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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Sixth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, third daughter of their present gracious Majesties, was born May 22, 1770.

It is a gratification of no ordinary kind to us, that when we are called to the review of the lives of persons of the highest rank and quality, we are cheered with the most flattering prospects, with talents directed to the interests of society, and virtue communicating its influence to all within its sphere. The education of such as are born to a pre-eminence in the state, is a matter of public concern, and of no slight difficulty in the hands of the instructor. The great are the guardians of the morals of the state; it is they who make virtue general and effective by their example, who give a tone to manners, and purify the sources of action; whose business it is to effect that by their conduct and example, which law can only accomplish in an imperfect degree—to hold up to imitation the virtues of domestic life, and exhibit patterns of morality, temperance, chastity, and prudence.

“Wretched is the state which has only law for its government,” said a great observer of human life:—unless good morals and decent manners concur to give a vigour to legal institutions, a state may be miserably wicked, however well governed.

The education of the great is obstructed
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by many impediments which do not operate among those of the lower orders.—No inconsiderable vigour of character is required to counteract the pernicious influence of domestic luxury, and the corrupting softness of domestic indulgence. Severity of study, and closeness of application, are seldom to be expected from those who are momentarily called off by some enticement of pleasure, and to whom the task is no further necessary than as conferring some personal ornament, which their flatterers will instruct them they can well do without—that the highest nobility have their equals, their competitors, and even superiors; but those who are born within the sphere of royalty are destitute of such extrinsic means of emulation, and must be wholly indebted for whatever excellence they acquire, to the soundness of their principles, and the rectitude of their habits.

We trust that these remarks will not be deemed superfluous, when the subject of our present biographical sketch is considered; a Princess, whose noble zeal for learning, and those particular branches of it, the fine arts, has only been equalled by the indefatigable assiduity with which she has hitherto applied herself to them, and the admirable proficiency she has made.

England has always been renowned for

females of royal rank, who have been conspicuous for their intellectual attainments and literary talents. The memorable example of Queen Elizabeth will here present itself. Of the erudition of that princess we have a particular account from Roger Ascham, who, from the known qualities of his character, cannot be suspected of flattery; and who, from his learning, was fully competent to pronounce. He tells us, that when he read over with her the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes in Greek, she not only understood at first sight the full force and propriety of the language, and the meaning of the orators, but that she comprehended the whole scheme of the laws, customs, and manners of the Athenians. She possessed an exact and accurate knowledge of the scriptures, and had committed to memory most of the striking passages in them. She had also learned by heart many of the finest parts of Thucydides and Xenophon, especially those which relate to life and manners. Thus were her early years employed, and with such zeal did she pursue her education, that she was not only esteemed the most learned woman of her age in Europe, but the best and wisest monarch that ever sat on the British throne.

In the present æra the attainments of an Elizabeth would be termed pedantic; and it must be confessed that the mode of female education does not require such heavy and useless literature. The more elegant sciences, and fine arts, best become the natural disposition of the sex, and render them more amiable and agreeable. The illustrious namesake of the above-mentioned sovereign seems to have acted upon this persuasion, and whilst she has wisely disregarded that species of literature in which Elizabeth excelled, she has cultivated another branch of it, more congenial to her sex and the manners of the age, in which neither that celebrated princess, nor any that have succeeded her, could pretend to a similar proficiency.—Her Royal Highness has been devoted from her infancy to the study of the fine arts. In music she is said to have a most excellent taste and delicate ear, but the study she has chiefly cultivated, and in which her skill has kept pace with the zeal of her industry, is painting. Passion-

ately attached to this noble art from the first years in which she could distinguish its excellencies, she has scarcely omitted a day in which she has not laboured to improve herself in it. It was a maxim of the celebrated Greek painter, *nulla dies sine linea*; her Royal Highness seems to have adopted this precept in the full extent of its meaning, and scarcely ever to feel a more perfect pleasure than when the pencil is in her hand. An accomplishment of this kind is sufficiently rare in the female sex, and more particularly among those whose rank will always be accepted as an excuse for idleness, and upon whom flattery is ever ready enough to bestow the praises which are due to merit.

The love and encouragement of the arts amongst those of exalted rank and talent may truly be esteemed a national benefit. The arts are naturally dependent for support upon the great; it is their patronage only which can advance them to perfection, and give them popularity. It is more necessary to insist upon this, because there is a species of patronage which has lately sprung up in these kingdoms, which has any thing else in view but the advancement of the art of painting; we mean that mercantile and sordid traffic which has been carried on to such an extent, and which, whilst it only answered the ends of a few commercial speculators, disgraced the arts which it affected to patronize, and exhibited those feeble, slovenly, and disgraceful works to the eyes of Europe, which passed under the name of the British school, whilst in truth they were only the offspring of rashness, of mercantile temptation and fraud—frequently of vanity, and too often, perhaps, of want.

The late President of the Royal Academy, in an admirable lecture which he delivered to the students upon the subject of patronage, has made a very happy distinction between the different kinds, between that which is spurious and merely commercial, and that which has in view the true dignity of the arts, and the honour of the profession. He laments, and with too much justice, the want of proper encouragement amongst the nobility of this kingdom; he adds, however, that we have a compensation for this in the munificence and truly princely taste of

our most gracious Sovereign, whom he exemplifies as the first of the British monarchs who gave to the arts the dignity and independence of a national establishment, and bestowed upon the profession those trappings and appendages which were necessary to distinguish and exalt it in the estimation of his subjects. He then more particularly dwells upon the encouragement and love of the arts which prevails in the present Royal Family, and especially among the female branch.—“Scarcely a day (he proceeds) passes, but those illustrious females, whose example we must all wish to see prevalent amongst the nobility of the land, are employed in something connected with the operations of the fine arts, and produce something tributary to its honours. Their apartments are not unfrequently ornamented with the productions of their fancies; and whilst this most noble and zealous industry gives rise to works of a finished and delicate taste of their own, it invites them, at the same time, to encourage in others that quality in which they themselves excel, and thus to bestow upon the arts a double patronage—to give to the profession, in common, the sanction and influence of fellow-labourers, and to the world at large an example of royal munificence and princely taste.”

We can almost suppose this illustrious artist to have glanced more peculiarly at the Princess Elizabeth, who may be thought to excel all her royal sisters in the study of painting. The Queen of Wutemburg was no less devoted to this art, and many of her works are still to be seen in the apartments of Windsor Castle; but she did not pursue it with the same industry as her sister, and did not, therefore, perhaps, arrive at the same proficiency.

About fourteen years ago, when it was the fashion to cut little designs and patterns in paper, her Royal Highness par-

ticularly distinguished herself by some which were published amongst a few select friends, under the name of Lady Dashwood, and engraved by a pupil of Bartolozzi's.—They were called “*The Progress of Cupid*,” and exhibited allegorical representations of the power of love, which were no less remarkable for the ingenuity with which they were conceived, than for the taste and delicacy with which they were displayed.—Her Royal Highness has likewise distributed among her most favoured circle another publication and tribute to the fine arts just finished. It is entitled “*The Progress of Genius*,” and exhibits, under allegorical images, the different acts of that intellectual power. These designs were wholly invented by her Royal Highness, and, for their greater privacy, were likewise etched by herself. They are merely bestowed as presents and marks of esteem, and therefore only to be met with in a few select hands. They are dedicated in a most delicate and affectionate manner to the Queen; and her Royal Highness observes, “that of works imperfect and unprofessional, criticism, which is unpleasant to all, must be more particularly so to those in the rank and station of royalty.”—Though under no injunction ourselves, we shall abstain from a breach of what is requested; notwithstanding we are ready to confess, that the injunction operates as a restraint, and we lament the necessity of that silence which withholds the just tribute of praise. We shall now conclude with hoping that her Royal Highness will persevere in the cultivation of that art which she is so qualified to adorn, and to hold out to these kingdoms an example of patronage in high rank, which we are persuaded cannot be dissembled for any private purposes, or have any thing else in view but the real honour and dignity of the profession.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

THESE two countries, the seat of tremendous volcanoes, have been agitated in all ages by political convulsions still more dangerous than those of nature. The name of Sicily is equivalent to the most ancient field of battle, and the theatre of the most brilliant actions. The calamities of Naples date no farther back than the period of the decline of the Roman empire; the taking of that city in 543 immortalized Totila, who treated its inhabitants with a humanity truly affecting.

After the establishment of the exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces which now compose the kingdom of Naples were successively desolated by the Lombards, the Greeks, the Saracens, the Normans, the Germans, the Hungarians, the French, the Spaniards; and all these wars not only altered the character of the Neapolitan nation, but produced a strange mixture in its manners; the people retained almost all the vices of these different nations, but preserved scarcely any of their virtues. Beneath the most beautiful sky in Europe were committed the most atrocious crimes. The populace of Naples acquired a celebrity unfortunate for their rulers, and became as seditious and as depraved as the populace of Rome. These revolutions have been described by an author in a work entitled, *The thirty-five Rebellions of the most faithful people of Naples*. The calculation of this writer is very moderate; twice the number might be reckoned up were we to take the trouble to penetrate into that labyrinth of tragical events which fatigue by their sanguinary uniformity.

The only nation which, in some measure, incorporated itself with the Neapolitans, was that of the Normans, who, as early as the year 1016, fought against the infidels, performed the most signal services for the sovereigns of the country, and obtained various grants from them by way of reward. These auxiliaries, however, behaved in the Two Sicilies as the Anglo-Saxons did in England, they made themselves masters of the whole country. In 1043 they had already founded in Apulia, as well as in Calabria, a great number of principalities, and had driven the Greeks of the Eastern empire from the whole south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, and his son, Bohemond, the two heroes of their age, would have overturned the empire of the East had it not been for the courage of Alexis, seconded by all

the power of the Venetians. These formidable Normans whose exploits were at that time the subject of conversation and of wonder in every country, narrowly escaped being involved in a general massacre by the treacherous inhabitants of Apulia. Two of their princes only had the misfortune to fall by the weapons of assassins.

The first duke of Apulia that assumed the title of king, in the year 1130, was Roger II. who carried on war in Africa and the east. The immense riches which the Normans acquired by most of their expeditions, soon corrupted their manners. The indolence, effeminacy, and cruelty of William the Wicked, son of Roger, produced the most atrocious scenes; unworthy favourites made the people groan beneath the burden of imposts, and Naples witnessed horrors as execrable as those of a Tiberius or a Caligula. During the reigns of William II. and Tancred, the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily enjoyed repose; the first merited the esteem and attachment of his subjects, by his benevolence and mildness, and the second by his clemency and the excellent qualities of his heart.

At length this valiant race of adventurers was humbled and overwhelmed by new disasters; the sceptre passed from the feeble hands of young William III. into those of the emperor Henry VI. the exterminator of all the Norman princes, a monster who, by his assassinations, but too justly deserved the surname of the *Nero of Sicily*. Like a second Cambyses he extended his vengeance even to the deceased princes of the dethroned dynasty; he caused the bodies of William II. and his son, Roger, to be taken out of their tombs, and ordered the crowns which encircled their brows in the abode of death, to be nailed to the heads of two noblemen attached to the blood of their masters.

Heaven punished these multiplied atrocities in the descendants of this monster. Notwithstanding the virtues of Frederick, the founder of the school of Salerno, who patronized the sciences and successfully cultivated them himself, the innocent Conradin, who had scarcely arrived at the years of manhood, was doomed to be the expiatory victim. Manfred had deprived him of the crown, but this barbarous guardian fell, near Benevento, by the swords of the forlorn hope of Charles of Anjou, who in less than three months found himself in possession of the Two

Sicilies. Conradin, accompanied by his cousin, Frederick of Austria, asserted, by force of arms, his claim to the patrimony of his forefathers.

Every thing at first gave way to his impetuous courage; but vanquished at last, in consequence of a fatal error, in the very bosom of victory, he fell into the hands of his most implacable enemies. All Europe shuddered with horror at the recital of the catastrophe which put a period to the life of Conradin. He, with his kinsman Frederick, was sacrificed by ambition on a scaffold in Naples; and the brother of the sainted Louis IX. was the first that set the bold and terrible example of subjecting a crowned head to the axe of executioners. Before he received the fatal stroke, Conradin, who tenderly loved his mother, Elizabeth, exclaimed in anguish, "Oh, my mother, into what affliction will my death plunge you!" This tragical death was preceded by acts of refined barbarity. The prayers for the dead were repeated before the princes, and their funeral was celebrated in their presence. Struck by the lightnings of the Vatican, thus ended the illustrious House of Swabia, one of the most unfortunate that ever swayed the sceptre.

The merciless Charles knew not how to reign as well as to conquer. This imprudent monarch resigned the reins to all the passions of his countrymen, notwithstanding the prudent remonstrances of the Popes, who foresaw a revolution in his dominions, and already perceived the destructive fire lurking beneath the perfidious calm of apparent submission. John de Procida, active, discreet, eloquent, flexible and bold, indignant at being neglected by the conqueror, went to raise up enemies against him in Arragon and at Constantinople, where he received powerful succours in money from the Greek emperor. This new Proteus suddenly rendered himself invisible; disguised in the habit of a cordelier, he every where excited the fury of the people, and roused all Sicily against the French. It was a general revolt, and not a massacre, that this Sicilian gentleman had in view. The most judicious historians admit that the bloody catastrophe, known by the name of the Sicilian Vespers, was the effect of accident.

It was not the bells of Palermo that gave the signal for the massacre on Easter Monday in the year 1282; the real signal was given by a Frenchman, and the cries of modesty brutally outraged by him, in the public street, in the person of a young woman who was going to vespers, were the actual tocsin that summoned the people together, and inspired them with the murderous rage that cost the lives of twenty-eight thousand Frenchmen. A proof that this massacre was not pre-meditated, is, that it did not take place at the same time all over the island.

A great number of provencals endeavoured to get away from this land of slaughter, but none of them were able to effect their escape, because the Sicilians, endued with infernal subtlety, found out an extraordinary method of discovering their victims. The pronunciation of the word *ciceri* was the test by which they were tried, and was the sentence of death on those foreigners who could not repeat it with the same delicacy and the same accent as the natives. The populace of Palermo carried their fury to such a pitch as to rip open those Sicilian women who were pregnant by Frenchmen, and to tear from their bowels the fruit of this unhappy connexion. Humanity shrinks from the task of describing all the horrors of which Sicily was the theatre. It is well known that the multitude is capable of the most violent excesses, and that in every age among every nation, it would frequently act these bloody tragedies, were it not restrained by a firm and vigorous government.

Charles was forming vast projects, among others, that of dethroning the Greek emperor, when the intelligence of this disaster arrived to overwhelm, and to extinguish the last spark of life. His descendants, in spite of their utmost efforts to maintain their ground, were driven from Naples as well as Sicily, and were never able to recover that rich and dangerous succession.

After these sanguinary executions, the crown of Sicily, separated from that of Naples, was placed on the head of Pedro, King of Arragon, who went, not without fear and hesitation, to reign over this theatre of carnage.

Under Charles the lame, and Robert, the Neapolitans at length enjoyed happiness, and blessed the paternal clemency of the government. All disputes were extinguished, all animosities ceased, and science diffused her mild beams over minds before involved in darkness, fanaticism, and barbarism. Robert, pious, charitable, humane, pacific, a lover of justice, and named, on account of that quality, the Solomon of his age, a patron of the learned and of poets, himself a scholar and a poet, encouraged the study of sound philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, caused Aristotle to be translated into Latin, and collected the most valuable works in his library. He was too passionately fond of women; this was almost the only blot among the eminent virtues manifested by this prince. He was brave in battle, and always great even in the midst of misfortune.

About this period Flavio Gioia, a native of Amalfi, reflected honour on the Neapolitan nation by his invention, or rather improvement, of the mariner's compass, that guide which paved the way to the discovery of a new world.

Thus, in the midst of the thickest darkness,

the human mind began to experience, in the kingdom of Naples, the effects of a salutary fermentation, when, in the reign of Queen Joan, new tragedies, less sanguinary but not less criminal than the preceding, were acted. Andrew, her husband, was strangled by the Neapolitan nobles. This fickle inconsistent princess, suspected, rather than convicted, of a crime which thrilled her with horror, was anxious to find tribunals to absolve her, and even addressed herself to the celebrated Rienzi, a demagogue who acted the part of Brutus at Rome, and who haughtily assumed the title of *Augustus tribune of the universe*. He was, however, too politic to decide in such a delicate affair. Posterity, severe in its judgments, will perhaps consider Joan as guilty, because she manifested too openly before Andrew's death, her aversion for her unfortunate husband, whose cause was avenged by Lewis the Great, King of Hungary. The enraged monarch hastened forward at the head of his troops, before whom was borne a banner on which was painted the cruel death of his brother. At the sight of this dismal standard the Neapolitans turned pale, and without making the least resistance, suffered the authors of the crime to be sacrificed in the same gallery of the palace where it had been perpetrated. Joan, who had fled, did not return to her dominions till the Hungarians had withdrawn. Having married, for the fourth time, Itho of Brunswick, the latter was unable to maintain his ground against Charles de Duras, whom the princess afterwards called to the succession. Though his prisoner, she wished in the sequel to exclude him from it; but to prevent her, he caused his benefactress to be stifled. The new king endeavoured to unite the crown of Hungary with that of Naples, but the attempt cost him his life; two queens whom he had humbled and obliged to lay down their sceptre at his feet, put a period to his life.

Under Ladislaus and Joan II. vice reigned uncontrolled, and after the example of its sovereigns, the whole kingdom exhibited the most scandalous spectacle of effeminacy and debauchery. Ladislaus made himself three times master of Rome; he was always victorious in battle, but except in the military career, he was unable to command his passions. Despotic, oppressive, sanguinary, incontinent, he expired worn out with debauchery in transports of phrenzy. Joan, his sister and successor, was the Messalina of her age. Never satiated with pleasures, this lascivious princess sent back to France her husband, Jacques de Bourbon, that she might indulge in them with greater liberty; and her unworthy gallants, delivered from this restraint, fattened on the tears and the blood of the wretched Neapolitans.

In the year 1414, Alphonso I. ascended the throne, after some opposition from John of Anjou and René the Good. He again united Sicily to the kingdom of Naples, after a separation of 160 years. During this period anarchy had continually desolated that blood-stained island, and the history of the Sicilians is destitute of interesting facts. Violence and disorder, checked by the magnanimity, the virtues, and address of Alphonso I. who made his people happy, resumed their destructive course after the death of that great sovereign, and kept continually increasing under Ferdinand I. Alphonso II. and Frederic.

Charles VIII. re-asserting the rights of the House of Anjou, subdued and quitted Italy and the kingdom of Naples with the same rapidity, after having passed at Fornua close to an army four times as numerous as his own. Naples fell beneath the efforts of Louis XI. and Frederic, the last king of that dynasty in which flowed the blood of Arragon mingled with that of France, retired to forget in the enjoyments of private life the loss of his throne. His dominions were divided, in 1505, between the French and the Spaniards; the latter, by the artifices of Ferdinand king of Arragon, as much as by the valor of Gonsalvo de Cordova, expelled their rivals from the kingdom of Naples, and declared themselves the sole possessors.

It was then seen what the prudent energy of a good government is capable of effecting in every age and in every country. The devils inhabiting the paradise of Italy were transformed into angels. The Two Sicilies, convulsed by so many shocks, remained quiet under the domination of the viceroys of the King of Spain; and one of them, the famous Duke d'Ossuna, commanded at one and the same time, the fear, the respect, and the love of the people.

During the reign of Philip IV. in 1663, a spark produced a violent explosion in Naples; discontented with an impost laid by the Duke d'Arcos on vegetables and fruit, a man of the lowest class suddenly raising himself above the crowd, became instinctively the leader of a party and a general. Massaniello directed the hands of fifty thousand men, whom a basket of figs, insolently thrown down by a tax-gatherer, had roused to fury and instigated to arms.

In a moment, assassination was organized in the metropolis. It is scarcely possible to conceive an idea of the ridiculous, puerile, indecent, and sanguinary methods of revenge practised by the unbridled populace. All the nobility, all the tradesmen and citizens trembled before the terrific Massaniello, who was intoxicated with popular favour, and feasted himself on the most flattering illusions; but the populace, in a mo-

ment of caprice soon overthrew this living idol, put him to death, dragged his body along the streets, and threw it upon a dunghill. The next day shedding tears over their own victim, and reproaching themselves for their excessive cruelty, they honoured Massaniello with a magnificent funeral, the pomp of which was increased by the forced attendance of great numbers of the clergy.

Weary of their sovereignty, fatigued with revolutions, cured of the fever which had exhausted their strength, the populace returned to their duty, notwithstanding the chivalrous prowess of the Duke de Puise, who had thrown himself into Naples and strove to keep alive the flames of civil discord, in the hope of procuring a crown. He could not even gain over Januario Anneze, the new idol of the populace, who was as haughty and as jealous of his power as his predecessor.

This revolution, rather ludicrous than terrible,

was succeeded by a profound calm; days of prosperity dawned in this beautiful country, and the Neapolitans distinguished themselves for manners as polished and as amiable as the other civilized nations of Europe. The arts and sciences flourished among these people, who displayed venerable antiquity to the eyes of astonished Europe in the cities of Pompeia and Herculaneum, and enriched themselves by this commerce so curious and so new between the living and the dead.

After passing successively under the dominion of Charles II. son of Leopold, and the Emperor Charles VI. the two Sicilies were conquered in 1734, by Don Carlos, who governed them with clemency and wisdom. He resigned the sceptre to Ferdinand IV. in 1759, when he ascended the throne of Spain. Such is a concise sketch of the most important events that have occurred in those two states, and which are here recorded without the omission of a single reign.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO YOUNG MARRIED LADIES,

HARRIET AND CHARLOTTE.

The following Dialogue is one of the Colloquies of Erasmus, and was translated from the original Latin by Thomas Brown, "of facetious memory," according to Addison. The translator says, "Though he keeps his author still in sight, yet he does not pretend to have made a literal translation; and where Erasmus alludes to old adages, or where the jest turns upon a turn in the Latin tongue, which would be entirely lost in an English version, he has made bold to substitute something of his own in the room of it, in order to make it more agreeable to the palate of the English reader, for whose diversion it was designed."—Erasmus died in 1536, and Thomas Brown in 1704; so that the original is three hundred years old, and the imitation above one hundred.—This is much the best of the twenty-nine colloquies which have appeared in English, twenty-two by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and the others by Brown.—We have, in compliance with the delicacy of the modern English press, been obliged to omit two or three pages, and have endeavoured to render it more pleasing to our fair readers by a few necessary alterations.—For Eulalia and Xantippe, we have substituted the names of Harriet and Charlotte (from Sir Charles Grandison), a quiet and a turbulent wife.—The piece, besides the excellence of its doctrine, is remarkable as exhibiting one young female giving good advice to another young female.

Harriet. My dear Charlotte, a good morning to you.

Charlotte. The same to you, Harriet. You look prettier than usual methinks.

H. What! do you begin to jeer at me already?

C. Not I, upon my word. But so you seem to me.

H. Perhaps then my new clothes may set me off to advantage.

C. You guess rightly, and you have dressed yourself with the utmost taste. But I wonder who made you this present.

H. From whom should a virtuous wife receive presents but from her husband?

C. Well! you are a happy woman to have a good husband; for my part, I wish I had married a mushroom, a bean-stalk, the head of an old bass-viol, or any thing, rather than my incorrigible animal.

H. What! is your house untiled already, and is it come to a rupture between you?

C. Yes, and is likely to continue so. Do but see what a pitiful dress I am forced to wear, and yet he is contented to see me in this plight. I am ashamed to go to church, or to pay visits, when I see my neighbours so much better dressed, although their husbands have not a quarter of the estate mine has.

H. In my opinion an honest woman is set out

to all the advantage she can desire, if she is so happy as to please her husband. The true ornaments of a woman do not consist in gaudy clothes and jewels, but in chastity, meekness, and endowments of the mind. It is only common women who are tricked up on purpose to draw in customers.

C. In the mean time, this most worthy man of mine, who grudges every shilling that is expended on his wife, takes pains to squander away the fortune I brought him, as the maggot bites; sometimes on his women, at other times in gaming, or at the tavern.

H. Oh, fie! you should never say thus of your husband.

C. But I will justify it. When the creature comes home after midnight with his cargo of Port, and fumes of tobacco, worse than the odour of a pole-cat, he does nothing but snore all the night long, and sometimes leaves more than his wine between the sheets.

H. Peace! I'll hear no more of this; you forget that you degrade yourself when you lessen your husband.

C. I would rather take up my quarters in a pigstye, with a clean hog, than lie with such a mixture of filth and brutality.

H. And when you find him in such a pickle, don't you scold him to some purpose?

C. Yes, I use him as he deserves. I suppose he is convinced I can use my lungs upon occasion.

H. Well, and how does he relish this treatment?

C. At first he bounced and swaggered most heroically, thinking to fright me with his big words.

H. And did it never come to downright blows between ye?

C. Once—and but once, the quarrel arose so high that we were very near a battle. My spark had a crab-tree cudgel in his hand, which he lifted up, swearing and cursing like a foot-soldier at an unbelieving country innkeeper, and threatening to make a severe example of me. To prevent that, I snatched up a stool, and told him I would comb his head with it if he offered to touch me; and if he had not sounded a retreat, he had found to his cost he had no child to deal with.

H. My dear Charlotte, I must tell you, you are to blame in this.

C. Pray, in what respect? For if he does not use me as his wife, I don't know why I should use him as my husband. Let him put his own duty in practice, and I assure you I will not forget mine.

H. But when things are come to such a dilemma, that either the husband or wife must

knock under, I think it but reasonable that the woman should submit to the man.

C. Why must I look upon him as my husband who uses me so ill?

H. Did he never after this threaten to beat you?

C. No; he grew wiser and repented of his valour, otherwise he had caught a Tartar, I can tell you that.

H. So then you have left off scolding him.

C. No; never while I have this tongue in my head.

H. But how does your husband bear it?

C. Why sometimes he pretends to be asleep, sometimes he does nothing but laugh, and at other times he talks of his fiddle, (for you must know he pretends to music), and scrapes upon it with all his might and main, and takes as much pains as if he were threshing; and all this to stop my pipe.

H. And did not that vex you?

C. So much, that I could have torn him to pieces from downright madness.

H. Now, my dear Charlotte, will you give me leave to talk a little freely to you?

C. With all my heart, say whatever you please.

H. Nay, you may do as much with me, and this I think is no more than what our long acquaintance will warrant; for you and I have known each other from our cradles.

C. You say truly; and there are none of my play fellows I love better than yourself.

H. Let your husband prove what he will, I'd still have you carry in your mind, that it is not in your power to change him for another: you must bear with him, for better for worse, to the last breath in your body. Try what tricks you please, he will still remain your husband, and you his wife. So that you and your husband have nothing left to do but to suit your tempers and dispositions to one another, and to bear the yoke of matrimony as contentedly as ye can.

C. But do you think it possible for me to alter the nature of this insufferable brute?

H. You must permit me to tell you, that it does not a little depend upon a wife what sort of man her husband will make.

C. And do you and your husband live in perfect amity?

H. Yes, Heaven be praised, all is easy and quiet with us now.

C. Then I find there has formerly been some bickering between ye.

H. Nothing that could be properly called a tempest; only as no condition in life is perfect, a few small clouds began to appear, which might have occasioned very bad weather, if care had not been taken to prevent it by a wise conduct.

Every one has his peculiar humours, maggots, and fancies; and every one has his faults more or less, which, in the matrimonial state especially, we ought to wink upon. Now, it frequently happens, that the good understanding and friendship which ought to be preserved between a man and his wife, is fatally interrupted before they have acquired a tolerable knowledge of each other. And this is the first thing which ought to be guarded against; for when once the spirit of dissension has disunited them, it is a very difficult matter to make a reconciliation, particularly if it ever went so far as personal violences. We see that pieces of wood which are glued together, if they are roughly used at first are easily broken asunder; but if you give them time to settle, and the cement is thoroughly dried, there is no danger of their breaking. For this reason all possible care should be taken that, in the infancy of marriage, a good correspondence be settled between both parties, and take deep root. This is chiefly effected by a mutual complaisance, and easiness of disposition; for love, that has nothing but beauty to keep it in health, is short-lived, and liable to frequent ague-fits.

C. Pray then, oblige me so far as to inform me by what arts you made your husband tractable.

H. With all my heart, that you may imitate them.

C. So I will, if practicable.

H. Oh! nothing more easy, if you will in earnest apply to it. And, for your comfort, 'tis never too late to put them in practice. I will tell you then, upon condition you keep it to yourself.

C. Never question that; I can be silent as well as another upon occasion.

H. My first and chief care was to please my good man in every respect; and that nothing might give him offence or disgust, I diligently marked his inclination and temper; what were his easiest moments, what things pleased him, and what he disliked; and this, with as much application as those people do who tame elephants, lions, tygers, and other animals, that cannot be mastered by mere strength.

C. Such sort of an animal I have at home.

H. Keepers of elephants wear no white clothes, and those who manage bulls forbear the use of red clothes, because they find by experience that these colours are disagreeable to those creatures. Thus we see that the beating of a drum will set a tyger raging mad, so that he will tear his own flesh; and thus jockies have particular sounds, whistles, and strokes, to flatter their horses when refractory. How much the more then does it concern us to use all imaginable means to fix

ourselves in our husbands' good graces, with whom, whether we will or no, we must live all our lives, at bed and board, till death comes to our relief?

C. I am all attentive, pray proceed.

H. When, after diligent examination, I had discovered his humour, I accommodated mine to his, and took care that nothing should offend him.

C. I wonder how!

H. In every thing relative to the family, which is the peculiar province of women, I showed my utmost dexterity and management; for I not only took care that nothing should be omitted or left undone, but also that every thing should be suitable to his temper, even in mere trifles. For instance, if my husband fancied a particular dish of meat, and would have it dressed after such a manner; if he would have so many blankets on the bed, such furniture in a room, a door or window open or shut, it was all done to his liking.

C. But how could you humour a man who is never at home, but perpetually sitting at the tavern?

H. Hold; I am coming to that point. If at any time I saw my husband out of humour, and melancholy, and not caring to be talked to, I would not for the world laugh nor put on a gay humour, but I would keep a grave demure countenance as well as he; for, as a true looking-glass faithfully represents the face which looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband; not be cheerful when he is sad, nor sorrowful when he is merry. Now, whenever I found him cross indeed, I either tried to soothe him with fair words, or else held my tongue and waited patiently till this ill-humour had spent itself, and then I took my opportunity to clear all mistakes and pacify him. The same method I constantly observed when he came home tipsy; at such time I gave him all the indulgent and tender language I could think of, and by these means got him quietly to bed.

C. A blessed life this, that we poor wives are forced to lead, if we must thus humour our husbands in every thing that comes into their noddles when drunk or angry!

H. You don't consider that this duty is reciprocal, and that they are obliged to bear the same from us. However, there is a critical time when a wife may take upon her to advise her husband in matters of importance; for I think it much better to wink at small faults.

C. And how is she to know the proper time?

H. Why, when his mind is serene, and nothing disturbs him; when he is cool and sober; then you may admonish, or rather intreat him; and this always in private, as to any thing

wherein his estate, his health, or his reputation are concerned. And this very advice is to be seasoned with some pleasantries, that it may look as if it were not designed, but purely accidental. Sometimes, by way of preface, I agree with him before hand that he shall not be angry, "if, being a foolish woman, I venture to interpose my own counsel in any thing wherein his honour, health, or preservation are at stake." After I have said as much as I think proper at that time, I turn the discourse to some more agreeable and entertaining subject; for, under the rose be it spoken, this is the fault of us women, that when we have once tuned our pipes, we do not know when to leave off.

C. So it is commonly said indeed.

H. This I always observed as a rule, never to chide my husband before company, nor to prattle abroad of dissensions at home. What passes between two persons is much sooner made up than when once it has taken air; now if ever matters come to such a pass that the husband is incurable, I think it by much the most prudent course for the wife to carry her complaints to his parents or relations, rather than to her own friends, and moreover to manage her remonstrances with such discretion that they may see she hates only the vices, but not the person of her husband. Neither would I have her blab out all she knows, that even here he may be obliged, in spite of himself to acknowledge and admire her kindness to him.

C. A woman must indeed be a philosopher to be able to practise so much self-denial.

H. I am of a different opinion, for by this deportment we prevail upon our husbands to return the kindness.

C. But still there are brutes in the world whom all the good usage imaginable will never mend.

H. I can hardly believe it; but put the case there are; we are to remember that, let our husbands prove what they will, when once we have chosen them we must bear with their humours; and I appeal to yourself whether it is not infinitely better to soften him by a courteous temper, or at least patiently to bear with his failings, than by incessantly scolding and railing at him, to exasperate and make him ten times worse. I could instance some wives who by their like attentions have altered their spouses much for the better.

C. If so, these men differ more from my virtuous husband than black from white.

H. I am acquainted with a gentleman of good family, well read, learned, and a person of great address and good conduct. He married a young lady, seventeen years of age, who had been wholly educated in her father's house in the

country. He was resolved to have a raw inexperienced maid, that he might have the pleasure of moulding her according to his own fancy. So he began to give her some insight into books, to teach her music, and to use her by degrees to repeat the parson's text and the heads of his sermon, together with several other things which he thought would be of some use and advantage to her. Now this being wholly new to the girl, who, as I before mentioned, had been bred at home with all tenderness and delicacy, amidst the submissions and flatteries of the servants, she soon grew weary of this life. She absolutely refused to learn any more, and when her husband pressed her about it, she would cry and roar as if she were going to be sacrificed. Sometimes she would throw herself flat on the ground, beat her head against the floor, and wish that death would come to end her affliction. Her husband finding no end to this, concealed his resentment, and invited her to go with him to pay a visit to her father in the country. The young lady liked this motion well enough, so, when they came to the place, the gentleman leaves his wife with her mother and sister, and takes a ride with his father-in-law. When he had him alone, he took his opportunity to tell him, that whereas he was in good hopes to have found an agreeable companion in his daughter, on the contrary she was always sobbing, crying, and fretting without reason; that this unaccountable habit had taken such deep root in her, that he feared she was incurable; however, he conjured him to lend him his helping hand, to see if they could between them bring her to a better temper. The father-in-law answered, that he had put his daughter into his power, and if she did not behave herself as she ought, he was at liberty to use his own authority, and to tame her into due submission.—"I know my own power well enough," replies the other, "but I had rather my wife should be reasoned into her duty by you, than that we should come to such extremities." At last the old gentleman promised to use all his skill to reduce her; so, after a day or two, he takes a proper time and place to discourse in private with his daughter; and looking somewhat austere on her, he began by reminding her how indifferent she was as to her beauty, how disagreeable in her disposition, so that he had often feared he should never be able to get a husband for her.—"But, after a long enquiry, and much diligence," said he, "I had the good luck to find out one for you that the best lady in the land might have been glad of! and yet you, (continued he) like an insensible stupid creature as you are, neither considering what I your father have done for you, nor reflecting that your husband, unless he was one of the best-natured

men in the world, would scorn to take you for his maid, as you perpetually dispute his orders, and rebel against him"—In short, the old gentleman seemed in such a passion, that she expected every minute to feel the weight of his hands. The young lady, wrought upon, partly by fear, and partly convinced of the truth of what was told her, threw herself at her father's feet, humbly beseeching him to forget past faults, and promising that she would not be wanting in her duty for the future. Her father freely forgave her, adding, that she should always find him an indulgent father, provided she kept her word. When this dialogue was over, she returned directly to her chamber, where, finding her husband alone, she fell on her knees, and thus addressed him: "Sir," said she, "till this very moment I neither knew you nor myself, but you shall find me another sort of a wife for the future, only I conjure you to grant me an act of oblivion for what is past." She had no sooner ended, than her husband took her in his arms and kissed her, promising to do every thing she could desire of him, if she would continue in that resolution.

C. And did she continue in it?

H. Even to the day of her death. Nothing was so mean and humble but she readily went about it, if her husband would have it so. In short they were the happiest and most loving couple in the whole county; and the young lady, for several years after, would bless her stars for the good fortune of lighting on such a husband.

C. Such husbands are as scarce now-a-days as white crows.

H. If I have not trespassed too much on your patience already, I will tell you a short story of another couple.

C. Pray do; your conversation is so entertaining, I could listen to you all day.

H. I have a neighbour who is a worthy honest man, but very hasty and passionate. One day it so happened that he beat his wife, a woman of extraordinary prudence. Upon this she imme-

diately withdrew to her apartment, and there, crying and sobbing, endeavoured to give vent to her passion. Shortly after her husband had occasion to go into the room, where he found her drowned in tears. "Hey-day!" says he, "what means this putting finger in eye, and whimpering like a child thus?" To which she calmly answered, "Is it not better to lament my misfortune privately here, than to bawl and make a noise in the street, as other women do?" Her husband was so entirely overcome and disarmed of his passion by this mild answer, that he gave her his hand, and solemnly promised he would never strike her more; and he has kept his promise.

C. I have brought off my husband from using me so by a different conduct.

H. But then there are perpetual wars between ye.

C. Why, what would you have a woman do?

H. In the first place, if your husband offers you any affront or injury, take no notice of it, but endeavour to mollify him by meekness and good nature. By these means you will either wholly reclaim him at the long run, or at least you will find him much more tractable and easy than you do at present.

C. Aye, but he is such an incorrigible brute, that good usage does not make him a bit the better.

H. Pardon me if I am not of your opinion. There is no beast so savage and unmanageable, but may be tamed by good treatment. Why then should you despair of the same success with a man? Let me beg of you, by our long acquaintance, to try this experiment for two or three months, and you will find my advice will prove very beneficial. But I am encroaching on your time; we will defer our conversation to another opportunity.

C. Agreed; I long to hear what more you have got to say.

[To be continued.]

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THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 244.]

PROBABLY it was from this mortal aversion to the stories of the Vizir Moslem that may be explained the extraordinary dislike he had to philosophy, and in general to all books, whether written on parchment or palm-leaves; a dislike that led him so far, that it was only with extreme difficulty he could be restrained from banishing, not only with Plato, all poets, but even all persons who could read and write, from his republic; even the mathematicians and stargazers not excepted, to whom he bore a great antipathy on account of the ærometrical and astronomical discoveries of King Ostrich. It is reported of him, that the vizir, of whom we have made honourable mention, had related the history of the war between the genius Greener than Grass and the Kings of the Green Country, in his presence; that the young prince, who was then scarcely sixteen years of age, at the passage where the perrwig-block gains a complete victory over King Ostrich, could not refrain from calling out: "That nobody shall ever make me believe, that ever a perrwig-block should have the capacity to command an army!"—A remark, which (as we may well imagine) was eagerly taken up by all present, and with due admiration reached through the whole court, as the indication of an uncommon intellect in a prince at so early an age.

Shah Dolka justified the high expectations that had been raised from such a shining instance of his future great qualities. Envy itself must confess that he was an honour to his ancestors. He was the greatest man of his time in cooking greenfinches; and in the art of cutting mice out of apple-pips, the world to this very day has never beheld his equal. By unremitting industry he arrived at such excellence in this noble art, that he could make to perfection all kinds of mice, as the dormouse, the field-mouse, the house-mouse, the rare-mouse, the flitter-mouse, the water-mouse, the shrew-mouse, the marmotte, the bat, the rat, with all their several characteristics; and, if we may give credit to the famous Sheik Hamet ben Fridun Abu Hassan, he observed the very nicest proportions, according to the latest standard which M. Daubenton has taken the laudable pains to lay down in his de-

scription of the Royal Cabinet of Natural History at Paris.

Besides, Shah Dolka was esteemed the best baker of cakes in his time, if his courtiers have not flattered him in this particular; and it is handed down to us as a singular proof of his rare condescension, that he made it an inviolable rule, on all grand festivals, to entertain his whole court with a kind of fritters of his own invention and cookery.* Never was a sultan known to be so overloaded with business as poor Dolka was during the whole course of his reign. For, as all the kings and princes, from the rising to the setting sun, were desirous of having some mice of his workmanship in their museums, or a finch from his school in their ante-chamber. Shah Dolka, partly from civility, partly from the consideration of the whimsical thing which is termed *ratio status*, would never give a blunt denial; and therefore, from morning to night, (including the hours he was obliged to lose in the divan), he had actually so much business that he had scarcely time to breathe.

Heaven knows whether any other nation was ever so fortunate as to be blessed with four such princes in immediate succession as Shah Riar-Shah Lolo, Shah Baham, and Shah Dolka—What excellent sovereigns! what golden times! exclaimed their omrahs and dervises.

But these sovereigns could not expect that every thing should always proceed to their mind. Shah Gebal, a nephew of Baham the wise (as his panegyrists styled him), who succeeded his uncle in default of a lineal heir, for Dolka,

* We cannot forbear making the remark, that an inclination to employment and continued industry is one of the most rare and estimable virtues that a great sovereign can possess. On this account alone, in our opinion, Shah Dolka deserves a place among the best princes that ever adorned a throne. How great would have been his merit if he had been pleased to employ this indefatigable diligence in the exercise of his royal duties!—His royal duties!—And towards whom? Shah Dolka had no notion that a king could have any duties.

Remarks of the Chinese translator.

from the quantity of business, had no time to think of this matter. This Shah Gebal interrupted the beautiful succession of crowned worthies, and reigned—one while so well and then so ill, that neither the bad nor the good were contented with him.

We know not whether a character like his be so rare among reigning sovereigns as the enemies to his fame assert. But this much we may affirm from good reasons: that, if neither the nobles, nor the priests, nor the literati, nor the people, were content with his administration—the nobles, the priests, the literati, and the people, were not altogether in the wrong.

In order to maintain a kind of equipoise between these several classes, he alternately offended now these now those; and the wise Pilpay himself could never have put it out of his head, that affronts can never be requited by benefits. In both he was wont to observe so little rule, to pay so little regard to circumstances and consequences, to proceed so little upon principle and a fixed plan, that he generally lost the advantage he intended to derive from them. He shewed so many examples where he ill-treated his best friends, that he might heap favours on the worst disposed persons, that at length it became a currently received maxim, that it was more profitable to be his enemy than his friend. The former might offend him with impunity, as he was weak enough to fear them; in the latter he never overlooked the slightest failing. The former might make amends for a series of criminal acts by one piece of complaisance to his passions or his caprice; to the latter it was of no avail that they had for twenty years been giving him proofs of their attachment and fidelity, if on the first day of the one-and-twentieth they had the misfortune to excite his displeasure by some insignificant mistake.

He was not in general very gracious to the priests: at least it cannot be denied, that the dervises, fakirs, and calendars, whom he used to call the drones of his state, were most commonly the objects of his bitterest sarcasms. He plagued and teased them on all occasions; but, as he held them to be dangerous people, he was afraid of them; and because he dreaded them, he seldom could pluck up courage enough to refuse them any thing. The whole benefit that accrued to him from this behaviour was, that they thought themselves but little obliged to him for civilities, as they too well knew what a small share his good will had in them. They revenged themselves for the harmless scorn he shewed them, by the vexation they had the art to cause him on a hundred important occasions by their secret machinations and rancour. His hatred to them was by this means kept constantly on the alert; but the cunning race had discovered that he was

afraid of them, and they knew so well how to make use of this discovery, that his warmest approbation would scarcely have been more profitable to them. They had the prudence to shew little or no sensibility to the trifling liberties that were taken with them during his reign. They may say of us what they will, thought they, so they allow us to do what we will.

Shah Gebal had fewer passions than extravagancies. He was a foe to every thing that required continued attention and exertion of mind. If what his courtiers termed the vivacity of his intellect was not always wit, yet it was understood that we should not be too strict with a sultan; but he knew how to set a due value upon wit in others; and, mortally as he hated the long speeches of his chancellor, yet he had moments when truths little flattering to him might be told him jocosely. He was desirous of being always surrounded by men of parts. A brilliant sally was always styled by him a good thing; but then he found the best sentiments flat, which had nothing but sense in them. To think upon principle, or to act by a settled plan, was in his opinion pedantry and want of genius. His usual method was to begin a business, and then to take the measures of it from his humour or from chance. In the same manner the witty authors of his time used to make their books.

He had a couple of excellent men in his divan. He knew and honoured their prudence, their sagacity, their uprightness; but unfortunately he could not bear their looks. They possessed a thorough knowledge of politics and the art of government; but they had little taste; they were not good at a joke; they were fit for nothing but serious affairs, and Shah Gebal was not fond of serious affairs. Why had not these honest men the talent of giving wisdom a laughing countenance? Or could they not resolve at times to put on her the cap and bells? So much the worse for them and for the state! Shah Gebal indeed seldom undertook any thing without their advice; but he followed it only twice during his whole reign, and both times when it was too late.

It was one of his favourite whims to govern by himself. The kings who suffered themselves to be swayed by a minister, a eunuch, a dervise, or a mistress, were the daily objects of his derision. However, the private accounts of the time assure us, that his first iman and a certain black-eyed Circassian, who were become indispensably necessary to him, did with him whatever they pleased. We should hold it for mere calumny, if we did not see his reign marked by actions, the very outlines of which could only be conceived in the pineal gland of an iman, or in the fancy of a black-eyed Circassian.

Shah Gebal was no warlike prince; but he loved to see his body-guard finely dressed, to hear his emirs talk of battles and sieges, and to read the odes wherein his poets extolled him above a Cyrus or an Alexander; if he had by chance bought over the commandant of a fortress, or if his troops had gained a doubtful victory over enemies still more dastardly and worse headed than his own. It was one of his chief maxims, that a good prince should keep peace, so long as the honour of his government did not absolutely require him to take up arms. But this was no benefit to his subjects. He was not the less perpetually engaged in war. For if a difference had happened between the man in the moon and the man in the polar star, Shah Gebal, by the help of his *itimadulet**, would have found means to believe the honour of his reign concerned in it.

Never did any prince give more away in presents than Gebal. But, as he would never take the trouble to examine, or to bestow one minute in considering, who had the greatest right to his benefits, so they always fell on those that were nearest him; and, unfortunately for the most part, they could not have fallen worse.

In general he was fond of expence. His court was undoubtedly the most splendid in all Asia. He had the best dancers, the best buffoons, the best hunting horses, the best cooks, the wittiest court-fools, the handsomest pages and female slaves, the tallest halberdiers, and the shortest dwarfs that were ever possessed by a sultan; and his academy of sciences excelled all others in ingenious introductory speeches and polite returns of thanks. It was undoubtedly one of his most honourable qualities, that he was a great admirer of the fine arts; but it is also not to be denied, that he indulged this propensity more than was compatible with the good of his empire. It is confidently asserted, that he desolated one of his finest provinces, in order to convert a certain wilderness, which seemed to bid defiance to every effort of art, into an enchanted region; and that it cost him at least a hundred thousand men in peopling his garden with statues. Mountains were overthrown, rivers turned out of their course, and numberless hands taken from useful labour for executing a plan in which nature had never been consulted. The foreigners who came to see this wonder of the world, travelled through ill-built and depopulated provinces, through towns whose walls were tottering to their fall, in whose streets skeletons of horses were grazing, and in which the houses re-

sembled the ruins, and the inhabitants the ghosts of an ancient city, wandering around its desert walls. But how agreeably were these strangers all at once surprised at the sight of the artificial creations which Shah Gebal, to flatter his pride and to please the eye of his fair Circassian, had called, as it were, from nothing! Whole regions through which they had passed lay waste; but here they thought themselves transported in an extatic dream into the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides. Nothing could be worse than the roads, on which they often went in danger of their lives; but how amply were they recompensed for this inconvenience! the road to his pleasure house was paved with little variegated pebbles.

With all this, Shah Gebal was perpetually talking of economy, and the best of all possible regulations of finance was a subject on which he was ever refining throughout the whole of his reign, and which actually cost him more than if he had been looking for the philosopher's stone. A proposal of some new speculation was the surest way to gain his favour; accordingly, he received so many of them within the space of a few years, that they lay heaped up in rows in his cabinet, where he sometimes amused himself with reading the titles and preambles of them. Every year a new system was introduced, or some useful alteration made, that is, an alteration which at least was useful to some who had a hand in them, and who visibly reaped the fruit of them. No monarch in the world had a greater revenue on paper and less gold in his coffers. This, under certain conditions, may be the masterpiece of a wise administration. But in Shah Gebal's it was doubtless a defect, since the greater part of his subjects found themselves nothing the better for it. However, he was not disposed to become wiser by his mistakes. He was perpetually deceiving himself about causes. The first who approached him with a new project, persuaded him that he was more knowing than his predecessors; and thus the evil was perpetually increasing, without his ever being able to discover the source of it.

If we take these features of the character and the government of Sultan Gebal together, we shall be apt to imagine that the happiness of his subjects was but very moderate. Indeed this is the gentlest that can be said of it. But his subjects were abundantly revenged on him, in this, that their sultan, with all his glory, was not happier than the most discontented of them.

The experience of this was to him a problem, on which he often fell into deep reflections without ever being able to find its solution. In the method which he sought it, he might have looked for it everlastingly in vain. For the thought of

* The general appellation of the prime minister of the kings of Indostan, in the times of which we are writing.

seeking it in himself was exactly the only one that among all possible methods never came into his mind. One while he thought the fault was in his omrahs, then in his chief cook, and then again in his favourite lady; he got other omrahs, other cooks, and other mistresses; but all would not do. It occurred to him that he should have done this or that which he had hitherto neglected. Well, thought he, this must be it? He set about it, amused himself with it till it was finished, and then found himself disappointed. This was cause enough for a sultan to become heart-sick. But he had still others which might have thrown a wiser man than he off the balance. The tricks played him by his priests, the intrigues of his seraglio, the quarrels of his ministers, the jealousy of his sultanas, the repeated ill success of his arms, the exhausted state of his finances, and, what is commonly worse than all the rest, the discontents of his people, which threatened at times to break out into dangerous tumults, all combined to embitter a life which appeared so enviable to the distant spectator. Shah Gebal passed more sleepless nights than all the day-labourers of his empire together. All the dissipations and amusements that had been devised to remedy this misfortune, were no longer effectual. His fairest female slaves, his best singers, his most surprising rope-dancers, his wits, and his monkies, all tried their arts in vain.

At length a lady of the Seraglio, a decided votary of the great Sheherezade, proposed the tales of the thousand and one nights. But Shah Gebal had not the talent (for indeed it is a true gift of nature) of acquiring a taste for the marvellous lamp of the tailor Aladin, or to find any amusement in the white, blue, yellow, and red fish, which, without saying a word, suffered themselves to be fried in a pan till they were done enough on one side; but as soon as they were to be turned, and a wondrous fair lady, dressed in flowered brocade of Egyptian manufacture, and with large diamond ear-rings, a necklace of great pearls and rubies, and golden bracelets, sprung out of the wall, touched the fish with a myrtle wand, and said to them, "Fish, fish, do your duty!" all at once the heads rose up in the pan, answered the idlest stuff in the world, and then were suddenly burnt to a coal.* Shah Gebal, instead of hearing with great delight and credulous astonishment the like stories, as his glorious ancestor had done, was so absent, that it was necessary to break off in the middle of a story.—An attempt was therefore made with the tales of

the Visir Moslem†, in which undoubtedly a great deal more wit, and infinitely more intelligence and wisdom lie concealed under the veil of extreme frivolity.* But Shah Gebal hated the obscure passages in it, not because they were obscure, but because they were not still more obscure; for he had really too sound a taste to find uncleanness agreeable, however covered and dressed up; and in general he thought the more voluptuous than tender fairy All or Nothing, with her prudery and her experiments; the pedant Taciturn, with his geometry; King Ostrich, with his silly politics and his barber's bason, and the monstrous compound of gallantry and finery, the Queen of the Crystal Islands, with all she said, did, and did not, were insupportable creatures. He declared that he would have no stories unless they were moral and decent, without being the less entertaining on that account; he also required that they should be true and drawn from authentic records, and (what he held to be an essential quality of credibility) that they should contain nothing miraculous, of which he was at all times the declared enemy. This led the two omras, of whom we have already made mention as sensible persons, to cause a sort of story-book to be compiled from the most memorable transactions and occurrences of a formerly neighbouring kingdom, out of which somebody should read to him when he was gone to bed, till he fell asleep, or was no longer disposed to hearken. The plan appeared to them the more beneficial as it afforded an opportunity to communicate to the sultan, in an agreeable way, truths which people, even without being sultans, do not chuse directly to be told them.

The plan was therefore immediately put in execution; and as the best heads in all Indostan (which indeed in comparison with the European heads, is not saying much) were employed about it. The work was completed in a short time, which Hiang-Fu-Tsee, an author but little known, in the latter years of the Emperor Tai-Tsu, thought worthy of being translated into Chinese, under the title of *The Golden Mirror*,—the reverend father J. G. A. D. G. T. from the Chinese into moderately good Latin; and the present editor, from a copy of the Latin manuscript, as well as he could, into the language of the children of Teut, as it is at present the custom to speak.

From the preface of the Chinese translator it may be concluded, that his book is properly nothing more than a kind of extract from the chronicles of the Kings of Sheshian, compiled for the

* See Arabian Nights Entertainments, vol. i. page 147, vol. v. page 198.

† See Ah quel conte, &c. par M. de Crebillon, le fils.

purpose of amusing Sultan Gebal, and of lulling him to sleep. He made no secret of it that his principal aim therein was, to be of service to the princes of the house of the Emperor Tai-Tsu, thinking he might communicate to them, under the appearance of a pastime, ideas and maxims on the use or disuse whereof the welfare of the Chinese provinces might in a great measure depend. Old as these truths are, said he, it seems, however, as if they cannot be too often repeated. They are like a specific in medicine, but of such a nature that they can only operate by frequent use. Every thing depends on the ingenuity of perpetually inventing a fresh vehicle, that as well the sick as the whole (for they may be of use to the

latter as a preservative, no less than to the former as a remedy) may gulp them down with pleasure.

As to the interruptions and episodes intermingled here and there with the narrative, especially the remarks of Sultan Gebal, we are assured by Hiang-Fu-Tsee, that he had them from good hands, and was fully convinced that the latter actually proceeded from the sultan. This, however, need not prevent the gentle reader from thinking as he pleases of them. They seem at least perfectly consistent with the character of Shah Gebal, and therefore it would be unreasonable to require that they should be as ingenious and entertaining as the reflections of Shah Baham the wise.

con: page 409.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE, OR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

CHAP. I.—OF BEAUTY.

It does not absolutely consist either in colour, in forms, or in proportions.

- “Toi, que l'antiquité fit ecloré des ondes,
 “Qui descendis du ciel et règnes sur les mondes,
 “Toi, qu'après la bonté l'homme chéril le mieux,
 “Toi, qui naquis un jour du sourire des dieux,
 “Bèauté, je te salue!”—

It is into his Poem on the imagination that Delille has introduced this tribute to beauty, and assuredly no place was fitter for it. Indeed, if beauty so often exalts our imagination, and causes it to produce *chef d'œuvres*, it must be admitted that the imagination is in return extremely grateful, and that this enchantress, who repairs even to an ideal world in quest of pleasures for us, never manifests greater generosity than when we are desirous to confer charms on an adored object. The man, who is the captive of a powerful passion, discovers every possible perfection in the idol of his heart. But should love fly away, her charms suddenly lose a portion of their brilliancy; she is still the same person, but how she is altered! The prism of the imagination is broken, and the ray of beauty, which once shone with such lively colours, being no longer refracted by this magic crystal, now presents to the disenchanted eye nothing but a lurid and monotonous light.

The analysis of beauty cannot be subjected to cold calculation. In vain Hogarth attempted to fix its fugitive forms; his undulating and serpentine lines teach us not what is beauty.

How many of our handsome women would be at a loss what answer to give to this question.

What is beauty? Striving all their lives to appear beautiful, exalting the charms of beauty above every other prerogative, employing every possible expedient to shew their charms to advantage, at the same time that they have the malicious address to expose, as if unintentionally, the defects of their rivals; you may probably suppose that they know what beauty is. Only ask them the question, and you will soon see.

And those youthful lovers, if any such still exist, burning with a pure and lively flame, breathing only for the beauty that enchants them, describing in their impassioned letters, or in their inspired verses, the charms of the fair, how astonished would they be if they had to reply to this simple question—What is beauty?

And those artists, who talk of nothing but *la belle nature*, who lose themselves in fantastic reveries on imaginary beauty, without reflecting that their art is still far below the standard of visible beauty, what would they answer were I to ask them this question—What is beauty?

Some person one day asked Aristote what is beauty? The question of a blind man, answered he.

Aristotle's answer was not much to the pur-

pose. It is sufficient, it is true, to have eyes in order to be sensible of beauty, to perceive it where it exists; but does this enable a person to say in what it consists?—by no means. For this something more is necessary than the mere material organ of vision; this requires the whole penetration of the understanding, a distinct perception of relations; and it may be said, that if the question put to Aristotle was that of a blind man, his answer was the answer of a deaf one.

Poets, artists, philosophers, people of every description, who are not blind, have frequently asked themselves this question, and have frequently endeavoured to give a correct delineation of beauty; but it is an undertaking in which almost all of them have failed. And wherefore?

Every one knows the history of the celebrated tooth which so long engaged the attention of all the literati of Germany. It was announced that a child had come into the world a gold tooth: the whole empire was instantly in commotion; philosophers, physiologists, physicians, naturalists, anatomists, all racked their learned brains to discover in what manner it was possible for a child to come into the world with a gold tooth. Numerous works appeared on this rich subject. It may easily be conceived to how many extraordinary systems, strange ideas, and ridiculous hypotheses this singular discussion gave birth; in short, our literati demonstrated (for, thank God, every thing is capable of demonstration) that it was very possible to come into the world with a gold tooth. But if these sages were unanimous as to the result, they by no means agreed concerning the means which could have enriched the human jaw with such a precious implement. Each of them ascribed it to a different process, which proves how extensive are the resources of science. All these discussions were finished, when some one took it into his head to examine whether the tooth actually was a gold tooth; and this attentive observer, who, probably had not written any memoir on the subject, discovered that this famous tooth was nothing but a very ordinary tooth, which an impostor had nicely covered with leaf gold, that he might make money by exhibiting it as a prodigy.

May it not be with beauty as with the gold tooth? and after so much has been said and written on beauty, may it not be necessary to examine whether there actually exists any such thing as beauty.

Met thinks I hear the fair exclaim, what blasphemy!—what! deny the existence of beauty!

Have a moment's patience, ladies; let us first come to an understanding about words, that we may afterwards have no disputes concerning things. I request your attention for a few minutes; this little dissertation you may depend

upon it, will end to your advantage, and when you have read the first chapter of my work, your charms will appear doubly valuable in your eyes.

I ask if there be any positive physical beauty, if what is called beauty depends on forms that can be described, on proportions that can be laid down, on colours that can be classed; we shall presently see that none of all these can constitute beauty.

If there exist an invariable physical beauty, why has no philosopher ever been able to determine its essence? Why has no artist been able to prove or to teach what constitutes it?

If there be a real and positive physical beauty, why do men of different countries entertain such various sentiments concerning this quality? Why has even the same nation sometimes different tastes at different periods? Why is the same man, at different ages, liable to variation in his sentiments on what constitutes beauty?

Let us examine these different questions. Some authors have advanced that the colours, the regularity, the order, and the proportion of forms constitute beauty; but this assertion is not correct.

It is very certain that, in beautiful objects, we are pleased with the colour, the form, and the proportions, "Colour," says Winkelmann, "contributes to beauty, but does not constitute it—it merely sets off forms; and displays them to advantage." But is there any colour, any form, any proportion to which a preference can be given? Are there not beautiful women with a pale complexion, and others with a fresh colour? Is light hair less handsome than brown? Have not blue eyes their admirers as well as black? Is there any colour which by itself can appear beautiful to us? Shall we say, for example, that red is the colour of beauty? The vermilion of coral delights us, I admit, on lips half closed, but convey that colour to the end of the nose, and it becomes ridiculous; see it on the borders of the eye-lids, and it creates a sentiment of pain and disgust. Colour, then, does not constitute beauty, since the same colour alternately produces delight and horror.

We cannot learn what beauty is from form any more than from colour. Notwithstanding what certain philosophers and certain artists may have said, no form is in itself more beautiful than another. All are equal in this respect, and we shall soon know the reason. Some admirers of nature, contemplating the apparent rotundity of the universe, the real rotundity of all the globes that traverse the boundless expanse, and perhaps also the rotundity of certain globes that are more accessible, have decided that the circular form is the most perfect, the most beautiful. All that has been said on that subject tends only, in fact, to shew that the great artist has skillfully made all that he has made, and that the circular

form is the most perfect for what ought to be circular. How many philosophical systems end like this, in a position completely ridiculous! No, it is not form that constitutes beauty. The form which makes a man handsome, would make a woman ugly. The circular form ravishes us when designed beneath the light neck-handkerchief of a youthful beauty; give the same form to her foot, and then say with the philosophers, "the circular form is the most beautiful."

If form constituted beauty, why cannot that form be determined? An old author very justly observes, "Every one is capable of giving his opinion whether a nose is too long, too thick, too little; whether a mouth is large or small; but I know not who can describe the exact figure of a perfectly beautiful nose, mouth, or forehead. The number of each is a still greater secret, which the great Creator of all things has kept to himself."

Let us pass on to proportions. Undoubtedly some of my readers will be surprised if I venture to affirm that beauty does not depend on proportions. What a paradox! they will exclaim. I confess this position may appear extraordinary, especially if an extension be given to it which it does not possess. Let us examine to what it may be reduced.

I admit that in all beautiful objects there exists an established order, regularity, and proportions; but is it in consequence of such proportions that those objects appear beautiful? or rather is it not because those objects are beautiful that these proportions give us pleasure?

If there are invariable proportions which determine beauty, all the objects which have those proportions must be beautiful, and those which deviate from them must be the contrary; but this is not the fact. If, on the contrary, it is the beauty of objects that renders their proportions agreeable, different objects may appear

agreeable with different proportions, and this is actually the case.

"Artists have determined the proportions which constitute beauty," says a disciple of Winkelmann. I admit it, but let us not confound terms. They have measured, for example, the most beautiful women in a country remarkable for beauty; they have therefore given us the actual proportions of a beautiful woman? but are these the exclusive proportions of beauty? Do we not see beautiful women who have neither the proportions nor the forms of the Grecian style. I could mention many women of Paris, the climate of which is not the most favourable to beauty, who surpass the far-famed Venus de Medicis. You must not, say some artists, admit of any deviation from the forms and proportions of the Greeks. So much the worse, is my reply; for you thus introduce into the art a monotony and uniformity which exist not in nature. "It is with great justice," says Camper, "that an anonymous author has attacked Winkelmann, who is incessantly presenting to us the works of the Greek artists as true models of every species of beauty, and asserts that this kind of admiration borders on madness, and that it is habit alone which creates this blind admiration."

Artists themselves have not always entertained the same ideas relative to forms and proportions. During the reign of Louis XIV. the French painters and sculptors thought fit to relinquish the Grecian style, in order to adopt another kind of beauty, a national beauty. It was then the fashion to paint French portraits; for fashion insinuates itself into every thing.

Beauty, therefore, depends not on any invariable colours, forms, or proportions. Is it then a creature of the imagination? And if it actually exist, what is its nature, what is its essence? This subject we shall investigate in the next chapter.

[To be continued.]

CHARACTER OF THE ATHEIST WOMAN.

BY CHATEAUBRIAN.

If the whole system of morality depends entirely on the doctrine of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, a father, a son, a husband, a wife, cannot have any interest in being infidels. How is it possible, for example, to conceive that a female can be an Atheist? What shall sustain this reed if religion does not support her frailty? The feeblest creature in nature, even on the verge of death, or of the loss of her charms, who shall sustain this being who

smiles and expires, if her hopes extend not beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman ought to be pious. Gentleness, submission, tenderness, constitute a portion of the charms bestowed by the Creator on the mother of men, and to attractions of this kind philosophy is an inveterate foe.

Shall woman, naturally endued with the instinct of mystery, who takes delight in concealment, who never discloses more than half of her

graces and of her thoughts, which you may divine but cannot know; who, as a virgin and as a mother, is full of secrets; who seduces so powerfully by her ignorance, and whom Heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, I say, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume, with a rash and feeble hand, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which enshrouds the Divinity? Whom does she think to please by this effort, alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope, by adding her petty blasphemies, and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of Spinoza and the sophistry of Bayle, to give us a high opinion of her genius? Without doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife seldom has any idea of her duties; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world. Her head is empty, her soul hollow, she falls a prey to languor; she has neither God nor domestic concerns to fill the vacant abyss of her moments.

But the day of vengeance approaches—time arrives, leading age by the hand. The spectre, with silver hair, arched shoulders, and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who now shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none; long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of his dishonour. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother? If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste; her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time her melancholy thoughts are directed towards Heaven; she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Unavailing regret! the last punishment of Atheism in this world is to wish for faith without being able to obtain it. When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the delusions of a false philosophy, when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God; but it is too late: the mind, hardened by incredulity, rejects all conviction. Oh! then how profound is his solitude, abandoned at once by God and by men!—She dies; the deserted wretch expires in the arms of a hireling nurse, or of a man disgusted with her sufferings, who is surprized that she has withstood so many

days the violence of her disorder. A dismal coffin contains the whole of the unhappy woman: at her funeral are seen no disconsolate sons, no dishevelled daughters, no weeping grand children, the worthy retinue which, with the benediction of the people, and the solemn hymns of priests, accompanies the mother of a family to the tomb. Perhaps, however, some unknown son, a stranger to the shameful secret of his birth, accidentally passes that way; he is astonished at the sight of the lonely bier, and enquires the name of the deceased of the four bearers, who are about to throw to the worms the carcass which was promised them by the female Atheist.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are environed with joy; her life is replete with love; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

Ah! can a mother require any thing farther to convince her of the reality of supreme felicity than to see her infant smile? Is not the bounty of Providence most signally displayed in the cradle of man? What affecting harmonies! were they only the effects of inanimate matter. The child is born, the breast fills; the mouth of the young stranger is not armed, for fear of injury to the chalice of the maternal banquet; he grows, the milk becomes more nourishing, he is weaned, and the wonderful fountain ceases to flow. This woman, before so weak, has all at once acquired such strength as enables her to bear fatigues which a robust man could not possibly endure. What is it that awakes her at midnight, at the very moment when her infant is ready to demand the accustomed repast? Whence comes that address which she never before possessed? How she handles the tender flower without hurting it! Her attentions seem to be the fruit of the experience of her whole life, and yet that is her first born! The slightest noise terrified the virgin: where are the embattled armies, the thunders, the perils, capable of appalling the mother? Formerly this woman required delicate food, a soft couch; the least breath of air incommoded her; now, a crust of bread, a handful of straw are sufficient; nor wind nor rain scarcely makes any impression, while she has in her breast a drop of milk to nourish her son, and in her rags a corner to cover him.

EXTRAORDINARY FOREWARNING,

AS IT REALLY OCCURRED IN LORD TYRONE'S FAMILY, IN IRELAND.

LORD TYRONE and Lady Beresford were born in Ireland; they were left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of Deism by their guardian. When they were each of them about fourteen years of age they fell into very different hands. The person on whom the care of them now devolved used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, but in vain; their arguments were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being. Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom, after a few years, she was married; but no change in condition had power to alter her friendship; the families frequently visited each other, often spent more than a fortnight together; a short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus Beresford remarked, when his Lady came down to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he enquired anxiously after her health, she assured him she was well, perfectly well; he repeated his enquiries, and begged to know if any thing had disordered her; she replied no, she was as well as usual. "Have you hurt your wrist, have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black ribband bound round it. She replied no, she had not; but added, "let me conjure you, Sir M. never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribband, you will never more see me without it; if it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you, I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me further on the subject." "Very well, my Lady," said he, smiling, "since you so earnestly desire me, I will enquire no further."

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady B. enquired if the post was come in? she was told it was not. In

a few minutes she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the enquiry, is not the post yet come? she was told it was not. "Do you expect any letter?" said Sir M. "that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post?" "I do," she answered, "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead, he died last Tuesday at four o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir M. "believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has thus alarmed and terrified you."

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter, sealed with black. "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady B.; "he is dead." Sir M. opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time Lady B. had specified. Sir M. intreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had done for some time past; and added, "I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove welcome, I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I am with child of a son." Sir M. received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had long so ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady B. was delivered of a son; she had before been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went but little from home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours; the rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who at Sir M.'s death was quite a youth; to his son, however, she was afterwards married, in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect.

The event justified the expectation of every one; Lady B. was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine; utterly destitute of every principle of virtue

and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady B. brought two daughters; afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct, that, won over by his supplication and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him; and was, after some time, made the mother of another daughter.

The day on which she had lain-in a month, being the anniversary of her birth-day, she sent for Lady —, of whose friendship she had long been possessed, and a few friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to enquire after her health; she told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birth-day. "For," said she, "I am forty-eight this day." "No, my Lady," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right; happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt by searching the register, and find that you are forty-seven this day."

"You have signed my death warrant," said she, "I have not much longer to live. I must, therefore entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have some things of importance to settle before I die."

When the clergyman had left Lady B. she sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady —, and her son of whom Sir M. Beresford was father, and who was then about twelve years of age to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendance to quit the room, "I have something to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant: You, lady, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of Deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever should happen to die first would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to him. Accordingly one night, when Sir M. and myself

were in bed, I awakened, and discovered Lord Tyrone, sitting by my bed side; I screamed out, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir M. For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, said I, by what means or for what purpose came you here at this time of night." "Have you then forgot our promise," said he, "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you are now with child of a son, which is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable by, you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die in the 47th year of your age."

"Just Heaven, exclaimed I, and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly you may, returned he—you have a free assent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted to tell you; but, if after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed." "May I ask, said I, if you are happy." "Had I been otherwise, said he, I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you." "I may thence infer you are happy;" he smiled; "but how, said I, when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination." "Will not the news of my death, said he, be sufficient to convince you?" "No, returned I, I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass, I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality." "You shall, said he;"—then waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended: "In that, said he, you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this." "True, said I, but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might—I shall still doubt." He then said, "you have a pocket-book, in the leaves of which I will write; you know my hand-writing." I replied "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still, said I, in the morning, I doubt, though awake I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief, said he, I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably, it is not for spirits to touch mortal

flesh." "I do not regard a small blemish, said I." "You are a woman of courage, said he, hold out your hand." I did; he touched my wrist; his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. "Now, said he, while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist, to see it would be sacrilege." He stopped—I turned to him again—he was gone.—During the time in which I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake Sir M. but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation and horror I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir M. was gone down. I arose, and having put on my cloaths, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in a large house is frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtain, as I imagined their extraordinary position, would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion enquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribband which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir M. he instantly remarked my confusion, and enquired the cause. I assured him I was well, perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop all enquiries concerning the black ribband he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause. You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude; but few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration, I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard with indifference; I endeavoured by every pos-

sible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequence of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

"The moment he entered the room he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable—that I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband after a few years were passed, amply warranted my demand for a separation; I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but, won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year; but alas! I have heard this day from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto laid under a mistake with regard to my age, that I am but forty-seven this day. Of the near approach of my death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sacred precept of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever.

"When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you, my Lady, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribband and let my son, with yourself, behold it." Lady B. here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honor he would in future receive from an union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady B. then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady —, and her son immediately called her attendance and quitting the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change in her to call instantly. An hour passed and all was silent in the room, they listened at the door and every thing was still; but in about half an hour more a bell rung violently, they flew to her apartment, but, before they reached the door of it, they heard servants exclaim "my mistress is dead." Lady — then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady B.'s son with herself approached the bed of his mother,

they knelt down by the side of it, Lady — then lifted up her hand, unbound the black ribband, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady B. had described, every nerve withered every sinew shrunk up. Lady B.'s son, as has been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter, the black ribband and pocket-book, are

now in the possession of Lady —, by whom the above narrative is dated in Ireland; who, together with the Tyrone family, will be found ready to attest its truth.

Dublin, August 16, 1802.

BONAPARTE'S LETTER AND PROCLAMATION.

With a Fac-simile of his Letter, and Lord Nelson's Writing on the Cover.

THE following letter was found on the person of the courier in one of the French vessels taken by the fleet under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson at Aboukir. A *fac-simile* of the lines between brackets was given in the Second Part of "Copies of the Original Letters from the Army of General Bonaparte in Egypt," published in 1799. The annexed *fac-simile* of the whole letter is now first engraven. It is entirely in his own hand-writing; it abounds in errors of orthography, and punctuation was not minded. It was not signed, but only sealed with the General's seal; the impression on red wax, represents a female figure standing, with the cap of Liberty and the *Fasces*; underneath is inscribed *République Française*; the legend round the whole is *Bonaparte, Général en Chef*.

The Proclamation was published in English only, in the First Part of the above-mentioned book; perhaps it may not be unacceptable to re-publish it, with the original French, especially on account of the second paragraph.

LETTER.

cairo le 7 thermidor (July 25, 1798.)

[tu varra dans les papier public la relation des bataille e de la conquete de l'Egypte qui a été assé dispute pour ajouter une feuille a la gloire militaire de cette armée. legypte est le pays le plus riche en blé, ris, legumes, viandes, qui existe sur la terre la barbarie est a son comple. il ny a point dargent pas même pour solder la troupe. je pense etre en france dans 2 mois.] je te recomende mes interets—j'ai beaup beaup de chagrin domestique car le voile est entiere-ment levée. toi seul me reste sur la terre ton amité mest bien chere, il ne me reste plus pour devenir misanthrope qu'a te perdre et te voir me trair—c'est ma triste position que d'avoir a la fois tous les sentimens Pour une meme personne dans son cœur. tu mentend!

[fais ensorte que jaye une campagne a mon ar-rivee soit pres de paris ou en buigogne je compte y passer l'hiver] et m'y enserer. Je suis annué de la nature humaine! j'ai besoin de solitude et

disolement la grandeur m'annue, le sentimen es deseches. la gloire est fade. a 29 ans j'ai tou epuise. il ne me reste plus qu'a devenir bien vrai-ment Egoiste. je compte garder ma maison ja-mais je ne la donnerai a qui que ce soit. je n'ai plus que de quoi vivre! adieu mon unique ami je n'ai jamais été injuste envers toi! tu me dois cette justice malgre le desir de mon cœur de lettre tu mentend—ambrasse ta femme por moi.

*au citoyen Joseph Bonaparte
depute au conseil des 500 Paris.*

*Found on the person
of the courier.*

(In Lord Nelson's writing.)

TRANSLATION.

Cairo the 7 thermidor (July 25, 1798.)

thou wilt see in the public papers the relation of the battle and of the conquest of Egypt which has been enough disputed to add a leaf to the military glory of this army. egypt is the country the most rich in corn, rice, vegetables, viands, which exists on earth barbarism is at its height. there is no money not even to pay the troops. I think of being in france in 2 months. I recom-mend my interests to thee—I have much much domestic chagrin for the veil is entirely lifted up. thou only remainest to me on earth thy friend-ship is very dear to me, there only remains for me to become a misanthrope but to lose thee, and see thee betray me—it is my sad position to have at the same time all the sentiments for the same person in one's heart. thou understandest me. make that I may have a country house at my arrival either near paris or in burgundy I mean to pass the winter there and to shut myself up. I am weary of human nature! I am in need of solitude and retirement grandeur is irksome to me, my sensation is withered. glory is insipid. at 29 years I have exhausted every thing. there only remains for me to become really an Egotist. I reckon on keeping my house I shall never part with it to any one. I have now only enough to

live on ! adieu my only friend I have never been unjust towards thee ! thou owest me that justice notwithstanding the desire of my heart to be so *thou* understandes me——embrace thy wife for me

*to citizen Joseph Bonaparte
deputy in the council of 500 paris.*

PROCLAMATION.

Liberté. REPUBLIQUE FRANCOISE. Egalité.

BONAPARTE,

Membre de l'Institut National, Général en Chef.

Au quartier general, à bord de l'Orient, le 4 Messidor, an. 6 de la République Française, une et indivisible.

SOLDATS,

Vous allez entreprendre une conquête dont les effets sur la civilization et le commerce du monde sont incalculables.

Vous porterez à l'Angleterre le coup le plus sûr et le plus sensible, en attendant que vous puissiez lui donner le coup de mort.

Nous ferons quelques marches fatigantes : nous livrerons plusieurs combats : nous réussirons dans toutes nos entreprises ; les destins sont pour nous. Les Beys Mamelouckes qui favorisent exclusivement le commerce Anglais, qui ont couvert d'avanies * nos négocians, et tyrannisent les malheureux habitans du Nile, quelques jours après notre arrivée, n'existeront plus.

Les peuples avec lesquels nous allons vivre sont Mahometans : leur premier article de foi, est celui-ci—IL N'Y PAS D'AUTRE DIEU QUE DIEU, ET MAHOMET EST SON PROPHETE.

Ne les contradisez pas : agissez avec eux, comme nous avons agis avec les Juifs, avec les Italiens : ayez des égards pour leurs Muphtis et leurs Imans, comme vous en avez eus pour les Rabbins et les évêques. Ayez pour les cérémonies que prescrit l'Alcoran, pour les Mosquées, la même tolérance que vous avez eue pour les couvens, pour les synagogues, pour la religion de Moïse et Jésus Christ.

Les Légions Romaines protégeaient toutes les religions. Vous trouverez ici des usages différens de ceux de l'Europe, il faut vous y accoutumer.

Les peuples chez lesquels nous allons, traitent les femmes différemment que nous ; mais, dans tous les pays, celui qui viole est un monstre.

Le pillage n'enrichit qu'un petit nombre

* *Avanie*, s. f. an oppression, such as is used by the Turks against the Christian merchants travelling into the Levant, to extort money from them.

d'hommes, il nous déshonore ; il détruit nos ressources, il nous rend ennemis les peuples qu'il est de notre intérêt d'avoir pour amis.

La première ville que nous allons rencontrer a été bâtie par Alexandre. Nous trouverons à chaque pas de grands souvenirs dignes d'exciter l'émulation des Français.

Signé **BONAPARTE.**

Par ordre du Général en Chef, le Général de division, chef de l'Etat-Major †, Général de l'armée,

ALEXANDRE BERTHIER.

De l'imprimerie de l'Armée Navale, à bord de l'Orient.

TRANSLATION.

Liberty. FRENCH REPUBLIC. Equality.

BONAPARTE,

Member of the National Institute, General in Chief. From the general quarters on board the Orient, the 4th Messidor, year 6 of the French Republic, one and indivisible, (June 22, 1798.)

SOLDIERS,

Ye are going to undertake a conquest of which the effects on the civilization and the commerce of the world are incalculable.

Ye will give to England the most certain and sensible stroke, till ye may be able to give her her death's stroke.

We shall make some fatiguing marches : we shall engage in several battles : we shall succeed in all our enterprises ; the fates are for us. The Mameluck Beys who exclusively favour the commerce of the English, who have loaded our merchants with oppressions, and who tyrannise over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

The people among whom we are going to live are Mahometans : their first article of faith is this,—THERE IS NO OTHER GOD BUT GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET.

Do not contradict them : act towards them as we have acted towards the Jews, towards the Italians : show some regard to their Muphtis and their Imans, as ye have shown to the Rabbis and the bishops. Show for the ceremonies prescribed by the Alkoran, for the Mosques, the same toleration which ye have shown for convents, for synagogues, for the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ.

The Roman legions protected all religions. Ye will find here customs different from those of Europe, ye must habituate yourselves to them.

† *L'Etat-Major*, the list of the General Officers.

The people to whom we are going treat women in a different manner than we do; but in every country he who ravishes is a monster.

Pillage enriches only a few men, it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it makes enemies of those people which it is our interest to retain as friends.

The first town we shall enter was built by Alexander. We shall at every step find remembrances worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

By order of the General in Chief, the General of Division, Chief of the General Officers, General of the Army,

ALEXANDER BERTHIER.

From the Press of the Naval Army, on board the Orient.

[Taken by Lord Nelson in the Mediterranean in 1798. It is printed on a single sheet on one side.]

It may not be thought incurious to quote here the following passage from Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, written in 1788.

"The late Duke de Choiseul is the cause of our meeting with so many Corsicans in Paris, for it was he who ordered their country to be conquered. This capital, at a great distance from them, is become the centre of their hopes. Corsicans in Paris! nothing is more surprising; their conversation is extremely interesting; their national character appears hitherto to be indelible. Of all foreigners the Corsicans are those who most run counter to all our ideas."

THE SECRETAIRE; OR, THE FINE LADY'S DAY.

I HAD passed a few moments with Eliza, and this was a mark of very great favour; for Eliza is courted by all the richest, most amiable, and most gallant men in Paris, and I know many a coxcomb of the capital, who boasts knowing Eliza, and who has passed more than twenty evenings in her company, without venturing to speak to her, nay, even without daring to approach nearer than ten yards of her. I will not say that I had the art to please her who pleases every body; but by my attentions, my gaiety, and still more by my air of freedom and candor, I distinguished myself among the crowd of adorers who successively flattered and beset her, and more than once when twenty young men sought Eliza's company, Eliza appeared solicitous of mine. Conversing first on one subject and then on another, what I said to her probably became interesting. We both found an evening too short, and we agreed to spend a day together. What felicity! to be permitted to spend a whole day with Eliza! In the first place I was admitted into her house, and so is every one that wishes it; I had the privilege of seeing her house, and so has every one that desires it; the mansion of this Parisian was built by a modern architect, after an antique design brought from Naples, and taken among the ruins of Herculaneum from the relics of the house of a celebrated female at the court of Cæsar or Augustus. This house is a curiosity which can only be seen by means of tickets, and that at a time when the owner is absent. After having admired the portico, the private court, the hall, the saloon for company, I was at length ushered into the *boudoir*. "Ah! there you are," said Eliza, "I

was waiting for you with impatience. I want to go to the bath, and you may judge of my embarrassment, I have lost the key of my *secretaire*, and am without a sous. You will go with me, won't you?"—"With great pleasure." We accordingly went to the bath, Eliza for fashion's sake, and I out of complaisance. On going away a little memorandum of two Louis was handed to me. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, "that you can charge two Louis for two persons!"—"Yes, Sir; 36 francs for the lady and 12 for yourself. Madame was rubbed with essence of roses; her bath was of perfumed paste of almonds." "There are two Louis," said I, and rejoined my fair bather. We breakfasted; this cost me nothing. After breakfast arrived M. Courbette, professor of presentation, and salutation, and teacher of dancing. I was permitted to be present at the lesson, from which I not only learned on which leg it is the fashion to support one's self, the side figure that a lady should present, which arm she ought to extend and which to contract, but likewise heard a learned analysis of the morality of the dance *terre à terre*. At length M. Courbette was ready to retire, but the *secretaire* could not be opened; I was therefore obliged to advance two more Louis, one for the exercises of the body, the other for the lesson of analysis. It was two o'clock, when some one came and proposed to Eliza to go and see a race in the *Bois de Boulogne*; an extraordinary race to decide a wager between two women. The desire not of going to admire the two Amazons, but of exhibiting herself prancing about on a fine horse was irresistible; and as Eliza rides none

S s

but horses *demande* it cost me three Louis for our two horses, and two for the servants. The race was charming. Never were the alleys of the *Bois de Boulogne* paved by more superb steeds, never were they traversed by more rapid chariots, or skimmed by more agile nymphs. On our return from the race we found Madame Germon waiting for us in the antique *boudoir*. She had brought the first robe executed after a new pattern, but Eliza, fearful perhaps of tiring my patience or exhausting my purse, made some objections. "What a robe!" exclaimed Madame Germon; "you know not what you refuse; it is in the pure Grecian style, which you know has again come into fashion; never were people of Paris more thoroughly Grecian than at present. And then what a colour!"—"Very beautiful indeed, it is lilac."—"You suppose that it is the common lilac such as every body wears: no such thing, it is hot-house lilac; that is all I have to say to you."—"Ah! my dear friend only look at it; it is hot-house lilac, it is uncommonly beautiful!"—"What is the price, Madame Germon?"—"One hundred crowns, Madam."—"What! no

more than one hundred crowns; that is not dear; this gentleman will pay you."—"But," rejoined Madame Germon, "I had forgotten the principal part of my business; I came for an unfortunate family in the Marais, which has made a little lottery of a Turkish shawl,—there it is; you will remark, I dare say, these new palm branches; the ticket is only 50 francs."—"The gentleman will add 50 francs; and then run to bespeak me a box at the Bouffons, where an extraordinary concert is given." This box cost me 54 francs more, which made me say; "Ah! my dear Eliza, why did you lose the key of your *secrétaire*?" You will suppose, Mr. Editor, that I am giving you this circumstantial account only to excite your pity for lending and losing my money. No such thing; Eliza paid me all that I had advanced the very next day; but I wished to shew you that by adding up the cost of a Chinese bath, a lesson in French salutation, an English race, a Grecian robe, a Turkish shawl, and a box at the Italian opera, you may nearly ascertain the daily expenditure of a Parisian fine lady.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

It has long been remarked that this world is a true comedy, and, divided into halves, reciprocally laugh at each other. Though the *ton* of high life diffuses a kind of sameness over itself, which has given rise to the idea that upper life is nothing but a masked ball, it is, nevertheless, in that sphere alone men must be studied.

The art of contrast, as striking on the dramatic scene as in nature, shines in those scenes with all their lustre, and may readily be discriminated by an attentive observer; after having seen some excellent copies at the theatres, we have always been much gratified in the meeting of the originals in society. I do not know if that species of disposition is an eulogium on our hearts, but it exists, and most assuredly is the satyr of the world as it is.

I was acquainted some time since, and was, indeed, very intimate with two people, whose characters were extremely sympathetic. Perhaps even, and I must acknowledge it, the pleasure they procured me by their caprice inspired in me much friendship for them; that infatuated egotism penetrates itself every where, and we sometimes extol the people we have occasion for, to dissemble the necessity we have for their acquaintance.

However that may be, it is impossible to meet two persons of more opposite characters, and

what is astonishing, of more affection for each other. They could not do without each other; and could not see each other without quarrelling. One said *black* expressly because the other said *white*; if the former persisted that *two* and *two* are *four*, the latter would have said that it was a ridiculous error, and he would not be made the dupe of the argument.

One morning I called at one of their houses. He was in his study. "My good fellow," said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am one of the most fortunate of men in the world, look and you will see my chest has been robbed." "Yes," I answered, "I perceive the lock has been forced, but I do not exactly discover what there is to excite such rejoicing." "How blind you are," he replied, rubbing his hands, and evincing by all his actions the greatest joy, "don't you see that the thieves who robbed my chest have not found the five hundred pounds that were concealed in it? They have taken two hundred and fifty pounds from the chest, and have left five hundred pounds in the secret drawer; was there ever any thing so fortunate. Yes, my friend, I conceive myself the most fortunate man in the world; if they had discovered the secret drawer I should have been completely and inevitably ruined."

He was in the extacy of joy; he did not think

of the two hundred and fifty pounds he was robbed of; he thought only of the five hundred pounds he had saved. As to me, I had some difficulty to compliment him, I could not reconcile myself to that kind of fortune; I, however, admired what we call philosophy, which is often considered according to the idea of the object.

I went to see my other friend, to relate the scene I had witnessed. I found him with a paper in his hand, anger in his eyes, and invective in his mouth. "The rascals," said he, "will not be satisfied till they have drove me to the work-house; don't you think," said he as I entered, "don't you think, my dear fellow, that I am right? here is the receipt of my expences for the year, it is double what it was the preceding; I am exasperated beyond measure; I will dismiss every scoundrel of them." "You should dismiss them," said I, "if they have deceived you; but I think I perceive that if the bill is double this year, the crops are also four times more abundant than last year." "That has nothing to do with it," he replied, "I am robbed, I am

ruined, I am one of the most unfortunate of men." Instead of sharing his grief, and encouraging his complaints, I began to relate the adventure of the robbed chest, and the joy his friend evinced in discovering he had not lost the whole of his property. I told him the whole.

He answered that his friend was mad, and should be put into a mad-house. His friend, to whom I afterwards related the adventure of his bill of expences, positively said the same thing of him.—"He is a fool, and should be put in a mad-house."

It is, therefore, true that every man has his whim, and we only see those of others.

It is also true, that one half of the world laughs at the other half.

To draw a kind of moral from the above, this inference may be cited for an apologue, that the more we have lived in the world, the more we incline to be indulgent. Cowardice is said to engender cruelty, and it is solitude and ignorance that produce and encourage intolerance.

J. B. B.

STRENGTH OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

In your fourth Number you have given us a curious account of the extraordinary scholar Beronicius, in which you have hinted at the person known by the name of the Admirable Crichton. In a collective view may be considered what is said of him by Imperialis, in his "Museum;" by Mackenzie, in his "History of Scotch Writers;" by Bishop Tanner, in his "Bibliotheca;" by Sir Thomas Urquhart; by Dr Hawksworth, in No. 81, of the Adventurer; and lastly by Dr. Buchan.

He will find enough to exercise his faith, though mankind be naturally fond of the marvellous, and ever willing to stretch their faculties to the utmost to reconcile it with truth.

Two copies of verses, of which one is in the "Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum," are the only known pieces of Crichton. He was murdered in the streets of Mantua, in 1583, in the twenty-second year of his age.

We have several instances of the great memory, with regard to arithmetical calculations, with which Dr. John Wallis, and Jedidiah Buxton, were gifted.

The Doctor of Divinity says, "February 18, 1670. I did that night propose to myself (by dark) without help to my memory, in 58 places, of which I extracted the square root in 27 places, and did not commit to paper till a month after."

In one of the early Numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine, about fifty years ago, is a copious account of Buxton, (who died at the age of seventy, in 1775). "His powers of abstraction were so great that no noise could disturb him. He worked the following calculation amidst the clamour of a hundred fellow-labourers in a handicraft trade:—In a body whose sides are eight (specified) figures, seven figures, and five figures, being yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch?"

During his calculations, when he was asked any question, he would immediately reply to it, and return to his reckoning, regardless of the interruption, without any confusion, or the loss of more time than the answer required. The proposer of the problem returned after five hours, and found him ready with his solution, which was exactly right.

He would multiply any number of figures mentally, store up the various products, and give the answer several months after. He would work six or eight questions half through, and would either as soon as finished, or months after tell the result of each various computation.

Instances of person playing at chess, with three boards at the same time, against as many antagonists, without seeing any of the boards, are well known. Especially Philidor's various per-

performances in this way, in the course of twelve years, the last of which was in London, in 1795. The first of these extraordinary feats we find mentioned in history, was exhibited in Florence, in the year 1266, by a Saracen.

Another specimen of the strength of human understanding, which combines memory with

other intellectual powers, is the faculty which many musicians possess, of playing any piece of music, even of the most apparently difficult execution, which they may have previously gotten by heart, at the same time reading in a book, and when they have ended the solo, of repeating what they had been reading.

THOUGHTS ON GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY is the most valuable quality that the mind of a rational-being can possibly be possessed of. It is the offspring of innocence, nurtured by virtue, and animated by religion.

In the presence and under the direction of those who are governed by the influence of generosity, the helpless and the ignorant, the unfortunate and the afflicted, the friendless and the persecuted, the infant and the aged, the innocent and the virtuous, are perfectly safe from all injuries, and perfectly secure from all insults. Generosity abuses no confidence, betrays no trust, takes no advantages of circumstances or situations inimical to the truest and best interests of mankind. Its rules of conduct are never perplexing, never ambiguous, never doubtful. The path of duty is plain; and from this path true generosity never knowingly or intentionally deviates. Generosity offers to the world an amiable and an interesting display of all the finest feelings and purest affections that the human mind is susceptible of. The seat of its residence is far removed from every thing that is mean, selfish, criminal, or base. Generosity transcends virtue; but it never militates against it. It is ever reaching forward with a view to effect something beyond the precise limits of duty; but it is ever feelingly and tremblingly alive to improprieties of every description. The improvement and establishment of human happiness is the motive by which pure generosity is uniformly actuated. This motive enhances in an incalculable degree the value of the human character, and raises it far above all narrow and servile views. It enables it to look down on all selfish considerations as merely secondary and remote objects of attention and pursuit. Of sincere endeavour to assist in every possible manner, and with every possible exertion, every attempt that may be considered contributory to the promotion and completion of that more perfect plan of improvement, and more exalted state of happiness which it is the avowed intention of Providence effectually to establish in the world by the universal acknowledgment and ascendancy of the Christian system, is the point to which the peculiar study and application of

every generous mind is more industriously and more zealously directed. And by strenuously aiming at what is truly grand, noble, and desirable, a generous mind never intentionally overlooks, neglects, or disregards what is either just, prudent or necessary!

The pure spirit of generosity is, in its operations, decidedly in disfavour of all private advantages that may in any respect contribute to lessen the aggregate of social or public felicity. Nor is its influence less decidedly in disfavour of all the baneful effects of the malignant and uncharitable affections which may at any period in life assail the human heart. No spirit of vanity, emulation, pride, prejudice, malice or ambition can change the views and purposes, or defeat the intentions and the influence of generosity when it has once taken root in the mind. For where generosity resides, the power of virtue is recognized, acknowledged, and felt. In minds actuated by passions of the very worst description, something bearing the form and the resemblance of generosity may occasionally be discerned. But these forms and resemblances are merely temporary and incidental ebullitions which break forth like the sun in a winter's day; with a brightness that pleases, but warms not; and with a splendor that dazzles, but lasts not.

Where generosity governs the heart, every selfish feeling, and every interested motive, is subordinate to its influence. There inconveniences cease to be obstacles; and the want of ability to distribute pecuniary favours is amply supplied by an earnest desire to afford personal assistances, patronage, and protection. It is very possible that a man may be truly virtuous and religious without being really generous. But it is absolutely impossible that a man can be truly and sincerely generous without being truly virtuous and religious. Teach a man to be correctly generous, and you teach him to be every thing that he ought to be. Generosity is the supreme perfection of all excellency. It soars above the limits of duty; but it never transgresses its rules, nor tramples on its precepts. Generosity is the noblest and the most faithful guardian of virtue

and of honour. The pure and permanent happiness of mankind is its principal object. And for the most effectual attainment of this object it acts as a barrier to vice of every description. Where generosity is an inmate of the mind, the supremacy of virtue is unquestionable. Every gratification, however desirable, that has a probable, a possible, a direct, or a remote tendency to give birth to the sigh of regret in others, or to the sentiment of compunction in ourselves, is instantly abandoned by a mind influenced by generosity. No incitement to vice can prevail when opposed by the pure spirit of generosity. Every character, however weak and imperfect, is secure from all depredation where the presidency of generosity is felt and acknowledged. Generosity is the perfection of religion; it is a participation of divinity. United to humility, it is the finishing stroke of rationality. To every sentiment it gives the highest polish, and to every action the most engaging and the most interesting effect. It contributes to eradicate all superstition from the mind, all ingratitude from the heart, all cruelty from the disposition, all vice from the conduct, all indifference from the manners, and all calumny from the conversation of mankind. Its effects are not merely prohibitory and preventive. They are not more inimical to the prevalence of every thing that is pernicious to the happiness of society than conducive to the encouragement and permanent establishment of every thing that is congenial to its harmony, its welfare and prosperity.

Generosity is not a principle but a grace. It is a grace derivable from the pure spirit of Christianity, before the promulgation of which it appears to have been totally unknown. Neither in the primitive religion of the world, in the Mosaic institutions, in the schools of philosophy, nor among any of the various religious sects which were established by mankind, is this grace any where to be recognized, excepting among those of the Christian religion alone. And even by those of this religion, in which it is expressly implied in all its precepts, it has been but very partially acknowledged, and very inadequately and contractedly acted upon. Different followers of the same divine teacher have not unfrequently contemned, despised, and persecuted each other, and given to the world indubitable proofs of their total ignorance of the pure spirit and intention of that Christian system which is evidently, and, if properly applied, effectually calculated to make man, under every persuasion, in every country, in every relation, in every situation and connection in life, and under all the advantages or disadvantages in which he can possibly be placed, the real, the sincere, the true and unalterable friend of man!

To banish from society the smile of deceit, the frown of contempt, the language of falsehood, the art of treachery, the meanness of flattery, the poison of envy, and the weapons of malice, by which virtue is endangered, and the influence of all its amiable accompaniments materially weakened, seriously impeded, and many of them entirely removed or eradicated, is a task which every generous mind will undertake with readiness, pursue with pleasure, persevere in with diligence and avidity, and execute with industry and courage.

The feelings and the conduct of generous minds are invariably the same in all the various situations and circumstances in which mankind can possibly be placed. Even jealousy itself, the most violent and furious of the passions to which we are subject, will bow with submission to the counsels of generosity; and love, the most tender and ardent of the affections, will attend with fidelity to its influence, and abide with complacency by its precepts. Such are its beneficial effects, that it holds in salutary restraint all the irascible propensities which neglect, disappointment, or contempt may give birth to, and contributes very essentially to soften the asperity of anger, and convert revenge into forgiveness.

Generosity never acts in opposition to the strictest principles of the nicest honour. To a generous mind, temporary happiness is incomparably less an object of consideration than the delicacy of its own operations, and the incontrovertible propriety of its own sentiments, conduct, and decisions. The strength of curiosity may, not unfrequently, exceed the powers of representation; but great as its strength may be, and interesting as the cause which gives rise to it may also be considered to be, it will instantly vanish at the whisper of generosity. This is the still, small voice, that will keep us in the path of truth, of honour, and of rectitude;—that will invigorate all the faculties of the soul, exalt all the virtues of the heart, and ennoble all the pursuits of humanity; that will crown industry with cheerfulness, perseverance with success, merit with confidence, humility with contentment, riches with liberality, rank with affability, genius with modesty, bravery with glory, talents with respect, hope with fortitude, learning with benevolence, and piety with love. This is the still, small voice, that gives to earth the harmony of heaven, and to man the disposition of angels.

L. C.

July 16, 1806.

AMARYLLIS.—A PASTORAL.

I THINK the world very beautiful, said the youthful Amaryllis to a reflection of her mother's, that was produced by experience and sorrow,—but Amaryllis was young, and her world did not extend beyond the village in which she was born; she was in the vernal season of life, when happiness wreaths its simplest flowers round the brows of innocence; her ears were only accustomed to the soft voice of affection, and her mind, like the violets of her native valley, had expanded in the shade. She was candid, for she was a stranger to the passions that give birth to concealment—simple in her taste, for she had never seen any thing more splendid than a bandeau of wild flowers. The smile of ingenuousness played on her face, yet, she was not beautiful, her charms were those of simplicity, and her graces those of youth. The only sorrow that had assailed her bosom was when the closing year had caused her favourite plants to droop; but it was quickly moved by the happy facility with which youthful minds efface all impressions but those of joy.—At the return of spring she shed the sweetest tears of gratitude and pleasure because nature was revived. Her religion was that of the heart, but it was pure; and her offerings to the throne of mercy were the hymn of thankfulness, and the gay song of content. She knew not the artificial manners that are taught by the world; her politeness was that of sensibility, which made her recoil at giving pain; her companions were the villagers, whom she attracted round her by the charms of kindness; when she danced it was with the light step of a fairy, yet she knew no rule but the instinctive one of natural grace. Her partner was a young exile (who had been driven by misfortune with his family to the remote village in which she resided); and their hearts, prompt as their feet, bounded with innocence and gaiety;—her manners with him had no tincture of reserve, for her breast contained not a thought that she would have blushed to reveal;—between the dances she told him all the occurrences of the day; for the flower of love was implanted in her bosom, and with enchanting simplicity she bestowed on him its first bud. In their walks they sported innocently along, gilding to-morrow, with tin's more beautiful than to-day—every desire was fulfilled by hope, and the perspective of futurity presented to them an endless train of innocent pleasures which they enjoyed by anticipation. Happy facility of enjoyment! Pleasures

drawn by the fancy are seldom realized, but fate allows us to be cheated by the delusions they promise, whilst they fly from our embraces.—Thus passed the morning of life with these children of nature; they nourished simplicity, ignorant of the sorrows it prepares for its victims.—The parents of the young emigrant were noble; misfortune had persecuted, but could not triumph over them; they cherished in adversity the animating idea that they should once more revisit their native country, again be surrounded by the splendour that so much adorns the exteriors of life. Their son was now eighteen, and had passed many years in retirement; he listened with raptures to the recital of the former greatness of his family; but the idea of Amaryllis was always mingled with it; he forgot her plebeian birth, and his own fallen state when he met her; and if he imparted to her his griefs, she participated with him so truly, that she received them into her bosom and deprived him of their sting.—Amiable sensibility of unsophisticated hearts! Why are you doomed to wither in the cold region of disappointment. The first real sorrow that ever visited the peace of Amaryllis was now approaching.—The exile was recalled to his country. Agitated by contending emotions he ran to Amaryllis to inform her of the new turn fate was on the point of giving to his destiny, and sketched with the warm colouring of youth the perspective of futurity;—for to part from her had never occurred to him, he had no idea his parents would separate those whom affection had so firmly united;—she wept, but they were tears of joy at the brilliant prospect that was opening to her view. Alas! they were succeeded by those of sorrow, of anguish, when she discovered that her lover had been constrained to leave her, that his parents, cruel as the chill blast that nips the tender buds of spring, had forced him from her without one adieu!—without uttering to her one word of comfort.—Ah! who can paint her agony; she lives, and her companions weep over her, for they imagine her insane; they have not yet learnt to know that it is possible to feel strongly and yet be rational;—a hundred times a day she utters his name—a hundred times she fancied he would return, and hope in pity to her distress, throws her enchanting veil over the sad realities that oppress her. Now she reposes on the strength of his affection, as on her guardian angel, then the certainty that he is absent rushes

on her mind with all its force, and leaves her a prey to regret, to misery, and all its sad train of attendants.

Children of sensibility, to you I address her tale, to you I appeal; condemn not feelings for which she is accountable even to herself. That Being who gave a deeper tint to the rose than the

lily protects them alike from the chill blast; he does not reproach the drooping flower, if oppressed by dew, it refuses to be revived by the fervour of the noon day sun—then how much more will he cherish the human heart more sensitive than the plant that recoils at the slightest touch.

A MORNING WALK RECOMMENDED.

THERE is no custom more universally approved, and more commonly neglected, especially among the rich, the gay, and the polite, than that of early rising. Every one owns that to those who follow the paths of business, or the toilsome tracts of science, it is absolutely necessary; but some will deny that it is indispensable to the lady who has no employment except killing the few hours that remain, after her slumbers, her meals, and the important concerns of dress are deducted, or to the *beau* whose only task is to amuse himself, and whose sole occupation is to gallant a *belle* to the theatre. We wish to shew that early rising is conducive to the health, the beauty, and the pleasures of ladies, and that no female, how splendid soever her situation, should disdain to take a morning promenade. Early rising is generally allowed by medical men to invigorate the faculties, and to remove the dullness which too often attends even fashionable life. Ladies have, with great propriety, banished noon from their promenading hours, as the sultry air causes lassitude of mind, and tends to weaken the delicate nerves of a female: but perhaps the cool of evening is not less obnoxious to health than the parching heat of mid-day. That the former is pleasanter, we cannot deny: but the most grateful things are not always the most beneficial.—On the contrary, the dews, the foggy air, the effluvia from the trees, the perspiration of the ground, and the pernicious exhalations of the lamps, produce the most hurtful effects on those who attend public gardens. But in the morning we find none of these inconveniences, we have the light and beauty of noon without its enervating powers, the mildness and coolness of night, free from its unhealthy concomitants. The ancient sages rose with the sun, and many who have survived the common periods of mortality, have ascribed their longevity to early rising, attended with some salutary employment in the open air. We shall instance the good effects of this custom by the case of a Scotch peeress, who had long been splenetic to so great a degree, that her physicians were obliged to give her medicines to gratify her peevish humour. She kept her chamber some months, and for want of fresh air

and exercise, grew so ill that her life was despaired of, as no medical man would venture to prescribe a different treatment. Accidentally hearing a maid-servant praise the virtues of a morning walk in the country, the old lady determined, without the cognizance of her doctors, to rise at six, and to refresh herself in the garden. She daily grew better, and in a short time enjoyed more health and happiness than she had ever experienced even in her youthful days; she recovered her spirits, laughed at her physicians, pleased herself, and rewarded the girl who had contributed to her cure.

Since beauty cannot exist without health, the practice we recommend is of the utmost importance to handsome women. Noon tans the face, evening makes the complexion sallow, but a morning walk clears the skin of all imperfections, especially such as arise from luxury or the want of proper exercise. Though ladies affect to despise the ruddiness of the cottager's daughter, their imitation of this bloom shews it to be a grace that attracts their notice and excites their emulation; and therefore we may infer, that were most of our female nobility possessed of this natural ornament, they would, instead of patronising, ridicule all attempts to mimic it by the use of rouge. Beauty, we think, should be skin-deep, though fashionable *belles* seem to think it should only be paint deep. However, as I cannot in this respect agree with them, I request the sweet lady who is perusing these lines, would forego this opinion, and endeavour to make her bloom deeper and more lasting than any paint, by accustoming herself to take a regular morning perambulation, whenever the weather will permit. This habit would make her fair and ruddy, give her skin an agreeable sleekness, and supersede the most admired and most expensive cosmetics that have been invented since fashion began to slight spontaneous graces, when put in competition with charms which are always vendible at the perfumer's. We beg leave to add, in an age when women cannot redden, that though the roseate colour acquired by a morning walk, might not be a blush of modesty, it would certainly be a blush of nature, and therefore as

much surpassing paint as the artificial flower is exceeded by the natural rose. We would on this account prefer it to rouge, though a correspondent has considered the latter as the best substitute for that bashful tinge, which so seldom suffuses the cheeks of our ladies.

It may perhaps be said, "we confess that a morning walk is a means of obtaining health, and of promoting beauty,—but how can a custom so dull and so antiquated, be attended, as you affirm it is, with delight." If you acknowledge, my dear ladies, that it gives health, you must allow that it excites pleasure, since pleasure cannot exist without health; and if you own it increases beauty, you must confess it gives happiness, since a lady considers her beauty as her greatest happiness. But early rising, followed by a ramble in the country, not only bestows this kind of habitual enjoyment, it not only yields a constant flow of spirits, but it likewise affords the highest gratification to all who love the fine arts, or who admire the beauties of nature. Where will the amateur of painting find a more delicate subject for his pencil, than the tints of the new-born day? What theme can be more pleasing to the poet, than describing the rosy hours opening the magnificent portals of the East? It may be said, that these pleasures cannot be sufficiently varied; and though they amuse for a short time, they will give no delight when oft repeated. From this opinion, I beg leave to differ, as it is well known the more nature is investigated, the more she is admired. If, however, these simple gratifications should become tiresome, the mind may be relieved by cheerful reading; and, indeed, there cannot be a more favourable opportunity for study than in the morning, when the body is recruited with repose, and the breast free from anxiety and care. This promenade may be frequently diversified: a walk to the aviary, a tour through the park, tracing the meanders of a rivulet, a visit to a neighbouring cottage, a view of the rising sun from a hill, and a thousand other well-judged circumstances, would furnish an immense and almost boundless variety of amusement, so that no contemplative person would ever feel the least satiety.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

DYER.

To make these pleasures more sensibly felt, it would be proper for some person of intelligence to accompany the lady in her early ramble.

Private governesses in great and wealthy houses naturally occur as most fit to be entrusted with this amusing office; but I am afraid that, in general, this class is not composed of women of much intelligence, but rather of such as having received a common education, without the means of supporting it, are too proud to be mantua-makers or milliners, and too ignorant to be teachers. It would be no absurd plan to erect a college for the instruction of a number of clever young women, who might be calculated to instruct the daughters of our nobility, as well in the paths of science as in the steps of virtue. With one of this description, who has a taste for the charms of nature, and abilities to expand those beauties to her blooming charge, a morning walk might be rendered healthful, pleasant, interesting, and agreeable, especially if disguised under the name of an amusement.

There is another argument which should be of importance to the modest lady,—that a morning walk would not cause those reflections on her reputation, which evening promenades too often occasion.

Should any one who has hitherto spent her nights in the ball-room, and her mornings on the couch, be inclined to try this experiment, I request her to recollect that a better opportunity cannot present itself.

She is at her country seat; the mornings are warm, gay, and beautiful; fashion is not near to censure the innovation; and should she dislike the custom, she may discontinue it at her return to the emporium of pleasure.

"Things change their titles as our manners turn."

POPE.

Poeta nascitur non fit, 'twas said,
When poets wrote to gain applause, not bread.
But when I see a poetaster rise,
Whom penury, not nature, has made wise,
I think 't invert the proverb would be best,
And say—*Non nascitur, sed factus est.*

S. C. W.

FRIENDS IN A FUTURE STATE.

An Inquiry whether there is any ground to believe that Friends can know each other in a Future State.

THE circumstance that first induced me to turn my thoughts on the following subject, was a conversation I once had with a friend, who upon the death of an intimate and revered acquaintance asked my opinion as to the probability of recognizing in a future state those whom we knew in this life; and hoped, from my opinion, to have received some consolation which might soothe the anguish which so irreparable a loss had occasioned.

At this time I was tinctured with the pedantry of a college, and the prejudices of education, which rendered me almost dogmatical and sceptical in all my opinions; and therefore more desirous of gratifying my own vanity, than the feelings of my benevolent friend, I at once denied the truth of such an opinion, and ridiculed its absurdity.

I principally maintained, that as the only way we had of knowing each other in this world, was by the impression which external objects made on our organs of sensation; when these were all removed by the dissolution of the body, every source or recollection was consequently destroyed. Besides, the soul which received its ideas of things on earth, only through that body with which it was connected, could not, after a separation from it, have any notion or retrospect of those transactions in which they were conversant during their union. The soul and body united made *one being*; the soul afterwards removed from its corporeal prison became another and a distinct *being*. How could it then reflect on bodies, from which, according to their very nature, it was incapable of receiving any impression!

But specious as these arguments then appeared, and indeed I believed them to be true, yet I have been able to detect their fallacy. In order therefore to prove the affirmative of this question, which I shall now undertake to do, it is first necessary to lay down as a datum that universal truth, which all nature demonstrates, that there is a God—a supreme infinite existence, directing every thing, and comprehending in one idea all the substances of the universe, both spiritual and corporal; and possessing likewise infinite power, wisdom and goodness.

The next proposition to be admitted, and which I think no one but a desperate Atheist can deny, is, *that our souls shall have a future and immortal existence.*

It follows then from these premises, that spiritual beings, of different orders, do exist, with
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powers of thinking and acting in different degrees. Of all these God is the Supreme. Spirits having a power then of acting and thinking, must necessarily have a consciousness of their own existence, and consequently of the existence of other spirits.—If then they know that other spirits do exist, and it is reasonable to suppose that God, from his infinite power, has furnished them with organs whereby that knowledge is reciprocally conveyed, I say they must have a power of holding society and converse with each other. Nor should we reject such a fair and reasonable conclusion, because our narrow limited imagination is not able to conceive the nature or properties of those *beings*, whose existence we cannot deny. God, as the supreme spirit, knows all things; and the subordinate spirits, who are of the same, though of an inferior nature, must of course know all those things that are within the compass of their power.

This point being thus established, that spirits are capable of knowing, associating, and holding converse with each other, it remains to prove, that the spirits which formerly animated human bodies, have a recollection of what passed while they were in this world. And this we must be convinced is the case if we believe there is such a thing as a distribution of future rewards and punishments; and if we do not, we impeach the justice of God. For, can we suppose that the soul of the wicked should be rendered equally happy with that of the good man. If then the souls of men, after their departure from the body, experience different degrees of pleasure and pain, according to their good and bad actions in this life, must they not know for what it is they are made happy or suffer? Most undoubtedly; and it is the very consciousness of these good or bad actions in life that forms the source of their happiness or misery.

Then, beyond a question, they must remember what passed in life; and if they can remember *one thing*, they can remember *all* that they once knew; and, therefore, they must remember those friends whom they loved and whose souls were congenial with their own.

But it may be objected, that, admitting every thing which has been said, yet if two friends should die, their souls may know each other, but one may not know that the other was the soul which animated the same body.

This objection will at once fall to the ground, if we observe from what has already been proved,

that spirits have a power of distinguishing each other, and of knowing what bodies they themselves belonged to. For it is as easy to suppose that a spirit can have all the methods of receiving and communicating ideas as it can exist at all.

What a source then of comfort in this world

must the bare belief of such an opinion as I have been endeavouring to prove, afford us; whenever we reflect that a deceased friend has only left us for a short space of time, at the expiration of which we shall meet, without being ever after under any apprehension of a separation.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLER AT REST.

[Continued from Page 254.]

THE Count de Bogin had served the King for twenty years with the greatest success; and enjoyed an influence which extended even to the other departments. The severity of his character made him hated by the nobility as much as he was feared. The king was accused of placing too much confidence in him, and even of allowing himself to be governed by him, when the event which I am going to mention occurred very opportunely to prove the contrary. The count had purchased a small villa, two leagues from Turin, to which he frequently retired. He had for a long time wished to enlarge the gardens of this estate; but a road which led to the house of a man named Talpon, one of the king's valets, and which divided some meadows that he was desirous of obtaining, opposed his design. He requested Talpon to part with this road, which he agreed to; reserving to himself, however, the right of passing through the estate of the count whenever another road which led to his house should be rendered impassable by the snow, which was sometimes the case. Two or three years had elapsed without Talpon's having any occasion to avail himself of this right, when it happened that his own road became wholly obstructed by the snows. Conceiving he might avail himself of the privilege which he had reserved for himself, he rode through the count's estate on horseback; but the minister, perceiving him at a distance sent to forbid his passage.—Talpon desired the minister might be informed who it was; and that, by virtue of their agreement he was travelling through the old road, because the other was impassable: but the count persisted in his refusal: and Talpon was obliged to return to Turin, burning with rage. He repaired instantly to the king, related to him the injustice and the ingratitude of the count, and concluded by saying: "Judge, sire, how he acts

towards your other subjects, when he treats me thus; me, whom he knows to have access to your majesty." The king directed Talpon to preserve the most perfect silence on the affair, promising to do him justice. He sent immediately for the intendant of his roads; and though he was a brother-in-law of the Count de Bogin, he charged him to inquire into the truth of the matter. This man knew that it was the king's custom, on such occasions, to inform himself privately of the circumstances, that he might be sure his ministers did not impose on him: he did not dare, therefore, to disguise the truth; but some days after, reported to the king, that the relation which Talpon had given of his rights, and of the affront he had received, was a faithful account. The king then directed, that without speaking to his brother-in-law, he should set a hundred men to work the next day, to restore the former road to Talpon's house, which was done. Judge of the astonishment of the minister when, walking in the morning, he saw a hundred men digging in his garden. Full of surprise and anger, he sent to demand the reason of so strange an appearance: they replied, "that it was by order of the king, and this was all they knew about the affair." He set off to town, and found his brother-in-law, who soon explained the whole mystery. The minister felt that it would be most prudent to submit in silence, and therefore said nothing: the king, on his part, never mentioned the subject; and Talpon was put in possession of his former road. I saw him some days after, quite proud of the victory which he had gained over a minister so high in favour. The nobility, delighted at the mortification which the Count de Bogin had received, considering it as a presage of his disgrace; but they were deceived. The king, who knew his ability, continued to treat him as before: and was satisfied to give him this lesson

of moderation. After the death of King Charles, the Count de Bogin withdrew from public business, and I often visited him in his retreat. I scarcely ever saw a man more engaging and more polite, and whose conversation was more interesting. To a profound knowledge of the affairs of Europe, he joined the greatest clearness in his ideas and in his expressions; he was also a good husband, and a good friend, upright in his conduct, and loved best by those who knew him most intimately: so that, if his administration did not generally please, it must be attributed more to the necessity of circumstances, than to the natural disposition of the minister.

CHAP. III.

I now found myself in a world very different from that in which I had hitherto lived? instead of the simplicity of Mr. Wyche, the plain and innocent manners of his family and his friends, I was incessantly listening to the intrigues of courts; and witnessing the manners of people of fashion, the overstrained compliments of great men, the duplicity of courtiers, and the pride of nobility. Unaccustomed to such scenes, I was astonished at every thing, and exclaimed against every thing. Mr. Mackenzie and his friends amused themselves with my surprise: they asked whence I came, where I had passed my youth, and whether I wished for the return of the golden age? Such pleasantries were the only answer I obtained to all my reasoning. I perceived, however, that my surprise gave them a good opinion of my morals; and that Mr. Mackenzie was not sorry to have a secretary upon whose probity he might rely. But there was one point of my morality which he did not laugh at; and that was, the rigorous system of truth which I had adopted. It was in vain that he addressed me most seriously upon the subject: I was immovable; and defended my resolution so sternly, that he at last reproached me with being too dangerous a secretary for a foreign minister; and added, that he should not venture to entrust me with the secrets of his negotiations. I removed his fears, however, by convincing him that, with a little address, a man might meet the most adroit politician, and keep his own secret without doing violence to the truth; and finally persuaded him that probity, combined with firmness, might even in politics be compatible with the strictest truth.

We had then before our eyes a striking example of the confidence which virtue, even carried to an extreme, can inspire; in preference to the maxims of the world, which are founded upon no principle. The Marquis de Carraccio's, Neapolitan minister, at the Court of Turin, had a secretary who had been formerly corrupted by Lord

Bristol, Mr. Mackenzie's predecessor at the court of Turin. This man had a handsome wife, whose expences obliged him to seek for some means of supporting them; and one of the most effectual that he employed, was selling the secrets of his master. The reversion of the duchies of Placentia and Guastella to the King of Sardinia on the demise of the King of Spain, had been guaranteed to him by the treaties of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle. The death of the Spanish monarch had just then happened, and the subject of the reversion was in discussion. The courts of Versailles and Madrid entertained the project of breaking those treaties, and of retaining the possessions for the Duke of Parma. The dispatches which the Neapolitan minister wrote to his own court and to the court of Madrid, as well as those which he received, frequently entered into that subject; and the secretary of the marquis communicated them to Mr. Mackenzie through me, for a proportionate reward. This treachery was, at last, discovered: his master dismissed him without making any noise about the matter, and did not in the least alter his conduct towards me; he only requested me to point out to him which of his dispatches I had read. I agreed to do so with pleasure; and as the best means of being accurate, I desired him to shew me all his correspondence. This he did; and from this general inspection, I learnt many things which otherwise I should never have known.

A still better opportunity presented itself of knowing the secrets of the court of Spain, if the delicacy of Mr. Mackenzie had suffered him to take advantage of it. The Count de Torre Palma, ambassador from that court to Turin, let a packet of dispatches which he had that day received, drop from his pocket, as he was going away after a visit to Mr. Mackenzie. He observed them a moment after; and in spite of the temptation of the circumstances of the time, ran after his excellency, and gave them to him upon the stairs. The Spanish ambassador, affected by this proceeding, came back with him, overwhelming him with thanks, and extolling to excess the generosity of his conduct. This circumstance introduced some anecdotes of the same kind; among which the ambassador related, in my hearing, an affair which had happened to himself at Vienna.

He thought he had discovered, while at that court, that his dispatches were intercepted. One day particularly he remarked to his secretary, that such a packet must have been opened; and he was convinced of it a moment afterwards, by finding a dispatch which was not signed, the hand-writing of which his secretary knew to be German and not Spanish, and which he declared was written by one of the clerks in the office of

foreign affairs. He even produced some papers that had been given in reply to some of their memorials, which left no doubt of the fact; and they naturally imagined that, in the hurry with which these things are generally done at the offices, the copy of the dispatch had been put into the envelope instead of the original. The ambassador, without loss of time, waited immediately upon the Prince de Kaunitz. He was admitted. "I have to request, Sir," said he, "that you will order your clerks to restore my dispatch, of which they have only sent me the copy, and have kept the original." "Sir," replied the Prince, without appearing at all embarrassed, "I beg a thousand pardons for the

trouble you have had; these careless fellows are making such blunders every day." Then ringing the bell, and calling one of his secretaries: "Go, and fetch the ambassador's dispatch, Sir, of which he has only received the copy, and learn not to commit such blunders another time." When the dispatch was produced, "Sir," said the Prince, as he restored it to him, "I am mortified that their stupidity should have occasioned you so much trouble:" and conducted him very politely to the door, without appearing to attach any importance to the mistake which had produced the visit.

[To be continued.]

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

DESCRIPTION OF CROMER

MR. EDITOR,

AS this is the season of the year in which the rich, the idle, and the gay rush in swarms from the metropolis, and seize upon every village and hamlet upon the borders of the coast, in order to enjoy the fancied advantages of sea-bathing, I am to inform you that I am one among the flight of these summer swallows, and that the course of my emigration has lead me to the Eastern shore of Norfolk, and I am for the present enjoying the salubrity of the air, and the comforts of mingled society, at the well-known town of Cromer.

I shall not, Mr. Editor, enter into any lengthened local description of this summer retreat, because the subject has already exercised the pens of many wandering geniuses, who, in gratitude, perhaps, for the benefits they have derived from the spot, have celebrated its praises in poetry and prose, and, as if they were taking their farewell of another *Grand Chatreuse*, have generally thought it incumbent upon them, when they discharged their tavern bill, to leave an ode or a copy of verses with their landlady.

"For here the muse so oft the harp has strung,
"That not a mountain lifts its head unsung."

It will probably not be inconsistent with your plan if I give some description of Cromer and the neighbourhood, in as brief and popular a manner as I am able. The first object to be remarked in Cromer is the church, which, though

in ruins, betrays evident marks of its former magnificent and Gothic origin. The western entrance is a good specimen of Gothic architecture, but the inside of the church very much disappoints those who are captivated by the external appearance. There are no monuments. In the area is a triple row of pews, and some benches; there is no gallery, and the whole has an appearance extremely desolate and mean. At about a third part of the height of the staircase which leads up the steeple (which is about 165 feet high), is a door which opens upon the leads of a small turret, communicating with the stairs, from which, some few years since, a boy of the name of Yoxley fell into the churchyard, without receiving any other hurt than a few slight bruises. This boy is now a sailor in his Majesty's navy.

Cromer is situated on the Eastern coast of Norfolk, about 130 miles distant from London, and 22 from Norwich; it is nearly midway between Yarmouth to the south, and Lynn to the north, and almost in a direct line with Norwich. It is a larger kind of fishing town, for it scarcely merits any other name, and is situated in a valley. It is so close to the shore that, during the spring tides, and in boisterous weather, the waves would almost break into the streets, were they not driven back by the loftiness of the cliffs. The sea is here much bolder, and has a greater violence of tide and current than in almost any other harbour in England. Indeed a story, tolerably well

authenticated by antiquarians, is still told of this place. Ancient Cromer; or as Camden calls it, Shipden, is said to have been buried in the sea, and I have been told, at a very low tide, and some miles from the shore, the summit of the steeple of the old church has been clearly discerned; it is certain, however, that those who have made experiments at soundings in this spot, have had every reason to conclude that the bottom of the sea, for the circumference of half a mile or more, was one perfect stratum of stone or brick, which plainly marked out the ruins of houses and buildings of various sorts. It is these scattered ruins of the old town, in the sea, which are said to make the coast of Cromer so extremely dangerous for shipping. The harbour is known thoroughly only to the most experienced pilots, and the trade necessarily suffers from these disadvantages and perils of the shore.

The accommodation for company in this place is of a very humble kind; a few old houses have been taken down and rebuilt within these dozen years, after a more modern and enlarged plan. Some of the fishermen have been ejected from their old cots, or have surrendered them to a speculating bricklayer, who has spruced them up with a little fresh lath and plaster, or a layer or two of sea-stone and pebbles, and scrawled "Lodgings to Lett" over the window. A chandler and jobbing carpenter have occasionally leagued together to furnish out a room looking towards the sea, with a few chairs, a table, and a sofa; a few ale-houses, which not many years ago found it difficult, from the penury of trade, to obtain a licence or a livelihood, are now shot up into hotels or taverns; and a master of a fishing boat, a retailer of crabs, has now become the proprietor of a bathing machine.

Such, Sir, has been the metamorphosis of this place, almost within my own recollection of it.

Cromer has not yet to boast of any places of public amusement, balls or assemblies; the only pleasure the company take is in walking on the sands at low tide, or strolling, or riding about the neighbourhood, which is extremely picturesque and interesting. The bathing-machines are very commodious, and the bather a very careful, attentive man; the terms are extremely moderate, and any one may select his own hour.

The first place to which I would carry you in the neighbourhood of Cromer, is the ride through Northrepps to Trimmingham Beacon, being about seven miles along the cliffs of the sea. Mr. Richard Gurney, a banker of Norwich, has built a most beautiful cottage in the parish of Northrepps; it is situated in a kind of narrow valley, surrounded upon every part by hills, except towards the sea, of which it commands a most extensive view. The hills are every where

covered with flourishing plantations, and those spots which were, in my own memory, a few years back, mere sandy deserts, are now covered with groves of towering firs and pines.

Not far from this house is Toll's Hill, which is known for a very famous echo. As you proceed onward the churches of Overstrand and Sidstrand, are to your right and left. There is nothing worth noting in either of them.

The Beacon at Trimmingham is an object truly worthy of a visit. It commands the noblest prospect, both of sea and land, which is to be obtained in Norfolk. Upon a clear day, Yarmouth, though thirty miles distant, can be distinguished from it, and the spire of Norwich cathedral, which is at least twenty-two miles off; above forty churches have been counted from this eminence, and the expanse of the sea which the eye takes in is immense. At Trimmingham Beacon is a station, or a kind of signal-post; these extend throughout the eastern coast at the average distance of five miles apart from each other; a Lieutenant is generally the officer of the station; his office is to make signals to any suspicious vessels which appear upon the coast, which, if not satisfactorily answered, another signal is immediately hoisted, and repeated by all the stations till they reach some port where armed ships are constantly prepared for the pursuit if an enemy.

About three miles from Cromer is Felbrigg, the seat of the Right Hon. W. Windham; it is delightfully situated in the bosom of extensive and venerable woods; some of the trees, particularly the oak, are of great antiquity. This family, which is very ancient in Norfolk, has long been settled at Felbrigg; and it is a sort of provincial proverb, "Never was a Windham known to be poor."

The house is in the style of the old English mansion, and has lately undergone considerable alterations which, as must be the case, have rendered it more modern, but less magnificent. It contains some good pictures, chiefly of the Dutch masters; in the drawing-room, a *Usurer*, by Rembrandt, and an *Old Woman*, by the same master, deserve particular attention. There are some exquisite pieces by Vandeveldt; a *Sea-Fight*, supposed to be an engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, is an admirable performance. In this room is a small, but highly coloured picture, *The finding of Achilles at the Court of Lycomedes*—it is said to be a Rubens. Slight as my inspection was, I had great reason to doubt it; almost every stray, unowned picture, which is supposed to have merit, is given at random to Rubens. This great master was so general, so eminent in every department of the art, and so wholly without what the painters

call *manner*, that any picture which is conceived to be excellent, and without an avowed owner, may be attributed to Rubens with more safety than to any other master; I believe, however, that Mr. Windham calls it a Rubens—this is authority in art as well as in other things.

This seat is not often honoured by the residence of the master; but when Mr. Windham does visit it, he gives a full flow to the generosity and hospitable ardour of his character.

One of the most beautiful rides near Cromer is to Holt, through Upper and Lower Sherringham, Runton, and Beeston. About a mile and a half from Cromer are the Felbrigg Plantations, which accompany the traveller on his left for about a mile, during which space, the views of the sea on the right are truly delightful. The country is here extremely hilly, and every eminence is covered with the thickest and richest plantations of firs and pines, particularly those of Mr. Cooke Flower, whose estate at this spot, though small, is perhaps one of the most enviable in the whole county of Norfolk.

Holt is a market town, remarkable for nothing that I know of. The return from Holt may be agreeably varied by taking the lower road to Cromer. Here a most sublime and romantic view is obtained from Sherrington Hill. About two miles from hence are the ruins of Beeston Priory, in which an antiquary may find beauties, but in which I confess I cannot.

Taking the road from Cromer to Norwich, and diverging a little to the left, you come to Thorpe Market, a village which, in houses, lands, and every other tenement, is the property of Lord Suffield, formerly Sir Harbord Harbord, many years member for the city of Norwich. The ruins of the parish church have been taken down and rebuilt by Lord Suffield, in a style which attracts many spectators from its novelty. The present structure, which was designed by Mr. Wood, is simple and elegant; the materials are flint and free-stone; at each of the four corners is a turret, and the points of the gables are terminated by a stone cross, after the monkish fashion. The inside is finished with neatness and taste. There are three family monuments taken from the walls of the old church, in memory of the Harbords. The next place to Thorpe, of any consequence, is North-Walsham; a town of considerable extent and population, but extremely dull and poor. I believe one general remark may apply to all the towns in Norfolk, which are very numerous, that, with the exception of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lynn, none of them have any species of trade or manufacture; the little activity and spirit they possess is owing to the port and carrying trade.

About three miles from North-Walsham is

Gunton-Hall, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Suffield. The estate of this nobleman, with the exception of Mr. Coke's, is the largest in the county; it occupies almost six contiguous parishes, and extends from North-Walsham to Aylsham, on one side, and from Gunton to Cromer, on the other, being altogether a traverse space of sixteen miles. The plantations around the house are beautiful and extensive; but there is very little of what may be called park. The agriculturists of Norfolk, and in this county every one is a farmer, know better things than to encourage their taste for venison to the sacrifice of more substantial enjoyments; here the plough usurps every thing, and we believe his Lordship's barley and turnips are sown up to his parlour windows. Gunton-House is not deserving of notice, it is the mansion of a common country gentleman, and is not, we hear, often open to hospitality. This nobleman immures himself in a kind of gloomy and secluded grandeur, and indulges the most arbitrary caprice and passion, as I have heard, with regard to the game laws; in every other respect he is a most worthy nobleman. The inside of Gunton-House is not very accessible to strangers.

About five miles onwards from Gunton is Aylsham, a very neat and pleasant market town. Some few years since it was in a flourishing state, but is now fallen into decay; the church is a handsome modern pile, and the neighbourhood is extremely agreeable.

About a mile from Aylsham is Blickling, the seat of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, but now of the Hon. Asheaton Harbord, eldest son of Lord Suffield, who enjoys it and the contiguous estate, in right of his wife, Lady Caroline Harbord, second daughter of the above-mentioned Earl. Blickling is a noble building, in the Gothic style; it is famous for having been the birth-place of Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate queen of Henry VIII. and mother of Elizabeth; the entrance from the court-yard is over a bridge of two arches, across the moat, through a gate-house and a small inner-court, and is very striking in its appearance. In the hall are full length statues of Anne Boleyn, and her illustrious daughter; in the anti-room are several portraits, the most striking is that of Sir Henry Hobart, one of the ancestors of the Buckingham family, who was killed in a duel with Mr. Le Neve, upon Cawston Heath, where a square monumental stone marks the spot upon which the event took place. The study has a good collection of books. The Old Dining-room is ornamented with several fine portraits. The present King and Queen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the late Lord Townshend, the Earl of Leicester, and Sir Robert Walpole. In this room is the

chair of state in which James II. sat when at Dublin; it is a piece of furniture which the reverence of antiquity only could preserve; for I am mistaken if a broker would venture to put it up at an auction.

The New Drawing-room is the pleasantest room in the house. One end of it is adorned with tapestry, in which is represented the figure of Czar Peter, whose attitude, with that of the horse, is extremely spirited. The back ground to this noble performance, which is said to be all needle-work, represents the confusion of a battle, in which the Czar is supposed to be commanding; he is without his hat; his hair is black and bushy, his eyes are black and piercing, and the general spirit of his attitude and countenance are in perfect accordance with his supposed situation. This superb ornament was a present from the late Empress Catherine of Russia to Lord Buckinghamshire. At the other end of the room is a fine portrait of George II. probably by Kneller; on each side of the fire-place are fine portraits of Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire, by Gainsborough.

From this room you pass to the State Bed-chamber, in which I particularly noticed a fine portrait of Judge Hobart, in his robes. From this room I proceeded to the Library, and left it without any impression upon my mind.

Having taken a general survey of the house, I passed to the park, which is well entitled to notice; it is extensively wooded, and has a fine piece of water, about a mile and a half in length, and, in some parts, nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. Since the estate has come into the hands of the present Honourable possessor, I was sorry to see the plough infringing too much upon the pleasurable demesne. This park is very much frequented by the townspeople of Aylsham on a Sunday; and I am informed that, once or twice in the year, rustic games, and feats, attended with prizes, are given to the young folks in the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding, the popularity of the country is not much attracted towards this gentleman; Mr. Coke seems to be the focus in which it wholly centers.

In the park of Blickling, in a spot admirably retired, and suited to the purpose, stands the mausoleum of the Harbord family. It contains the remains of the late Lord Buckinghamshire and his first wife.

I shall take you no further upon this trip, but turn to another part of the country.

Woolterton, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Walpole, is a morning's ride from Cromer; the house is of a modern style, and situated in an extensive park. It has nothing of that peculiarity which deserves a lengthened description. At a

short distance from the house is the ruins of a church, of which the tower alone remains. It is highly picturesque, and a beautiful feature in the surrounding landscape.

The house is furnished in a very modern style; the collection of pictures is not very numerous or valuable. The chief ornament of the rooms is tapestry, of which I know not that I have ever seen any of equal excellence. Upon the seat of some chairs are exhibited the fables of Æsop. The noble Lord generally resides upon this spot all the year, and maintains the hospitality of an old English baron, without any thing of its reputed stiffness and pride. A more amiable character is not known in the whole county of Norfolk.

Having thus, Sir, given you a sketch of Cromer, and all the places, prospects, seats of noblemen, &c. &c. worthy of notice in the neighbourhood, I shall revert to other subjects.

The class of company which generally frequents Cromer, with a few exceptions, is not of the highest order; a circumstance of some surprise, when the cheapness of the place, the retirement and beauty of the surrounding country, and its advantages for sea-bathing are considered.

It is here that the Norwich manufacturer, who has made his fortune during the last war, takes up his summer retreat, and exhibits all the pride and petulance of the counting-house, with the insolence of new-gotten wealth. It is here, Sir, that he endeavours to put down the neighbouring squire in the splendour of his equipage, and the prodigality of his establishment; and, as it is here that he comes more immediately in contact with the landed proprietor, his efforts are constantly directed, during the few weeks of his emancipation, to revenge himself for the servility he has been obliged to practise in his shop, by airs of jealous self-importance, and not unfrequently of insult, to those around him—I myself, Sir, have often seen an exhibition of this sort, and have laughed heartily at it; but I do not mean to include, in this sample of the visitants of Cromer the generality of the Norwich manufacturers, some of whom I know to be men of high honour, wealth, and understanding, and who unite the liberality and manners of gentlemen with the substantial independence and honesty of wealthy tradesmen.

The next class of company that generally resorts to Cromer are the landed gentlemen of the county and neighbouring provinces. We sometimes have them up, Sir, from the fens of Lincolnshire, and the wolds of Yorkshire. The celebrated and facetious Major T——m, with his companion M. P. A——; conferred upon Cromer the honour of their presence during some weeks of the last season.

But as I was observing, the country gentlemen form the next class. They mingle with none but themselves; a man must have a sufficient attestation of his acres and his woods to obtain, if it were worth having, an introduction to them. They repel all advances with a chill and jealous reserve peculiar to themselves. Squire T. is never seen but with Squire W. and their ladies mingle together in the same contracted and exclusive circle. They here maintain a general intimacy and course of visiting with the county at large; and as they stay somewhat late in the season, they compose balls and assemblies amongst themselves at the neighbouring towns, particularly at Aylsham, which is distant about ten miles from Cromer. I cannot better explain to you the kind of society they afford, and their manner and deportment towards strangers, than by the relation of an anecdote which was told me by a naval officer, who was at Cromer some months since upon professional duty of the greatest importance.

This gentleman, a man of very polished manners and education, was invited by a friend to attend an assembly at Aylsham. Anecdotes of this kind, Sir, may be reputed trifling, but they serve to illustrate manners and the state of provincial society, which you profess to be one of the objects of your work. He appeared at the ball with his friend; they were both well known characters, and of high honour and rank in their profession. The master of the ceremonies, or, as we may better term him, the president of the *Coterie*, was a man of birth and rank, and possessed of the largest landed property in the neighbourhood. He took no notice of them but by a stiff repelling bow. The company was divided into little whispering clusters, and the assembly was wholly split into separate, and, as it were, hostile swarms, who treated as a spy, and resented by an inveterate silence, any one who broke in upon them. My friend very happily observed of this assembly, "that there was just as much society among them as in a congregation at a church; each seemed to come to mind his own business, and shew that he was alive; and then, bowing to the preacher, went out, with a reciprocation of slight familiarities with such as hustled him as he passed through the porch." I was pleased with his illustration, and he proceeded to tell me further of his reception.

"When, said he, I attempted to break the ice, and renew my personal acquaintance with such as I had chanced to meet elsewhere, I found every one an altered character. The man whom I met hunting or shooting I could converse freely with, scarcely acknowledged me here but by a stiff salute; and if he happened to interchange a few words with me, he was instantly

beset by a crowd of his own clan, and tasked for what he had done. Immediately the whisper ran round, "Who is he?"—"Where does he live?"—"Do you know him?"—"Not I—saw him once or twice."—"He has no estate in this country."—"No, nor anywhere else—what brought him here?"

Such was my situation that I was shunned as a pickpocket, and as solitary as though living in a desert. At length the bell rung for tea in an adjoining room; I answered the call, and to my astonishment beheld the president of the *Coterie* sitting at a large table making tea for the ladies! There seemed a kind of preparation for my coming in, and I almost expected an insult; it turned out so—for this worthy gentleman, with a sort of simpering sneer, immediately addressed me (upon whom all eyes were fixed) with a "Captain W—, will you take a cup of tea?" "No, I thank you, Sir, I replied, I prefer porter," and my friend and I immediately desired the waiter to bring a pot. I need not describe the confusion and rage which this excited; they were awed, however, sufficiently not to menace another insult, and after having enjoyed the embarrassment, my friend and I withdrew."

I think, Sir, I need give you no further specimen of this society. Whatever may be their merits amongst each other I am yet to learn; I have only presumed to exhibit a sample to you from the judgment of a stranger.

The frequenters of Cromer may yet be distributed into another class; that anomalous and non-descript kind which is found at every place of public resort, and amongst which your correspondent himself has the honour to be enrolled. Here, Sir, we are all *incog*. and conspire pretty generally to keep up the masquerade amongst us. You know very well the old maxim, "*Omne obscurum stat pro magnifico*." We are not known to each other here, Sir, and too often forget ourselves. We do not retire, as other great men do, to sink into privacy and humble life in the country. No, Mr. Editor, it is here that we emerge to dignity; and, instead of laying aside our honours, for the first time in our lives, perhaps, we assume them.

Monarchs are said frequently to leave their capitals, and pass into distant provinces in the characters of private gentlemen, in order to study the affections of their subjects, and to be rid, for a time, of the embarrassments of pomp; but we, Sir, who frequent watering-places, are of another opinion: when we quit the capital it is to grow great out of it; it is not to enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*," but the "*dignitas cum otio*."—A rider, whose course of business carries him through the Eastern counties, sends his

wife and children before him to Cromer, and takes them up again here in the character of a merchant, has a morning paper sent down to him second-hand from a coffee-house, and betrays the utmost anxiety till he learns the price of stocks. In the universal mixture of society that necessarily occurs in a watering place, nobody knows "*who is who!*" The truly great are always, in such places, shorn of their beams. It is those only that ape them who appear in borrowed characters. But such is the confusion, as I was saying, that it is impossible to keep up distinctions. A swindler may make a bet with my Lord Chancellor, and a black legs invite a bishop to play a game of billiards with him. Cromer, from the smallness of its society, and the scantiness of its accommodations, is happily exempt from these violent intermixtures; but I would have you to know, Sir, that we have still some characters amongst us.

There is a gentleman here, Mr. L. who generally passes three or four months at Cromer, during which times he writes a novel for the circulating libraries, consisting of five or six volumes, and they tell me they are very pretty reading. Here is another, likewise, who is a poet and dramatic writer; he has (for he told me so himself) written eleven plays within these three years, nine of which are now in the hands of the Drury-lane manager; he has not, however, yet received an answer, but expects one every day, and has left word at his lodgings in town, that every two-penny post letter should be instantly forwarded to him.

I could possibly give you some very amusing sketches of character if I had time, or you room to admit them; but I am entrenching on your limits, and shall therefore conclude,

Your obedient servant,

VIATOR.

PICTURE OF LISBON, IN 1796.

LISBON contains a great number of nunneries, but it is not customary to place young ladies in them; they remain with their parents till they marry. They have not, however, the more liberty on this account, for they never go abroad alone, and are never out of the sight of their mothers. There are even some who never go from home not even to church on Sundays, but attend mass in the oratory of their own houses.

This practice might be supposed to secure young females from the dangers of seduction, but a constitution, warm and always precarious, constraint and indolence, develope in them the genius of invention. Being always the friends of the servant maids to whom the care of them is confided, they find means to seduce them. The mother takes a nap after dinner, and sleeps again during the night, and advantage is taken of both these intervals.

In general they cannot write, but they have a language which is perfectly familiar to them. They converse in broad day from their windows with their lovers in the street, without uttering a word; signs are sufficient, and these signs are executed by means of their fingers, with such astonishing quickness and dexterity, that they are able to hold in this manner very long conversations.

They never let slip an opportunity of having a husband, old or young, handsome or ugly, amiable or churlish; they sacrifice the secret lover to the first comer that mentions marriage, firmly resolved to indemnify themselves whenever they can.

The Portuguese women are well made, well proportioned, of a good figure, fair, lively, replete with graces; they have fine eyes, good skin, a kind look, a gentle manner, and an understanding which would appear to great advantage were it only cultivated. Being early exercised in the art of dissembling, they become adepts in it; their countenance is never disconcerted; dissimulation is concealed beneath the mask of innocent candour, never does an indiscreet blush betray their thoughts or disturb their pleasures; they appear to have truth on their lips, but it is rarely in their hearts. They are real Proteuses, assuming whatever form they please, that is, any that suits their private interest. Nevertheless, they are obliging, affectionate, generous; their hearts are so good that they think themselves obliged to make many happy.

A Portuguese lady never goes abroad on foot unattended; she is followed by female servants covered with large cloaks of coarse woollen cloth, who walk behind her like footmen; those who have none of their own hire them when they go out, especially on particular festivals, to attend them to mass. It is in general negro or mulatto women who follow this profession; the usual price is about three pence for each time. It is ludicrous enough to see a woman walking gravely along the streets, followed by four servants, two and two, who observe her steps, imitate her gait, and ape her gravity.

The Portuguese women appear but very little in public except upon such occasions; they are never seen in the public walks, and even at home

they frequently hide themselves if a man happens to come in. To make amends they shew themselves a good deal at their windows, where they spend three-fourths of the day in seeing and being seen. There they are fixed with their arms crossed, bareheaded, let the weather be ever so cold, and in winter with a cloak of coarse cloth thrown over their shoulders. They never take up a needle or a book, but divide the day between the window and a chair, in which they remain supinely seated, oppressed with the weight of indolence and lassitude.

Formerly they never made use of chairs, but squatted on the floor, on rush mats, with their legs crossed or bent back under their thighs. This custom is not entirely eradicated, it is still retained by servants and women of the lower order.

The Portuguese are very fond of processions. These solemnities are high days, in particular for the women; they afford them an opportunity to go abroad, to appear in public and exhibit themselves. This they never fail to embrace; they are anxious to present themselves in all their charms, and their toilette engages their whole attention several days beforehand. On the day of the procession every carriage is hired; the women, decked with all their finery, repair to the places where it is to pass; they fill the windows of the balconies, where they display their persons three or four hours before the time. The streets are crowded with men passing and re-passing, going and coming; they look, they ogle, they salute, they make signs, which the women, delighted to be taken notice of, answer with eagerness.

These ceremonies give occasion to invitations on the part of the proprietors or tenants of the houses before which the procession is to pass, and produce brilliant and numerous assemblages. When the procession has passed tea is served to the whole company, after which they frequently dance, and the ball is sometimes continued till late at night, even in Lent. Women never go to these assemblies unless they are invited; only the *fidalgas*, that is, the wives of the grandees, invite themselves; they go without ceremony, and take possession of windows and places which were intended for others.

The pleasures of Lisbon are neither numerous nor frequent. The inhabitants seldom have social parties, and still more rarely mingle together in the public walks, in which the Portuguese women never appear, those of foreign nations seldom, and which are but little frequented by the men. Nor are balls more frequent among them.

The Carnival at Lisbon is extremely dull; that season, distinguished in other countries by

pleasures more or less diversified, more or less prominent, is here the most monotonous in the whole year. The social parties are not then more numerous or more gay than usual; you hear neither of entertainments nor of assemblies, neither of music nor of balls; the only pleasure in which they indulge consists in sprinkling the passengers, or being sprinkled by those who are at the windows.

In the last week of the Carnival the women of all ranks, especially the ladies, stand at their windows, and throw on the passengers pulverized talc, which adheres to their faces and their clothes. They provide themselves with bladders of gum-elastic, squirts, bottles, pots, pitchers, and saucapans; they throw water, frequently in torrents, on those who are passing in the streets. The passenger is fortunate when he is only inundated; he often receives on his head not only the water but the vessels that contain it.

The Portuguese, accustomed to this kind of gallantry, are satisfied with going out on those days in old clothes or great coats, and screening themselves under large umbrellas. Strangers, less forbearing, sometimes return the compliment with a volley of stones, and not a year passes without broken windows, disputes, and violent scuffles.

Rondas, or patrols, parade the streets, but not for the purpose of hindering this sport; on the contrary they are commissioned to protect these modern Naiads, and to prevent any insult from being offered them. They are even not spared themselves, and they seldom take a turn without being sprinkled.

If the inhabitants of Lisbon have no dancing during the Carnival, they make amends for it in Lent. That season, set apart by the church for abstinence and privations, is chosen by the Portuguese, a people desirous of appearing the most religious in Europe, for dancing. The processions which then take place every week, are the occasion of frequent balls. The Portuguese would not touch meat on any account, but he dances; he is fearful of being deficient in the outward ceremonies of religion, and he indulges in a tumultuous amusement in a season devoted to serious contemplation.

The Portuguese might be supposed to wish to distinguish themselves from other nations by their customs. One instance of this has just been mentioned, here follows another:—In winter the cold is sometimes so intense as to produce frost. It usually rains for three or four months, sometimes for a fortnight or three weeks together. The streets are then filled with water and mud; the humidity penetrates into the house, where it concentrates, and every thing is quite damp. The inhabitants of Lisbon, however,

have no fires; you would not find thirty fire-places in the whole city. Both men and women remain in their apartments wrapped up in large woollen cloaks; nothing is to be seen but cloaks in the streets, at the theatre, and in the churches.

The following are the differences that may be observed with respect to dress: the women of the lower classes, and the wives of artisans, wear on their heads a white handkerchief, which falls down in a point behind, and is tied before under the chin. They never go out without their cloaks of coarse cloth which reach down to their heels.

Those of a superior condition, and even some

of the wives of artisans substitute instead of the cloak a large and ample mantle of black taffeta, which covers the whole body and reaches to the middle of the leg. They either go with the head uncovered, or wear a hat ornamented with a black feather.

Ladies of still higher rank, the wives, sisters, or daughters of merchants, lawyers, physicians, and of the nobility, dress as they please; they follow the French fashion.

With regard to shoes, the women of every class are very particular; they are of silk, more or less covered with spangles and embroidery in gold and silver.

MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

[Continued from Page 267.]

ON the wedding-day, the young couple sit in the pendal by the side of one another. Several vessels full of water and ranged in a circle are set before them. The Bramins, by their prayers, cause the great God and the great Goddess, Chiven and Pervadi, or Wisnou and Katchimi, to descend into the two largest vessels. The inferior deities, such as the Derverqueels are besought to descend into the smaller vessels. Lighted lamps represent Aguiini, as the vessels represent the other deities. A fire is kindled with consecrated wood; the Bramins throw butter into it, repeating prayers in the Sanscrit language. The father then puts into his daughter's hand, some betel bananas, a gold pagoda, and then places it upon that of his son-in-law. The mother afterwards pours a little water on the hands of the young couple; the father, in the presence of Chiven, of Pervadi, and of all the Derverqueels supposed to have descended into the vessels, and calling the God Aguiini to witness, gives his daughter to him whom he has chosen for his son-in-law. A Bramin then takes the taly, a kind of conjugal ornament and presents it to the Gods, the Bramins, the relations and all the guests. In presenting it to each of the company, the Bramin repeats these words, in the form of a wish addressed to the bride and bridegroom, "they shall have corn, money, cows, and a numerous progeny."

The husband takes the taly, ties it round his wife's neck, which concludes the marriage. The new married man then swears by the God of Fire, that he will love his wife; who, on her part, promises to be faithful to the nuptial duties, and to imitate Arindaly, whose prudence is revered by the Indians, especially the Talmous, and

whose virtues are held forth as an example to wives. When the bride attains the age of puberty, a repetition of the marriage ceremonies takes place. These ceremonies are frequently the ruin of families. When a rich and powerful Indian celebrates a wedding, the Bramins flock thither, often from twenty leagues round. Sonnerat says, that sometimes five or six hundred assemble, who are entertained for several days.

All this pomp is merely to gratify vanity. The Indian finds not therein that happy tranquillity which is the object of his wishes, and therefore joyfully returns to the solitude of his habitation. All his pleasures centre in his family. Indolence is his highest good, he seeks neither to distract nor to confuse himself with important or trifling affairs. He experiences no wants either of mind or body. You may see a young Indian, lying for whole days, in a cool part of his house, surrounded by his family, and doing nothing but smoking his oricka or chewing betel. This uniformity of life, is sometimes interrupted by a visit from one or two neighbours, who, like the master of the house, apply to the betel-box. It may be supposed that mirth never presides at these parties. The conversation is neither animated nor instructive. "Words," says an eastern proverb, "are like medicines; which if used in moderation do good, but if multiplied are prejudicial." The wife, on her part, enjoys no greater pleasure than to have with her a goldsmith to make her trinkets; which in a country where a workman requires so little apparatus, is a taste very easily gratified. Whilst he is blowing his small bellows, casting, hammering, and soldering the gold or silver given him for that purpose, the lady never leaves him a moment;

if he has a job of some importance he is often surrounded by all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood; the hour of dinner alone can induce them to quit this attracting spectacle.

Their meals afford nothing to excite the appetite or gratify the palate of an European. Their principal food is rice steeped and boiled in water; sometimes to make up for the insipidity of that article the Indian family adds a few dishes highly seasoned with spices. Rice-water, into which they put great quantities of long pepper and salt is their ordinary beverage. After the repast they drink a kind of sherbet. Wine and strong liquors are banished from Indian entertainments. The service of the table consists of a mat spread upon the ground; large banana leaves serve them for napkins, and as we have mentioned above they have nothing but their hands to eat with. Having no other view then to appease hunger, they never press one another to eat, and their simple repasts never degenerate into debauchery. The hour that follows their frugal dinner is entirely devoted to digestion; it is spent in listless inactivity, and an Indian would not break in upon this state of repose to preserve his house from the ravages of a conflagration.

The furniture of the house agrees exactly with the service of the table, and even amongst great families, there is nothing to be seen but a few carpets and cushions, some copper or silver vessels to hold water to drink, a small box for the wife's trinkets, another for the apparatus of the toilette, a large chest to hold the clothes of the whole family, and an orricka, or great pipe for the master of the house. The house is correspondent to the furniture. It is very low and has no other embellishment than the whiteness of its walls. The family commonly assembles in a kind of gallery two or three feet from the ground, running round the inside of the house, which is built in form of a square, and surrounds a court-yard; the apartments are very small, lighted only by diminutive windows, looking into the court, and which are sometimes fastened up through jealousy, as they are strangers to glass. The luxury of Indian houses, a luxury commanded by the Gods, is their excessive cleanliness; an Indian always goes out of doors to spit, and pulls off his slippers before he enters the house.

The family never goes abroad except early in the morning, or in the evening, when the heat of the day is over, either to bathe, to pay visits, or to spend a few hours in a neighbour's garden; but upon all these occasions you always see them passive, without any other enjoyment than that of a perfect and invariable tranquillity.

M. Henrichs, from whom we have taken great part of these particulars, became acquainted, at Madras, with a farmer-general of tobacco, one

of the wealthiest Indians in that place. In consequence of his commercial connections with the first English bankers, he had opportunities of beholding their luxury, and attempted to imitate them, yet without changing his habits or mode of life in any respect. Amongst other objects of luxury, he erected, in a beautiful garden he had in the neighbourhood of the town, a pavilion in the Italian style; this pavilion was finished in the European manner. To display his wealth, and at the same time to eclipse the Europeans, he was not contented with mahogany furniture; his chairs, stools, tables, and bureaux, were of ivory inlaid with ebony and gold; the floors were covered with the richest Japan carpets; the most valuable paintings and busts, placed around the saloon, struck the beholder with admiration; the tables were loaded with time-pieces and other productions of art, from England or China; great numbers of looking-glasses were suspended from the ceiling; in short, the whole was such a medley that, although disposed with a kind of symmetry, you would rather suppose it a furniture warehouse than a drawing-room. The bed-chamber contained a bed corresponding with the furniture of the saloon, and perhaps the most costly that ever was seen; whatever could be wished for was to be found there; an adjoining apartment was richly furnished in the Turkish style, with red velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, and covered with muslin cases. Perhaps the possessor of this beautiful place may be supposed to have enjoyed this pomap; in the midst of his riches he was like a Ryot, brought by chance into a palace; he was the guardian, not the proprietor, of the house; he sometimes visited the magnificent apartments, but he spent most of his time with his friends, seated upon mats, in the gallery of his pavilion, the doors of which stood open to give strangers an opportunity of admiring the luxury of the furniture, which appeared as if exposed for sale, and was enjoyed by nobody. It has been observed that the Indian is always merely a spectator, and an indifferent spectator.

It will always appear incomprehensible, that amidst the eternal inactivity of these people, an Indian is a stranger to *ennui*, that bane of European societies, but he seems formed purposely for indolence. None of the objects that please Europeans has charms for him: he appears to exist less by means of his senses than of his soul. An Indian would infallibly fall asleep at our most interesting operas; and the happiness of chewing betel would make him think all our entertainments insipid.

In our noisy circles, we go in quest of that pleasure, happiness, or comfort, that we cannot find within ourselves: fortunately for the Indian

he is so formed as to find all these in his own heart. We let our happiness give us the slip, as it were, amidst tumult and confusion; on the contrary, an Indian seems to study, to examine, to get acquainted with himself. It would be difficult to say which is the most melancholy of the two, he who finds his joy within himself, or he who is incessantly obliged to quit himself in order to find it.

The restless sentiment of curiosity would but ill agree with the indolence of the Indian; thus he is far from inquisitive. The most he does is to listen to stories related by faquiers, or the news of the town by his servants. You may see men whose sole recreation consists in carrying about a bird for a day together, and feeding it with the hand; and others amusing themselves with a cup and ball, or any other diversion. Labour being the portion allotted to the poor, the rich enjoy the idea that they are happy in the eyes of the rest of mankind.

A library is very rarely to be met with in an Indian's house. The library of the Indian rajahs, says Cardonne, consists of a vast number of volumes; it would require a hundred camels to remove it. A rajah, a friend to learning, requested a scientific man to select the substance of every book, and to compile a more portable

library: he accordingly made extracts, forming not more than ten camels' load. Another king thinking it still too voluminous, commissioned a Bramin to make further abridgments, and he reduced the whole library to four maxims:

1. Justice ought to be the soul of a King's actions, it produces tranquillity in his dominions, and excites love in the hearts of his subjects. Injustice, on the contrary, is the source of all trouble, and alienates men's minds from him.

2. A state cannot subsist if the morals of those who compose it are depraved. Vain would be the attempt to enforce the authority of the law. A rajah ought therefore to prevent corruption from insinuating itself amongst his subjects. A virtuous nation is always a faithful one.

3. The only means of preserving health, that most precious blessing, is to eat when the appetite requires, and to give over before it is completely satisfied.

4. The virtue of a wife consists in having a retreat to secure her from the temptation of opportunity; invisible to all but her husband, she ought to be so scrupulous as even to refrain from looking at a man were he even more beautiful than an angel.

[To be continued.]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE MAN OF WORTH.

LET others skill'd in epic song
Each val'rous deed rehearse,
Or soar'd midst battles ruthless throng
Chaunt high the blood-stain'd verse:
To gentler strains, from nature's lyre,
The votive muse gives birth;
Urg'd by a chaster, holier fire,
And sings *The Man of Worth*,
No trumpet sounds his hallow'd name,
No pomp surrounds his gates—
No senseless fashion hands to fame
His chalked-floors, or fetes!
No principles debasing man,
No luxury taints his mirth—
Nor mad ambition warps the plan,
Fram'd by *The Man of Worth*.
No labourer waiting at his door
Demands in vain his hire—
No livery'd locusts rob the poor,
Of what their wants require.

No courtier he, of pliant knee,
Cringing to power, or birth—
Nor despot proud, nor rebel free,
Points out *The Man of Worth*.

No care-worn wretch by sorrow led,
Claims his support in vain;
Nor meagre want by promise fed,
Is banish'd with disdain.
No friend borne down by adverse fate,
Of kindness finds a dearth—
Nor jealous pride, nor envious hate,
Dwells with *The Man of Worth*.

No female, trusting to his vows,
Her easy faith deplores;
His love through honour's channel flows,
On virtue's pinion soars.
As lover, relative, and friend,
Dear ties! which bind to earth!
Trust me, ye fair! they ne'er can blend
But in *The Man of Worth*.

When fops shall flatter to deceive,
 And passion urge its flame—
 When specious love the sigh shall heave,
 And fond attention claim—
 Ah! heed not thou the varied lure,
 Offspring of sordid birth!
 Nor deem thy tenderness secure,
 Save, with *The Man of Worth*.

If blest with wealth, or rank, or pow'r,
 His liberal hand bestows
 Aid in necessity's cold hour,
 And heals her varied woes;
 Or if mysterious fate denies
 The meed of wealth, or birth,
 A richer boon the heart supplies,
 To bless *The Man of Worth*.

Pity's warm tear!—compassion's sigh!
 Affection's softest charm!
 Love-searching looks, which quick descry,
 And the mute wish disarm!
 Sweet'ners of life! soothers of care!
 Gems of celestial birth!
 Happy the female doom'd to share
 These with *The Man of Worth*.
 Then if my wayward fate bestows,
 The recompensing hour;
 And grants the liberty that flows
 From bliss within our pow'r;
 Pity to heaven shall waft my pray'r,
 And plead, that while on earth,
 This weary heart may rest from care,
 Safe with *The Man of Worth*.

And when life's embers faintly glow,
 When death prepares his sting—
 When the tir'd arteries cease to flow,
 Nor friends can succour bring;
 When on the bosom faint I lie
 Of him belov'd on earth,
 The fault'ring pray'r, and ling'ring sigh,
 Shall bless *The Man of Worth*.

B.

SONG,

WRITTEN BY A SON OF THE POET BURNS,
At the Age of Fifteen Years.

HAE ye seen in a fresh dewy morning,
 The wild warbling red-breast sae clear?
 Or the low-dwelling, snow breasted gowan,
 Surcharged wi' mild ev'ning's soft tear?
 Oh! then ye have seen my sweet lassie,
 The lassie I loe best of a';
 But oh! from the hame of my lassie
 I'm many a long mile awa'.
 Her hair is the wing of the blackbird,
 Her eye is the eye of the dove,

Her lips are the mild-blushing rose-bud,
 Her bosom's the palace of love;
 Alas! when I sit down to study;
 I now can do nothing at a';
 My book I indeed keep my eyes on—
 My thoughts are wi' her that's awa'.
 Oh love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,
 The sweetest we mortals here know;
 Ah! soon is thy heav'n, brightly gleaming,
 O'ercast wi' the dark clouds of woe;
 Thus the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,
 Delights the wan sailor's glad eye,
 When red rush the storms of the ocean,
 And the wild waves, dark, tumble on high.

LOVE.

If misers find a joy in wealth,
 Be theirs the golden griefs to prove,
 Be mine the pleasures known to health,
 When heighten'd by the bliss of love.
 Should angry war's destructive roar,
 Spread desolation thro' the grove;
 Returning peace will please us more,
 If shar'd with those we truly love.
 If pain o'erwhelms the wounded mind,
 If round us untold mis'ries move;
 Still will the breast a comfort find,
 When love is sooth'd by those we love.

These blessings, Love, belong to thee,
 Thy hopes and fears 'tis joy to prove;
 If thine is bondage, who'd be free?
 To me then, thou art welcome, Love.

July 1, 1806.

J. M. L.

A SONG.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESSES.

TELL Phillis, when she says I boast
 What she would fain not know,
 'Tis lest her bounty should be lost
 My gratitude I shew.

Tell Daphne, when she doubts my love,
 And fears her rover lost,
 To her alone I'll constant prove
 Who trusts to me the most.

Tell Chloe, when she says I turn
 To rivals bright as she,
 That not for Chloe should I burn,
 But for variety.

Tell her—(but whom I know not yet)—
 Who shall these vows engage,
 'Tis prudent to provide the net,
 But wiser still the cage.

LOTHARIO.

TO MARY,

ON RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY.

SINCE thou art come, delightful maid,
Of ev'ry beauteous thing the queen,
To trip it o'er the verdant glade,
Or muse amid the woods unseen—
Kind nature spreads her blessings round,
And greets with smiles her fav'rite child;
With violets the fields abound,
And even roses blossom wild!

The red-breast, thy peculiar care,
With singing strains his little throat;
The tow'ring lark, high pois'd in air,
Swells to thy charms his ev'ry note.

The shepherd, as he sees thee pass,
Amaz'd beholds thy matchless pow'rs;
And deeply sighs for such a lass—
To cheer him in the wintry hours.

When across the dreary plain
The howling tempest wings its flight,
Or when the strong incessant rain
Pours throughout the deluged night;

Then Fancy paints how great the joy,
How full of rapture and of bliss,
In such sad hours as those to toy,
To give and take the melting kiss.

To seek upon her downy breast
Oblivion of his daily care,
And, lull'd by tenderness to rest,
Ejaculate a lover's pray'r.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

SONG TO SOPHIA.

WHEN to conquer this heart you essay'd
By your charms, irresistible Sophy,
At the very first sally you made,
You bore off my heart as a trophy.
As you shower'd love's darts from your eyes,
I felt an emotion so tender,
That I panted to yield as your prize,
And a sigh soon confess'd my surrender.

From thee, soft enslaver to part,
Death sure is a trial severer,
For the chains that have fetter'd my heart
Are blessings than liberty dearer.

Forbear the fond slave to remove,
But send me your heart as a token,
And the treaty, when witness'd by love,
By no jealous foe shall be broken.

Then let each rude bick'ring cease,
Which our bosoms united would sever,
Let a smile be the prelude of peace,
And a kiss seal the compact for ever.

CASIMIR.

MEMORY.

AT the mild close of dewy eve,
While the last sun-beam lingers near,
The wild and noisy throng I leave,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.
When on the clear blue arch of heaven,
O'er the high trees the stars appear;
I love those hours to sorrow given,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.
Oft to the dove's sad tales I list,
Drop to her fabled woes a tear,
And, careless of the night-dew's mist,
I think of scenes to Memory dear.
Then as the full moon sails on high,
And brings to view the prospect dear,
Oft echo will repeat the sigh
That heaves for friends to Memory dear.
And when the close of life draws nigh,
The thoughts of them my heart shall cheer;
And my last fault'ring accents sigh,
Peace to the friends to Memory dear.
When o'er my form the green turfs swell,
If e'er my friends should wander near,
Will they in moving accents tell,
How died the friend to Memory dear.

THE EXILE.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine;
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battles
combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to
mine.
Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguill'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not
for me;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the
stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to
dream.
But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and hop'd to
bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
Too faithful records of times that are past,
The Eden of love that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost ! but your summits of green
 Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene,
 In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return,
 Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn !
 Ye hills of my country, farewell evermore !
 As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged
 shore,
 And ask of the hovering gale if it come
 From the oak-tow'ring woods on the mountains
 of home. B.

THE QUEEN OF THE WAVES.

RECLIN'D on a rock of her sea-beaten isle,
 Britannia survey'd the profound ;
 Saw Freedom and Virtue and Industry smile,
 And in transport she gaz'd all around—
 While the murmurs, arising from Ocean's dark
 caves,
 Hoarse sounded " Britannia reigns Queen of the
 Waves."

To hear once again the brave acts of her sons,
 Exulting she flies o'er the ball :
 No shores, whether friendly or hostile, she
 shuns ;
 Their fame had extended to all :
 And oft in her flight, as in Ocean she laves,
 The Tritons still hail her as " Queen of the
 Waves."

The Sea Nymphs arose with their reed-
 braided hair,
 Green Neptune deserted his cell,
 Heavy whales in loose gambols around her
 appear,

And Amphitrite sounded her shell ;
 Emerging, they sing from their crystalline caves,
 Britannia reign ever the " Queen of the Waves."

But Chief, 'midst her heroes, wherever she goes,
 She hears her Horatio's proud name ;
 Fame's numberless voices in concert arose,
 Nor sufficed his great deeds to proclaim—
 They sounded, " with Heroes so dauntless and
 brave,

" Britannia reign ever the Queen of the Wave."
 Her course, overjoyed at his praises, she steers,
 To see her brave Son o'er the main ;
 When off Cape Trafalgar, exulting she hears
 That her Hero's victorious again !
 Then tell the proud Despot to rule o'er his slaves,
 Nor dare to contend with the " Queen of the
 " Waves."

With grief soon she learnt that her Hero had
 died,

The tears gush'd in floods from her eyes ;
 His deeds were too bright for a mortal, she cried,
 His reward must be sought in the skies ;
 The warriors that fell still exclaim from their
 graves,
 " Britannia reign ever the Queen of the Waves."

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE state of the nation and foreign affairs has not undergone much change since our last. If a few weeks past there was some doubt with regard to the disposal of Holland, and the Mouths of the Cataro, these points have now been settled in the manner which might have been expected. Holland is become a kingdom under the sovereignty of one of the branches of the House of Napoleon ; and the Mouths of the Cataro have been surrendered to the Austrians, as a preliminary to their final surrender to the French. Nothing can better shew the imbecility both of the Austrians and Russians, as well as on the other side the arrogance of the French Chief. It must be remembered that the Mouths of the Cataro belong to neither of these three Powers who have been in this long contention for them ; Cataro is in the dominions of the Grand Seigneur,

the habitation of the Montenegrins, a kind of half-civilized barbarians, on the eastern side of Europe. Thus we see two Powers seizing what does not belong to them, and a third demanding it as his own, in a tone of arbitrary authority.

The new kingdom of Holland will not have less effect on the further consolidation of the French power. Holland, even whilst a province of France, retained a slight degree of their former independence ; her union with the French empire was less strict, and it required much management and dexterity, to bring her force to bear on any common point with France ; reluctance and counteraction subtracted much from the strength of this addition to the French force. Holland, restored nominally to her independence, and having a king of her own, will be enabled to bring a greater force into the field ;

she will exert herself at the call of a king and senate of her own, when she would not do so at the summons of a foreign power. The army thus raised will not be less than hitherto at the disposal of France.

The situation of our domestic affairs is much varied from what it was in the preceding month. The Parliament and Ministry have been more than usually active, and a greater number of bills have been passed than have perhaps ever occurred in the same period of time. The Training Bill has given the last finish to the military system of Mr. Windham. It is well known that the intention of this bill is to comprehend under military discipline every class of society; the whole nation is to be balloted, and 200,000 names to be transferred to the recruiting Serjeant. In a word, this act begins in confusion, and, we fear, must terminate in disappointment. The Property Act has at length passed, but much modified from its original severity; it is still, however, an iron rod, and bears with oppressive rigour on the shoulders of the multitude; we say multitude, because, in fact, it is chiefly on the multitude that it attaches. Indeed there is scarcely any order of society, however low, that is exempted from this infliction. It is certainly the most productive of all the war taxes, and we should not be surprised, in the course of another year, to see it augmented to 20 or 25 per cent. The act for the suspension of the navigation laws, and encouragement of American intercourse, have much altered our commercial system. Our West India ports are hereafter to be opened to American ships; but how far this may affect the shipping interest of Great Britain, is a question which this is not the proper place to determine.

A further progress has been made towards the abolition of the African Slave Trade. A resolution has passed both Houses, that this trade is contrary to every principle of humanity, and expressing the firm purpose of the two Houses to concur in the benevolent efforts of his Majesty to accomplish the abolition of so unnatural and so inhuman a traffic. It is asserted by the advocates of this traffic, that this step will accelerate the ruin of these islands; this we believe, but it may be said on the other hand, that the present stock, by more humane treatment, may be kept up. If it can be kept up, where is the injury the abolition will produce? If it cannot be kept up, it must be owing to the insalubrity and the nature of the work that is expected from them. If the insalubrity of the climate, and the nature of the labour expected from them, be thus mortal, checking all future generation, and intercepting their lives in the middle of their days, how great must that injustice be which tears them from their native home, and exposes them to

such a fate. So that the sum of the argument is reduced to this,—either that the abolition will be productive of no harm to the West India planters, or if it does them injury, this injury only consists in their being deprived of what they unjustly hold.

There now remains but one subject more,—the progress of the war towards the conclusion of peace. During the whole of the present month this question has been much agitated, and the reports of its accomplishment have been kept alive by the daily arrival and return of messengers from both sides. It is impossible yet to say how this negotiation will conclude, but if a conjecture may be hazarded, the demands of the French Government are such as will be repugnant to the honour of this country to comply with. It will surely never be expected of us to surrender Malta, the immediate object of the contest. We are not a conquered Power, we are scarcely to be considered even as a baffled one. One of the objects of the war, and that not the least important, the possession of Malta, has been obtained. We hope that no English minister will ever be found to surrender this; and we are persuaded that France will not, in the present moment, make peace without it. The security of the Mediterranean is necessarily connected with the possession of Malta. Malta is to Turkey and Egypt what Gibraltar is to the Levant trade.

The Cape of Good Hope is of equal importance to this country in the present situation of affairs. The ambition of the French is not confined to Europe; it is well known that our Indian possessions have long been the object of their eager envy. The Cape of Good Hope, in possession of the French or Dutch, their surely, might give a dangerous facility to any attack upon this quarter. It is well known that during the life of Tippoo Saib, the intrigues of the French, from the Isle of France, excited great troubles in India, and led to the ruin of the kingdom of Mysore. Of all men the native princes of India are most exposed to seduction from the intrigues of the French. The system of administration in India, as far as it regards their federal politics, is, to say the least of it, very oppressive; it cannot, therefore, be expected that it can be patiently submitted to by princes who have been accustomed to consider themselves as the independent masters of the soil. One or other of the Mahratta chiefs are always at hand to give trouble to the Company, and the vicinity of a foreign auxiliary might convert these troubles into real dangers. We hope these considerations will be weighed before the Cape is surrendered to the demands of the French or Dutch.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JULY.

HAYMARKET.

THE only novelty of this Theatre, which we have occasion to notice, is the Three-act Comedy from the fertile pen of Mr. T. Dibdin. On Wednesday, the 9th of June, this entertaining piece was presented to the public, under the title of *The Finger-Post; or, Five Miles Off*. The most prominent of the characters are,

<i>Squire Flail</i>	MR. CHAPMAN.
<i>Sordid</i>	MR. GROVE.
<i>Kalendar</i>	MR. FAWCETT.
<i>Andrew</i>	MR. NOBLE.
<i>Edward</i>	MR. REA.
<i>Luckless</i>	MR. DE CAMP.
<i>Spriggins</i>	MR. MATTHEWS.
<i>O'Guislet</i>	MR. DENMAN.
<i>Flourish</i>	MR. LISTON.
<i>Thief</i>	MR. HATTON.
<i>Prudence Flail</i>	MRS. POWELL.
<i>Mary Flail</i>	MRS. MATTHEWS.
<i>Laura Luckless</i>	MISS TYRER.
<i>Jenny</i>	MRS. GIBBS.

Mr. Frankland, a country gentleman, misled by *Old Sordid*, his steward, disinherits his son, and leaves his estate deeply mortgaged, and entirely in the power of the man who had deceived him. *Young Frankland*, whose irregularities had been privately abetted by his betrayer, thus finds himself left at the mercy of the world; and the intelligence is farther embittered by a letter from *Squire Flail*, father of the Female he had been promised, disclaiming an alliance with the natural son of the false Steward, who, to conceal the connection which gave him birth, had brought his child up in ignorance of his parents. *Edward Frankland* sets out for *Harvest Hall*, the seat of *Squire Flail*, in hopes to soften his determination. *Luckless (Sordid's Son)* is also led thitherward, by an advertisement from his father, who journeys towards the same place to forward the treaty of marriage in favour of his son. *Edward*, on his road, rescues *Mary Flail* from a ruffian, but so far from prevailing on her father to relent, *Flail* only ironically promised that, if *Edward*, within twelve hours, can produce a freehold tenement, an acre of land, and one article of live stock, within six miles of *Harvest Hall*, he shall have the hand of his daughter.

Mr. *Kalendar*, a Mathematical, Philosophical oddity, and a very warm friend to *Edward*, discovers a half obsolete forest law, which enables him to assist the young man in fulfilling, on a

small scale, the above hard conditions in the given time, and without purchase.

Sordid and Son, being severally misled on their journey, by a wrong-painted finger-post, five miles from the Hall, are sufficiently delayed to give time for the accomplishment of *Edward's* plan. *Sordid*, fearful of being robbed, hides his money and some valuable papers on the very spot over which *Edward's* temporary mansion is afterwards erected, as part of the stipulation required by *Squire Flail*, and the title deeds of *Edward's* paternal property being found under his newly-raised roof among the other papers concealed by *Sordid*, whose son proves to be already married, an accommodation is effected between all parties.

The piece takes its title from an incident which occurs to *Old Sordid*, through the stupidity of an Irish carpenter, and of a sign-painter, who is one of the people called Quakers. These men put up in the forest a finger-post, the top of which is movable, and goes round like a turnstile with the wind. *Sordid* comes up to the place where it is erected, and follows the guidance of one of its fingers, which is lettered "To Harvest-hall," but which unaccountably happens to be at that time in a wrong direction. It is during the journey which this mistake occasions, that the incidents occur of which we have given an account.

The dialogue of this piece abounds with the quibbles and puns that of late have been so prevalent on the stage. Some of the equivoques are much better than the common class of such things; and perhaps it is not saying too much to pronounce that this is the most entertaining play, if not the most classical comedy, which has made its appearance for several years. Every assistance has been afforded it by the performers, who were indeed in almost every instance excellent. *Fawcett's Kalendar* was truly original. *John Spriggins*, in the underplot, which is constituted by his attachment to *Jenny*, was admirably represented by *Matthews*. The Irish carpenter was a bad imitation of that long-established favourite *Johnstone*. The Quaker, and particularly in the song, was after the best manner of that chaste performer, *Liston*; and we cannot help noticing, with the highest praise, the acting of Mr. *Hatton* in the *Thief*. Indeed, if we were not afraid of hazarding such an opinion, on such a character, we should call it, not a time, but nature itself.

The piece was extremely well received, and has continued to attract overflowing audiences ever since its production.

London & Parisian Summer Fashions for 1806



*Printed expressly for La Belle Assemblée, & Published for John Bell
Weekly Messenger Office Southampton Street Strand Aug¹. 1806.
A Particular description of these dresses will be found in
La Belle Assemblée for August¹. 1806.*

Opera & Evening full Dresses.



*Engraved expressly from Original Drawings for La. Colles. A. Gambler August 1. 1766.
Printed for John Bell, Weekly Messenger Office.*

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For AUGUST, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

No. 1.—A MORNING WALKING DRESS.

THE first figure represents a morning Walking Dress, with a straw hat, ornamented round the crown with wreaths of flowers, and the sun trimmed with plaited lace; blue silk handkerchief tied under the chin. Short white muslin gown, trimmed round the neck, with a frill of lace; short full sleeves; the waist confined with a blue ribband, tied in front; gloves and shoes of the same.

No. 2.—A PARISIAN WALKING DRESS.

The second figure represents a Parisian walking dress. A straw hat, trimmed with a white ribband, and ornamented in front with a bunch of wild flowers. A fancy white muslin gown, embroidered at the bottom with open work embroidery; sleeves embroidered with the same work. A plaited muslin spenser, in the form of a neck-handkerchief, confines the waist; large blue shawl with an Egyptian embroidery; tanned leather gloves; nankin shoes, embroidered on the instep, and covering the ankles.

The top hat, No. 3, represents a fancy straw hat, turned up in the front, and trimmed with white ribbands. The under one, No. 4, represents a prevalent white muslin bonnet, trimmed with white lace and rose-coloured ribbands.

No. 5.—AN OPERA DRESS.

The first figure represents an Opera Dress; the head-dress consists of a trencher-hat, made of crimson silk, ornamented with pearls at the four corners; the hair hanging in curls at the sides; a white India muslin gown, trimmed round the neck with crimson sarsnet, and fastened with diamonds; short full sleeves, turned up, and

ornamented with a bow of the same; a bow also of the same is attached in front. White gloves and shoes.

No. 6.—FULL EVENING DRESS.

The second figure represents a lady in a full evening costume; her hair dressed in *bandeaux* of plaited hair, a diamond star placed in front. A white muslin gown, short full sleeves, sloped low round the neck, confined in front with a large diamond. An India shawl; white gloves and shoes.

Of the two turbans on the side of the plate, one is made of light blue crape, and the other of white silk.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

There is at present little occasion for full dress in London. The Hulan cap, in white and colours, is sufficient dress for any place. Muslin and lenon turbans, ornamented with pearls, and open crowns, with square veils; lace caps, with flowers of various descriptions; some are lined with coloured silks, and trimmed with shaded mistake ribband; coloured silk caps trimmed with lace, and ornamented with flowers of the same colour, continue to be more worn than ever. Muslin hats, and veils tied round the crown in the same manner as the Virgins of the Sun, bound with shaded mistake ribband, which, falling gracefully from the head, forms a mantle or drapery over the shoulders; coloured lenon mantles, bound with ribband to match, are more elegant than white.

Morning dresses continue to be made high in the neck, long sleeves, and no trains, but hand-

somely worked, or tucked round the bottom; the white, with coloured borders, are more fashionable than genteel.

Coloured lenons and crape dresses, ornamented with patent beads, are very elegant over white sarsnet slips; patent lace, and Imperial dresses are also in high favour; the style of making, perfectly plain and simple; it is utterly impossible to describe which is most fashionable, every colour is equally worn; a scarf or mantle of some light and elegant colour, is become almost indispensable.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Many yellow straw bonnets are worn, and are much more numerous than straw hats; the bonnets are edged with fancy straw, a white ribband constitutes their only additional ornament. Cambric bonnets are, indeed, ununiversal. Wild flowers, and those of the season, are *à la mode*; ears of corn and oats, poppy and blue-bottle flowers, and all other wild flowers are general. The trimming of gowns are composed of open work; on short sleeves the open work ornament extends from one end of the sleeve to the other; short sleeves are worn much puffed up, and hang loose on the arm. Embroidered gowns are exclusively confined to full dress; daffodil, lark's-feet, rose-bud, or wild flowers, are the models for embroidery. Morning dress, however, totally precludes embroidery, and consists of a plain white gown, without any kind of ornament. The designs that are embroidered on bonnets, and the ribbands that ornament hats, are crossed one on the top of the other, and are disposed in a kind of arbour-work, which shades the *belles* from the severity of the sun. Many neck-handkerchiefs are worn, which, in the front, forms the stomach; crosses on the back, and is tied behind like a sash. These neck-handkerchiefs are embroidered in small dotted work. Many hats are worn with scarcely any crown, they are very much distinguished by a very large bow of taffeta ribbands, placed in the front. These kinds of hats are worn with gowns that ascend to the neck, and that are trimmed with a Spanish plaiting; five or six rows of twisted cotton is interwoven at the bottom of cambric or muslin gowns; the same kind of ornament is frequently placed round the rims of bonnets. Many cambric aprons, resembling a frock, are worn; they are embroidered round the waists and sleeves, and are ornamented at the edges.

Among the jewels the Parisian *élégantes* adopted a short time since in full dress, the chains at-

tached to a quiver are coming again into vogue; they are sometimes worn round the head, sometimes in wreaths, and sometimes as a neck-collar; these golden quivers are never worn but when the arrows are made of diamonds; thus an *élégante*, with one ornament, has the advantage of converting it to various purposes. Fashionable undress enacts white and flesh-colour shoes, or shoe and nankin, the latter must cover the ankle; white cotton stockings are indispensable for morning dress. The hair is ornamented with a tasty plain shell-comb. Nothing is more fashionable for riding on horseback than an ash-coloured habit, green, however, is somewhat prevalent; the buttons are either worked or covered with the same as the habit.

The following hair head-dresses is much esteemed among the higher ranks of Parisians, and may be made of hair of a moderate length: the hair is separated from the middle of the head to the nape of the neck, a small piece of hair is reserved to make a twist, and confines the six or eight twists which forms the *ensemble* of the head-dress; the ends of the hair must be frizzed into a cork-screw; the hair being well separated, combed, and smoothed at the sides, is confined in that position by a ribband till the twists of hair are formed; after which the garland is placed; the diadem should be slanted on the left side of the head; the twists of hair are then attached to admit extremities within, and to bring out the frizzing between the twists of hair, so as to suspend below the shoulders on the neck; after which a pin is placed instead of a comb.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

White and delicate rose colours are the most prevalent. The flowers in fashion are roses, the white rose is as frequently worn as the red; and the most esteemed perfume for the hair is essence of roses.

With the exception of full dress, hats of every kind maintain their large rims; bonnets continue also to have large peaks. Cambric bonnets are as often ornamented with lace as a small plain edging, and are as frequently seen without trimming. Straw hats are embroidered in various colours, others are covered with fancy stuff to resemble shells, but the most of them are quite plain. White straw hats are lined with taffeta, and the peak embellished with numberless openings, through which puckered ribbands are placed, without any order, but for the most part have certain distances allotted them. Bonnets made of straw and silk, yellow, gold, and white, delicate yellow and white, and yellow and rose, are considered elegant: they are, however, not much adopted, but it is pro-

bable that they may become very fashionable. Other bonnets, and more in vogue, are those *bubbled up*, if we may use the expression, with taffeta, and divided into large sides, with tresses of yellow straw.

Many small coloured neck-handkerchiefs are worn, which are thrown sometimes on one shoulder, and as often on the other.

Leather gloves of all colours are universal, pea green and rose colours have, however, the preference.

Shoes which hitherto had round toes, now resemble the beak of a swan. Green shoes, have their admirers, and are much in vogue.

A LETTER ON DRESS,

From a Young Lady resident in London, to her Friend in the Country.

I HAVE imposed on myself a heavy task, my dear Caroline, by agreeing to send you a regular communication of fashions. So capricious is the humour of the varying goddess, so changeable and versatile are the forms she assumes, that while I am tracing her habit of to-day, it is not unlikely but she intrudes on my sight her more elegant costume of to-morrow. In the days of our sober ancestors, negligées, fly-caps, ruffled-caps, sugar-loaf shapes, and high-heeled shoes, formed the sum total of fashionable description. But in these fluctuating times, you scarcely meet two females in like attire; and singularity and novelty seem the order of the day. However, there is a *tout ensemble*, which marks the women of fashion, and which consists in a well-chosen, well-arranged, and well-united costume, under the regulation of a good taste. There is a general standard for style and effect, though not for the article by which it is in part constituted: and this I will endeavour to delineate for the benefit and amusement of my rusticated friend.

As I have lately been admitted to form one in the train of Cupid and Hymen (the fair daughter of my noble host having entered the lists a fortnight since), it will be a more regular mode of proceeding to begin with a description of bridal decoration. Lady Louisa, you have heard me say, is a very lovely creature. She completed her nineteenth year on the day of her marriage; and her union bore the happy sanction of parental approbation. Her figure accords with the general taste of the times, and is tall, round, and graceful. She was adorned with the most simple elegance for the marriage ceremony; and wore a robe of plain muslin of uncommon

delicacy, made a walking length; a broad footing lace was introduced round the bottom, finished with four little tucks. The bosom and short sleeve quite plain, except that four tucks, to correspond with the bottom of the dress, terminates the latter. The long sleeve, and shirt, were of lace; a pigeon-brooch of embossed gold, the eyes of the bird of brilliants, fastened the shirt at the collar, and the robe at the bosom; and a gold chain of delicate workmanship, with diamond studs, confined the long sleeve at the wrist. Her profusion of fine hair (which is of the bright auburn) was fastened on the crown of her head in a hard twisted cord with a comb of embossed gold; a few curls in front shaded her finely polished forehead. A lace veil of the finest fabric, and very long, was negligently thrown over her during the ceremony; and her shoes and gloves were of kid, the colour of straw. Lord George (her husband) presented her with a gourd ring of the finest brilliants; but the Eutopian ring, given her by the Dowager, her mother-in-law, is the most splendid ornament of the kind I ever saw, and is now anxiously sought for by all our women of fashion; it consists of one row of precious stones set separately, in the form of a hoop; each stone the size of a small pea. Lady Louisa's is formed of the diamond, ruby, emerald, amethyst, topaz, sapphire, and cornelian, and has a most attractive and brilliant effect.

After the ceremony we all set out, a family party, for the country residence of Lord George, near Windsor; where we dined and stayed the week. On our arrival the bride changed her dress to the following:—A train dress of Moravian worked muslin, over white sarsnet; the sleeves very short, slightly looped up in front, with a small pearl brooch; the bosom made high and the back low, a plaiting of net round, and fastened down at the corners of the bosom, with a brooch similar to that on the sleeves, giving that wide appearance which constitutes the Cleopatra bust, now so much admired and imitated. Her necklace and earrings were of pearl, armlets and bracelets of the same, with antique studs. The hair was now worn in front, with a few simple curls falling on the left eyebrow, a cornet of pearl in front. The hair behind was still twisted in a tight cord, and fastened with a pearl comb; from the edge of which was suspended a transparent veil of fine lace which crossed the hair behind, and flowing over the back, fell on one side so as to shade partially the profile; her shoes and gloves were of white kid.

Thus, my dear Caroline, have I finished my sketch of a fashionable exterior. On the internal decorations of Lady Louisa, I could be still more

prolix, but in pourtraying her amiable unobtrusive qualities, I should not delineate a fashionable woman, but the female of polished manners, extensive acquirements, well-regulated mind, and warm heart. But to proceed with the fulfilment of my treaty, and give you a more general account of the present fashionable attire; and, first, let me beg of you to lay aside your Spanish cloak for the more modern one called the Gipsy. It is somewhat of the Spanish form, but much longer, extending nearly to the bottom of the petticoat. It is made with a hood, around which, as well as the cloak, is a broad hem, through which is laid a ribband the colour of the bonnet or hat you may chuse to wear with it; the corners are square; this is a very graceful sort of cloak, and very generally esteemed. But the spenser *à la Turk* is now a most distinguishing habit amongst our *belles de ton*; it is made of plain or figured sarsnet coloured, and is particularly pretty in lemon, or lilac. The spenser is made with a full collar of reversed plaiting; and from the seam of the left shoulder falls a width of silk the same as the spenser; it is put in with gathers rather full, and flows over the left side a little below the knee; is sloped nearly to a point, and gathered into the compass of a large tassel, with which it terminates. The spenser and flowing robin is trimmed round with a Turkish ribband, laid flat; and the whole forms the most elegant out-door covering I have witnessed this season. The Grecian cloak, however, is still considered fashionable, and the Egyptian mantles of white and black lace, are still to be seen on many females of the *haut-ton*. Sarsnet or satin hats and bonnets are now the distinguishing selection of our females of taste and fashion. I have seen lately some in the form of a Gipsy, which look very light and pretty, and are well adapted for the youthful female. Veils, I am pleased to find, are still very prevalent as a head-dress; they are worn in diversified forms, but generally at the back of the head, or flowing on one side, shading the shoulders, which would be otherwise entirely exposed. The coronet, pigeon broach, antique, or animated butterfly, of embossed gold, are invariably worn in front of the hair in full dress. The gowns are universally made high in the bosom, and low in

the back. No trains are to be seen with morning dresses. The bodice of coloured sarsnet; a sort of spenser without sleeves, formed like the plain waist of a gown, with plaited net all round, has a very pretty effect; and in public places, and in parties, they are rather generally adopted. The Turkish turban is more observable within these last three weeks; the roll is very full; and a gold or diamond tassel falls from the crown on one side with a band of the same at the edge next the hair; and a broach in front, to correspond. Shoes of straw, or kid of that colour, have of late succeeded to the fawn-colour. The pantaloons (as I predicted in my last) exhibited their cumbersome folds, and disappeared. The open wore stocking of pale blush-coloured silk, is now quite the rage. The shell-crowned hat of straw, and the low crowned Gipsy of chip, ornamented with a white rose in front, or a wreath round, is also general. Pale pink, or buff striped muslin of a delicate texture, forms a very becoming and fashionable attire. Some of our *élégantes* wear Gipsy, or Turkish cloaks of the same, which has an attractive and pleasing effect. The quartered cap of spider-net, with a net lace gathered in the middle, and put full round the face, and under the chin is in high vogue; the quarters of the cap formed of net, the middle of white satin. Caps of all descriptions are much worn in a morning.

And now, my dear Caroline, you will, I trust, give me credit for having fulfilled my engagement with you. I have emptied my budget of fashions; and if I have not tired your patience, I must confess I have fairly exhausted my own.

We only stay in town till Parliament is dissolved, when we either repair to Windsor, or to some watering place for the autumn. My kind friends here will not allow me to quit them at present, therefore you may expect to hear from me when our destination is fixed. In the mean time believe me, with all possible sympathy for your rusticated situation, and all due reverence for your shady groves, and crystal streams,

Your attached and
Commiserating friend,
MATILDA.