine that the son of a sultan, a rajah, an omrah, or any other noble personage, could be educated by none but a fakir. Whenever a young man of birth was seen, a man might reckon upon it that a fakir was dangling after him, whose business it was to watch all his steps, words, looks, and gestures, and to take especial care that the young gentleman did not become too wise. For it was an universal received opinion, that to a strong bodily frame, a good digestion, and the capacity of making his fortune, nothing was so prejudicial as much thought and much knowledge; and it must be said, to the honour of the dervises, fakirs, santons, bramins, bonzes, and talapoins of those times, that they neglected nothing to preserve the nations of the Indus and the Ganges from so pernicious a superfluity. It was one of their maxims, against which it was dangerous to raise a doubt, that, "Nobody should pretend to be wiser than his grandmother."

It will now be comprehended, that Shah Baham, under such circumstances, must be just such a man as he was. It has hitherto been thought, the ingenious considerations, the abrupt and pleasant sayings, accompanied with significant looks: "I thought so too." "I say nothing, but I know what I know;" or, "What do I care about that?" and other like wise sentences, of which he had as great a profusion as Sancho Pansa had of proverbs, with his repugnance to all that he termed spinning of morality and sentiment, were merely the effects of his genius. But *suum cuique!* We may safely assure ourselves, that the fakir, his preceptor, had no small share in it.

The son and heir of this worthy sultan, Shah Dolka, resembled his father in capacity and disposition in all respects, only one excepted. He was the declared foe to every thing that looked like a story; and he set the less bounds to this aversion, as he had been obliged, during the lifetime of the sultan, his father, to conceal it with the utmost care. After the example of several celebrated authors, we should be very much astonished at this degeneracy, if we did not think that it happened quite naturally. Sultan Dolka, from his very infancy had been forced to hear so many tales in the apartment of the sultanness, his mamma, where Shah Baham used to pass the evenings in cutting out paper, and hearing instructive stories of animated sophas, political balls, and sentimental goslings in rose coloured dominos, that he had at last got a disgust to them. Here was the whole of the mystery; and we humbly conceive that there is nothing in it at which there is any great reason to be surprised.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSAZIONE.—CHARACTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

LETTER I.

SIR,

AMONG all the complaints which we are daily doomed to hear from the old and the fretful, among all the comparisons between times present and time past, which are universally made to the discredit of our own cotemporaries, it must be owned that there are one or two instances in which our ancestors had not so decided an advantage over us, as in general we are apt to believe they possessed. Setting aside the more ponderous matters of philosophy, religion, and morality, I will say a few words about manners, about the enjoyment of social pleasures, and the cultivation of agreeable talents; things which may be much more easily estimated than virtues

and vices, and which are always more interesting, for this reason, that a man's morals are a matter between him and his conscience, but his manners are a matter between him and his acquaintance. Now, Sir, I must say, notwithstanding the partialities for old times, which one picks up from one's nurse or one's grandmamma, that, in social parties for the purposes of elegant relaxation and rational chat, we have very much improved upon the customs of our fathers. Formerly, if society was to be brought together, it must be collected by dinners of great trouble and expence. To some of the parties concerned, it must be acknowledged that a considerable share of pleasure was communicated by the vast ex-

panse of napkin, and the ample colonnade of dishes: but, alas! dinner could not be prolonged to a period of more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half; and then a listless despondency succeeded, which was by no means alleviated by the abrupt departure of that portion of the company, the sanction of whose smiles ought to have dissipated the vapours of soups, of sweetbreads, and of syllabubs. But the time must be got rid of, and what was to be done? As to any serious conversation, much more as to mental exertion, the effort of the knife and fork had quite cut up all connexion of thought, or readiness of wit: our stomachs had received that load which, as the prince of *bon-vivans*, Horace, truly declares,

—Animum quoque prægravat una
Atque affligit humum divinæ particulum auræ.

The hampered intellect was now therefore to be set a going by the assistance of copious libations; as naturalists tell us, certain sea-monsters that have been basking on the shore, are unable to extricate themselves from the mire in which they have been wallowing, till the tide comes up and floats them again. Those who drank paid next day for their intemperance. Those who did not drink were stigmatised as milk-sops. On the one side pleaded only reason; on the other fought appetite and false shame. This for the time was an affair of mere manners; but its consequences affected morals. Well, Sir, ten o'clock arrived, and of course, you know, tea was announced. Some who were sufficiently sober finished their cup, and went home to bed; others, who were not so cool, spilt the tea which they could not drink, and fell asleep upon the sofa. The ladies rang for their carriages, and the mistress bade them all a glad farewell. This is a full, true, and particular account of the visiting system, as it was conducted a few years ago.

But now, Sir, fortunately, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" We will not dwell on concerts, which, however, are scientific and reasonable assemblies; nor even on balls, which are of all amusements the most delightful to us at our entrance into life, nay, which are, as a witty friend of mine was saying to me a few days ago, a compendium of practical philosophy, containing all the charms of the table, of music, of conversation, and of love, besides operating with as powerful an effect in matrimonial consolidation among the higher classes, as nutting and bull-baiting do among the vulgar. No, Sir; we will pass by all these seducing pleasures, which have of late years so much increased; and we will speak of *petit-soupers*, those parties which, though the seeds of them were early sown, have been almost entirely the growth of the present day. By these happy inventions, at a period of

the day when business and study may be fairly supposed at an end, and when relaxation becomes in some degree necessary as well as luxurious, the literary, the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful, assemble to exercise the information which they have acquired, to let loose the spirits of the heart, to glitter with the coruscations of wit, and to enchant with the magic of the eyes. Why have the learned been accused of barbarisms in manners? Because men, whose habits will not allow them to participate in the giddy and thoughtless amusements of mere idleness, had not, till these parties were contrived, the means of polishing away the roughness of which we complain. Why were men of fashion and fortune disregarded by the scholar and the philosopher? Because they, whose modes of life did not lead them to converse with books, and who had no opportunities of conversing with men of letters, could by no possibility be possessed of the information which some might expect from them. Why have the witty been overbearing and conceited? Because the mixture of a graver talent had never tempered the edge of their blades. Why were the fair the playthings, or the idols of men? Because education and society had not adapted them to hold that rank in the creation, which alone is desirable to a woman of sense. Thus have these assemblies had the happy effect of averaging the advantages of nature and fortune; of giving to each some portion of that which he may receive from his neighbours without impoverishing them. A mellowing and harmonious tint is thus thrown upon society. Society should never be composed exclusively of one class of men: above all, it should be an object of care to produce a due proportion of talkers and hearers. A preponderance of talkers dazzles instead of illuminating; and among men of silent habits we are left totally in the dark. Brandy alone is overpowering—mere water is insipid—but the two liquors mixed are a pleasing beverage.

Mr. Editor, I am a member of the Inner Temple, and engaged in the study of the law; a study to which information is always conducive, and to which a knowledge of society is particularly instrumental. It has therefore been a principal object with me, to associate with men whose natural talents, or situation in life, might bestow instruction, or reflect honour upon me. Such society was to be met with chiefly in the parties of which I have been speaking, where the conversation is the material of pleasure, and the supper no more than the cement. Nor have I been often disappointed in my researches for improvement, I have listened to and joined in conversations highly interesting and entertaining; and from time to time, when any general topic

shall have been started, I will communicate to you such remarks of the company as may appear to be worth repetition.

On a Sunday evening covers are always laid for a select party, at the house of the Hon. Mrs. Meade. She is the widow of an Irish officer of rank, and an intimate friend and warm partisan of most of the leading men who were the ornaments of Irish eloquence, while the Irish constitution existed. To a great knowledge of the world, and an acute and irresistible wit, she unites the most fashionable manners, and the greatest benevolence of heart. Though past that buoyant time of life when cheerfulness is but a physical effect, she has the gaiety of a mind, not soured by misfortunes, but accustomed to the company of persons of rank and talents; and completely enjoys that state not only of poetical bliss but of real comfort, the *Otium cum dignitate*.

The company who generally assemble at her house are, Lord and Lady Belmont, Mr. Conolly, Captain Colclough, Mr. and Mrs. Ovey, Mr. Frederick, Sir Henry Rushwood, Dr. and Miss Abington, Colonel Fairfax, Miss Mordaunt, and Lady Caroline Howard.

Lord Belmont is Mrs. Meade's nephew, an Irish nobleman of fortune; his manners are quiet and unassuming, though his capacity is naturally strong, and his information extremely extensive. Lady Belmont was the daughter of a gentleman in the county of Wexford, and he married her a few months ago for love rather than interest.

Mr. Conolly is a man advanced in life. He was formerly a member of the Irish Parliament, where he distinguished himself not more by the vigour and imagination of his style, than by the purity and incorruptibility of his political principles. His manner in conversation is grave and impressive, always conveying an idea of undisturbed power and placid extent of mind; like the sea in a calm: but, said an old friend of his to me a few days ago, had you known him in his youth, you would have said he resembled the sea in a storm.

Captain Colclough is one of the most fashionable men about town. He is seen at every ball and masquerade; not only seen, he is generally liked and often admired. His form is of the most perfect strength and symmetry; and these natural advantages he has improved by the cultivation of almost every manly exercise. He excels in boxing, jumping, and dancing; he possesses considerable powers of mimicry; and having also inexhaustible vivacity and good humour, is one of the most entertaining men one knows.

Among the amateurs of the fine arts, one of the most conspicuous is Mr. Ovey. He is an

artist for his amusement, and a humourist, because he cannot help it. On subjects of taste he is thoroughly informed, and possesses a fund of anecdote by which he has a very agreeable mode of illustrating the general principles that he lays down. Mrs. Ovey, who first introduced me to Mrs. Meade, has signalized herself among her acquaintance by a few simple stories which she has written, and in which she has displayed so powerful an invention, and so exquisite a sensibility, that all who have had opportunities of judging of her, acknowledge her to be one of those few women who are well acquainted with the heart.

Mr. Frederick was the only son of a Northumbrian squire, who indulged and flattered him when a boy to such a pitch, that, in a phrenetic fit, he decided on a pursuit of the theatrical profession, and accordingly deserted his father to enlist in a company of strollers. His whole soul was devoted to the science of the stage; and he shortly made himself acquainted with all the antiquities, curiosities, and collateral incidents of his new science. He had fagged himself into considerable provincial celebrity, when his father died, leaving him all his estates on condition of his abandoning the stage. This stipulation, though not without considerable regret, he acceded to; and that learning, which he had acquired for professional purposes, became a source of amusement and honour to him in his leisure. His manner is cold and forbidding; but his reserve is, on some occasions, with some particular friends, completely laid aside. His countenance is interesting, and perhaps handsome; while he glittered in the theatre, his dark expressive eyes and elegant person procured for him the smiles of many an enthusiastic fair one. But now he has abandoned his youthful eccentricities, and bears on his brow the solemnity of one who knows men to be knaves or fools, although he is himself too wise to say so.

The next of our party is Sir Henry Rushwood, a younger son, who was bred to the bar, but left that profession in consequence of his elder brother's death, when a large estate and the title of a baronet devolved to him. His style in conversation is rapid and brilliant; he has many quaintnesses and conceits, but his arguments are generally weak, and his reasoning sophistical. The unhesitating fluency of his manner deceives a stranger into an opinion of his logical subtlety; but his discourses are always sophistical; and he takes great pride in applying to himself that line of *Paradise Lost*, in which one of the fallen angels is described as able by the manna of his tongue,

"To make the worse appear the better reason."

Dr. Abington is a physician, who has retired from an extensive practice to enjoy a considerable fortune in the pleasures of solitude and study. He seldom emerges from his classic retreat, except on a Sunday evening, when he comes to diffuse the knowledge which during the week he has collected. The gravity of the Doctor is scarcely ever known to relax into a smile, even at the whimsical pranks of Colclough, or the entertaining fopperies of Fairfax; on the contrary, he is often considerably annoyed, in the midst of some serious dissertation, by the extraordinary and sudden freaks of these gentlemen. Miss Abington is very pretty, and very agreeable; she has all those qualities which make a young lady interesting in company, though very few of the qualities which raise astonishment. She is among many people what green is among colours, an object on which the eye may repose after the fatigue of what is glittering and gaudy.

There are some men whom one can laugh at, without despising; and such a man is Colonel Fairfax. He is a sort of Will Honeycombe, a man who knows the town, and has been particularly versed in the study of the female character; yet at fifty-five, for I am sure he cannot be less, though he owns to only six-and-forty, he has the blindness to suppose himself a favourite among women. His person is well formed, and always attired with the closest precision; and to do him justice he is a well-informed being for a fine gentleman.

Anna Mordaunt is the niece and ward of Mrs. Meade, in whose house she lives. Without the

affectation and pedantry of learning, she has a very tolerable acquaintance with literature; without the pretensions of a regular beauty, she has a style of countenance particularly elegant and striking, very much the sort of face that one sees in old pictures of Lady Jane Gray; without having associated with any but the best company, she has, at twenty, a general knowledge, and an acuteness of discernment, beyond any thing that I ever remember to have seen in any woman of fifty. With all these advantages, it is not to be wondered at, if she now and then indulges herself in a vein of satire, which, though it excites admiration, detracts from the female softness that is so fascinating and amiable, particularly in youth. Lord Chesterfield doubted whether it were desirable that his son should have wit, for wit in a daughter, I am sure he would not have wished. Notwithstanding this, Miss Mordaunt has, when she pleases, a power of attraction beyond that of any other girl I know.

Lady Caroline Howard is a good-natured fashionable Miss, talkative when such subjects as dress or visiting are started, but on other occasions an excellent hearer.

And as for myself—no, Mr. Editor, I shall not describe that interesting personage, but in my future letters I will attempt to assume the manners of the people of whom I speak; and my real name shall be concealed that my strictures may be open, as a sharp-shooter clothes himself in the colour of the foliage, and fights from behind the bushes. I am then, Mr. Editor (or I chuse to call myself), yours, &c.

FRANCIS LANSDOWNE.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

AMONG those trifling casuists who love to moot a point, and to open a door for discussion on every subject, and particularly among those female debaters who, when love or marriage is the topic of discourse, display an ease of oratory, and a fund of information, which cannot be attained by the less eloquent sex; it has often been enquired, whether early or late marriages be the more conducive to comfort, and almost as often has it been decided, that late marriages are the more certain purveyors of happiness; yet, in the vast crowd of ladies who in theory favour this opinion, how few can be found who support it by practice, and who, if an early opportunity is offered of establishing themselves in life, can sacrifice the pleasure which appears within their grasp, for the chance of a more solid, though distant felicity; perhaps this inconsistency arises,

in many cases, rather from necessity than choice, sometimes from deference to the customs or opinions of the world, and sometimes from parental coercion.

With respect to the former of these probable causes, namely, custom or opinion, it must be a source of regret to all that consider these matters, to observe how many impertinent, frothy coxcombs are swimming on the surface of fashion, fellows who, if I may be allowed to use their technical terms, suppose that young ladies come out merely for the purpose of being got off; who sneer at a girl after her second winter; and who take it into their heads, that a commodity which has so long been in the market unsold, must needs be of no value. It is much to be wished, that a few of those ladies whose example is respected, would disregard this idle and

insolent fashion, and recollect that a father and mother are for the most part as indulgent as a husband; that, after their death and the dissolution of their establishment, it may possibly be as comfortable to live on a small income, single and uncontrouled, as to sacrifice independence for the chance of presiding at a more splendid dinner, for the privilege of changing a surname, and for the benefit of paying visits without a Chaperon. The prejudices against old maids are become in some degree obsolete; it is to be hoped they will soon be totally forgotten. Indeed it seems quite as respectable to have refused solicitations (for small indeed is the number of ladies who never had an offer) as to have snapped at the first bait that was held out, and accepted a husband in the way of a bargain.

With regard to the other cause of early marriages, parental coercion, it has been the subject of declamation and the source of regret, ever since novelists could scribble, papas bluster, or Misses complain. So many instances have been adduced of the fatal results which perpetually follow this ill-directed operation of authority, that it seems almost superfluous to add another tale to the files that already occupy the closet and the circulating library; but the story I am going to relate is one so full of extraordinary incidents, and so illustrative of the absurdity against which I have been speaking, that I know not how to conclude my observations with more advantage, than by giving you my tale. It was related to me a few days ago, by a gentleman who resided in the West Indies, where the event happened, and though a number of years have elapsed since its occurrence, the singularity of the facts even now preserves them from oblivion.

The scene of the following story was the island of St. Vincents. There, in the interior of the country, lived Mr. M. an Englishman of fortune. He had accumulated his wealth in a traffic, of all others the most completely calculated to steel the heart against the feelings of humanity, and inspire it with contempt for the outcries of justice. At the age of forty he married an amiable woman, who died in the moment of giving birth to a daughter; and the young Maria was brought up by a relation of Mr. M. her father being generally occupied at a distance from home in disturbing the quiet of men whose colour had condemned them to ignominy.

During Maria's residence with her cousin, she had met with Captain T. a young officer in the British service stationed off St. Vincents, and as his stay in the West Indies was of considerable duration, he had frequent opportunities of seeing and admiring Miss M. By the flattering attentions which he constantly paid her, by the suavity

of his manners, the abilities of his mind, and the reputation of his courage, he in no very long space made a considerable impression on her heart. His fortune, though not large, was independent; and his prospects in life were, from connexion as well as merit, so exceedingly agreeable, that Mrs. M. was induced to encourage his addresses to Maria.

Their union was determined, and every arrangement complete, when a sudden communication from the commanding officer of the station, rendered it necessary for Captain T. to leave St. Vincents for several weeks. A few days after his departure, an old Spaniard, of immense fortune, who had purchased an extensive property in the neighbourhood of Mr. M., came to settle on his estate; and being struck by the charms, which his age did not prevent him from discerning in Maria, he called upon her father with a written matrimonial proposal containing the most liberal offers. An advance of such a nature was highly agreeable to Mr. M.; and he instantly sent for Maria, to inform her that sterling reasons had induced him to resolve on a speedy termination of the Captain's views; that she must forget as soon as possible his former reception, nay even his very name; and, that in six weeks time she must be ready to espouse the Don.

Now Maria was a girl, in general, perfectly obedient to her father; but a taste for novels, and other valuable and instructive works, had endowed her with a portion of fortitude and romantic sensibility, by no means conducive to that state of mind into which her father required her to bring herself. She told him that she never would abandon the vows of fidelity which she had plighted to her former lover; that she considered a marriage, where the heart had not its share, in every way void and nugatory; and that even were she compelled to unite herself with the Spaniard, she should certainly seize upon the first opportunity of quitting him.

Mr. M. for a few moments was petrified, but presently waking from his trance, he exhibited every symptom of madness; he foamed at the mouth, stamped with both his feet, and when his fury had sufficiently subsided to give utterance for his indignation, he addressed himself to Maria, who, having expended almost all the ammunition of her courage, stood trembling, with her hands resting on the back of a chair.

"And so you pretend to argue, do you?" said Mr. M. "you! a child! a brat! curse me if ever I could find out what women have to do with reason, and such nonsense. And you will not marry the man whom I have chosen to make you happy. But hark! Miss Maria, either you resolve at once upon marrying him

this day se'nnight, or by G— you don't stir out of your chamber till you do!"

"Well, Sir," said the young lady, collecting her spirits to a focus, "if it be your will to confine me, I have no alternative; and a thousand times rather would I allow my person to be fettered than my mind."

"This comes of your novel-reading," exclaimed her father. "It is there you learn your fine doctrines about bearing imprisonment for love, and leaving your husband in the lurch. But you shall marry Don Pedro; in the mean time you may amuse yourself with your own agreeable thoughts; and, when you have determined quietly to obey my will, you will be let out of your room: till then, heil shall not move you the breadth of a finger."

So he very politely took her by the arm, and led her, unresisting, into her chamber. An old female servant, on whom he could depend, was employed to supply her with every thing she wanted, except pens, ink, and paper; and, contenting himself with the accounts which this domestic used to give him, he spared himself the trouble of visiting his daughter's apartment. For three or four days Maria consoled herself, with a number of soothing reflections, and did not know whether, upon the whole, her confinement was not a matter rather pleasing than vexatious; for she thought she had now a most delightful opportunity of displaying romantic heroism, and made sure that her inflexible constancy would shortly subdue her terrific papa. But when five weeks had elapsed, and no appearance was discernible in that papa of the least approximation to her wishes, she began to imagine that there was not so much sport in a lonely confinement, as at first she had been willing to believe. For a fortnight afterwards she grew gradually more and more gloomy; and at last, thinking any conditions advantageous which afforded her the liberty of departing from her bed-room, she was prevailed upon, at the expiration of two months imprisonment, to join her hand with the skinny palm of Don Pedro. The ceremony was performed in the house of Mr. M.; and Maria, the moment it was over, fainted in her husband's arms. She continued for some days extremely indisposed; but when she was deemed sufficiently strong for the jaunt, her new master transferred her from her father's habitation to his own, and she gradually but slowly recovered her health, though not her cheerfulness.

As soon as she had so far emerged from the troubles that had overwhelmed her, as to reflect upon circumstances foreign to her own immediate misery, she felt a strange curiosity, mixed with uneasiness, for the loss of a favourite companion, who had now been for some months

missing. This girl, whose name was Ellen, was the daughter of a naval officer, and had been left, at the age of eleven years, destitute of parents and of fortune. In this deserted situation she was found by Mr. M.'s female relation, who had educated Maria, and was received as a sort of companion to that young lady. They became exceedingly attached to one another, and Ellen, who was naturally of a tender and susceptible disposition, imbibed, by imperceptible degrees, her friend's passion for novels, romances, and sentimental tales. Her heart was in this state of training, when Captain T. commenced his visits at the house. The same accomplishments and virtues which recommended him to Maria, recommended him to her less fortunate friend; and a sentiment was gradually gaining ground in the bosom of Ellen, which was productive of consequences the most fatal to her peace. When she found that the Captain regarded her only as a quiet amiable girl, who could give him neither pleasure nor anxiety, and directed his attentions to Maria alone, her principle of honour forbade her to attempt the conquest of a heart, which was already devoted to her dearest friend. It is true that his coldness and indifference occasioned her a deep and durable sorrow; but she struggled with her feelings till principle and reason so far got the better of passion, as to allow her a perfect command of her countenance and action, even before the lovers. The absence of hope enabled her to overcome so powerful a feeling, more easily than she otherwise could have done; for love, without hope, though among novelists it be a favourite topic of condolence, and a perpetual spring to awaken sympathy, is, in real life, but seldom of long duration. The brightest flame must perish, when deprived of the nourishing air. But, in the bosom of Ellen, though the fires were almost subdued, the embers still were warm, and a breath could have kindled them in a moment to their original ardour. With collected resignation she had witnessed the arrangements which were made for the union of her beloved Charles with Maria, the friend of her youth, and patroness of her indigence. She had confined the secret of her love, with sacred caution, to her own bosom; and a tear never strayed along her cheek, to betray the emotions of her soul. Yet her passion was not so completely subdued, as to leave no vestiges of silent sorrow: her eyes were paler, and her form became less round; while her dark eyes gave, to her delicate complexion, an expression of settled melancholy, the most beautiful and interesting. What must then have been her feelings, when she learnt that Don Pedro had gained the approbation of Mr. M. and that Maria was about to renounce for ever the possibility of uniting herself with Charles!

In a state of the cruellest anxiety did she pass the time of Maria's imprisonment, but the instant the latter had resolved on the acceptance of Don Pedro, she felt herself no longer restrained from following the dictates of her heart. Her fancy had long been fired by accounts of female heroism; Maria's inconstancy surprised, while it rejoiced her; and she longed to give Charles some proof of her affection, which should render it impossible for him to withstand the pleadings of her humble though honourable attachment.

She accordingly procured for herself the habiliments of a common sailor, and privately escaped from the house of Mr. M. to that part of the island where it was understood that Captain T. must in a short time land. She concealed herself for several days in a small inn frequented by nautical people; and the Captain, as she expected, came on shore near the house, about dusk in the evening. The landlord of this house had been formerly a servant of Mr. M.'s, but as Maria and Ellen had not been educated at home, the person of our fair adventurer was not known to her host, and the disguise of naval attire preserved her from detection, though inquiries were made, and advertisements published in every quarter by Mr. M.

When Ellen saw the Captain enter the house, her heart beat so violently as almost to deprive her of breath; but she knew that her opportunity was now arrived, and, mustering all her courage, she requested the landlady to inform him, that a young sailor was in the house, who wished to have a few moment's conversation with him. The Captain desired the sailor to be admitted. Ellen entered, but trembled so that she could scarcely stand. The Captain perceived her agitation, and enquired the cause. She sunk upon a chair, and burst into tears.

"Unfortunate youth!" exclaimed Charles, "what would you have with me? Can I be of service in relieving your distress?"

"Sir," said Ellen, "I am resolved on a seafaring life. My parents are dead, I am thrown upon the wide world without friends or fortune, nay, almost without hope." And as she spoke the last words she blushed deeply.

"Without hope," said Charles, smiling; "perhaps you are in love."

Ellen hid her face with her hands.

"Come, my brave lad, be not ashamed of that, I know myself the pleasures of this delightful passion."

"Perhaps," said Ellen, softly, "you never knew the pains of it."

"Nor ever shall, I hope," said Charles, gaily; "for in two or three days I shall be married, and then farewell to doubt and fear. You shall be of my crew; I like your appearance, and if I

find you an honest and well disposed lad, I will keep you about my person. When I marry, I will bring you all on shore, and give you a dance on Mr. M.'s green. My Maria shall welcome you all, and then——"

"Miss Maria M." interrupted Ellen, "your Maria—ah!"

"What do you mean," cried Charles.

Ellen gasped for breath; she wished to relate the facts which were happiness to her; but her joy was mixed with sorrow, when she reflected on the pain that her intelligence would give to Charles. She hesitated, and again, but in vain, attempted to speak.

"For heaven's sake, keep me no longer in suspense," he exclaimed; "I cannot endure this agony of doubt."

"Do you not know then," said Ellen, "that this morning was appointed for her wedding, and that she by this time is the wife of Don Pedro de G——; I am just arrived from that part of the island, and have witnessed the marriage preparations."

"It is false—it cannot, shall not be!" cried Charles; and rushing down the stairs, he seized upon the landlord. "Williams," asked he, "have you heard of a wedding to-day upon the island?"

"Oh yes, Sir," answered he, "I am this moment come from it. It would have done your heart good to see the fine set out of ladies, and beef, and tables, and fiddles, and ale, in the good old English style, with seats in the garden, and coloured lamps, and I do not know what all."

"Whose wedding, whose wedding?" said the breathless Charles.

"Lord bless your soul, Sir, why, Miss Maria M.'s to be sure (she is not Miss M. now), to Don Pedro de G. I was an old servant of Squire M.'s and came over with him from England; and so he gave me an invitation for the dinner and ball, you see."

"Enough, enough," said the Captain; and clasping his hands together, he called to Ellen to follow him. She was down the stairs in an instant.

"I shall not sleep here to-night, Williams," said Captain T.

"Why sure, Sir, you will not go back to the ship now in the dark," observed Williams.

"I have business," returned the Captain; and followed by Ellen, he walked to the water side. He loosened a skiff that lay tied to the shore, and both, without uttering a syllable, seated themselves within it.

[To be continued.]

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD SENSE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be reputed a woman of sense; which, though in the days of my namesake, Queen Bess, might possess its advantages, has in these times quite a contrary effect; and I (who am not half so wise as report gives me credit for) have yet discernment enough to perceive that were I less intellectual I should be more happy. Perhaps this may strike you as a little wonderful; but only investigate the case, Sir, and I am inclined to think you will be of my opinion.

In the first place, a reputed woman of sense is not allowed an excuse for trifling, and perhaps unavoidable, errors.

The flippant of her own sex fancy her a spy and a reproach on their follies; consequently she has no very cordial reception amongst them; and as to yours, Sir, although you do talk very feelingly on the beauties of the mind, I really find the generality of you infinitely more attracted by the lustre of an eye, than either the brilliancy of the head or the virtues of the heart. There may possibly be a few *rare aves* among you which might form an exception to what I advance, but they are so very thinly scattered that I cannot reasonably hope for the good fortune of calling them my friends.

The following is part of a conversation which I overheard about a week since, amidst a party of fashionables, who had met at that enervating and insipid amusement called a rout. The subject ran on some indiscretion committed by one of these reputed women of sense; and which was retailed in style, with all that embellishment which the eloquence of envy, calumny, and detraction so liberally bestows.

"Only think," half whispered an upright sober looking woman to her partner, just as she had taken up the odd trick, "only think of the sage and moral Mrs. So-and-so, being guilty of such a gross absurdity."

"Why it was Mrs. Such-a-one, my poor dear Papa's Lady Paragon, and my approved Chaperon," loudly bawled a dashing looking girl, who, with her self-satisfied swain, was seated on a vacant Ottoman, evidently arrived at the third stage of fashionable flirtation.

"Well, if these be your women of sense," cried Colonel Simple with a loud laugh, "give me the woman who uses her hands rather than her head."

"Why upon my soul, my dear fellow," re-

plied a loose booted Bond-street lounge, "were it not for the danger of our eyes, I should be decidedly of your opinion; a sensible woman is certainly rather a troublesome article; never gives up a point; pesters you into a rage with her prudent advice; and deals out her maxims of virtue in such a wholesale city-like manner, that an innocent little retail customer is frightened to death at the importance of the undertaking."

"Yes," weaved out a decrepid old beau, "and then so annoyingly officious too, always marring our schemes. Why, gentlemen, do you know that, owing to one of those pests of society, I lost the ultimatum of the most dreadful flirtation I ever recollect to have planned. The commencement was favourable, things were *entraine*, when one evening, my charmer having consented to meet me in the shrubbery, I was sick with tender expectation, and anxiously waiting the arrival of the sweetest girl in the world, my eyes fell on an ill-looking fellow in a livery, who presented me with a letter brim-full of sentimental quotations and moral reflections, informing me that from a conversation which had passed that afternoon with her friend Mrs. D—, (whom every one allowed to be a sensible woman), she had been induced to consider the step she was about to take as disgraceful in its present point of view, and fatal in its issue. That owing to the arguments and advice of this invaluable friend she was preserved to herself, and must beg leave to decline all conversation with me in future. Now, gentlemen, if you will believe me, from that moment the very naming of a sensible woman, immediately brings on my spasms."

"Why, I own," rejoined Miss Lightfoot (with a simper which she thought vastly becoming), "that though good sense, as it is termed, is very useful upon some occasions, yet in general such women as are distinguished for this quality are not so pleasant as others of more moderate abilities; and indeed, my lord Duke, I do not see that you male characters like us one bit the better for it. I remember well, that my first lover used frequently to tell me, that I owed my power over him to a fascinating indescribable weakness, and that the amiable helplessness of the generality of women constituted their chief attraction. However this may be, I certainly do think that these reputed women of sense are rather disagreeable than otherwise, and generally so very

self-sufficient and arrogant—don't you think so, my lord Duke?"

"Oh! insufferably so."

"And confident."

"Oh! intolerable, madam; my dear madam, if you go on defining the animal, you positively will throw the gout into my stomach."

Chagrined, and disgusted with what I had heard, I hastened home, out of humour with myself and the world; I grieved to find that the few advantages which I had obtained from a moral education and rational observation (by which I had hoped to become less burthensome to myself and others), was not likely to produce the salutary effects which my imagination had fondly indulged. Having heard, Sir, of your fame as well for depth of penetration as philanthropy of disposition, I determined to lay my case before you, trusting that your wanted

kindness will afford me such consolation as the nature of my situation demands. For my part I see no end to my regret, no avenue which leads to that popularity I had once expected to obtain; for till dashing men become rational, and fashionable men reasonable, good sense must remain in obscurity lamenting the evils she cannot cure. If, therefore, it is not in your power to point out some plan by which she may acquire the applause and admiration of your sex, and become the ornament and pursuit of ours, I must ever most sincerely mourn the reputation I have acquired, as a totally unnecessary appendage, utterly disadvantageous; and, in short, Sir, I sigh incessantly for the period, circumstance, or event, that shall give me the enviable titles of a simple, innocent, weak young woman.

Yours, &c.

ELIZ. CELEST. MISANTHROPIA.

GENIUS TRIUMPHANT.

AN ALLEGORY.

ABELLENZA was the son of Melchia, prince of the island of Cyrrha; he was the favourite child of Genius. She presided at his birth, animated his infancy, and attended him through every gradation, from youth to manhood. Inspired by her precepts and practised in her various enchantments, the soul of the youth sprung forward, to catch the golden prize pointed out by his preceptress as the reward of superior talents and worth.

Plumed with the wings of virtue, assisted by industry, and led on by love and duty, he took his flight towards the regions of glory; the trumpet of Fame arrested his progress; the sound vibrated on his ear, it reached his heart, and his soul swelled with the tumultuous transports of coming renown. The trumpet ceased as the goddess advanced; she took the hand of the youth, and smiled. Abellenza listened with eager attention as she spoke. "Stay, aspiring youth," said the goddess, "and animate for a while by thy talents and example this nether sphere; receive the suffrages of thy fellow mortals, the reward of thy eminent abilities, and the applauses of an admiring world; erect thy temple on the highest summit of Parnassus; let thy parent necessity be the whetstone of thy powers, and let thy sisters, Clio and Thalia, chronicle thy fame; but remember, genius must be accompanied by activity and patience, and be content to seek its laurels through briars and thorns; fight on, therefore, aspiring youth! so shall thy shrine be enriched with emblems of thy

merits. Thy beloved kindred shall repose in splendid security; my trumpet shall swell with the sound of universal applause, and gild the young laurels already bound round thy brow."

Abellenza was a youth of graceful mien, and the milk of human kindness flowed in his veins; his breast beat high with virtuous emulation, his heart panted with the rich emotions of benevolence, and his soul thirsted after immortality.

Already had the public voice paid tribute to his transcendent talents, already had envy reared high her snaky crest, and darted her venomous shaft; he had paid the tax which inferiority, prosperous ignorance, and the crafty worldling exacts from the sons and daughters of genius.

Chicanery and fraud had taken advantage of his virtuous necessities; had profited by the mild ingenuousness of his nature, and the noble exercise of his talents. Love! sweet, and enchanting—love, pure and spotless, had found an entrance to his susceptible heart; alas! it was love pale and dejected—resting only on hope; but nought could shake the firm and virtuous soul of Abellenza! The arts of the unprincipled had urged, and pleasure lured, but could not tarnish the lustre of his talents, nor sully the noble qualities of his heart.

Such was Abellenza! when the rays of his genius ascended to distant regions; and the renowned prince Zonotásque, celebrated for magnanimity and valour, and for his liberal encouragement of the arts, sent emissaries with

splendid offers to the youth, and an invitation of courtesy to his palace.

Abellenza's heart expanded at the call of glory, and the ardour of youth and hope sprung fresh within him; but the thought of his beloved kindred, the parent who protected his infancy, his virtuous sisters pining for his loss, and the soul of the youth was sad.

He wandered towards the Lake of Arsulah; he reclined on its velvet banks, branching limes shaded his form, zephyrs wantoned in his soft brown hair, his breast responded to the sighing foliage, for the soul of the youth was sad.

He mused on the words of Fame, and the lustre of Hope brightened the pale beam of his eye; he remembered the words of the goddess, "Genius must seek its laurels through briars and thorns." Calm flowed the Lake of Arsulah, bright glowed the sun on its light blue waves; calm was the breast of the youth, and bright were the hopes of his soul. "I will go," instinctively he repeated, "I will accept the noble offers of this illustrious prince. Dear to my soul is my native soil, fast round my heart cling the chords of nature; but the claims of duty are sacred, her reward is sure. My countrymen have forgotten to be just, they eat up the labour of my hands; I will sojourn for a while on a foreign shore;

I will improve the gracious gift of heaven by activity and perseverance, so shall the predictions of the goddess be fulfilled; my beloved kindred shall repose in splendid security; and the maid of my love, the bright-eyed daughter of Lebnor shall glad the arms of Abellenza."

Firm were the resolves of the youth, when his soul was fired with virtuous sacrifice; prompt was his execution, for his decisions were just. He quitted the hall of his kindred, and fast flew the bark on the waves, the wind was in her sails; fast flew the bark on the waves, and fast fell the tears of Lebnor's daughter; silence reigned in the hall of his kindred, and pale was the cheek of his love!

Peace to thy soul, daughter of Lebnor! repose on thy strength virtuous kindred of Abellenza! Bright in his fame shall the youth return; enriched with imperial honours, endowed with wealth and power shall return the youth of the secret sigh; envy shall expire at his feet, injustice hide her head, and fraud sue for mercy. The virtuous kindred of Abellenza shall repose in splendid security; the white-bosomed Zelmah shall bless the arms of the youth; Genius shall triumph in her son, and joy shall reign in the hall of Lebnor.

E. G. B.

THE PREDICTION.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE.

AN Austrian officer, the Baron von W——, who served in the Szekler, in the last war with the Turks, lived a few years since at B——. He was fond of relating the different extraordinary events of his campaigns. From the number we select the following anecdote, which is given in the Baron's own words:

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclosvar in Transylvania, to conduct a number of recruits to my regiment, which then lay in the vicinity of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy who carried on the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were extremely superstitious, asked her to tell their fortune. I laughed at them, and at the same time held my hand to the gipsy.

"The 20th of August," said she, with a very significant air, and without adding another syllable. I wished to obtain some explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away she called out to me in the same tone,—"the 20th of August." It may easily be supposed that this date remained impressed upon my memory.

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We joined the army, and shared its fatigues and dangers. It is well known that in this war the Turks gave no quarter. Their chiefs offered a premium of a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, and neither Janissaries nor Saphies neglected any opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts. There was scarcely a night but what the Turks came in superior numbers to seek for heads, and at day-break, it was often found that part of the camp had been guarded only by decapitated trunks. The prince of Coburg resolved to send every night strong pickets of cavalry beyond the chain of videts, for the purpose of protecting them; these pickets were composed of one or two hundred men; but the Turkish generals finding their troops disturbed in their retail trade, sent still more numerous detachments against our pickets, which procured them a still more considerable profit. The service of the pickets was consequently of such a nature, that those who were appointed to perform it, always put their affairs in order previous to their departure.

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Things were in this state in the month of August. Several battles had not changed the position of the army. A week before the 20th, my fortune-teller, of whom I had frequently purchased provisions, again made her appearance. She entered my tent, requested me to leave her a legacy, in case I should die on the day she had predicted, and offered, in case I did not, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay. This wine was a rarity in the army; the gipsy appeared to me not to have common sense; in the situation in which I then was, a speedy death was not improbable, but I had no reason to expect it precisely on the 20th of August. I acceded to the proposal, staking two horses and 50 ducats against the old woman's Tokay; and the auditor of the regiment took down our agreement in writing, but not without laughing.

The 20th of August came. There was no probability of an engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to furnish a piquet for the night; but two of my comrades were to go out before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon of the regiment came to inform the commandant that the officer named for the piquet was taken dangerously ill. The one next to him, and who preceded me, received orders to take his place; he dressed himself in haste and was proceeding to join his men; but his horse, a gentle, quiet creature, suddenly began to prance and caper in such a manner, that he at last threw his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. It was now my turn. I set off, but I must confess not in my ordinary humour.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by 120 belonging to another regiment, making in the whole two hundred men. Our post was about a thousand paces in front of the line of the right wing, and we were supported by a marsh covered with very high reeds; we had no advanced sentinels; but not a man was suffered to leave the saddle; our orders were to remain with drawn sabres and loaded carbines till day-break. Every thing was quiet till a quarter before two o'clock; we then heard a noise, which was succeeded by loud shouts of *Allah!* and in a minute all the horses in the first rank were thrown to the ground either by the fire, or by the shock of seven or eight hundred Turks. An equal number fell on their side, from the impetuosity of their charge and the fire of our carbines. In the confusion which succeeded, I received eight sabre wounds, as well from friends as enemies; my horse was mortally wounded; he fell on my right leg and pinned me down to the ensanguined ground. The flashes of pistols threw a light on this scene of carnage.

I raised my eyes and saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the

Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre of them. Very soon not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized the horses that were still fit for service, first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then began to cut off their heads and to put them into sacks which they had brought expressly for the purpose.—My situation was not very enviable. In the regiment of Szekler we in general understand the Turkish language. I heard them encourage each other to finish the business before any succours should arrive, and not to leave a single ducat behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. Hence it appears that their information must have been very accurate. While they were passing and repassing over me, while legs, arms, and balls were flying above my head, my horse received one which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I instantly conceived the idea of throwing myself, if possible, among the reeds of the morass. I had observed that several of our men who had attempted it were taken; but the firing had slackened, and the darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty yards to go, but had reason to apprehend that I should sink in the morass. I nevertheless leaped over men and horses, knocking down more than one of the Turks, who extended their arms to catch me, and made several blows at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and my agility enabled me to reach the marsh. I sunk at first no higher than my knees; in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, and there stopped exhausted with fatigue. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped; let us look for him!"—"It is impossible he can be in the morass," replied others. I know not whether they continued their conversation, but I heard nothing more. I fainted away with the loss of blood, and in this state I remained several hours; for when I came to myself, the sun was already high.

I had sunk into the morass up to the waist. My hair stood erect when I recollected the images of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first ideas. I counted my wounds, which were eight in number, but none of them dangerous; they were given with sabres on the arms, the breast, and the back. As the nights are very cool in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which had deadened the blows. I was, however, extremely weak: I listened; the Turks had been long gone. From time to time I heard the groans of wounded horses on the field of battle; as to the men, the Turks had taken pretty good care of them.

I attempted to extricate myself from the place in which I was, and this I accomplished in about an hour. The footsteps I had left behind me on

entering guided me out again. Though a war with the Turks blunts the edge of sensibility, I felt an emotion of fear, lonely as I was, when I cast my eyes beyond the reeds. I advanced; my eyes were directed towards the scene of massacre, but words are inadequate to express my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm. I turned my head and beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who had undoubtedly come back to see if he could pick up any thing more. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed. I addressed him in the Turkish language, "Take my watch, my money, my uniform," said I, "but spare my life!"—"All those belong to me," said he, "and your head into the bargain." He immediately untied the string of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed and incapable of defending myself; at the slightest movement he would have plunged his large cutlass into my bosom. I threw my arms round his body, supplicating his compassion, while he endeavoured to uncover my neck. "Have compassion on me," said I; "my family is rich, make me your prisoner, and you shall have a large ransom."—"It will be too long to wait for that," replied he; "only hold yourself still a moment, that I may cut—" and he was already taking out my shirt-pin. Meanwhile I still clung round him; he did not prevent me, undoubtedly because he relied on his strength and his weapons, and even perhaps from a motive of compassion, which indeed was not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat. While he was disengaging my shirt-pin, I felt something hard at his girdle. It was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Hold yourself still!" and without doubt these would have been the last words I should ever have heard, had not the horror of such a death inspired me with the idea of seizing his hammer. He did not perceive what I was doing, and already held my head with one hand and his cutlass in the other, when disengaging myself by a sudden movement, I gave him a blow on his face with the hammer with all my strength. The hammer was heavy; the Arnaut staggered; I repeated my blow, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. It is unnecessary to add that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. I ran towards our advanced posts, whose arms I perceived glistening in the sun, and at length reached the camp. Our people shunned me as they would a spectre. The same day I was attacked with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered from my fever and my wounds, and rejoined the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay; and I was informed by others that, during my absence, different circumstances had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and had procured many consultations and many legacies. All this was very extraordinary.

Not long afterwards two deserters from the enemy came over to us. They were two Christians of Servia, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. They no sooner saw our prophetess than they knew her, and declared that she frequently went at night to the Turkish camp to give the enemy an account of our movements. This astonished us greatly; for the woman had performed for us various services, and we had even admired the address with which she executed the most perilous commissions. The deserters, however, persisted in their testimony, adding, that they had several times been present when this woman described our positions to the Turks, disclosed to them our projects, and encouraged them to make attacks which had actually taken place. A Turkish cypher served for her passport. This convincing proof being found upon her, she was sentenced to suffer death as a spy. Before her execution, I again questioned her on her prediction relative to me. She acknowledged that by acting as a spy to both parties, which procured her double profit, she had often learned the designs of both; that those who secretly consulted her on their future fortune had made her acquainted with many circumstances, and that she was likewise under some obligation to accident. As to what regarded me in particular, she had selected me to make of me a great example capable of confirming her credit, by fixing so long before hand the fatal moment. At its approach she had instigated the enemy to make an attack in the night of the 20th on the post of our regiment. From the intercourse which she had with the officers, she learned that there were two to go before me; to one she sold adulterated wine, which had made him ill; and as for the other, at the moment of his departure, she went up to him, as if to sell him something, and found means, unperceived, to introduce very high into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning tinder.

PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT.

T. N.'s Enquiry concerning Principle and Sentiment briefly considered.

MR. EDITOR,

THE Reply of T. N. which appeared in the last number of *La Belle Assemblée*, to "The Distinction between Principle and Sentiment considered," which was submitted to the eye of the public in the preceding number of the same work, demands much serious attention. And the candour, the modesty, the talents, the ingenuity, and the intention with which it is written, entitles the author to every mark of respect and attention; and strongly induces me to pursue, however feebly and unsuccessfully, the subject in question somewhat further than I originally intended to have done.

In metaphysical disquisitions of every description, the difficulties that oppose themselves to our view, it is neither in our power accurately to enumerate, satisfactorily to explain, nor faithfully to describe. Here the nicest possible attention to a clear definition of words, and the minutest adherence to appropriate and precise application of terms, will neither prevent doubts, solve difficulties, nor establish conviction. And much of the knowledge that is to be acquired by the truly "abstruse, yet interesting study of the soul," must derive its origin more from an attentive observation of the intellectual faculties operating, by known and admitted fixed principles on all the variously combined effects of external and incidental circumstances and situations on the passions, the dispositions, the affections, and the sensations to which we are subject, than by the severest process of deep and critically rigid metaphysical investigations.

Too often in the study of the mind we omit the study of the man, and represent the object of our enquiry as a being superior to himself. Too often in delineating the character of man, his endowments and his capabilities, we represent him rather as what he ought to be than what he really is; and thus foil ourselves with our own weapons.

By principles, I do not mean *opinions* but *truths*. Truths are properties which invite enquiry and enforce conviction. Errors are chimeras of the imagination, which elude all pursuit and shrink from all enquiry. These have neither substance nor existence independent of what they receive from the resources of fancy, and from the indolence of opinion. Errors cannot emanate from principles. Of these there is but one description. In principles there are no deceptions. Principles are truths founded in the

nature and in the constitution of things; and the faculties of the mind are peculiarly adapted, nicely fitted, and pre-eminently calculated to act in exact conformity to their influence, when by the energies of virtue, accompanied by a desire of improvement, we are wisely determined zealously and properly to apply them to the useful, the noble, and the laudable purposes of increasing our happiness by enlarging our knowledge and redoubling our usefulness.

Principles are incapable of change or alteration, of injury or improvement. They are not founded in knowledge, but are its basis, its support, and its perfection. They are anterior to knowledge. They are emanations of a wisdom that is supernatural. Every thing that can properly be called principle would be invariably the same was all knowledge instantaneously to cease.— Truth would continue to be truth, and virtue to be virtue, although man knew neither the nature, the property, the utility, nor even the name of either. Principles may be instilled into the mind by education; but neither ignorance nor learning, neither wisdom nor folly, can alter their properties, nor disprove their existence. They are emanations of a divinity which leaves not man to the mercy of chance, nor to the dominion of opinion. To these emanations erudition must bow with respect, and philosophy must submit without an alternative.

In the pursuit of all moral and religious knowledge, whatever is not founded in principle is not necessary to the promotion of goodness and of happiness. The Christian religion is founded on the principle of love. If it can be proved that no such principle exists, the Christian system must inevitably fall to the ground. That the professors of christianity do not act in conformity to the influence of this principle does not prove that the principle itself is either false or defective. Those opinions of love which are subject and conformable to its principle are pure, sincere, just, dignified, and powerfully instrumental in promoting universal harmony and happiness; while those opinions arising from the same affection that are casually, promiscuously, methodically, or systematically imbibed by education; influenced by the habits of society, and the customs and fashions of the age; or by the zealous and persevering exertions, entreaties, and persuasions of particular sects, descriptions and denominations of Christians; although they may be productive of some good, unless they are

made referable to principles for the purposes of correction and modification, cannot be otherwise than calculated to produce much evil. But for such references sentiment originally founded in principle would be involved in the errors of opinion, and despoiled of her most salutary effects.

That there may be an *accidental* sense of good and beautiful, of evil and deformity, existing in the mind independent of instruction, I can easily conceive and readily grant; but that there should be a *natural* sense of those opposite qualities not only admits of doubt, but is incapable of demonstration. To the mind nothing is naturally right or wrong until it obtains an accidental, a revealed, or an acquired power of reasoning, comparing, and judging. For although we possess the faculty by which this power is applied to the purposes of want, yet the power itself is neither innate nor intuitive.

Errors never can become principles; for all principles are truths. And whatever wears the certain and unequivocal stamp of error ceases to be the effect of principle. False principles (improperly so called) are neither more nor less than unfounded opinions. They are opinions of an Utopian origin, and owe their birth to the fertile inventions, and their existence to the visionary delusions of an imagination uncorrected by sober investigation; or to the sudden impulse of conceptions or sensations, the causes of which we may feel ourselves unable to account for, or unwilling to enquire into.

Nothing can properly be denominated sentiment which does not in some way or another result from the operation of the reasoning faculties. Sentiment is therefore totally inapplicable to the brute creation. Nor in man can it be any otherwise pure, just, and acceptable to the great Creator of all things, than in proportion as it is the effect of, or conformable to, principles. We are not required to improve talents until they are actually put into our possession. Principles are talents provided for our use. We cannot possess them without knowing that we do so. We cannot alter them; we cannot change them; but we can use them; we can apply them for the benefit, the improvement, and the felicity of ourselves and our fellow-creatures. By such an use of them, we shall beget sentiments the most noble, the most generous, the most lovely, the most humane, and the most sublime that our present state of existence is capable of producing or enjoying. But if, instead of advertent to principles, we consult opinions, the justness of our inferences, and the purity of our intentions, will rest on no solid foundation; and the final result of our labours may be accompanied by sentiments in no respects favourable to the cause of

religion, of morality, of knowledge, or of happiness.

A separation between *just* principles and *natural* sentiment is conspicuous in many instances; nor can it be denied that a separation between *just* principle and *pure* sentiment is not unfrequently to be ascertained by any one who attentively watches and carefully examines the progress of his own conduct, reasonings, feelings, enquiries, and determinations; and compares the result of his observations with the principles he professes to believe, adopt, and maintain.

If "sentiment is the organ of sympathy" and "the first spring of all the social affections," which are propositions I cannot admit, it is no less the organ of envy and malice, and the first spring of all the unsocial affections; by which our rank in nature, and our obligations to domestic and political institutions are in a very high and lamentable degree concealed from our view.

All the "deductions made by reason from the experience of our own sentiments, or received from the sentiments of others whom we respect," are referable to principles, and the truth or fallacy, the purity or feculency of them must be determined by such reference. False principles have no existence in nature. And that which has no prior existence cannot be created by false deductions. It is more easy to suppose a man may be destitute of principles altogether than it is to suppose he can be actuated by what does not exist. False principles are visionary offsprings of imaginary suppositions. We cannot embody them. They are ideal shadows to which no substances belong. They are inapplicable to all the useful purposes of moral, natural, and religious enquiries. They are mists floating in the atmosphere of ignorance, generated by a total perversion of talents, and supported by the ascendancy of vice, which may for a while conceal the brilliancy of wisdom from the view, but which happily cannot prevent the influence of its operation on the heart.

Every thing that is not absolutely and in every respect consistent with principles, and strictly conformable to the plain, decided and requisite effects of their influence when the properties of them are properly applied, is altogether unfounded. The acquisition of knowledge implies certainty of principles. Where no principles exist knowledge ceases to be progressive. There the superstructure of learning cannot be erected; for there no foundation can be found whereon to rear it. Vice and ignorance are equally destitute of all principles. Hence man in savage life lives and dies in a savage state: but, as in social life, he is not altogether vicious nor altogether ignorant, it is plain that he is capable of recognizing

principles when they are once submitted to his consideration; and from that recognition he enjoys the power, and is invested with the privilege of applying them where it is his interest, his duty, his inclination, or his humour to do so.

The dissimilarity of "the characteristics assigned to sentiment" is warranted by experience; against which no arguments can counter-vail. Seeming inconsistencies of representation do not obviate the certainty of real absurdities in opinion, nor the visibility of palpable contradictions in practice.

The unerring purity of sentiment is incapable of being otherwise ascertained than by comparing its agreement or disagreement with the principles by which it should be governed and regulated.

If "every primitive sentiment must be necessarily virtuous," every principle from which such sentiment emanates must be necessarily good.

If there are some who "perceive misery, and desire to relieve it," there are others who perceive misery, and desire to increase it. Sentiment is under the dominion of the passions as well as the affections; but this is not the case with principle. "From our primitive sentiments," independent of the controul of fixed

principles, no certain deductions can be made, no permanent uniformity of virtuous conduct can be inferred.

Principles are the grounds of knowledge underrivable by the art of man. They are communications made to him, by the proper application of which knowledge is attainable by him. Natural conceptions add nothing to the strength of principles, and but little to the stock of knowledge. And knowledge, whether derived from education, from accident, from observation, from experience, or from study, is not a great support of principle, but is itself supported by principle. Principles are truths than which nothing can be more strong, nothing more useful, nothing more perfect, nothing more satisfactory. The emanations of science can neither add to, nor diminish ought of their intrinsic value.

Independent of sentiment, principles are anchors of hope, and of consolation sure and certain; on which we may always rely with confidence and security.

Were the legislation of principle and the precedents of experience to bow to the decisions of sentiment, the chancery of the mind would become despicable by its inconsistencies, and ridiculous by its determinations.

July 6, 1806.

L.C.

ON THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

To those who are in the habit of employing their private resources, and availing themselves of public advantages, not as the mere engines for supplying immediate wants, but as a criterion from which they can estimate the progressive improvement of the human mind, and the consequent advances of civilization and refinement, every thing must be valuable and interesting that can tend to elucidate the original, or follow the early steps of those arts and sciences which, while they effect the desirable and ordinary purposes of life, for society at large, afford to enquiring and contemplative minds, a source of satisfaction infinitely superior to the comfort which they, in common with the rest of the world, derive from the accomplishment of those ordinary purposes. Among these resources and advantages, perhaps there is none which has tended, in so eminent and conspicuous a degree, to the diffusion of wisdom, and of course to the improvement of society, as the art of printing:—that

"Magic skill,

"Which stamps, renews, and multiplies
"at will."

Which, while it enables us to stock our minds with all the produce of ancient research, to refine our taste by all the specimens of early art, and to trace the gradual advancement of knowledge even to the times in which we live, also gives us, in our turn, the facility of imparting in an instant the result of our enquiries, and the effusions of our fancy, to the remotest corners where the language of our country is admired or understood: so that not a ray of genius emanates from the human soul which may not be caught, as it were, in a prismatic glass, and reflected at once in innumerable directions. Yet, the source of this admirable invention, by which the regions of literature have been fertilized, and the fruits of genius matured, has, like the fountains of the Nile, for a succession of ages, defied the endeavours of every adventurer who has attempted, by tracing its current, to ascend to its primary streams. To say a few words on a subject so generally interesting, and convey, with as little heavy pedantry and dry chronology as possible, an understanding of the general documents which we have been able to procure, may perhaps be a labour not

wholly unexceptionable to that part of our readers whom the privilege of the sex, and the triumphs of the toilette, withhold from the labours of ponderous literature. Knowledge will seldom be refused admittance into the mind, if amusement be the coin which it offers at the door.

The time when this art was discovered is (within a very few years) a matter of pretty general agreement; the difficulty is to ascertain, among a number of competitors for the credit of the invention, amidst the confusion (and probably the chicanery) of partnerships and improvements, the real author of the inestimable discovery: For partners claim equality of merit with original proprietors; and subsequent improvers arrogate to themselves the title of inventors. Printing, then, first became known in Europe about the year 1440. But the birth-place of Homer has scarcely given rise to discussions more various or more animated, than the town and the individual to whom the honour is to be attributed. It is true that in China the art of printing has been known certainly from the year 980, and as some think for a long succession of centuries. But in China the art is a totally different science from the European system, though the ground-work and first principle are the same: for the Chinese printers, having an incredible number of letters, could not, as the Europeans do, who have only twenty-four, perform all their objects with a few types repeatedly combined in various relations, but were obliged to employ an immense quantity of types; so that they found it the most convenient plan to cut in wood a block-type of every individual page in the books they had occasion to print, which type was of course totally useless to the artist for any other purpose than the re-printing of the same work. And though it be urged that Koster, of whom we must presently speak, printed two or three books from these wooden pages, yet it should be recollected, that at the time when Koster is said to have done this, the Chinese and Europeans had no medium of intercourse by which it was possible that such an invention could be communicated. When all these circumstances, the internal evidence of the manufacture, and the external evidence of dates, are considered with their due proportions, it will be pretty generally agreed that Germany, which, but for the priority of this Chinese claim, is acknowledged to have been the mother country of printing, has a fair title to the honour. Hence the old Latin lines:

"O Germania! Muneris Repertrix
 "Quo nihil utilius dedit Vetustas!
 "Libros scribere quæ doces premendo!"

Which may be rendered:

"An art did you, ye German States, explore,
 "Which equalled all that skill had wrought before;
 "You quickened Genius by the glaring hint,
 "And taught to write, by teaching how to print."

But to have settled that the art is originally German, will by no means be found a solution of the problem which we wish to see solved. It is necessary for us also to enquire, which, among those numberless principalities, whose aggregate constitutes the German empire, has the greatest show of justice on its side. It seems indeed most fair to conclude, with a great majority of the learned men who have entered upon those investigations, the results of which we are now briefly relating, that Mentz was the horizon in which this new luminary dawned; though there are not wanting many respectable authorities who attribute the priority to Haarlem, and many who support the claims of Strasburgh. Other smaller towns there are, "nor nameless nor unsung;" but their defenders are not entitled to particular consideration in an abstract such as this, from either their number or their authority. In considering the question, we shall satisfy ourselves with giving an outline of the separate pretensions held forth by these three towns, without entering into any prolix detail of the proofs that support the respective arguments; and if any one shall wish to make a farther search, he will easily, by means of the authorities to which we shall refer, be enabled to fill up our general sketch.

The inhabitants, then, of Strasburgh contend, that the first printer was one Mantel, in their city; and this theory is supported by a physician of the same name at Paris, who declares that this Mantel, of Strasburgh, invented printing in 1442, and that, in consequence, he was presented by the Emperor, Frederick the Third, with a coat of arms, which had reference to his great discovery. But it may be urged, that a Sovereign's favour is by no means an irrefragable proof of merit or originality; nor, on the other hand, ought royal neglect to be considered as an argument of demerit or quackery. Christopher Columbus discovered the new world; but Americus Vesputius had the honour of giving it his name.

According to Junius Hadrianus, Haarlem was the native city of this young science. He maintains that it was invented by Lawrence John Koster, an eminent Burgher of that place, as early as the year 1480—that Koster "made letters first of the bark of trees, which he set and ranked in order, and put with their heels upwards upon paper, and so made the first essay of this art: at first he made but a line or two,

"then whole pages, and then books, but printed 'on one side only.' The blank sides of the paper were then pasted together, and these rudiments of the art Junius Hadrianus says he actually saw in that very town. That, after some time, he discontinued the use of wood as his material for types, and 'cut single letters in steel, which he sunk into copper matrices, and, fitting them into iron moulds, cast single letters of metal into those matrices.' Of these matrices the inventor appears (from a note written in a copy of Tully's Offices, which was printed in the year 1445, and which has been preserved in the Bodleian Library,) to have been Peter Schaeffer, or Schoeffer. Koster having made this progress in the art, (continue the Haarlemers), associated with himself John Fust Faustemberg, or Faustus, whom, by-the-bye, some accounts confound with John Guttenberg, another early printer; and this faithless associate, having thoroughly acquainted himself with the principles and the practice of the art, took advantage of a morning when Koster was piously employed at church, and, stealing his tools, set up a new printing house at Mentz, where he asserted his claim to the original merit, before Koster had thought proper to publish his own pretensions. Now the first book that Faustus printed, say they, was produced in 1440, being the Doctrinal of Alexander Gallus; and all that is alledged in favour of Koster, is a bare assertion of the Haarlemers, that the *Speculum Salutis*, which was printed in their town in Dutch and Latin, was the first book ever printed. But, unluckily, they do not inform us when this work appeared; so that Koster's title to priority rests only on vague affirmation, while that of Faustus is supported by the strongest of all testimony, the internal evidence of his date. Nor indeed can we easily conceive why Koster, who is stated to have made his discovery in 1430, should have kept his own secret so long as ten years, from all the world except Faustus, particularly if he were so shabby a fellow as the Haarlemers would make us believe. And it seems not more reasonable to think that Koster invented what Faustus made known, than in conversation, when one man has uttered a very witty observation, it would be just to give the credit of it to another, who should tell us that he had also *thought* of the same thing. However, the Haarlemers are so perfectly convinced of the soundness of their own pretensions, that, over the house of this Lawrence John Koster, in the Market-place at Haarlem, Hegeuitz tells us these lines are written in golden letters:

Typographiæ Ars, Artium Conservatrix, hic
Primum Inventa, circa Ann. M,CCCC,XL.

The art of printing, the guardian of other arts,
Was here first invented about the year 1440.

Thus, by-the-bye, they shew that they themselves know not how to believe their own assertions, that the date of Koster's invention was 1430; and underneath the inscription which we have mentioned are these verses:

"Vana, quid Archetypos et Præla, Moguntia, jactas?

"Haarlemi Archetypos Prælaque nata scias.

"Extulit hic, monstrante Deo, Laurentius artem:

"Dissimulare virum hunc, dissimulare Deum est."

"Wherefore, vain Mentz, thy types and presses vaunt?

"At Haarlem born, those wonders went abroad.

"The secret *here* did God to Lawrence grant:

"Belying this man is belying God."

And now for the inhabitants of Mentz. Faustus, whom the Haarlemers have called the disciple of Koster, and who is commonly known by the name of Dr. Faustus, appears in reality to have been the inventor of printing, about the year 1440; and the occasion of it was, like the occasions of many of our most useful and important discoveries, completely fortuitous. Some persons have supposed, that the idea was suggested by the mode in which playing-cards were engraved; but it is generally believed at Mentz, that he had been amusing himself one afternoon by cutting the letters that composed his name out of the bark of a young tree; these he laid upon his handkerchief, which was fine and white linen; so the bark, being green and full of sap, impressed on the clean surface the shapes into which it had itself been carved. This accident represented to him the practicability of making characters of metal, which, damped with a strong colour, would leave an impression upon paper. The citizens of Mentz, in support of this assertion of theirs, produce a copy of Tully's Offices, printed on parchment, and preserved in the library of Auxbourg, at the end of which is this memorandum:

"Præsens M. Tullii Opus clarissimum, Jo. Fust, moguntinus civis, non atramento, plumali cannâ, neque æreâ, sed arte quâdam perpulchrâ, manu Petri Gersheim, pueri mei, feliciter effeci. Finitum Anno 1440, die quarto, mens Feb."

"This celebrated work of Marcus Tullius, I, John Fust, citizen of Mentz, have, not with ink, with a pen of quill, nor with one of brass, but by a certain admirable art, completed successfully, through the labour of Peter Gersheim, my servant-boy. Finished the fourth of February, in the year 1440."

This refutes the Haarlem story about the publication of Gallus's Doctrinal.

This Fust has been, unfortunately, the subject of much misapprehension. Posterity itself, which does justice to the merits of most men, even of those who have suffered from envy, from prejudice, and from party, in their life-time, has failed to clear the memory of Fust, from imputations the most absurd, as well as unjust. During his life, he had the misfortune to separate from those whom he had chosen as the partners of his newly found art; and this seems to afford a clue, as well for the claims of the different towns which we have mentioned, and to which those partners probably migrated, as for the scandalous accusations which were thrown against him, of desertion from his employer, and felony in carrying off the tools. These were the inventions of the learned who envied, and of the partisans who opposed him, to deprecate his character with the higher orders of men; while, in order to impose upon the vulgar, those lies were propagated, which long tradition, and pantomimic spectacle have, in almost every country of Europe inseparably associated with the very name of Faustus. We are told of his compacts with the devil, and his skill in magic; we have seen him on the stage in the *infernal regions*, suffering punishment for having *on earth* been the benefactor of his fellow-creatures. And what was the cause of this popular belief in his necromancy? Why this: A number of copies were produced of Bibles printed by him, which, being compared together, was found exactly, even to the punctuation of a paragrath, even to the title of an iota correspondent, each with the other; and being avowedly too produced in a space of time in which they could not have been finished by the ordinary mode of manuscript, were positive evidence, in the eyes of the vulgar, that he, who could do more than man had ever done before, must possess means more powerful than man could command. Those means could be only diabolical; though it was certainly a strange freak of his subterranean Majesty, to select, for one of Faustus's earliest experiments in the new art, of all books in the world, the Bible!

In England printing first became known in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who sent messengers to Haarlem for the purpose of learning the art, and if possible, of bringing back with them some persons who should instruct the inhabitants of Great Britain in its exercise. Accordingly, Frederick Corseles, an under-workman, was prevailed on, for a considerable sum of money, to come over to England; and began at Oxford the exercise of that art, which has since been one of the most powerful engines in the hand of Providence for increasing our knowledge and improving our morals; since morality, though not in every individual, yet certainly in every age, increases with the increase of knowledge.—Who were the persons employed by the king, has been much disputed; but this is evident, that the deputies were fitted out and maintained at the charge of his majesty; and on that account printing, though it afterwards became a free trade, was many years thought as exclusively the king's prerogative, as coining. It was brought to London by William Caxton; and that, says Baker in his Chronicle, about the year 1471: but we have scarcely any copies of books printed in London earlier than 1480. The first printing-press was set up in Westminster Abbey, where Caxton worked; and this was the reason why all printing-offices were afterwards called *Chapels*.

To an invention so useful to mankind, it has since been thought proper to annex ornament; and modern times have proceeded upon this decorating principle to such extremes, that literature has been greatly enhanced in its price by its ornamental coadjutors. What was once cheap and simple paper, is now a manufacture approaching to vellum. The spaces, which were originally left at the ends of chapters, have been swelled for the introduction of expensive vignettes. Pages, which used to contain forty or fifty lines, now comprise only eighteen or twenty, and those lines of a larger type. Books formerly printed in octavo, are now become quartos, past the purse of an ordinary reader, huge masses of literature, where, in the words of a witty and elegant writer, "a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin."

H. T.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLER AT REST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CONJECTURE attributes this work to a gentleman of high birth, who, during his political career, attended embassies, frequented several European Courts, and collected in every place a variety of anecdotes, which he connected together into one story, assuming the fictitious name of Duchillou. We will follow his course from the moment he embarks in English affairs, as it may prove gratifying to British readers to catch some glimpses of the light which he throws on the characters of some of their most distinguished countrymen.

PART II.—CHAP. I.

Arriving in London, I went to Mr. Upton, who told me all he had done to promote my interest. Though an heir to four thousand a year he was very poor, as an avaricious brother enjoyed all the fortune of the family; that circumstances had led him to accept of the office of Secretary to Lord Bute's brother who was sent to Turin as an Extraordinary Envoy; but he soon repented the sacrifice he had made of his liberty, and determined to break his engagement. In order to fulfil this intention without causing any trouble to the Minister, he thought of recommending me as a Chaplain, intending, when half way to the place of our destination, to excuse himself, as well as he could, from acting as a Secretary, and proposing me in his stead. It was necessary for me to enter the church; but, as he had often seen me study the Greek and Hebrew languages, and the sacred commentators, he had no doubt of my being able to pursue the clerical career. I thanked Mr. Upton for this proof of his friendship, and found no difficulty in the execution of his design. He presented me to Mr. Mackenzie, our principal; I was approved of, took orders, and in a fortnight entered on my employment, and was ready to depart.

It will not be improper, before I leave England, to inform my readers of the situation in which the persons stood with whom I was engaged.

Lord Bute's air was noble, his manners easy, his shape elegant; his capacious mind possessed the clear light of understanding, and the treasures of extensive knowledge; the elevation of his soul

raised him above difficulties, and gave him the consciousness of being born for great enterprises. Free from ambition, he retired soon after his marriage to the island of Bute, which made part of his domains. There he tasted the sweets of varied study and the bliss of a peaceful life, divided between the cultivation of his lands, his books, and his family: and there he would have spent the whole of his existence, had not the descent of the Pretender in Scotland, in 1745, compelled him to change all his plans. At that period all the Scotch nobility attached to the reigning House of England, left their country to drive away every suspicion of treachery, and shew their love for the King. Lord Bute, although wearing the name of Stuart, and one of the heads of that illustrious family, repaired immediately to London, and tendered his services to his Sovereign; the Court was then divided in two parties, that of the King, and that of the Prince of Wales, who often opposed the measures of his royal father. The latter was pleased with his Lordship, and courted his friendship on so many occasions, by the flattering distinctions which he bestowed upon him, that the Earl soon renounced all other connections, and yielded willingly to his inclination for a prince who loaded him with honours and caresses. By degrees he became so necessary to the affairs and amusements of the Heir Apparent, that the Court could not support his absence. The death of that Prince, which happened a few years after, far from diminishing his credit, exalted it still higher than before. The Princess of Wales granted him entire confidence, and required his advice not only on her own affairs, but on the education of the Prince of Wales her son. She served him so warmly near the king, that he was named first gentleman of the bed-chamber; but that dawn of favour awoke the jealousy of several other courtiers, and fostered the germ of animosity which afterwards rose so high against him.

As George the Second advanced in age, the influence of the young Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter of whom had the ascendancy of a mother over him, increased. Ministers began to respect that court; and its great oracle, Lord Bute, enjoyed from it the largest share of credit.

It was about this time that his brother, Stuart Mackenzie, was chosen for an Extraordinary Envoy to the Court of Turin.

Mr. Mackenzie was, of all the men I have known, the one who united the best qualities with the smallest defects. His prudence prevented him from venturing into wild probabilities of chance, and his wisdom threw a clear light upon the mazy paths of success. To do good was his delight, and to hide it his care; and if he was fond of distinctions, it was to make his friends enjoy the fruits of it, public credit. He had a fund of honour and veracity rarely found in the age in which he lived, and which never failed him in the most embarrassing circumstances. Humane, charitable, and generous, he united with learning, a noble and easy deportment with a cheerful temper in society; the noisy pleasures of the world, and numerous assemblies, had little interest for him who preferred to bend his mind to the study of the sciences, in which he made a rapid progress, especially in mathematics, algebra, and astronomy.

His wife, Lady Betty Mackenzie, was daughter to the well-known John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who appeared for the space of thirty years with such distinction at the head of the British armies and in the high chamber of Parliament. She possessed an air of dignity and kindness which won universal respect and attachment, and it was easy to perceive in her a wish of pleasing, so natural and so true, that she would have delighted, had she not even attempted it by every possible means.

We left London in October 1758. England was then at war with France, and a numerous train of young gentlemen, who took advantage of the permission Mr. Mackenzie had obtained, to traverse the French dominions, attended the steps of the embassy. Our landing at Calais, after a long and violent gust of wind, offered a very ridiculous scene. The Prince de Croy, who commanded in Picardy, and was then stationed in Calais, willing to receive the English Minister with all the honours which his politeness could invent, waited in the harbour, with part of the garrison, to hand Lady Mackenzie out of the ship. We had been unluckily so much tossed during the night, that no one thought of dress, as it had been resolved, in consequence of present circumstances, to enter the town in private. Imagine, therefore, the Prince de Croy, frizzled and powdered at eight o'clock in the morning, giving his hand to Lady Mackenzie in her night cap, at the head of all the officers of his garrison. Mr. Mackenzie, confused at such a reception, following, his head bent down, enveloped in a large cloak, and his hat stuck at the top of his night-cap, accompanied by a dozen

of English noblemen, pale and fatigued, their hair disordered, and their stockings upon their heels. It was in that state we traversed the town, drums beating, in the middle of the garrison, ranged in two lines, to the great satisfaction of some witty officers whom the contrast did not fail to strike. The Prince left the Lady at the gate of the inn, to give her time to rest, after having invited the company to dinner; but Mr. Mackenzie had suffered so much by the unpleasantness of his pompous reception, that he gave up his first intention, which was to have stopped a day at Calais, and hurried on his departure. I was sent to present his excuses to the Prince, and we set off immediately to avoid a dinner, a ball and a play, which French politeness had prepared for us. We pursued our journey through France and Savoy, and reached Turin without any other remarkable adventure.

CHAP. II.

The King of Sardinia* is the natural ally of the King of England; they have nothing to dread from each other, and their good intelligence is useful to both; an English Minister is therefore always seen with pleasure at this court, and finds no difficulty in being beloved. Mr. Mackenzie kept a large establishment at Turin, and his wife received company in a high style; they often had numerous assemblies, gave balls and public entertainments, so that their house soon became the rendezvous of the best of society. The Chevalier Ossorio was then first Minister, the Count de Mercy was the Plenipotentiary Minister of the Queen, M. de Chauvelin Ambassador from France, the Marquis de Carraccioli Extraordinary Envoy of the King of Naples, and the remainder of the diplomatic body, though inferior in rank, was not ill composed.

The Chevalier Ossorio was an Italian by birth; he had followed Victor when this sovereign gave up the title of King of Sicily, and after having been his minister, served his son, Charles Emanuel, in several courts, especially at that of London, where he remained fifteen years; he had been raised to the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which was looked upon at Turin as the first and most important station of the kingdom. The Chevalier had genius and talent, more even than was necessary for the government of an inferior state; his views extended too far for his court; but they were wisely restricted by Charles Emanuel. His two rivals in public credit were the Marquis de Breille, great Equerry, who had been governor to the Duke of Savoy, and the Comte de Bogin, Minister at war, who

* This was written in 1775.

had become so useful in his department that he was absolutely necessary.

The Marquis Solar de Bruille was of noble birth, his titles to favour were his long services in the army and in the ministry, and the excellent education he had given to the Duke of Savoy, whom he rendered an accomplished prince. He enjoyed the full confidence of his pupil, and the esteem of the king, who did not like him, but acknowledged his merit. I never knew a nobleman who had seen more, and profited by what he had seen, as much as the Marquis; he had spent his infancy with his father, who then was resident in London as Sardinian ambassador; he had served under Prince Eugene, and had been successively minister of the king his master to Naples, Rome, Vienna, and had been employed in various negotiations. Wit, vivacity, and politeness were blended in him, and though eighty years old, his memory preserved all the treasures it had collected. In a word, the advantages he derived from an intimate acquaintance with the great men of his age, rendered his conversation interesting and instructive; I had the pleasure to enjoy it during my long abode at Turin; I was honoured with his friendship, and I often spent three hours with him which seemed to flee away like rapid moments.

He often related curious anecdotes, which served to correct the errors of the writers of his time. He had little estimation for Voltaire as an historian, and accused him of having sometimes followed his own ideas, and preferred doubtful appearances to real truth. Of this he gave me two instances which I cannot forbear quoting. Being once contradicted on some circumstances of the detention of Alexis, son to the Czar Peter, by a gentleman who brought forward Voltaire as an authority. "Allow me to know this point better than your Voltaire," exclaimed the Marquis with vivacity, "I was then the minister of my Sovereign at Naples, and it was I who was secretly charged to solicit the detention of that unfortunate Prince."

Speaking one day of the death of Peter the Great, I mentioned the will which had been brought before the Russian Senate, and the existence of which Voltaire denied in his history of Russia, "I have better authorities to give you," answered the Marquis, "than Voltaire and his history. When ambassador at Vienna, I was intimately connected with the Russian ambassador, who told me more than once that he was alone with the Empress Catherine in the room of the Czar when he died. Before she made his dissolution known she wished to ascertain whether he had made any will, and finding none in his bureau, they agreed together to compose one, which she dictated to that nobleman, who was

entirely devoted to her interests, and it is the will which has since been printed. I had promised secrecy to the ambassador, and I mention it now because I know he died several years ago."

Another time, as we were talking of the aversion of the Duke of Marlborough, I said that I could not believe what was reported of him, that one night, in a *tête-à-tête*, he had put out one of the wax candles which lighted his room. "It is nevertheless true," said the Marquis quickly, "I was with him: Prince Eugene sent me one night to inform him of a disposition he had made for an attack the next morning. The Duke was in bed; being awakened, I was introduced to him, and a valet de chambre placed two wax-lights on a table by the side of the bed. At the beginning of the conversation, which seemed of a nature to last long, the Duke of Marlborough put the extinguisher on one of the wax candles, and continued to listen with deep attention."

The Marquis de Bruille might have been called with truth the living history of half an age; he was among the few who have observed for a long time the great springs of the balance of Europe, and was, more than any, able to judge of their energies.

The Comte de Bogin had ascended every step of the war office, and had at length reached the last. He was a man of a haughty spirit, of an unbending firmness in the exercise of his employment, who spared no one, and who, in all his measures, considered only the good of the thing, without any wish or apprehension of satisfying or offending any person in power; he was a man such as the King of Sardinia wanted. The revenues of this prince were not large enough to reward a numerous nobility, entirely devoted to his service, and being desirous of rendering them all contented, he made use of the authority of his minister to conciliate the impotence of his means with his inclination to bestow favours.

Charles Emanuel III. was undoubtedly one of the wisest and most just princes of Europe. He governed his kingdom as a father governs his family, and it may be said that he himself administered justice in his dominions. One of the means he took to insure its being scrupulously granted to every individual, was that of dedicating two hours, morning and evening, to private audiences. I have seen his anti-chamber crowded with merchants, mechanics and countrymen; every one was admitted and heard in his turn. If any complained of the iniquity of a judge, and brought proofs against him, the king quickly and impartially relieved his wrongs and punished the offender. I was myself witness to an instance of his equity, which I will relate.

[To be continued.]

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

SIR,

IN proportion to the progress of European commerce in Indostan, we have been enabled to correct or complete their narratives; for about half a century we have been familiarly acquainted with those institutions which for such a length of time have remained concealed.

It is my intention to give only a sketch of the manners of the Indians, otherwise I could fill several volumes on that subject. Not so much at a loss for materials as which to select, I have consulted men of abilities who have lived several years in Indostan; in giving the result of their observations, I shall confine myself principally to what has not hitherto been known. I shall take an Indian from his cradle and follow him through every circumstance of life to his death. I shall take one of the middling class, in which primitive purity of manners is always more accurately preserved. This class is seldom displaced by revolutions; it always remains the same, between the corruption which frequently sways the higher ranks, and the brutality of the vulgar, which is incessantly perverting the spirit of institutions.

The birth of a child amongst the Indians is a day of thanksgiving. They thank the Gods for this augmentation of their tribe or family; but childbed being considered a pollution, the father, attended by Bramins, purifies the house by sprinkling it several times with water. Every one is particularly careful to rub his head with oil, and to wash himself. The Indians are unacquainted with the use of the cradle, and swathing clothes, which only prevent the infant's powers from unfolding themselves, are utterly unknown on the shores of the Ganges. Immediately after their delivery, which the Indian women bear far better than those of Europe, and which is rendered less painful by the climate, a midwife carries the new-born infant to the river, or to a pond, to wash it. Its bed, from the very first day, is a carpet spread upon the ground, and it derives its constant support from the bosom that gave it life.

The 10th day after its birth, the relations and friends of the family assemble to give the child a name, which is commonly that of some God, who is to be its guardian angel whilst on earth. Before they give a new-born infant a name, the Bramins consult the planets; and if their influences appear unfavourable, they have recourse to various ceremonies to avert their effect. They invoke the God *Yamen*, offer sacrifices, pour on the

child's head the sacred water of the Ganges; six months after, the relations are invited to assist at a ceremony which consists in giving the infant, for the first time, some rice prepared with milk and sugar to eat.

A child goes without any kind of clothing till the fourth or fifth year. He plays about the house with his brothers and sisters, entirely naked like himself. Thus their powers develop much earlier than amongst us. You see none of them carried about in their mothers arms after the sixth month. By crawling upon the ground, they learn at length to support themselves on their legs, and to walk without the assistance of leading-strings. Their understanding unfolds itself as early as their bodily powers. They are more forward at six than ours are sometimes at ten years of age.

The instruction of a boy consists only in learning reading, writing, and arithmetic; he is taken to a school, where, without either books or paper, he makes a surprising progress. The tutor assembles his pupils under the shade of a palm-tree before the door of his house, and places before each of them a small heap of sand; after having levelled it at top, he writes on it with his finger a letter of the alphabet. The child copies it; and when he has learnt its forms, he repeats his lesson during the day, always pronouncing what he traces in the sand. After learning the alphabet, the master teaches him how, by a slight alteration in the form of a letter, to compose a syllable from it; how by a like alteration, the gender, number, case or time of a radical word is determined, without being tormented with long rules of grammar, which the Indians have not in their language. When a child knows how to trace words in the sand, he learns to do the same with a bodkin on palm leaves, which the Indians use instead of paper. The same method is pursued in teaching children arithmetic in a very short time; and with the most simple rules they resolve the most difficult questions with wonderful facility. In merchants' counting-houses only two persons are employed in the most important accounts, the memory of the one serves as a table for the other; the former always repeating exactly the result of the calculations of the second, which he keeps setting down.— Besides this, boys are likewise instructed in the Persian language, which, throughout all Indostan, is the language of the court and people of fashion, like French in the north of Europe.

Of all other sciences they remain totally ignorant. The Hindoos have not the smallest idea of painting or sculpture, as the grotesque figures in their pagodas clearly evince. Their only music is a discordant noise produced by the harsh sound of various instruments; their singing is without harmony; their dancing ridiculous gesticulation accompanied with grimaces and contortions, without scarcely ever changing their places. Their poetry is a perfect galimaufry, a collection of phrases without rhyme; indeed it would be indecent for a well-educated young man to learn things of that kind; it is enough that a few individuals of an inferior cast are instructed therein, and can exhibit their abilities for a trifling consideration; the boys are more solicitous to learn to ride on horseback.

The education of girls is confined to forming them to become good mothers and amiable wives; they likewise give them some knowledge of religion and morality.

The principal beauty of young girls consisting, in the opinion of the Indians, in having a delicate complexion, they are carefully kept from the rays of the sun. The custom of anointing themselves with oil, as related by the generality of travellers, is practised only amongst the inferior castes, amongst those who support themselves by labour, and who actually expose their children to the sun after besmearing them as above mentioned, which gives them a colour nearly approaching to black; whereas, on the other hand, the complexion of the women has in general a transparency and a lustre which allows the eye to trace the course of the blood underneath a delicate skin, and on a neck moulded by the Graces. The same precautions are taken with regard to boys, not only with a view to preserve their beauty, but likewise to give them an effeminate and indolent appearance, which in their opinion is the surest mark of opulence and noble birth.

The girls are early instructed in the art of pleasing: they are taught to comb their hair smooth, to perfume it with oils and costly essences, to make it fall gracefully down their backs in long tresses, adorned with gold chains; they study to blacken the inside of their eye lids, which gives them a languishing air, and makes their large black eyes beam with greater lustre: they learn to stain the nails of their fingers and toes red, to show through a transparent muslin the finest neck imaginable, and under this elegant drapery to expose to view a small bare foot, the toes and ancles of which are still more loaded with rings and bracelets than even the hands and arms. In short, they are in no respect inferior to our European women in this enchanting art, possessing, moreover, the advantage of not being

obliged to have recourse to art in order to appear in all their charms; for nature has been more bountiful to the fair sex in these climates than in ours, and there is no such thing as an absolutely ugly woman to be met with. All the requisites for the toilette of our women are to them utterly useless. Beauty seeks its graces in the same quarter whence religion derives sanctification; and water, which purifies the soul, is the only resource applied to by the women to preserve and to improve the attractions of youth.

Upon the whole, you meet no where with more perfect cleanliness than among the Indians. It is true, at the first glance, it appears disgusting and filthy to see a beautiful Indian woman mixing up her victuals and feeding herself with her fingers; but when you know that this right hand, which serves both for spoon, knife, and fork, touches nothing impure, that they never omit washing themselves with the most scrupulous attention both before and after meals, your disgust ceases, and you discover even a certain grace in this method of eating. Cleanliness is enjoined them by their religion, or rather constitutes part of their faith, upon the principle that a person physically impure, must likewise be so morally.

The religion of the Indians consists in a great measure of rites, which seem to have been prescribed to mankind in these climates for the preservation of health and life. They never receive any formal instruction even in the ceremonies and precepts of religion. They imitate what they see their parents do, and the example of the father of a family is the principal instruction the latter bestows on his children. Being accustomed to live upon simple food, and for the most part on vegetables, they acquire an equality of temper. They are mild, benevolent, exempt from strong passions, and nature has inspired their hearts with the knowledge of and distinction between good and evil. They seem to inhale morality with the air they breathe under the paternal roof. They are virtuous as much through habit as by choice; they are not commanded to love their parents, yet you no where meet with more dutiful and affectionate children. There are things which, although not forbidden by the laws, are however the object of general contempt. Their morals are preserved much more by the influence of domestic prejudices than by that of legislation. An Indian is seldom a man of erudition, but he is perfect master of what he has once learned; the little opportunity he has of consulting books causes him to exercise his intellectual faculties the more; you do not see in India a multitude of collections, of dictionaries, made but to cherish indolence, and containing only the shreds of science. The memory

of our European literati is in their library; on the other hand, the library of the learned Indians is in their memory.

The Indian is still but a child, but is now about to be admitted into the rank of men. I now come to the most remarkable æra of his life, namely, marriage; the birth of man is encompassed with clouds; the close of life is attended with pains and tears; but marriage, placed between his first and his last troubles, is an epoch to which all nations have affixed ideas of mirth and prosperity. At this period it is that man in reality chuses a country, by becoming the head of a new family; he fixes his habitation on the earth and his station in society. The Indians attach the utmost importance to the celebration of their marriages. As soon as a young Indian has attained his ninth or tenth year, his parents begin to look out a wife for him; the latter is commonly two or three years younger than himself. Pains are then taken to bring the two children together, to see if any incompatibility of temper appears in their innocent pastimes. Meanwhile the parents draw up the marriage contract and prepare the ceremonies that are to confirm the civil tie. The marriage is celebrated, but not consummated till the parties attain the age of puberty. Every thing is regulated by the wisdom of the parents and Manmadin; the Indian Cupid is never invoked in the hymeneal ceremonies and preparations. It seems astonishing, but very few unfortunate matches are to be seen in India, although the parties take each other without any previous acquaintance, and at an age when the heart is not capable of judging what it ought to love; this observation would not prove in favour of those marriages among us, which we call *marriages of inclination*. The custom of marrying children tends to the preservation of morals amongst the Indians. You never see an Indian spend his youth in debauchery, and then carry to the altar of hymen the impotent tribute of an enfeebled mind and an impaired constitution. The ideas and disposition of the young couple unfold themselves under the eyes of their parents. The Indian knows no other woman than his wife, and the wife is solicitous to please no other man than her husband; without having loved by choice, they love each other by habit; thus their morals are preserved more pure, their passions are less turbulent, the Indians live longer and more happy; their blood is, if I may be allowed the expression, as pure as their souls, their population is more numerous, and their persons more handsome.

When all the preparations for the marriage are completed, a statue of Poller is placed in the court of the paternal habitation; the Bramins offer up to the God of marriage, cocoas, bananas,

and betel; they implore his protection, and beseech him to be propitious to the union they are about to celebrate. For a few days preceding the marriage, the dancing girls attend, to act plays and sing epithalamiums in honour of the young couple. The parents receive, under the pendal, a kind of tent, the visits of ceremony and presents of those who come to congratulate the bride and bridegroom. The wedding is celebrated by a festival which continues several days, and a solemn procession through the principal streets of the town, on which occasion all the presents given to the new-married couple, and even their nuptial bed, are exposed to public admiration. A company of bayaderes goes before the palanquin, in which the young bride is carried; the bridegroom goes on horseback, followed by all his family. This train stops in all the public places, and the bayaderes divert the public by an exhibition of their dances, whilst the instruments that precede the retinue keep up an incessant noise. The house of the young couple and the adjacent streets are decorated with garlands, illuminated during the night, and as long as the wedding lasts none of the neighbours are able to close their eyes.

The Indians, as must have been observed, are extremely superstitious; they not only believe the influence of the stars, but regard the most trifling circumstances as prognostics. They even go so far as to attribute a malevolent character to looks, the consequences of which they are solicitous to avert. If any one looking at the bride passing by should envy the bridegroom, it would be a very unfavourable omen; thus, at the return of the triumphal procession, in which the bridegroom may have been exposed to indiscreet looks, certain ceremonies are performed to break the charm, and to prevent its ill effects. A bason full of water coloured, is turned round thrice before the bridegroom's face, and afterwards thrown into the street. Sometimes a piece of cloth is torn in two before the face of the new-married couple, and the pieces are thrown away in different directions. They are frequently contented with shaking the cloth before their eyes, and then throwing it away, as if impregnated with the poison of envy. Certain mystical rings are also fastened to their heads, to which is attributed the virtue of averting the effect of fatal omens.—These ceremonies are usually performed by old women who are no longer able to excite desire. The youngest, and above all the handsomest, would only hasten, instead of preventing the evil.

[To be continued.]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,
FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Page 211.]

LETTER X.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

YESTERDAY the weather was beautiful, I herbarized for you; the lark was my companion; her note is lively, and one cannot pass the gate without hearing it. Nature shortens distances; in the fields we gather the same flowers, we inhale the same perfumes, we listen to the same concert, and our souls, in the same atmosphere, can render homage to the great creator of the universe, who invites us to share an ineffable and general felicity.

I gathered a fine plant called corn-cockle, or *agrostema githago*; it has five petals of a reddish purple, the under parts of which is white, but marked with three stripes. Otherwise colours are seldom a character in plants, and it is said that there is a variety of the corn-cockles all white.

The roots of plants, and particularly the under part of their leaves, imbibe humidity in a manner which surpasses all supposition. The transpiration made by the surface of the leaves is in proportion. This result adds to the salubrity of the air, that is impregnated with moisture, which otherwise it would not enjoy; the cold is less severe, and the ground is rendered more fruitful by the number of plants which clothe its surface.

The cockle is supported on a stem, both straight and stiff; its flower, which bends to facilitate the mysteries which it conceals, rises again when they are completed. The stem is of a light green, and is covered with a sort of net, rough to the touch. It has lumps at certain distances from each other, like the pink; two leaves covered like the stem, linear, or rather lanceolated like those of the pink, encircle each of those lumps, from which generally springs forth another branch. Those leaves are called lanceolated which are long and narrow, particularly towards the top and bottom, and terminate in a point; the linear leaves are narrow, terminate in a point, and have no visible diminution.

The calyx is found at the end of the branch like a swelling in the stem; it is fluted, hairy, and divided into five parts, whose lengthened extremities support the petals and prevent their

dividing, and afterwards unite to envelope the fruit. This enormous capsule ripens in the calyx in the same manner as the nut.

It is in order to become wide enough to contain that capsule, that the calyx is at first fluted or plaited. These plaits are the effects of the providence of nature, as the tucks in children's frocks are the effects of the provident and economical mother.

I opened the capsule with a pin, and found it full of a thick liquor, which doubtless is the juice that nourishes the plant and the white seeds which rise like a pyramid.

I reckoned thirty-eight, sticky, and about the size of little lentils, each held by stages upon its little petiole; now that they are fallen, the reunion of these petioles forms a colonnade of unequal pillars, they are thus perfectly arranged, and all the little harvest is held in a space less than a thimble.

Let us examine the flower. To know the flower well we must always tear it. I took out the calyx, which is hard, and defends the depot which it encloses.

There are six stamina with white filaments, surmounted with purple anthers; these are so very perceptible that I discovered them at the first inspection of the corol; to these I must add four smaller ones, placed on the claw of the petals, that is to say, on the part of the petal which adheres to the receptacle.

I find that the one half of these stamina, which place my plant in the decandria, is attached to each of the petals, while the others are fastened to the receptacle under the ovary. I still think that the small stamina increase as the large ones decrease, to the end that they may be in a state of paying their tribute to the five pestils of the ovary.

In several plants the stamina shed their dust successively upon the stamina of the pistil.

This charming plant is in the pentagymia order.

I learn as I describe; I have little confidence in my own knowledge, but does it not appear to you that we are treading an unknown path? A poem might be composed on the pleasures of ignorance.

LETTER XI.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I am going to give you a description of a handsome plant, which nature has profusely sown amidst old ruins, and which is now in bloom.

The weather, the rains, and the insects all combine to produce, even on stones, the flattened lichen, which assumes the shape of roses.

A sort of humus, or fertile earth, is composed on the lichen; on this grows a fine moss, from which flowers are soon seen to spring forth.

One of the plants most frequently found is the white-flowered stonecrop, or *sedum album*, *decandria pentagynia*.

The stem of this plant is round, hard, sometimes rather crooked, and covered with a smooth red bark. It has for leaves little fleshy excrescences, without petioles, filaments, notches, or any perceptible veins, and which are ranged alternately; the upper part of the leaf is of a reddish colour, the under green. If you attempt to open them with a pin, a sort of water comes out, and the fleshy part does not in any way divide.

On several branches, which grow on the top of the stem, is found a pretty little tuft of white flowers, in a corymb shape. The corol and the filaments of the stamina are white; the anthers are like little brown spots; the pistil is of a roseate hue, which gives to this plant a very pretty appearance on its bed of moss.

Not only the branches of this plant are of the corymb shape, but from their extremities also escape little branches covered with flowers like those of the heliotrope. The tuft is not regular which I think adds to its beauty. The flower in miniature has also its little calyx. It is divided into five parts, which have at their base a small equal swelling.

The ten filaments of the stamina, proudly erect, may be reckoned; the five rose-coloured pistils swelled and united in the centre of the stamina, have already received the seed, and reflect their shade on the entire surface of the flowers.

Nothing can be prettier than the bud of this flower. The leaves, which are laid one over the other without a single fold, may be with a small pin unfastened. The stamina and the pistils are discovered, like the children of the colonies, under the same *ajoupa*. The anthers are quite brown, but the pistils have not yet attained their rosy hue.

I now gather the wall viper-grass. This, too, is a production profusely strewed in high roads; it is robust, and rises pretty high; its stem is straight and strong, and from its base spring forth several vigorous branches.

No. V. Vol. I.

Prepared for all the inconveniences which accompany its situation, it is armed with hard hair, close and pricking; the leaves long, and placed irregularly, are defended in the same manner, their upper part is like a rasp; those of the base are larger, thicker, and like a thorny bush.

Each flower supports a peduncle, which on one side is charged with flowers, that are ranged two by two; the first are full blown, the second less so, and those at the extremity are almost always buds; the weight of these flowers bend the peduncle which carries them, and gives it a very graceful appearance.

Little floral leaves accompany each of the flowers; the calyx, clothed like the leaves, has five deep divisions; it is there that the seeds repose and ripen.

The corol is of a light blue, and monopetalous, open and shaped by nature almost without care. The longest part of this irregular corol is found, by the half horizontal position of the flower, laying on a parallel with the peduncle, so that it serves as a veil to the parts of fructification; the upper part has a notch in the middle; the sides of the corol are notched but not so deeply, and the under part, very much shortened, is also notched in the centre.

Five reddish stamina, a long pistil, white and bifid, fills this reversed cornucopia, and often extend to the outside, when the seeds are formed.

The stem of this plant is covered with so many brown spots, hard like thorns, that it has received the name of viper-grass. The botanists call it *echium vulgare*. You have already placed it in the pentandria monogynia.

Here is my lesson, my dear friend, you ask me to continue writing. I should like much to know whether in my pictures you recognize all the originals; nevertheless, it is you that led me into the path I now follow, it is you that direct me.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

Mamma has just brought me two hearts-ease to describe to you; the task is too pleasant to think of any thing else.

Their delightful odour enlivens and inspires me. The hearts-ease is of the syngenesia, because the stamina are united by their anthers, its order is the monogynia, because its flower is not composed of flowrets.

Observe the elegance of its plants; its leaves form a sort of little bush, which preserves the freshness of the flower, and shelters it from excess of heat; its stem is delicate and square.

N N

Its flower presents two straight wings of a fine violet colour, and soft like velvet, from which two smaller ones expand, these are violet at the extremities, but the other parts are of a pale yellow, and they only preserve two violet stripes of great regularity.

At last a fifth triangular petal is seen to advance, whose edges are tinged with the shade of violets, and the rest of a bright yellow, shaded with stripes of violet. This petal, a little concave, is tightly folded and notched in the middle; its edge is perfectly round, as well as all the out-sides of this pretty flower.

It is in the little channel formed by the re-union of the two side wings, and the large pistil in the middle, that repose the mysteries of the fructification.

The two little wings bend as they approach, and form a vault, the entrance of which is bordered with down.

The calyx which preserves this flower is not covered as in other plants, it seems to unite, and hold it underneath as with a pair of small pin-cers. The little spur formed by the tube, which serves as an asylum for the stamina and pistils,

remains uncovered, and touches the thin and long peduncle, whose flower makes it always bend at the extremity.

This calyx resembles in no way those we have as yet examined; it is in five parts, which only appear to approach each other, and stuck on the flower, they unite together towards the middle of their length; this re-union forms a little dent which raises the two extremities of the round parts of the calyx, so that it appears as a little fringed trimming.

The parts of the fructification are perfectly defended; a calyx almost double, two large wings as a mantle, two small ones forming a vault, supported by a large petal.

The yellow anthers of the stamina, whose filaments are scarcely to be distinguished, are extremely close one to the other. The stigma of the pistil surmounts the little ring, while the ovary swells and ripens its seeds.

You will be able, I hope, my friend, to verify the exactness of this description, though it is far from being easy.

[To be continued.]

FINE ARTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

[Continued from Page 216.]

No. 168, *Portrait of Sir A. Wellesley*, by J. Hoppner, R. A.

THIS Picture, in the Portrait line, has the first claim upon our attention, as, with respect to composition, it has more of historical pretension than any other portrait of the present Exhibition. In regard to the resemblance which this picture bears to Sir A. Wellesley, as we have not the honour of knowing him, we are incompetent to decide upon it; but as our principal object is the art, and the merit of the work, as distinguished from the likeness, it will be no impediment in our examination.

The head is well drawn, and the features are marked with precision; the colouring is good; and the light and shadow agreeably distributed, when we reflect that the subject is a Portrait. This head, upon the whole, must be classed amongst Mr. Hoppner's best productions; and we lament that the Artist has not bestowed an equal attention upon the other parts of his figure; as the right leg and thigh, upon which the figure rests, appear absolutely detached from it, and making no part of it. The unfortunate shade, occasioned

by the hat, which is thrown over the thigh, sinks it so much in the back ground, that we were at a loss, upon the first view, to know what was become of the *leg*. The arm, and the hand holding the hat, which are advanced, are not happy in the fore-shortenings; the hand, although cased in a glove, should have exhibited the lengths of the fingers, in order to have given the proportions of the hand in the same respect as if the glove had been off; but, instead of that justness of proportion, we find the division between the fingers running nearly into the middle of the back of the hand. The extended left arm, likewise forming somewhat of a parallel with the right, has reduced the artist to the necessity of covering it with an unnatural shadow, in order to hide the inaccuracy of the drawing and the fore-shortening, which gives rise to the unpleasant conjecture, that being unable to make out those parts himself, he was resolved that nobody else should. It may, perhaps, be offered in extenuation, and indeed it frequently has been urged as a palliative, that a practice of this kind has its source in taste and refinement.—We absolutely and unequiv-

cally demur to the plea.—We are ready to join issue upon it; we affirm that it can never be admitted by any man who understands the principles and purity of the art.—In groupes, perhaps, the retiring figures may be thus sported with; here the fancy may bask in the heat of its own sanguineness, and enjoy, unarraigned, its own eccentricities; but in the principal, prominent, and decided figure, conceits of this kind must ever be protested against; for, in perfect art, nothing should be introduced to destroy the simplicity and purity of its forms. We have done with Sir Arthur; but we must observe, that the Horse which accompanies the portrait, in the act of rising on his hinder legs, should have been so planted upon his feet as to have maintained a firmness of position. Here, however, the Artist has sheltered himself behind the practice which we have condemned as mean and artificial in his portrait—that of hiding the feet altogether, in order, as it were, to screen from detection his incompetency to accurate drawing. The throwing forward of the fore-feet, with the neck and head turned in an opposite direction gives a kind of *sprawling* appearance to the movements of the Horse, which nowise correspond with the tranquillity in which the scene of the portrait is cast.—This, too, may be called spirit; but it is not truth. If this Artist would pay more attention to delineation, and less to the little meretriciousness and tricks of art, we should be inclined to assign him a higher station than we can now admit him to occupy, or any other Artist, who does not make drawing the basis of his profession in its highest excellence.

No. 108, *Portrait of the Right Hon. W. Pitt, by the same Artist.*

In this picture, it is with satisfaction that we are enabled to compliment Mr. Hoppner upon his having maintained, with more than his usual precision, those essential points of the art, of which we have condemned his neglect in the portrait of Sir A. Wellesley. In this picture, we are ready to confess, the figure is well drawn in every part, and the whole approximates nearer to a studied portrait, than any which we have hitherto seen from the pencil of Mr. Hoppner. It maintains, upon high ground, this department of the art, and supports the reputation of the Painter in his peculiar line. If we have any thing to object to this portrait, it is, that the dark coat is somewhat too strongly blended with the darkness of the back ground, which leaves the head too much of a light spot between the two masses of light—that of the curtain above, and the Chancellor's Robes in the opposite corner below. This may not, perhaps, produce a bad effect upon a near inspection of the picture, as the forms of the body can then be correctly ascer-

tained; but, at a distance, the body becomes lost, and confounded with the back ground. The general effect is thus impaired, and rendered too indistinct, when the portrait is surveyed at a distance.

No. 180, *Fall of the Rhine at Shaffhausen, by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.*

The prospect of a great river, tumbling from a precipice, is a subject that may properly rank under the class of the awful and terrible sublime; and from what we know of the general powers of this Artist, and from what we have collected in his works, we should have expected that he would have treated it under this class, and have given to his composition that character, so tremendous and awful, which the natural majesty of the subject would seem to demand; but what do we find? We lament to say it—we find nothing of great conception or masterly execution; the mind and the hand of the Artist are equally enslaved by an injudicious fondness for the little tricks and finesse of the art, in plastering his canvass with colour, laid on at random by the pallet knife instead of the graceful and modest pencil. Such, however, is too much the error of the rising school; for if this, or any other Artists should bring themselves to consider, that a practice of this sort is among the higher excellences of art, they may be assured, from that moment, that they will ever be sinking in their profession; for in this subject, as well as in all others which have nature for their foundation, in the delineation of the forms which compose the scene (be it what it may), whether it consists of rocks, trees, or mountains, of water or waterfalls, the distinct drawings of those particular subjects should ever occupy the primary attention of the Artist. In this picture, however, we are sorry to observe, that they have been the least regarded. It is difficult to decide what is water, what is rock, or what is earth; or of what race of animals, of what class in the order of existence, the living objects are which compose the scene. Such we are sorry to observe, are the negligences into which this Artist is falling, in place of those beautiful and truly natural scenes which first awakened our attention to his genius.

It is from our high respect for the merits of the artist, and our concern for the dignity and prosperity of the arts, that we have been induced, in our examination of this picture, to be thus seemingly dogmatic and severe; but we rest upon the justness of the principle we have advanced. We appeal to Science for a confirmation of what we have said; and whilst we shall never be diverted from truth by the heresies of the little sectaries of the day, we shall never refrain

from speaking it, openly, boldly, and unqualifiedly, when the public look up to us, as we know they do, and with some eagerness, in the present instance, for correct, ingenuous, and independent information, upon a subject of so much national importance as that of the Arts of the country.

No. 184, *The Mother finding her Infant playing with the Talons of the Dragon slain by the Red-Cross Knight*.—H. Thompson, R. A.

In this picture we find nothing that can be said anywise to resemble a dragon, such as a hero of chivalry,—the Red-Cross Knight,—would have encountered and slain, or any thing to inspire a mother with terror at beholding her infant approaching the talons of a dragon. Here is nothing to evince the prowess of a knight, or to alarm the tenderness of a parent. It is difficult to persuade ourselves that the artist, who but a few years ago produced “the Infant crossing the Brook,” and even in the present Exhibition, “the Benighted Cupid,” could have ushered into life a piece so flagrantly devoid of all character and composition as the present,—a picture

in which the errors are so entirely upon the side of a misapprehension, or inadequacy, of the first principles of taste and of art, that we should be almost inclined to term his other compositions mere lucky casualties, when they are contrasted with the present work. Every thing is here lamentable, meagre, and wretched; there is no ray of hope in the picture. It is not absurdity, but dullness. Drawing, colouring, *claire obscure*, and composition, are all either neglected, or not understood. We could wish that Mr. Thompson would carry in his mind that, to become an Academician, is not always to be an artist; for we are compelled to say, that we should have passed this piece as unworthy even of the meanest notice, were it not that we feel a strong inclination to rescue the declining powers of this artist from that contempt and neglect into which a few more compositions of the same kind would inevitably plunge his name. In a word, we can scarcely speak of it with the common decorum of critics. How it got into the Exhibition we know not; but, as it is before the public, be it our care that it shall not escape without the lash it merits.

(To be continued.)

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

FROM ELIZA TO ATLANTICUS,

Written by the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Saye and Sele to her Husband, then Colonel Twistleton, serving in America.

WHILST hope and fear within my heart,
Alternate hold their reign;
My pleasures how shall I impart?
Ah! how declare my pain?

Will it at length be given to me,
Once more to hold thee here;
In that lov'd form, again to see,
All that my heart holds dear?

Ye lingering moments swiftly glide,
Ye winds propitious prove;
Ye skillful pilots kindly guide
A lover to his love!

Ah, haste my love, no moment lose,
Stern honour is abused;
Think now upon Eliza's woes,
Oh! hasten to her aid.

No more I'll grieve that roused to arms,
You glowed with martial rage;
Since soft domestic tranquil charms,
At length your thoughts engage.

You'll bid adieu to war's alarms,
Resolved no more to roam;
You'll learn again to prize those charms,
Which ne'er are found from home.

ORIGIN OF THE MORNING BLUSH.

As Tithonus reclin'd on the couch of Aurora,
Just like some fond bee on the soft lap of Flora,
“Of sweet kisses (she cried), love, still give me
some more-ah;

“Let time, as he will, jog for me:”
But the youngster quite tir'd now with kissing and toying,
Replied—“My dear, rise! or the sun will be
prying;
“All Nature, like me, is grown weary with lying,
“And longs much thy fair face to see.”

At this cold, unexpected remonstrance and warning,
With a look that bespoke disappointment and scorning,
Up started the beautiful Goddess of Morning,
And left her dull sweetheart in dumps;

"O good morrow!" says Phœbus, with brow
somewhat hazy,
"Miss Aurora, I see you're inclin'd to grow
lazy"
"Mister Sol," she replies, "with your gibing
be easy!"—

Then into his chariot she jumps.

So off the pair drove, just like brother and sister;
The day grew so bright that mankind never
miss'd her;

Nor would any have known that Tithonus had
kiss'd her,

If Cupid the secret had kept;

But he, in a talkative fit told his mother,

And she, quite unable such scandal to smother,

O! the gossiping Goddess, soon told it another,
Till at length to Fame's knowledge it crept.

Now, as Fame such high characters loves most to
worry,

This news put her breast in a wonderful flurry;
She snatch'd up her trumpet, and flew in a hurry

To sound it on every side:

Aurora, perceiving her name was thus blasted,

Resolved, that as long as this earthly ball lasted,

Her face still, while taking her daily trip past it,

A veil of deep crimson should hide.

Hence arises the beautiful *blush* we discover,

When morning the mountain's dim summit
peeps over:

Reflection still flushes the cheek of the lover—

Still her grief for detection remains;

In vain each fond Cloud the shy Nymph ad-
dresses:

She seems e'en to shun her attendants' caresses,

And, while they with roses and pearls braid her
tresses,

Her tears oft besprinkle the plains.

CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man, but O how few we find,
Who feels the pleasures of a tranquil mind,
Who meets all blessings in Content alone,
Nor knows a station happier than his own.
No anxious cares disturb his peaceful breast,
With life Content, and with Contentment blest:
No pangs he feels to break his calm repose,
No envy fears, for he no envy knows:
To Man still faithful, and to God resign'd,
His body subject to its Lord, the Mind.
He must be good—for surely Heav'n ne'er meant,
Without strict virtue to bestow content.
'Tis not the glory false ambition brings,
The wealth of misers, or the pow'r of kings,
Nor all the fleeting joys by man possest,
Can give this earthly frame that heav'nly guest.
Whate'er the joys life's fleeting hours bestow
Arise from Virtue, and from Virtue flow.

C.

LINES

*Addressed to a Young Lady, by a Friend who has
supplied a Mother's place, accompanied by a
Ribband bought at a Country Fair.*

A ribband to adorn the hair
Of her who should a bandeau wear,
Of orient pearls and diamonds bright,
Had Madam Fortune acted right;
And giv'n thy friend the means to prove,
By *richer gifts*, a mark of love.
Yet *trifles*, my dear girl, they say,
Affection's motive will convey;
Then may the silken boon impart,
The soft sensations of a heart,
Where love maternal fondly reigns,
Confin'd by * *Friendship's* granate chains;
That beauteous flow'r, which still would blow
Amidst Siberia's chilling snow;
Or in Egyptia's sandy plains
Would flourish, without nurturing means;
'Tis in this breast the plant will find
No Eastern blast, no Northern wind;
But, shielded by affection's pow'r,
Unfading sweets perfume the flow'r.
Time, which all other things decays,
Strengthens its root—for, like the Bays',
Eternal verdure decks the ground
Where Friendship's favourite plant is found.

ODE TO A CRICKET,

ON A COTTAGE HEARTH.

LITTLE guest, with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what passion moves thy breast?
Does some flame employ thy care?
Say with love art thou oppress?
Or mournful victim to despair?

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here."

* Alluding to the poetic description of the goddess, who is represented with a garland of pomegranate flowers.

MORAL AND NATURAL BEAUTY.

SWEET is the voice that soothes my care,
The voice of love, the voice of song;
The lyre that celebrates the fair,
And animates the warlike throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,
Whose bosom proves a pillow kind,
Whose mild persuasion brings an end,
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy spring,
That lingers in the primrose vale;
The woodlark sweet, when on the wing
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lakes,
And early wafts the fragrant dew,
Thro' clouds of hovering vapours breaks,
And clears the bright etherial blue.

Sweet is the bean, the blooming pea,
More fragrant than Arabia's gale
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,
Or gently swells the extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,
And cowslips scent the verdant mead:
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,
From every bold intruder freed.

But far more sweet the virtuous deed,
The hand that kindly brings relief;
The heart that with the widow bleeds,
And shares the drooping orphan's grief.

I love the tear, the pearl of woe,
That decks the sympathising eye,
To see the stream of sorrow flow,
To hear the deeply heaving sigh.

A.

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene,
Whose friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer.
Attractive power, whose mighty sway
The ocean's swelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise.
Thee, wither'd hags at midnight hour
Invoke to their infernal bow'r;
But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
Thy kindly beams alone impart
To find the youth who stole my heart,
And guide me from thy silver throne
To steal his heart, and find my own.

A LUNARIAN.

THE POPLAR.

No watch-dog disturb'd the calm season of rest,
And the day-beams were faintly the mountain
adorning;
The night-dew still hung on the eglantine's breast,
And the shrill cock first broke the sweet silence
of morning.

To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his
sport,
A wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow;
The magic of life's early vision to court,
And the sweetest of hours from remembrance
to borrow.

But the field of his culture was dreary and wild,
And dear were the bow'rs where the rose once
was blowing;
The dark weed had grown where the garden had
smil'd,
And a wilderness spread where late beauty was
glowing.

Yet, one Poplar surviv'd, and was lofty and fair,
'Twas the pride of his youth, when its sun rose
enchancing;

And affection had treasur'd his memory there,
And had hallow'd his name on the tree of his
planting.

Unknown was the hand that thus witness'd its
truth,

Unknown was the heart with affection thus
beaming;

But the wanderer thought on the friend of his
youth,

And his spirit was blest, though his tear-drops
were streaming.

Thou flow'r of affection! entwining the heart,
To deck the drear scene of our wanderings
given;

Thy balm to our grief can its healing impart,
And thy blossoms of light caught their beauty
from heaven.

Birmingham.

J.

MORNING.—AN ODE.

*Written as a College Imposition, the Author being
confined to his College.*

Scribinus inclusi.—Pers. Sat. 1.

ONCE more the vernal sun's all-cheering beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn;
Thy banks, fair Isis! and thy glist'ning streams,
All laugh and sing beneath the radiant morn;
Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting
birds,
And through the clover'd vale the mellow low
of herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,

Well pleased the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of zephyrs pure to catch;

And startle from her couch the early lark;—
More genuine pleasures sooth his tranquil breast
Than high-thron'd kings can boast,—in eastern
glory drest.

The pensive poet through the greenwood steals,
Or trends the willowed banks of murmuring
brooks,

Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills,
Or pensive sits beneath the branching oak,
Whence various scenes, and prospects wide
below,

Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to
low.

But I nor with the day awake to joy,

Lost are to me the charms of Nature's face,
No magic dreams my morning thoughts employ,
And darkness holds the place of light and grace:
Nor bright the sun nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms my eye, nor harmony my ear.

For, void of gentle grace and manners mild,

With leaden rod stern discipline restrains;

And pedantry, of learned pride the child,

My roving genius binds in Gothic chains.

Nor more my Muse, by Dulness' wand oppress'd,
Can whisper to my soul sweet songs of peace
and rest.

SUNRISE, IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILE drowsy Somnus bows the slumbering
head,

I through the fields pursue the cheerful way,
Where verdant beauties the fair world o'erspread,
And gladden'd Nature hails the Spring of Day.

What rich perfumes now float upon the gale!

What various odours fling their sweets around!

What balmy fragrance does the sense inhale!

What scented flowrets deck the painted ground!

How sweet, ere Sol illumine yon heathy moor,

To climb the hill at early opening dawn,
Thankful to view him brightly—rising pour
Effulgent glories o'er the dewy lawn.

Can crowded rooms, or artificial light,

Impress the mind with raptures such as this?

Can they afford such exquisite delight?

Can they infuse so calm, so pure a bliss?

Hark! what sweet music sounds from every spray;
See where the lark, on yielding air afloat,
Through the thin ether holds its steady way,
And loud and clear distends its little throat.

E'en Philomela lingers still behind,

Nor seeks the dark recesses of the wood,

Her notes still quiver in the murmuring wind,

While twittering swallows play upon the flood.

Can Mara's voice so sweetly charm the soul?

Or Braham's skill so melt with joy the heart?

Can Handel's self so soothingly controul

The burst of passion, or keen sorrow's smart?

Hence! tinsell'd splendour; "Hence! deluding
joys;"

And thoughtless mortals with your snares de-
ceive;

Give me this charm refined, that never cloy:

Fantastic follies I for ever leave.

WAT.

TO A GENTLEMAN

ABOUT TO SAIL FOR AMERICA.

SINCE on the Ocean's boundless deep,

Once more impell'd by fate you go,

The Muse the trembling wire would sweep,

And soft invoke each gale to blow.

Long has it been our doom to roam,

With hearts by firmest friendship bound,

(The world at large our only home)

O'er many a wide expanse of ground.

At Philadelphia's sad confine,

Where death stalk'd round with aspect wild,

We saw the widow vainly pine,

And heard the mother mourn her child:

While desolation mark'd the scene,

And groans of mis'ry fill'd each gale,

Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,

Nor song re-echo'd from the dale.

May no such griefs again demand

The sigh of pity from thy breast,

But jocund pleasure's mirthful band

Sooth ev'ry baleful care to rest.

Then festive let thy moments flow,

While round thee roars the briny flood;

May ev'ry breeze auspicious blow,

And nought provoke the wat'ry God.

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,

Still maintain the manly part;

Let not downcast looks discover

All the sorrows of your heart.

Women soon the truth divining,

Stilly laugh, or sharply rail,

When the swain, in accents whining,

Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor, by sanguine hopes directed,

Use a victor's haughty strain;

Every nymph, by pride protected,

Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest love shall fashion,

Him the Graces all attend,

Who with the most ardent passion

Joins the Lover and the Friend.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE attention of the public for the last month has been chiefly occupied by the trial of Lord Melville, which was brought to a conclusion on Thursday the 12th of June, when the Noble Lord was acquitted on every charge that was exhibited against him. The different opinions with respect to his guilt and innocence are now laid at rest—the highest tribunal of the English Law has pronounced his acquittal; whatever, therefore, may be thought, it is at least decent that nothing should be expressed. As it is important that an occurrence of this kind should be put upon record, we have been induced, for the gratification of our readers, to give an abstract of the charges, and a correct list of the Peers who voted, either for the acquittal or condemnation of the Noble Lord.

ABSTRACT OF THE CHARGES, AND THE NUMBERS VOTED.

On the 1st Article, charging him with applying 10,000l. of the public money to his own use, previously to January 1786:

Not Guilty	-	-	120
Guilty	-	-	15

On the 2d Article, charging him with permitting Alexander Trotter to apply sums of the public money to his own use, and conspiring at such fraudulent application:

Not Guilty	-	-	81
Guilty	-	-	54

On the 3d Article, charging him with permitting Alexander Trotter to draw public money from the Bank, and place it in the hands of his bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co. in his own name, and at his own disposal:

Not Guilty	-	-	83
Guilty	-	-	52

On the 4th Article, charging him with similar connivance, in respect of public money placed by said Trotter in the hands of Mark Sprott, for the purpose of private emolument:

Not Guilty unanimously, being 135

On the 5th Article, charging him the same as in the 1st Article, only laying the act subsequent to January 1786:

Not Guilty	-	-	132
Guilty	-	-	3

On the 6th Article, charging him with receiving public money from Alexander Trotter, and applying it to his own use, and in participating with said Trotter in the profit made of the public

money, and mutually agreeing to destroy vouchers, &c.

Not Guilty	-	-	88
Guilty	-	-	47

On the 7th Article, charging him with receiving 22,000l. of the public money, without interest, from Alexander Trotter:

Not Guilty	-	-	84
Guilty	-	-	51

On the 8th Article, charging him with receiving from Alexander Trotter, 22,000l. of the public money, for which the Defendant was to pay interest:

Not Guilty	-	-	121
Guilty	-	-	14

On the 9th Article, charging that while the said Alexander Trotter transacted the business of the Defendant as his agent, he, the said Trotter, was from time to time in advance, to the said Viscount Melville, in that respect, to the amount of from 10,000l. to 20,000l. which sums were partly taken from the public money, and partly from a mixed fund of public and private money:

Not Guilty	-	-	120
Guilty	-	-	15

On the 10th and last Article, charging him with taking at divers times, between 1782 and 1784, and between 1784 and 1786, 27,000l. of the public money, and converting the same to his private use:

Not Guilty	-	-	123
Guilty	-	-	12

An interval of near an hour now took place, occupied in casting up the votes; after which the Lord Chancellor rose, and addressing himself to Lord Melville, who stood uncovered at the bar, spoke to him nearly as follows:—

“ You, Henry Lord Viscount Melville, have been **ACQUITTED** by your Peers of all the Articles of Impeachment exhibited against you by the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom, and of all matters and things therewith connected, and your Lordship is dismissed accordingly.”

As soon as the Judgment was pronounced, Lord Melville's friends flocked around him, eager to congratulate him on the issue of his cause. His Counsel, too, were congratulated on their success, and the faces of his Lordship's friends all wore a holiday aspect.

The Peers returned to the House of Lords, and at half past three the Court was finally adjourned.

The Prince was not present, but the rest of the Royal Dukes were in their places, three of whom voted "Guilty" upon several of the charges.

The Guards were stationed outside the Hall, to keep the multitude in order, who were not very respectful in their remarks concerning the High Court of Parliament. A trial by Jury, they said, was what an Englishman delighted in, and the Verdict was seldom or ever questioned or suspected.

The following is a list of the Peers who voted, which we are assured is correct :

GUILTY.

Lord Chancellor, 2, 3, 6, 7

Dukes—York, 3

Clarence, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10

Kent, 2, 3, 6, 7

Sussex, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10

Gloucester, 1, 3, 6, 7, 9

Lord President, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10

Lord Privy Seal, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8

Dukes—Norfolk, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8

Somerset, 2, 3

St. Alban's, 2, 3, 6, 7

Marquis—Winchester, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9

Headfort, 2, 3, 6, 7

Earls—Derby, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9

Suffolk, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9

Winchelsea, 2, 3

Carlisle, 2, 3, 7

Oxford, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10

Cowper, 2, 6, 7, 8

Stanhope, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

Buckinghamshire, 2

Egremont, 2

Radnor, 2, 3, 6

Mansfield, 2, 3, 6, 7

Grosvenor, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10

Fortescue, 2

Caernarvon, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8

Breadalbane, 2, 3, 6, 7

Stair, 2, 3, 6

Enniskillen, 7

Donoughmore, 2, 3, 6, 7

Rosslyn, 2, 3, 6, 7

Charleville, 7

Viscount—Hereford, 2, 3, 6, 7

Bishop St. Asaph, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9

Barons—Clifford, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10

St. John, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10

Clifton, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7

King, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9

Ponsonby, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9

Grantham, 1

Dynevor, 7

Holland, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10

No. V. Vol. I.

Grantley, 2, 3, 6, 7

Rawdon, 2, 3, 6, 7

Bulkeley, 6, 7

Somers, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8

Fife, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8

Grimston, 2, 3, 6, 7,

Gage, 2, 3, 7

Aukland, 2, 3, 6, 7

Ossory, 2

Dundas, 2, 3, 6, 7

Yarborough, 2, 3, 6, 7

Dawnay, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10

Dunstanville, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9

Minto, 2, 3, 6, 7

Lilford, 2, 3

Carysfort, 2, 3, 6, 7

Ellenborough, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8

Lauderdale, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10

Crewe, 2, 3, 6, 7

TOTAL—1—16

2—55

3—53

6—49

7—51

8—13

9—12

10—11

NOT GUILTY UPON ALL THE CHARGES.

Dukes—Cumberland, Cambridge, Beaufort, Rutland

Marquis—Salisbury, Abercorn, Cornwallis, Hertford

Earls—Aylesford (Lord Steward), Dartmouth (Lord Chamberlain), Bridgewater, Westmoreland, Essex, Doncaster (Buccleugh), Bristol, Macclesfield, Grantham (Montrose), Hardwicke, Chatham, Bathurst, Uxbridge, Camden, Strange (Athol), Mount Edgecumbe, Digby, Onslow, Chichester, Powis, Strathmore, Rothes, Aboyne, Balcarras (went away after the 1st charge), Glasgow, Westmeath, Longford, Lucan, Limerick, Caledon

Viscounts—Wentworth, Hampden, Lowther

Bishops—Bath and Wells, Chichester

Barons—Spencer (Blandford), Hay, Boston, Irby,

Cathcart, Rodney, Elliot, Borringdon, Berwick, Montague, Hawkesbury, Kenyon, Braybrook, Amherst, Douglas (Morton), Mulgrave, Bradford, Stuart (Moray), Harewood, Rolle, Carrington, Bayning, Bolton, Northwick, Eldon, St. Helen's, Thomond, Arden, Sheffield, Ashburnham.

In respect to the general politics of the month, we have little to say ; the public are chiefly occupied by the rumours of a negotiation for peace. Whether in the present altitude of her power, it is prudent to supplicate a peace from

France (for if obtained it must be begged), is a question of much difficulty. A termination of hostilities is always desirable; but France is not a power who will be restrained by a treaty from maturing her ambitious projects for the ultimate destruction of England. Peace will only furnish her with a respite to collect her powers, and put them forward with more fatal energy, for the accomplishment of her long cherished purpose. It is the maxim of this power, as of ancient Rome, to consider every state an enemy till she is finally subdued. A treaty must be accompanied with concessions on our part; the just pride of Englishmen will not tolerate this; the ambition of France will not be satisfied without it.

A new king has been given to Holland in the person of Buonaparte's brother, Prince Louis; and the minister Talleyrand has been raised to the dignity of an Italian prince.

There is a kind of diplomatic activity, and pacific ogling among the Powers on the Conti-

nent, but it is doubtful whether it will terminate in peace.

A misunderstanding has taken place between this country and America, upon the usual bone of contention—natural rights. The democratic party in the United States are eager to provoke the Federalists into hostilities against England; the prudence of the President has restrained them, and a minister has been sent to England for the purpose of an amicable arrangement. It must be confessed, however, that an insult has been offered to the Americans, by the Leander, Captain Whitby, who is reported to have fired upon an American vessel in the waters of the United States, and to have killed the helmsman. If this be true, it is an undoubted violation of the *Liberum Mare*, and the general law of nations. But it is not a circumstance to call forth a war.

Parliament still continues to sit, and is not expected to rise till the middle of July.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JUNE.

HAYMARKET.

ON Thursday, June 12th, a new Farce, by Mr. Theodore Hook, and the Music by his Father, was produced here, it is called "*Catch Him who Can,*" the principal Characters are—

Alphonso.....	Mr. WHITEFIELD
Count	Mr. PALMER, jun.
Philip	Mr. MATHEWS
Pedrillos.....	Mr. LISTON
Thomas	Mr. TAYLOR
La Heur.....	Mr. DE CAMP
Countess.....	Mrs. STANWELL
Sophia.....	Mrs. MATHEWS
Janet	Mrs. GIBBS
Annie.....	Miss TYRER.

SCENE—Fontarabia.

The plot is light: the Count is supposed to have killed the son of Alphonso in a duel, for which reason guards are placed in the castle of his own mother at Fontarabia, to prevent his escaping through that town to France; the schemes and stratagems between the lower characters to effect this, form the chief interest, while love-plots are carrying on between Annie and Thomas, Janet and Philip—but their exertions are put an end to; and news arriving of the supposed killed antagonist's safety, an union takes place among the lower characters, and after moral justice being done to La Heur, a corrupt steward, and the Count, the Farce concludes happily.

The dialogue was spirited and elegant, and

evinced powers of no ordinary measure. The incidents were rapid and unforced; such as were neither inconsistent with the fable, nor with the characters of the piece.

The Music, by Mr. Hook, sen. was in the peculiar style of that excellent Master; it had the proper graces of composition, and was, withal chaste, simple, and vaired. Mr. Hook and Mr. Shield are among those Masters who have long laboured, perhaps not with the success they merited, to preserve the original simplicity and purity of the English song.

The Piece was applauded through every part, and given out for a second representation with unanimous approbation.

Covent Garden Theatre closed on Thursday, June 12th with the Comedy of *The Busy Body*, and the farce of the *Poor Soldier*. At the end of the play Mr. Kemble came forward, and in a brief, terse, and elegant speech, expressed the usual thanks of the Proprietors and Performers for the liberal patronage which the public had shewn throughout the season, and promising a full exertion of their endeavours to merit future protection and encouragement. There seems to be no occasion for the continuance of this dull formality. The public attend the Theatre to please themselves, and on the last night a motley crowd attend, who perhaps have never visited the theatre through the season.

F A S H I O N S

For JULY, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

No. 1.—TWO MORNING DRESSES.

THE first figure represents a lady in one of the last modern morning dresses which have appeared in all fashionable promenades. Her head is ornamented with a jockey bonnet, made of lilac-coloured silk; a bunch of fancy flowers is placed in front, and a large laced veil is fixed on the top; a part of the veil is formed into a bow, the remainder part of it suspends gracefully down the back. The gown is made of white muslin, trimmed round the neck with a full lace; a large brooch is placed in front; short sleeves looped up with a fancy ornament; white silk gloves; striped lilac shoes.

The second figure represents a lady with a dome crown straw hat, turned up in front; a large ostrich feather hanging over the forehead. White muslin gown, apple green Poland mantlet, lilac gloves and shoes.

No. 2.—TWO OPERA DRESSES.

The first figure represents a lady with a white muslin turban, ornamented in the front with gold and pearls; the hair smoothed over the forehead, and large curls resembling cork-screws hang on each side; the neck embellished with a fancy gold chain. A gown of white India muslin, sloped round the neck; short sleeves, ornamented with Turkish embroidery; a small mantlet round the shoulders; white silk shoes and gloves.

The second figure represents a lady with her head dressed *à la Romaine*, and ornamented with fancy combs. White muslin gown, with a long train behind, short in the front, tied round the waist with a silk cord and tassels in front; pearl neck-lace; white silk gloves and shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Mantles of various descriptions, in silk, lace, and muslin, still continue to attract; they are much worn with hoods approaching the ancient costume; but in point of elegant simplicity, the cottage tippet has assumed the ascendancy in the

hemisphere of fashion. It is generally made of white lace or very fine sprigged muslin, bound quite round with coloured ribbon, deep frill of broad lace round the collar. Lace caps still maintain (as they justly deserve) an unrivalled superiority among the truly elegant votaries of fashion; and we are much pleased to observe a considerable increase of sarsnet hats, many of a pleasing and novel design, forming, together with the dresses before described, a most graceful *tout ensemble* in the persons of some of our most lovely *belles*.

The most fashionable straw bonnets for the promenades are the conversation cottage bonnets, which have been so much distinguished for their negligent neatness. The mob and shell bonnet just introduced are universal among our London *élégantes*. The mob and woodman hats are also very much admired by every votary of taste.

This evening dress has been much approved of. A French jacket of white or coloured crape, ornamented with rich narrow joining lace, same round the bottom of the dress; long sash of ribbon tied carelessly on one side, colour correspondent with the dress. Front worn plain and very high over the bosom, trimmed round with a plain double *tuelle*. No neckerchief or tucker is necessary with this dress; white kid gloves and shoes.

This walking-dress will be very fashionable. A short round frock of nankin, trimmed round the bottom with a rich purple or sapphire ribbon, bound with the same round the bosom; narrow sash of the same ribbon tied on one side; lace *chemizette*; nankin boots or shoes; silk gipsy hat.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

The most fashionable hats are made of yellow straw, with large rims *à la Pamela*, ornamented with very broad plain ribbon, or a flower. A bonnet, with the peak made of straw, and the crown of white silk, is always worn by ladies who indulge in the pleasure of riding on horseback. A lace frill is worn round the neck;

Some amazons tie a coloured hunting neck-handkerchief over it. Many cambric bonnets are worn; the rims are always edged with heavy twisted cord made of the same. Puckers made to resemble wolves teeth are fancifully dispersed at the bottom of most fashionable gowns. Large shawls, which cross over the breasts and tie behind, were never more general than at present; sometimes a small striped silk neck-handkerchief take their place, and is tied exactly in the same way. Poppies, roses, and ranunculus are all fashionable flowers. Cloudy ribbons are very general; but the most fashionable colour is delicate green, and delicate rose colours are very predominant. Shoes laced on the instep, made of nankin coloured leather, are very prevalent.—Gloves, for undress, are made of netted cotton; the open work much resembling birds' eyes.

FASHIONS.

THE anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day, as it usually presents the last grand display of courtly elegance for the fashionable season in the metropolis, is of course generally supposed to give the final and permanent stamp of *l'air de la mode* to fashionable dress for the summer, and consequently to establish, for the remainder of the year, the standard of taste, on this point, throughout the empire.

In our account of the dresses worn by personages of the first taste and distinction who appeared at Court on the birth day, will be found a picture of splendour, taste, and elegance rarely if ever equalled, but certainly never surpassed on any former occasion; for never on any former occasion, since British taste was emancipated from the stiff, jundry, and fantastical trammels of the old French school, did the style of female attire approach so nearly to the true standard of perfection as at the present day, when the happy union of ease and elegance, founded on the classic principles of the Grecian æra, so eminently contribute to set off with advantage every charm of beauty, every native grace of the female "form divine."

The last general display of fashion we had the opportunity of witnessing since the birth day was on the fashionable promenades in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens for the last few Sundays, which, in a season remarkably fine, and from the unusual detention of fashionable families in town by a very late Session of Parliament, have been unusually crowded at so advanced a period of the summer.

We observed that the general style of female dress differed not very widely from what we described in our last. The Egyptian head-dress continues to prevail more generally. The turban

straw hat, with plain, or with a light flowing ostrich feather, white edged with pale blue.—The hair in the Egyptian style, with large curls on the forehead. But the conversation straw bonnet and gipsy hat, plain or with purple or fancy coloured silk *bandeau* were still much worn, as were *coiffures* of fancy-coloured silk. With the first rate *élégantes*, the Spanish and Egyptian mantle, and spencer *Espagnole*, were much worn, of various materials. Some were of primrose, peach blossom, purple, and changeable coloured sarsnets, trimmed round with a bordering of broad lace, black or white, or of fancy coloured ribbons, or transparent embroidery. Some were of white japanned muslin or transparent figured leno, lined with purple or rose coloured sarsnet, which had an effect extremely rich and elegant; others were entirely of rich black lace.

The under dresses were generally of white or coloured muslins, with trains extremely long, and not a few beautiful and elegant figures were attired in dresses of cloud coloured crape or transparent muslin, whose filmy texture changing in tint and shade from the ever-varying folds of this gossamer drapery, seemed to wrap the elegant wearers in robes of light impalpable *ether*, and impress the gazing throng rather with the idea of *celestial* than of *earthly* beings.

Large shawls of silk or mohair were also much worn, and in various shapes; some in the form of a flowing mantle, appending from the shoulders, with a hood; others *à la Turquie*; others again square. But the most elegantly simple style of either the shawl or Egyptian mantle that arrested the fancy, were those of plain or japanned white muslin, with a large Egyptian border of deep green, in tambour or embroidery.

Loose spencers of pale blue, or apple-blossom sarsnet, or cambric muslin, were also a good deal worn; as were pelices and spencers of plain nankin, which had an air of simple elegance and coolness highly appropriate to the season.

Fancy-coloured silk, nankin, and jean shoes and buskins were much worn; and parasols of white cambric were very generally in use.

The Gardens for the last three Sundays have been unusually thronged with rank, beauty, and fashion; and the display of elegance truly fascinating.

REMARKS on the judicious Arrangement of Apparel, particularly addressed to the Ladies.

It has been frequently observed, and deplored by persons of discriminating taste, that in decorating their persons—the generality of women blindly follow what is called the fashion, merely because it is so; without once considering whe-

ther such a mode suits with their style of countenance, figure, or complexion. That a beautiful woman may disguise herself by an injudicious choice or disposition of her attire, and a plain one counteract the deficiencies of nature, so as to render herself agreeably attractive, almost every one must have witnessed. Beauty, therefore, with a bad taste, is less desirable than a fine taste without beauty.

"What awkward creature is that?" said a gentleman to me the other evening at a supper party, pointing to a slatternly beauty, who sat with her chin almost reposing on her bosom, and shoulders advanced to her ears.

"That is a very elegant woman," he presently repeated, directing my attention to a lady who was certainly (her person abstractedly considered), what one would denominate a plain woman; but to whom the well-adapted, unstudied, yet tasteful elegance of her attire, had given a charm and attraction which claimed general admiration.

While thus, however, I recommend attention to personal decorations, I would not be supposed to encourage an inordinate care on that which is comparatively trifling, to those solid and indispensable acquirements which should adorn the amiable woman and the Christian. It should be remembered that it is not she who spends the most time at her toilette who is usually best dressed. A too zealous care generally destroys effect. A multiplicity of ornaments ever detracts from beauty, and renders deformity the more conspicuous. A multiplicity of colours bespeaks a vulgar mind.

A white costume is without exception the most becoming garb for women of all complexions; but the colours which relieve them must be regulated by good taste, to give a pleasing consistency to the contour.

A fair or pale woman should never wear yellow or green; the colours from which they derive most advantage being pale pink, pale blue, lilac, and primrose.

Dark or brown women should not appear in these colours; they may wear pink or blue, but the shade must be deeper. Yellow, coquelicot, and amber, agree best with dark hair and eyes. Green can never have a becoming effect on any but complexions naturally florid; and, though a colour genteel and graceful in itself, casts a weight on the countenance if introduced too near, and seldom gives any additional attraction to the wearer.

The bosom and arms should always be covered in a morning, nor should any but little women be seen in long dresses before dinner. The curicle-dress, jackets and flounced petticoats, should never be worn by short women—they detract

from the height, and obscure the symmetry of many a neat little figure. Females, whose throats are lean, brown, or coarse, should even in public cover them with some dressy ornament: quiltings of net lace have a pretty effect.

No lady, however regardless of modesty, or sanctioned by custom or birth, can shew her arms to advantage beyond the rounding which extends to the shoulder—nor her bosom below its rising. When the sight is limited, the imagination increases; and the delicate and judicious female will preserve the veil that shades, rather than adopt the fashion that discloses.

The bracelet and armlet are the most becoming ornaments to a fine and white arm; but on those which are coarse or ill-made, all decoration is but a presumptuous exposition of their defects.

A lady with a well-turned ankle should never wear her petticoats too short: cheap exhibitions soon sink into contempt. A thousand little natural opportunities occur to disclose this attraction, without any ostentatious display of their own. No ornament for the leg and foot can be too plainly elegant. A handsome white silk stocking, with black or fawn-coloured shoes, exceed all other covering for chasteness and simplicity. In full-dress, white silk or kid are consistent and pretty. The coloured buskin may have been adopted by some *élégantes*, but must ever be considered by persons of genuine taste as heavy and unornamental, and can never be at all consistently worn but in the winter. The pantaloons are likely to have but a short run; they are very cumbersome, and truly ungraceful.

Silk hats, *à la turban*, have of late been adopted by many of our fashionables. They are generally covered with leno, or fine embroidered muslin; and have a neat unobtrusive effect.

The gipsy hat and cloak is a most distinguishing out-door covering, but suits only women tall in stature and graceful in their carriage.

We never recollect a greater variety of fancy cloaks than has been introduced this spring. The Spanish cloak now gives place to the Grecian scarf, which is exceedingly elegant.

Lace and work is introduced as much as ever round the bottoms and sleeves, and up the front of dresses.

Embroidered shirts still hold their station as the most approved and fashionable covering for the bosom in a morning; indeed we know not of any substitute which could supplant this very becoming and chaste ornament.

The hair is more lightly confined in dress within this last month; yet still the Grecian style and ornament prevails. At the opera we distinguished numbers with bands of hair crossed plain over the forehead, with a large diamond or gold pigeon brooch in front, and tightly twisted up

behind with a comb to correspond. A few Turkish turbans, of silver or plain muslin, were observed; the rest very large.

Bosoms and arms much, too much exposed!

Why will English women thus injudiciously sacrifice, at the shrine of fashion, one of their first ornaments and most attractive charms—modesty!!

C. M.

To the EDITOR of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

PERUSING your account of fashions in the last number of *La Belle Assemblée*, I was struck with some ingenious remarks on the long trains which have of late become a distinguishing appendage to the fashionable females of various descriptions. I am happy to perceive that the author of these observations evidently possesses discrimination of talent, and that epigrammatic diction, which seizes the spirit of a subject, and points aptly the aim to the end. This style of writing is likely to produce considerable benefit in an age—when the moralist preaches in vain—when sentiment is quizzed out of countenance by bold sensuality—and virtue retires to weep in the shade.

I agree most decidedly with the former writer on this subject; and acknowledge that there is great inconvenience attending those useful ornaments styled *trains*. I admit that they give increased grace and dignity to a fine figure when judiciously adopted. That they are indispensable in the drawing-room of St. James's, and admitted on the smooth and verdant lawn of a gentleman's park; but in the streets, the theatres, or crowded rooms, what are they but so many *public dusters*?

Yet the evil rests not here—nor has the able writer, in whose path I thus willingly tread, pointed out all the public injury arising from this fashionable superabundance of decoration; except, indeed, where he makes this pathetic appeal.

“For pity's sake, Ladies, no longer permit your dress to be a public calamity!” I carry on the invocation, and add—let not your grace centre in an extravagant display of a few yards of muslin; but curtail this superfluity in favour of those to whom Providence has denied the necessaries of life! The complacent smile of benevolence will then add lustre to your charms; and you will shine bright in the unfading graces of the heart!

If our fashionable fair gave themselves but time to reflect, I am convinced that we should have no cause to appeal in vain. Their reason

and their feelings would operate in favour of humanity and common sense. But fashion prides itself in singularity, and rivalry, and dissipation in excess: amidst the contending emotions they create, reflection is as a banished guest; and reason, indignant, resigns her seat.

But lest I should be considered as treating too seriously a subject which by many will be thought trifling, I will advert to some of the humorous suggestions of that writer whose subject I have endeavoured to enlarge on. When what is called the world seems to sanction a fashion, absurd or injurious beyond the reach of conviction, or the probability of reclaim, it is the part of a judicious and conscientious moralist to exercise his talents, in extracting those salubrious particles which may be contained in the poisonous mass: and who but must give credit to the ingenious method which the writer of a former paper on this subject has proposed, to deduce solid and positive good from existing evil. Excellent proposition, which Minerva herself will not fail to approve.—That our *belles* be allowed to continue their long trains, in order to induce our *beaux* to return to their studies, and simpering fops to become geometers. Never was there a suggestion more replete with ingenuity, or more likely to produce general utility. Will not fathers, whose family estates are in danger of being swept away by the heir-apparent in trifling pursuits and vicious pleasures, have reason to immortalize the man who brought into fashionable practice, mathematical calculation, consideration, and measurement.—How many mansions, which industry has reared and regularity preserved, will then be saved from the rapacious hand of an empty, dissipated inheritor! What a profusion of froth will be expunged from the brain! And how many vacancies will be supplied with solid matter, to the honour of individual worth and national improvement. Continue then your trains, dear ladies, with all their inconvenience! but with this proviso, that in future no *beaux* (however elegant, fashionable, or insinuating) shall advance within their length, either in front, abreast, or in the rear; unless they bring a passport from the temple of Minerva, the college of Genius, the repository of good sense, or the seminary of general utility.

Thus even your trains, hitherto the subject of censure, shall be converted into a public benefit; and their present incongruity be forgotten in the general good they have produced.

C. M.